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A Weekly Journal

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Politics, Literatu[illegible] and Art.

VOLUM[illegible]

New [illegible]

JOSEPH H. RIC[illegible]BLISHER.

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The Nation.

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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THE WEEK has been singularly barren of exciting events. It is curious to see, however, what a stimulus the return of peace has given to political agitation. As nothing is now dependent on the fortune of war, orators and writers are entering the arena with a confidence which they never displayed as long as their arguments and predictions were liable to reversion or falsification at the hands of Lee or Grant.

THE negro's success in assuming a prominent position in the political arena, seems to be in the inverse ratio of the earnestness with which it is sought to suppress him and put him out of sight. Everybody is heartily tired of discussing his condition and his rights, and yet little else is talked about, and none talk about him so much as those who are most convinced of his insignificance.

THE news from Europe is unimportant, unless we except the doubt which rest upon Napoleon's course in regard to Mexico. The *Moniteur* asserts that the present force in that country will not be increased, but will be kept at its maximum. The English papers borrow their chief topic of discussion from this country, and declaim on the proper treatment of the subjugated rebels. Lord Brougham, whose advice we notice in another column, lifts up his voice for clemency, and finds an echo, we are told, in the Paris press. His lordship's impertinence is imitated by "Historicus," the law-writer for the *Times*, who did us good service in the piratical season. He undertakes to define for this country the relation of the Government to its late enemies in arms, but manifestly travels beyond his sphere. The question is one of American Constitutional law, to be decided here, and, we apprehend, with as little respect to the authority of "Historicus" as if he were merely a crier in court, instead of the able barrister that he is. He has an undeniable right to his opinion, but to force it upon the Government of the United States is to insult its capacity for determining the laws by which it exists. "Historicus" has forgotten a similar ill-advised intrusion by Earl Russell, at an earlier stage of the rebellion, when he ventured to inform Mr. Seward of the British Attorney-General's opinion that this Government had no right to suspend the *habeas corpus*. Our Secretary rightly applied the snub direct to such gratuitous instruction. The argument drawn from expediency or humanity may fairly be offered to affect our disposal of Jeff. Davis and his compeers,—for nothing that concerns man anywhere is foreign to the rest of mankind, and international law is simply the product of a free exchange of opinion among nations, which is neither to be deprecated nor avoided,—but every government must be presumed the best, and of course the ultimate, judge of its own powers in dealing with its subjects.

"IT is a marvel," said Cato, "that a couple of soothsayers can look at each other without a grin;" and President Johnson quotes this expression to a South Carolina delegation, in order to disclaim any conspiracy with them to deceive the public. He avows more distinctly than heretofore his motive in hastening reconstruction—that "the loyal men, who were compelled to bow and submit to the rebellion, may, now that the rebellion is ended, stand equal to loyal men everywhere." The war has effected a twofold emancipation—of blacks and whites. It is absolutely necessary for South Carolina, before she can hope to return into the Union, to abolish slavery within her territory by legislature or convention, and likewise to ratify the amendment of the United States Constitution, which abolishes and prohibits slavery everywhere. His reluctance to establish or favor—for, on this point, his language is not unmistakable—the enfranchisement of the blacks, arises from a fear lest the landed aristocracy control their votes to the prejudice of the poor whites, whose freedom the President is anxious to confirm. He therefore leaves it to the States, or to that loyal minority in each which he assumes to have constituted the State without intermission, to determine the qualifications for suffrage. At the same time, as a democrat, he is "opposed to class legislation." Such, substantially, is the position now occupied by our Chief Magistrate, though not, we may trust, unchangeably, except in respect of the doom of the slave system. The delegation, in reply, could naturally but assent to the latter condition of restoration, however unwelcome it might be. Their spokesman, Judge Frost, admitted that he and his associates, present and at home, had been cured of three delusions by the war: first, "that slavery is an element of political strength and moral power;" second, that the States' Rights doctrine is a sound one; and, third, that cotton is king. The people of South Carolina, having been defeated and conquered, will acknowledge the painful fact: already they have submitted to great sacrifices "from their fidelity to honor." "And," continued the Judge, "the same good faith which animated them in the contest will not be found wanting in their pledge of loyal support to the Government." If this assurance were not enough, the delegate was willing to add: "I suppose the oath of allegiance will be taken with as much unanimity in South Carolina as anywhere else." As this cannot possibly be doubted, we suppose the Palmetto gentry will not long be in lack of the Governor for whom they applied.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has given the finishing touch to the war by abolishing all restrictions on trade East and West. But if some means are not devised of protecting him from "personal interviews" with office-seekers, pardon-seekers, delegations, and busybodies of both sexes, they will make an end of him. It is lamentable that some way cannot be hit on of sifting the President's business before it comes before him. This is done to a certain extent with his letters, but the men and women who want to see him reach him, chaff and all. The easiest way of doing it would be to render access to him more difficult. Whether this could be arranged without raising doubts of his "democracy," we must leave it to others to determine. The present system, under which everybody can reach him who takes the trouble to go to Washington, if not suspected of designs on his life, is anything but democratic. For his time belongs to the whole nation. As matters stand, it is largely consumed in attending to the affairs or listening to the bad speeches of a few hundreds.

FROM an Augusta newspaper we have what purports to be an account of the peace conference at Fortress Monroe in January, by Alexander H. Stephens, one of the Southern commissioners on that occasion. Except certain strictures upon Jefferson Davis for his conduct before and after the colloquy, and certain professions of a genuine desire for peace on the part of Mr. Stephens, there is little that is new in his narrative. He tells, however, a capital story of President Lincoln, who, having at the outset declared that he could not consent to treat with the rebel authori-

ties as such, was confronted by Mr. Hunter with an historical precedent. This was the action of that constitutional ruler, Charles I., in treating with his rebellious parliament. Mr. Lincoln's rejoinder was characteristic: "Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't profess to be bright. My only distinct recollection of the matter is, *that Charles lost his head.*" Subsequently, when the Constitutional Amendment just passed had suggested the topic of emancipation, the President is reported to have said he hoped slavery would be abolished by the people, within six years at the farthest; and added that four hundred millions of dollars might be offered as a compensation to the owners. Perhaps observing some incredulity at this statement, he continued: "You would be surprised were I to give you the names of those who favor that." The letter of Mr. Greeley, since published, recommending this policy to the President, makes it clear that he was one of the persons alluded to.

THE Message of Gov. Pierpont to the Virginia legislature is remarkable for the instruction which that body receives in contemporaneous history and the first principles of government. We decline to decide between affronting the intelligence of the teacher and that of his pupils. Only we must consider it a very strong argument against the resurrection of the Old Dominion, if its legislators need to be acquainted with the facts of secession, or to be told that

"The people of a State may be divided into two classes during a rebellion, the one class loyal, the other disloyal. The loyal are the true and faithful to the government; the disloyal are the unfaithful, and those in opposition to the government. The loyal are entitled to the protection of the government; the disloyal are not entitled to the protection, but are subjects of the punishment denounced by the laws against those who disobey."

We had supposed it equally true and manifest that the people of a State may be divided into two classes, styled the good and the bad, respectively. The good are those who heed the laws; the bad are those who evade or violate them. The good are entitled to the protection of society; the bad are not so entitled, but are subjects of the penalties provided for their transgression, etc., etc., in this message-made-easy strain.

THE political campaign opens with the hot weather in Ohio, where a Union State Convention has met, selected a candidate for Governor, passed resolutions, heard speeches, and adjourned. The enemies of this assembly hoped that it might be divided upon the questions of reconstruction and negro suffrage. They were disappointed. The resolutions were not dogmatic or even explicit in these particulars, but by inference were strongly in favor of deliberation and equal justice in restoring the rebellious districts to political existence. With considerable emphasis they enforced the necessity of reverting to the first principles of our Government as set forth in the Declaration of Independence; and beyond this, it is difficult to see what ground the Convention could have taken, while Ohio herself is in need of the advice which they offer to the nation at large. Gen. Schenck delivered very fully his views upon reconstruction, and was followed by Senator Sherman, who spoke rather to the resolutions than to the general topic. He applauded the caution displayed by the Convention in avoiding a split, and contended that the issue which had been declined by them was to be taken up and settled in due time, when victory could attend a united front. It is noteworthy that the gubernatorial nominee, Maj.-Gen. J. D. Cox, entertains convictions that agree with the best interpretation of the resolutions of his party, and is connected by marriage and friendship with the advocates of impartial legislation for black and white.

THE President has been doing a very extensive business in pardons; but, as it has been evident for a week or two past that there is not a man in the South who is not ready to be pardoned at any moment, and take any steps that may be necessary for that purpose, the very salutary precaution has been taken of requiring in each case a report from the provisional governor of the State in which the applicant resides, upon (1) the probability of his proving a useful, peaceable citizen in future; (2) the existence of any proceedings in confiscation against him; (3) and the possession or non-possession of his abandoned property by the United States. The Attorney-General's circular, we are glad to say, expresses very fully the expectation of the Government that the colored population will prove in the not far distant future intelligent and loyal citizens.

C. J. FAULKNER, who was United States Minister at Paris when the war broke out, is amongst those who have been pardoned, and we are sorry for it. It is but justice to the President to say that it was done in fulfilment of a promise made by Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Faulkner's daughter. A more unworthy object there is not in the whole South. He used his official position at Paris up to the day of his departure in discrediting in the eyes of the French Court the Government which he represented and to which he had sworn fidelity. If rebellion be not an unpardonable crime, perfidy accompanied by perjury ought to be.

GENERAL TERRY has found it necessary to promulgate an order in his department forbidding combinations of the planters to keep down the wages of labor, and to place restrictions on the movements and agreements of the colored people with their employees. In addition to this, a newspaper has been suppressed at Petersburg, and an "avertissement" has been sent to another at Richmond, both for the use of rebellious and disloyal language. The question at once suggests itself on reading this, who is to look after the planters and the newspapers when the State is handed over, as we may fairly expect it shortly will be, to the "loyal voters?"

ROBERT DALE OWEN addresses President Johnson a letter through the *Tribune*, on a somewhat neglected Constitutional issue. He shows that by one of the original compromises of that instrument, each Southern voter before the war possessed one-fifth more political power than his Northern fellow, in all Congressional or Presidential elections. This resulted from enlarging the basis of Southern representation by an addition to its free inhabitants of three-fifths of all other persons, to wit, the slaves. This palpable inequality was endured because it was sanctioned by the Constitution. Now that we have abolished slavery, the obligation to respect it ceases, and the wrong should terminate. For, first, to withhold suffrage from the blacks is to leave them at the mercy of those who have despoiled them in the past, and who still retain their old malice; and, second, is to make their permanent disqualification conducive to the political aggrandizement of the whites. As nought but freemen are left, the people of color are reckoned no longer at three-fifths but at five-fifths, so that, while as unrepresented as before, they increase the representation of the whites by two-fifths of their own number. Consequently, a white voter in any Southern State whose population is about equally divided, is armed at the ballot-box with double the power of any voter at the North. Assuming, with Mr. Owen, as a liberal estimate, that two-thirds of the whites are sufficiently loyal to be admitted to vote, and that the ravages of war have reduced blacks and whites to numerical equality at the South, then each voter there will have, at a national election, three times the power of one at the North. This, says Mr. Owen, is dangerous and undemocratic; and he proceeds to ask what kind of men are to be thus entrusted with such extraordinary powers, citing Jefferson for the inevitable effects of slavery upon the community in which it flourishes, Mrs. Kemble's description of the poor whites, and his own observations while a member of the Freedmen's Commission. As for the right of determining the franchise, he argues that it inheres in the right of the United States to pardon the rebel States on condition—say, for example, that there shall be no more slavery; and that no discrimination against color shall be allowed to affect civil rights. If the first were neglected, it would involve a second rebellion; if the second be, it will create an oligarchy on an extended scale, and prevent either harmony or permanent peace between North and South. He concludes that though States have in general a right to regulate suffrage for themselves, this matter is beyond their province: first, because the seceded States should begin *de novo*, and not resume their old constitutions; second, because the Federal safety is imperilled, as it was by the existence of slavery.

MR. JAY COOKE has been seduced into authorship by his success as a broker, and has written a pamphlet to prove that the national debt is a

clear addition to the national capital. Considering the amount of nonsense which has been written about national debts for the last hundred years, there is nothing very wonderful in this; what is wonderful is that several of the morning papers, in spite of the pressure on their space, should have thought his disquisition worth republishing. Mr. Cooke's success as a seller of Government bonds no more qualifies him to instruct the public on the nature and uses of a national debt, than success as an engine-driver would qualify a man to lecture on the nature of elastic vapors. There is a very simple antidote for his really mischievous delusion. It consists in remembering that what has been lent to the Government during the war was really not the money, but the things that the money purchased—the powder, lead, iron, forage, and other stores, as well as the labor of a million of men, all of which have been destroyed, and the national capital has therefore been diminished by the exact amount of their value. The individuals who supplied them have lost nothing, but the community has—a distinction which Mr. Cooke has failed to perceive.

The holders of Government bonds will be alarmed on hearing that the New York *Herald* has announced that it has not "given up its project with regard to the national debt," viz., that of paying it off by voluntary subscriptions. We had hoped the money would be allowed to lie a little longer.

In spite of the disproportionate increase in the colored population of the District of Columbia on account of the war, it is an instructive fact that the local demand for domestic and farm servants is greater than the supply. One occasion of this is the long ago predicted drift of the freedmen toward their old homes in the South, very few being drawn in the opposite direction. Hence those Maryland farmers who voted last winter to pay their hands $10 a month, without regard to the other party to the bargain, are now unable to obtain help at a much higher figure; and this experience may serve as a warning or a precedent to the still more close-fisted cultivators of Virginia, who think that the advantages of free labor are to be purchased at half the rate just mentioned. The only class in the District whose prospects are not good, are the women with families of dependent children, the fathers being soldiers in the Union army, or scattered none knows where in the South, or perhaps no longer living. These cases are numerous, are with difficulty provided for by employment, and were productive of infinite distress last winter.

In the two days' review of our armies in Washington, it was noticed that the Western troops had a longer, more swinging gait than the Eastern, and that their beards had a strong disposition to redness. The report of the Secretary of War for the year 1864 furnishes some additional grounds of comparison for the study of the curious. Eleven States, of which, however, only three were strictly Western, kept statistics of their recruits. In height, Michigan excelled the rest, while Ohio was sixth, and Minnesota ninth. Vermont, which stood second in this respect, was first in breadth of chest, her average measurement being a little more than thirty-six inches at inspiration. Singularly enough for a mountainous region, one would suppose, New Hampshire was least capacious in lungs, and eighth in respect of height; but her northern counties, which are most rugged, are least populous, and sent fewest men to the war. New York and Delaware furnished the shortest men, and agreed upon the average—five feet five inches. The recruits from all sections between Nov. 1, 1863, and Nov. 1, 1864, amounted for the land service to 650,769, and for the naval to 24,683. At the latter date there were 102,000 colored troops enrolled, and perhaps this number remains substantially unchanged at the present time, none having been mustered out or being likely to be. The revenue derived from commutation was fifteen millions, against ten and a half for the previous year. Of military telegraph there were 6,500 miles in operation, and of this 78 miles submarine. Half of the whole extent was constructed during the war. A thousand persons have been constantly employed in the telegraphic service, and during the year transmitted one million eight hundred thousand messages. At a pinch, every second man in the army might have been mounted, for there were no less than 300,000 horses and mules, the former somewhat preponderating. One cannot help admiring the abundant resources of a free nation in the time of her greatest trouble, and the tireless energy of the man who has directed them into their proper channels of feeding, clothing, arming, and transportation, so that no general in our armies has been able to complain of Mr. Stanton's ability to discharge his office, or his readiness to facilitate the operations in any section of the field.

The career of the late Rear-Admiral Du Pont, up to the outbreak of the rebellion, was more creditable to himself than known to his countrymen. He began at twelve as a midshipman. In 1861 he had advanced to captain, and in April was in command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. He knew no divided allegiance as an American, but ably and promptly seconded the Government in its efforts to maintain its authority. He was destined to achieve his greatest renown at Port Royal, by a naval exploit which exhibited prudence, daring, and originality in rare proportions. After the conflict of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* had revolutionized the building of war-vessels, Captain Du Pont was directed to conduct the first assault of iron-clads upon forts and land-batteries. Where he, or rather his resources, failed, no other succeeded, and Sumter, impregnable oceanward to the last, capitulated to the shots which reduced Atlanta. Still brighter laurels than those of courage and victory were won by Du Pont along the coast of Carolina. He claims the grateful remembrance of the nation for his humanity, which, as it showed itself in his intercourse with his subordinates, was displayed as sincerely toward the despised blacks with whom he came in contact personally or through his fleet. He protected them from outrage on every occasion, dealt to them the same justice, accorded to them the same respect, as to other men; and this in advance of public sentiment, and by marked exception to the behavior of most of our commanders by sea and land. He was, in a word, a democratic gentleman, having the graces derived from his French descent, and the moral breadth of a believer in the republican institutions under which he was educated to usefulness and fame. His death is sadly premature, whether we consider his three-score years or the wishes and anticipations of those who survive him.

Mazzini writes to Mr. Fisher, the London agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, that this country has done more for the cause of republicanism in four years than has been achieved in fifty by European discussion. He adds that her task has hitherto been self-organization—a realizing within her own boundaries of the principle of her existence. That established, by the abolition of slavery, a new duty devolves upon her: she ceases to be merely American, and becomes cosmopolitan. He would have her lead in the progress of mankind, and assist in the great battle that rages everywhere, between liberty and tyranny, equality and privilege. The Italian patriot may count upon our support in the sense in which he invokes it. His appeal is not, as it has been construed in some quarters, for material aid—for ships, powder, bayonets, men, or armed intervention such as Kossuth prayed for, and prayed in vain. Not less vain will be all similar solicitations in the future. What Mazzini craves, however, is sure to be granted, and that is sympathy, encouragement, and all the aid that flows from the conspicuous example of a successful, enduring republican society, consistent, above all, and true to its fundamental idea. We had in the past a rapidity of development, an extraordinary though superficial prosperity, a degree of public intelligence, an orderly submission to law, and an apparent stability, that served the republicans of the Old World in good stead for nearly half a century, and helped the South American republics into being. But these arguments were effectively resisted in Europe by pointing to the contradiction of slavery. Hereafter there will be no hollowness in the professions of this nation when it answers the cry of the struggling people in any land. The Union exists by, and in consequence for, the equal brotherhood of man. Republican propagandism is inseparable from a republican establishment.

We publish in another column a letter originally addressed to R. H. Dana, of Boston, on "State Sovereignty," which is worthy of great attention, both on account of its intrinsic value and the writer's character and standing. We regret that we are not at liberty to reveal his name.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

THE ESSENCE OF THE RECONSTRUCTION QUESTION.

It is easy to see from the discussion which is going on on the question of reconstruction, that there is not in any quarter any opposition worthy of note to the abstract right of the negroes to the franchise. Nobody, whose opinion is of any consequence, maintains any longer that their claim to political equality is not a sound one. The agitation that is now raging is not about the principle of the thing. The question which is debated is whether President Johnson has any power to meddle in the matter, and if so, whether it would be expedient for him to exercise it. The pagan doctrine which Judge Taney propounded, and of which Mr. Douglas made himself so conspicuous an exponent, that this Government was formed for the benefit of white men exclusively, or in other words, that one portion of the inhabitants of a country can set up a political fabric which need not furnish to the rest even the poor boon of protection for person and property, is now never heard of from the lips of anybody but a few of the worn-out and decrepit veterans of the old pro-slavery army.

The view the President takes evidently is, that it is not necessary to the work of reconstruction that he should undertake to fix the political status of the negroes in the restored States. In the absence of any authoritative declaration to the contrary, we are justified in inferring from the plan which he is now carrying out, that his refusal to touch it is not due to doubts of his power to do so. It will hardly be pretended that he considers the provisions of the old State constitutions of 1861 binding on him, in view of the fact that he is exacting qualifications from the voters for the coming conventions which these instruments did not prescribe; that if the State constitutions spring into force by the mere fact of the termination of the war, his interference with State affairs now is illegal as well as anomalous; and that by calling what he is now doing an "experiment," he plainly reserves to himself the power to annul everything that the conventions so constituted may decide upon. In short, there is not a single feature of the scheme which is bringing back the revolted States to the Union so rapidly, which does not contain evidence that the authority to carry it out is, in the President's own estimation, derived from the necessities of the case. He is, in fact, doing whatever he considers essential to the securing to the various States a republican form of government and protection from domestic violence, with just as much regard to constitutional form as he thinks advisable and no more. The pretence that he may disfranchise two-thirds of the white population for an offence of which they have not been legally convicted, as he is now actually doing, and yet cannot take upon himself to consider the freedmen as a portion of "the people" of the State in which they live, will deceive nobody, and it is but just to him to say that he has never put it forward.

The negroes are evidently being shut out from the polls, as traitors are being shut out, on grounds of expediency. These are, partly, the fear of doing too great violence to the feelings of the "loyal" whites, and partly, the fear that the ignorance and want of training of the blacks will cause them to abuse the franchise after they have got it. The first of these was the Protestant argument in Ireland against the emancipation of the Catholics; it is at Rome the Catholic argument for oppression of the Jews, and in Constantinople the great Mussulman reason for allowing true believers to kick, cuff, and rob the rayahs, and is usually the reason given everywhere for having a weak and helpless class at the mercy of those who hate or despise it. The feelings of any large body of men, even of defeated rebels, are certainly entitled to consideration at the hands of any government laying claim to statesmanship, but only in so far as this consideration works no substantial injury to other people.

The argument drawn from the ignorance of the blacks would be forcible if it were not capable of general application. A proposal to exclude from all share in the government of the South those who are unable from want of education to form an intelligent judgment on measures or men, would be worthy of consideration. We are satisfied, as everybody is, that the rebellion was the fruit of ignorance, and that the declamation we now hear against the guilt of the leaders, is in reality a roundabout way of expatiating on the mental darkness of the masses. Davis, Toombs, Wise, Cobb, and Company have been able to do what they have done simply because the vast majority of the Southern whites were unable to read the newspapers. We would therefore willingly avoid trying over again the experiment which resulted in the civil war; and we believe for our part, that part of the remedy for the Southern troubles would be found in the exclusion of everybody from the polls who was unable to read as well as the disloyal. This, however, has not been suggested by those who are most alarmed by the negro's want of education; though they have as yet not offered to explain in what the ignorance of a poor white differs from the ignorance of a poor black, or to tell us what worse consequences to the State could possibly result from the voting of half-a-million of benighted Africans than have already resulted from the voting of a million of benighted Caucasians. If greater calamities can come on a State than the "superior race" recently brought on the South, we do not know what they are.

The points we have to consider at the North, in deciding which course we ought to take in fixing the status of the negro at the South, are really reduced to two—the effect upon his condition of leaving him at the mercy of a hostile and semi-barbarous race, and the effect upon the national rule of shutting him out from all share in the local government. To suppose that he will receive fair play from white legislators, who are not responsible to him, who have no sympathy with him, and who, in their secret hearts, consider him a beast of the field, is to violate every rule of democratic government, and to make an open and shameless declaration of want of faith in our own principles. It is, moreover, to be guilty of cruelty as well as perfidy; for freedom bestowed on a man left in the position in which we have placed the freedmen, only increases the number of points at which he can be assailed and tormented. There is an alternative for those who fear to arm him for his own protection with the franchise, and it is one from which there is no honorable escape, and that is to continue, by some mode or other, to cover him with the sword of the national Government until he is either considered competent to take charge of his own interests, or his white neighbors can offer proof of the possession of humanity or of a sense of justice. The community in whose hands we now propose to place him and his family is, it ought not to be forgotten, that in which our prisoners were tortured only six months ago, and in which the St. Albans raid was considered honorable warfare.

Of the probability of our being able to dispense, in the restoration of the Union upon the present plan, with the political support of the colored population, we shall not say much, because on this point the events of each day are speaking volumes. The credulity of those who suppose that the effect of defeat in a bloody war has been to convert the Southern people into devoted admirers of the North and its institutions and its rule, and that all the traitorous and disaffected portions of it can be shut out from political influence by wholesale administration of oaths, for one month after the control passes from our hands, is one of the most singular phenomena in the history of either this or any other country.

There is one other objection to the President's policy which, in our opinion, is also very weighty. In leaving the "negro question" still unsettled, it bids fair to launch the country on another period of long and bitter "sectional agitation." It is useless to deprecate this, and beg Northern orators and writers not to exasperate the South by their declamation on negro wrongs. If appeals of this sort were of any use, the anti-slavery agitation would have ceased years before the war. As long as there is in any portion of the Union a state of things by which the moral sense of the people of another portion of it is outraged, or their fears excited, and that state of things can be changed by legislation, there will be agitation about it, come what may. In a free country there is no way to prevent men from talking loudly over what they feel deeply except to leave them nothing to feel deeply about. The true way to prevent "sectional feeling" and "sectional agitation" is to abolish sectional institutions, to make the bases of society and government the same in all parts of the Union, or in other words to render it thoroughly democratic. We have the chance of doing this now, and we ought to take care that we do not leave it in

the power of posterity to heap on us the worst reproach which statesmen can incur, of having allowed a great opportunity to perish in our hands.

The notion is very prevalent and is very earnestly preached, that with the destruction of slavery all danger of the re-establishment or perpetuation of an aristocratic class at the South has passed away. This is a most mischievous delusion. There is no country in the civilized world in which the social organization is so intensely aristocratic, in which class government is more firmly established, and in which the working population is more powerless and degraded, than England, and yet there has not been a slave on her soil for five hundred years. To establish and maintain an aristocracy, with all its consequences, both political and social, all that is necessary is that the power of government should be lodged in the hands of *a single class*, strong enough and energetic enough to retain its hold on them; and this is the very thing which a large number of intelligent people in the free States propose that we should now do at the South.

THE GREAT FESTIVAL.

Before this meets the eyes of our readers, the Fourth of July will have been celebrated, as it was never celebrated before, and with good reason, for never before have we had such cause of rejoicing. It is not simply the birth of the nation which we now commemorate, but its regeneration; and even more than its regeneration. We celebrate not only the close of a long and bloody civil war, but the close of the contest which preceded and led to it, that, as it was well called, "irrepressible conflict" which for half a century absorbed all the intellect of the country, perverted its understanding, corrupted its morals, and employed most of its moral and mental energy, either in the attack or defence, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, of one of the worst forms of barbarism;—a conflict, too, which, during the last twenty years, began to exercise a paralyzing influence on industry and to poison social intercourse. We celebrate, in short, not simply the national independence, or the return of peace, but the close of the agitation about slavery, and the extinction of slavery itself. How tremendous an influence this fact is likely to have on our moral and intellectual progress, we can now only conjecture; we for our part believe that the next quarter of a century will have a wondrous story to tell on this point.

There is one other feature of our fête which is too marked to be overlooked or forgotten. It is not simply the triumph of American democracy that we rejoice over, but the triumph of democratic principles everywhere, for this is involved in the successful issue of our struggle with the rebellion. We need have little hesitation in predicting that the effects of the revolution through which we are now passing upon European politics will be still more marked than the effects of the revolution of 1776. It is evident already that the reaction of 1849 has been arrested, and that the tide is turning in favor of liberalism with resistless force. The French democrats already begin to show signs of life and activity, and the English Tories are retiring to their inner line of defence before the persistent assaults of the non-electors on the citadel of privilege. "Cæsarism" has received from our successes, in what it considered its proudest moment, a fatal blow. The wonderful vigor of popular government, the prodigious national vitality which it develops and fosters, received its most splendid illustration in our last campaign, within a few weeks of the publication of the work which the French Emperor intended to be an elaborate declaration of its failure. There is, in short, no believer in the capacity of the human race for greater happiness and greater virtue than it has yet attained, in the existence of a wider field for its powers, and a nobler goal for its striving than it has yet looked upon, who cannot and will not rejoice with us this week. We utter no idle boast, when we say that if the conflict of ages, the great strife between the few and the many, between privilege and equality, between law and power, between opinion and the sword, was not closed on the day on which Lee threw down his arms, the issue was placed beyond doubt.

Of the extent of the material prosperity which is opened up to us by the final cessation of domestic strife, and the final disappearance from our soil of a form of industry which has in every age blasted all that it touched, and pulled down political fabrics that seemed even stronger and better cemented than our own, thousands of willing tongues will this week tell. The theme is a grateful and a popular one. For our part, we love better to dwell on the possible moral and intellectual and æsthetic results of the wealth which awaits us, of all that it may enable us to do for religion, for art, for literature, and for science. For we are satisfied that democracy has in it, in a still larger degree than any other form of society, in spite of all that has been said and written to the contrary, the seeds of the highest excellence in every field of culture and research. The world has yet to see what a free people can achieve with great wealth, the results that the general diffusion of material comfort can produce in stimulating the pursuit of knowledge, and in intensifying the pleasures of the understanding and of the taste. We have already furnished an indication of what we may accomplish in other and nobler fields by the extraordinary amount of success in the cultivation of one of the most difficult of the sciences—that of war—which has been revealed by the military operations of the last four years. We cannot help believing that the national genius has a still stronger bent and a nicer adaptation for the victories of peace.

If we cared just now to play the part of the slave behind the Consul in his chariot in the triumphal progress, we might say much of the risks we still run, of the stumbling-blocks which still bestrew our path, of the temptations to which we may succumb, or of the thousand sins that will assuredly beset us. We prefer to reserve this less agreeable portion of our task to some season when it will be listened to with more attention, and will not be liable to damp honorable and fairly won rejoicing. There are few who celebrate the Fourth of July this year, who do not find, in the recent history of their own families or those of their friends, reminders enough that the brightest picture has its dark side. For how many thousands who went forth to hasten the great consummation over which the nation is singing pæans, do the bells ring, and the banners wave, and the music swell in vain!

WERE THE STATES EVER SOVEREIGN?

In most of the discussions which have taken place on the question of reconstruction it has been assumed that any admission that the organizations known as the States have been in any locality destroyed by the rebellion, involved also the admission that a State could get out of the Union. It has been maintained, therefore, very stoutly, that the only way of escaping the conclusion that a State could secede, was by affirming that it was indestructible, that it was not only sovereign, but immortal. There is, however, another mode of getting out of the difficulty, which is ably discussed in the subjoined letter, addressed to Mr. R. H. Dana by one of the most vigorous thinkers and ripest scholars the country has produced, and now resident in Europe. We do not adopt all his conclusions, but his argument with regard to State sovereignty possesses at this juncture the highest importance.

"Slavery has always been a veiled, half-legalized form of rebellion against the fundamental principles of our Constitution. So long as it was, in a certain degree, quiescent, we were unhappily bound by national compact to tolerate it as a sort of prisoner of war upon parole. There was, in all the negotiations which resulted in the Constitution of 1787-9, an implied understanding, a virtual pledge, on the part of the South, that the institution which the whole nation, with scarce a dissentient voice, acknowledged to be both a crime and a curse, should soon be abolished, and there is little doubt that all parties looked forward to the cessation of the slave trade in 1809 as the beginning of the era of emancipation. But when slavery declared itself to be not a wrong but a right, a divine ordinance above the jurisdiction of earthly legislators, a social relation more sacred than any claim, possession, or duty sanctioned by human law, or derived from human compact; when it became aggressive and proclaimed a holy war, a Mohammedan *jehad*, against the principles and the institutions on which not our Union alone but all truly Christian society is based, it violated its parole and forfeited the indulgence which in an hour of extremity had been granted to it. It was thereafter entitled to no courtesy, to none of the privileges of honorable warfare; it wore the wolf's head of the outlaw, and stammered out the righteous self-imposed doom of Cain: Every one that findeth me shall slay me!

"At the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, we were one

people, one nation, one commonwealth. Slavery always secretly tended, and ever since the annexation of Texas has openly aimed, to make us no longer one harmonious organization but two hostile states. It has well-nigh accomplished that end. The North and the South have become conscious of an element of reciprocal repulsion that must be neutralized, or rather expelled, or it will rend us asunder were we to bind ourselves together with chains of adamant. It has long been felt that barbarism and civilization cannot breathe a common air or live a common life. The barbarian principle must be eliminated from our system and cease to taint our vital blood, or the cause which has already half brutalized the South will sink our whole nation to a lower level than that of the red man whom we have supplanted.

"These considerations force themselves so imperiously upon every man who engages in the discussion of this subject that you cannot have overlooked them, and I have no doubt you have given your verdict upon the issue in some unreported part of your discourse. The question: Shall slavery live, or shall it die? is a point on which every man's mind is made up, and it would be but arguing after judgment were I to propose to debate it with you. But it is quite otherwise with the questions: Shall we content ourselves with the assurance that the wound which slavery has received is certainly mortal and will extinguish its hated life before it can gather strength and create fresh venom to give us yet another scorpion-sting? Shall we trust its own promise to atone for its crimes, and save us the pain of inflicting the *coup de grace*, by a voluntary self-immolation, or shall we pronounce its sentence and deliver it over to the finisher of the law? I most fervently hope and confidently believe that the loyal people of the Union will award no new lease, grant no reprieve, but let the just judgment which has been already entered of record be followed by swift execution.

"The most obvious and perhaps the only really practicable method of accomplishing the great result is by constitutional amendment, federal and local. The refusal of the three McClellan States, hide-bound New Jersey—which, to borrow a phrase well understood in that State, is *run* by a corporation—Delaware, and Kentucky, to concur in the proposed amendment, has somewhat disappointed the hopes and embarrassed the policy of the friends of emancipation and the Union, and it is evidently wiser to take proper measures for securing the requisite number of States elsewhere, than to wait for the conversion of that trio of 'wayward sisters.' The attitude of the Federal Government towards the rebel States, and its authority over them with respect both to this and to all other points, must depend upon the legal position and the local relations of those States to the Federal Government. What then is the political status of the territory lately in open rebellion against the Union and now in reluctant submission to its authority?

"I am aware that the views which I understand you to entertain of this subject are those of a great number, perhaps the greater number, of American statesmen. It seems to be generally admitted, but so far as I have seen without sufficient examination, that because a State has, under the Federal Constitution, no power to secede from the Union, an ordinance of the State legislature or of a State convention to that effect, even though practically obeyed by the whole people of the State, is not only void as to the object sought to be accomplished by it, but has no effect whatever on the political rights and relations of the State or of the citizens. It is said that it neither creates nor releases rights or obligations of any sort, involves no disabilities, works no political disfranchisement or forfeiture, but the State remains, to all intents and purposes, so far as respects its relations to the Union, and even its own municipal organization, as if no ordinance of secession had been framed, no actual withdrawal from its practical connexion with the Federal Government had taken place. This view of the subject evidently assumes that the political rights of a State are appurtenant to its *soil*, and can perish only with it, not franchises and privileges of its citizens, to be enjoyed on condition of their fulfilment of corresponding duties. In many of the arguments I have seen on the question, the above theory seems to be held, not as a conclusion founded on any known principles of constitutional law, but because it has been thought that the doctrine of a lapse or forfeiture of the constitutional rights of a State—the proposition that rebellious South Carolina, for instance, is not still a co-equal member of the Federal Union, and as such entitled to all the powers and privileges of loyal Massachusetts or New York—implies the admission that she no longer territorially belongs to the Union. This I hold to be a grave and dangerous error, and I believe it is one of the fruits of that most false and pernicious heresy—the doctrine of State sovereignty, or rather of State supremacy.

"The old States which formed the original American Union, and the State of Vermont—which never had a colonial government—have had two stages of political existence since they ceased to be colonies of a foreign power; the embryonic or inchoate period, extending from the repudiation of the authority of Great Britain to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the period of developed organization and mature life which they have enjoyed under that frame of government. The new States never passed through the intermediate stage, but rose at once from the dependent territorial or colonial condition to that of equal members of the Federal Union. It has been too generally assumed that, by the act of throwing off their allegiance to Great Britain, the provinces became, each, to all intents and purposes, an independent, free, and sovereign State, with all the rights, powers, and prerogatives appertaining to any existing political organization; that they were absolutely foreign and unrelated to each other as well as to the rest of the world, and bound by no common political tie; that they might freely consult, each, the individual interest and inclinations of its own citizens, without reference to the opinions, the interests, or the wishes of those of the other provinces; that whatever common rights and interests are vested in the Federal Union are enjoyed solely by compact between the States, and are defined by the Federal Constitution, which witnesses, and in fact exclusively embodies, that compact; and that the States have, severally or collectively, absolutely no rights with respect to each other, except such as they derive from the individual assent of the States to the Constitution of 1789, and from the general principles of international law.

"This view of our domestic relations is, I believe, both irreconcilable with historical fact and erroneous in point of law, and I maintain that the several States never were *sovereign* in any proper sense of that term. I am not ignorant that the epithet *sovereign* was often applied to the States in the early days of our national history, but it will be found that even then it was much more frequently used of them collectively than individually. And when it was employed in this latter way, it was used rather from want of a more appropriate term than as an epithet truly descriptive of their political status.

"At that period, the nomenclature of political science was much more vague and indefinite than in our day. Free discussion of political questions cannot be said to have anywhere existed before the American Revolution, and an appropriate dialect for such discussion had not yet grown up. Hence the publicists of the Revolutionary period were often obliged to employ the vocabulary of their predecessors in senses different from those which long usage has now conferred upon its technical terms. The word *sovereign*, then, as applied to the nascent American States, had not, in the mouths of those who first employed it, the comprehensive meaning which theorists of the State-rights school have since striven to affix to it, and the influence which the abuse of this unlucky word has had upon public opinion is the most remarkable instance of 'cheating with a name' to be found in our history, except that other of power acquired by the Northern pro-slavery party from the assumption of the title of 'the Democracy.'

"All this is most clearly shown by the conduct of the people and the local governments during the War of Independence. Doubtless they often acted without immediate reference to each other, just as separate army corps must sometimes do, from the mere necessity of the case. But whenever concert and joint action were possible, they never failed to consult and act together. They did not consider themselves as, for a moment, an unrelated group of independent commonwealths temporarily banded together to accomplish an object in which they had no common, but each a separate interest, nor did they believe that the one supremacy of Great Britain had been divided into thirteen new and distinct supremacies, of the same order not only as each other but as Great Britain herself. Whatever, here and there, a crazy theorist, even at that early day, may have dreamed about State sovereignty, the American *people* entertained no such idea, nor did they suppose that the

States could, by any individual action, release themselves from the common bond, created by common origin, common allegiance, common interest, common aims, and a common country.

"The true technical sovereignty was, indeed, for a time in abeyance, and until it was definitely lodged in an organization constituted by the will of the one whole people, the new States were like minors lawfully emancipated from the tyranny of an unnatural parent, but who have not yet chosen a legal guardian.

"The uprising of the American people in 1775 was not a succession of independent municipal insurrections; it was a national act. The Declaration of Independence in 1776 was not a chorus of thirteen voices accidentally falling into the same melody; it was a national anthem. The Revolutionary war was not a chaos of exasperated and vindictive mobs, of predatory raids and guerrilla forays; it was a *justum bellum* whose strategy was planned by national generals, and whose great operations were conducted under the authority of Congress. The conventions by which France in 1778, and Great Britain in 1783, recognized our independence, were not negotiated between those powers on the one hand and thirteen individual sovereignties on the other, but between European monarchies and a single American republic. The Constitution of 1787–9 was not a purely voluntary league between independent realms, but was, and declared itself to be, the solemn act of the *people* of a commonwealth, geographically and politically known as the United States, establishing a frame of government adopted by that people for that and all coming ages. The first and most sacred of all our political acts, the Declaration of Independence, does not even name or enumerate the individual States, and the specification of them, in the international treaties to which I have alluded, is only for the purpose of distinguishing them from all other British-American colonies whose independence was not acknowledged. So with those treaties, mention is made of the '*two* parties;' that is to say, the monarchy on one side, the republic on the other; and all the stipulations are framed accordingly.

"As soon as the term of abeyance ceased, as soon as the guardian was chosen, the United States, as impersonated by the Declaration of Independence, succeeded to the sovereignty of Great Britain, and the Constitution of 1789 confirmed and perpetuated the sovereignty of the people of the nation over all local organizations, and made the constitutionally expressed will of that people the supreme law of the land. Thus far, then, the former colonies, though they had ceased to be provinces, and had become what we in American political phraseology call States, had never severally assumed the rank technically designated as that of a sovereign *State* in the general dialect of political writers.

"Until the adoption of the Constitution, and before the universally recognized common sovereignty had been fully organized and developed in its several departments, the States had, from necessity, exercised certain powers always properly belonging—and, by the terms of the Constitution, now definitely committed—to the Federal Government; but the adoption of that Constitution involved, by the very force of its provisions, a final and perpetual surrender of the prerogatives of sovereignty universally recognized by publicists in all ages as not merely *indicia*, but as necessary elements of independent supremacy; and when the people of the Union, through its organs, the public authorities of the several States, signified its acceptance of the Constitution which its delegates in convention had framed for it, the very shadow of that hydra sovereignty which had never had a substantial existence, vanished for ever!

"The States, then, were not sovereign before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and certainly that instrument did not make them so. They are municipal bodies, having no legal existence or attributes, except such as are expressly defined by the Constitution, or as result from the nature of the purposes for which they exist, and there is no more ground for ascribing sovereignty to the old States than to the new, which latter, surely, have no source of power *above* the Constitution.

"I am wholly unable to see how the doctrine, that a particular State can no longer exercise its rights and privileges as a technical member of the Union, involves the admission that it is no longer subject to the authority of the Union. The theory of an indefeasible State sovereignty seems to have led very many politicians to reason that every State must be lawfully *in* the Union as a co-equal member of it, or altogether *out* of its jurisdiction, and hence, that to deny to a State, under any circumstances, power to act as a branch of the Federal Government, is to admit the right of secession. This is altogether a *non sequitur*, and to draw such a conclusion is to maintain that a crime which works a forfeiture of particular rights confers *ipso facto* yet greater rights upon the offending party. There is no apparent reason why Virginia or North Carolina, having disfranchised themselves as *States*, should not still belong to the Union as *Territories;* and, indeed, this is the strongest ground upon which the recognition by Congress of the new State of Western Virginia can be justified. A municipal corporation—and the States are nothing more—may surrender its charter, or it may forfeit it by abuse of power. Nobody would contend that the voluntary surrender or the forfeiture of the charter of the city of Boston would exempt that city from the jurisdiction of the State legislature. On the contrary, the power of the State over its territory and its citizens would be greater than before, because prerogatives enjoyed by it under the State would then lapse back again to the higher jurisdiction. Still less would it be maintained that, because an insignificant minority of the citizens had cast their ballots against the surrender, or were, otherwise than by unresisting acquiescence, innocent of the acts which created the forfeiture, those citizens, however few, became thereby invested with the corporate powers originally belonging to the whole body of inhabitants. The rebel States have lost their corporate charter both by voluntary surrender and by forfeiture, and I have no manner of doubt that the Federal Government may accept the surrender or enforce the forfeiture, and that, in either case, that which was a *State* becomes a *Territory*, subject in all things to the legislative power of Congress, just like any other technical Territory of the Union.

"When the political reorganization of the Southern territory becomes a practical question, as it soon must do, there will be conflicts of jurisdiction. Such, indeed, have arisen already. There are two claimants to the executive chair, two legislatures, in Virginia, not to speak of a third government in Western Virginia. There are two governors in Tennessee, two in Louisiana, and two in Arkansas, and there will soon be like cases in other rebel States. In the portion of your speech which I have seen, no method of settling which is the true prince, which the pretender, is hinted at; but this is a question which must be met at once.* The power of deciding between rival claims of this character, it appears to be conceded, belongs not to the judiciary but to the Federal Government, Congress, and the Executive. Congress and the Executive are in no case judicial authorities, and whenever an officer, a magistracy, or a deliberative body is entrusted with absolute power, independent of control or revision by courts of law—as the decisions of the Federal Governments on such points are declared to be—then such power becomes a discretionary one, and may be exercised with such limitations, and upon such conditions, as the authority invested with it chooses to impose upon itself or upon the subjects of its jurisdiction. The Federal Government, then, may lawfully pronounce decisions, which shall bind all the world, as between rival claimants to State authority, and it may impose on either claimant just such terms of recognition—the direct abolition of slavery, the adoption of the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution, a change of State name or of State boundaries even, for instance—as it shall deem the public good to require.

"Were the question now first presented for discussion, I should hold it the wiser course to enforce the forfeiture of the corporate rights of the rebel States, reduce the whole to the territorial condition, divide the soil into convenient jurisdictions for that purpose, cutting off Panhandles, Eastern Shores, and other geographico-political absurdities, and finally admitting as States the territories so constituted, whenever they should have framed and adopted constitutions consonant to the principles of American liberty. This course would relieve us from many perplexing embarrassments, and be attended with many positive advantages, among which not the least conspicuous would be the legal consequence, that the constitutional anti-slavery amendment is *already* accepted by a sufficient number of States. It is, perhaps, now too late to adopt so sweeping a measure as this, as one of universal application; but the power of the Federal Government to decide which, in any given case, is

* Mr. Johnson has met it by putting one of the two governors in jail.—Ed. Nation.

the lawful State organization, enables it to secure most of the advantages of a more radical plan of operation, and besides, this latter may, in extreme cases, still be resorted to whenever it is found necessary.

"Instead, then, of leaving the whole matter to take care of itself, and maintaining the *status quo* in order that the slavery question may form a basis for the organization of a new 'Democratic' party, North and South, I would propose:

"I. Examples of salutary severity, sufficient both in the number and in the position of the criminals to teach the people of the Union that disappointed politicians cannot be permitted to play at treason, rebellion, robbery, and assassination with impunity.

"II. The holding of the 'rebels and their territory in the grasp of war,' as you well suggest, either governing them by territorial organizations, supported by martial law administered by a competent force, until they shall be content to return to loyalty and submission, with free State constitutions, or encouraging the election of State governors and legislatures by the loyal inhabitants, and the adoption of the constitutional amendment by such legislatures, making this and the constitutional repudiation of the rebel debt, in all cases, conditions precedent of recognition by the Federal Government, and relaxing 'the grasp of war' only when these objects shall have been accomplished.

"III. The inexorable treatment of all rebels found in arms hereafter, by land or sea, as traitors and pirates, and their condign punishment by military tribunals.

"This policy would, I believe, secure the immediate legal abolition of slavery throughout the land, and thereby affect a permanent pacification of our distracted country. If, on the other hand, we hold that though every citizen of a State may have individually committed a treason which involved the forfeiture of all rights, life itself even, and though every authority of the State has not only officially participated in that treason, but has voluntarily surrendered the corporate rights of the State, yet, notwithstanding all this, the mere soil of the State retains all the ancient powers, privileges, franchises, immunities, and even local institutions of its once loyal citizens, we have gained nothing by the sacrifice of half a million of lives and of uncounted millions of treasure.

"Proclamations, amnesties, fraternizations, conciliations, have not as yet touched the root of the evil. They will not touch it hereafter. Our lenient treatment of rebels and the rebellion has excited no compunctious visitings, no gratitude for unmerited indulgence. Let us remember as a guide for future dealings with treason, that

'the tender mercies of the weak,
As of the wicked, are but cruel.'"

A CASE IN POINT.

The British West Indies have been used a great deal by the opponents of emancipation as an illustration of what negroes come to if allowed to be their own masters. It now furnishes a useful illustration of what government comes to when legislation is left in the hands of one class. Emancipation found the colored population of Jamaica in a state of gross ignorance. Popular education has, however, been all but totally neglected by the legislature, though thirty-five years have elapsed since emancipation. It has spent over $200,000 in the erection of a so-called penitentiary, and that institution and the other prisons throughout the island are supported at a yearly outlay of full $100,000, while, with a population of nearly half a million, the munificent sum of $20,000 per annum is voted for educational purposes. When the Government is pressed on the subject by persons who are anxious to see the work of popular education taken vigorously in hand, the reply always has been, "We are going to do something; but means are required, and it is not easy to find the money." It is worthy of note that, in certain other matters, there is never any lack of promptitude and energy, nor is any difficulty ever raised with regard to finding means for carrying them out. If, for example, it is desired to import Coolie immigrants to aid in the cultivation of the sugar plantations, loans are at once raised for the purpose; and fully three-fifths of the present island debt, amounting to nearly a million of pounds sterling, and which the entire people of Jamaica are now contributing to pay off, has been incurred in immigration schemes, set on foot to supply the planters with cheap labor. But as for education, it is urged that the poverty of the country makes it impossible to do anything on a proper scale.

The natural consequence of all this is, that the great bulk of the black people of Jamaica are, as regards mental culture, in a state but little removed from that in which slavery left them and emancipation found them nearly thirty years ago; that only two blacks have ever sat in the legislature of the colony; that out of the hundreds of magistrates on the island, there are not more than four black men holding commissions of the peace; that among the ninety-odd clergymen belonging to the Anglo-Jamaican Established Church, supported at the public expense, there is only one black minister, and he is without an incumbency; and that in the civil service of the colony there is but one negro, and he has been recently appointed to the subordinate post of tide-waiter in the Customs.

It is true that the legislature makes liberal provision for the support of an Established Church in the colony. But this fact, instead of serving to extenuate its conduct in regard to popular education, only tends to bring out the dereliction of duty in stronger relief. The Jamaica Church establishment is supported at a cost to the tax-paying public of the island of $200,000 per annum. That Church, be it known, is the Church of the minority, not more, on the outside, than one-fourth of the population being members of it, and it is the Church of the higher classes. Its members, too, with a few honorable exceptions, are not educators of the masses. They are not pastors of the Neff and Oberlin stamp, adapting themselves in their teachings and labors to the mental and social condition of the people, and acting the part of pioneers in the work of civilization. They are rather of the aristocratic order of clergymen, and generally content themselves, as the principal part of their duties, with reading prayers and preaching a sermon once or twice a week—their discourses being as a rule composed in language altogether above the comprehension of the illiterate portion of their congregations. Yet to support this Church, which costs the country annually $200,000, the people of the other religious denominations, who have to maintain by voluntary contributions their own ministers and to build and repair their own places of worship, are heavily taxed. And it is to be observed that the blacks are nearly all dissenters. So much for the question of popular education.

Let us now see how the electoral rights of the people have been dealt with. A short time after emancipation took place, an election law was passed by the Jamaica legislature, giving the franchise to owners of freeholds of the annual value of six pounds sterling and upwards. Under that law a considerable number of the freed blacks became entitled to vote; but as the negro in numerous instances showed quite a disposition to think and act for himself as a voter, or at any rate to follow other leaders than the men of the old dominant party, it was discovered that the law was a great deal too liberal, and so, after several alterations had been from time to time made in it, all of a restrictive tendency, the happy expedient was at length hit upon of imposing a tax on the suffrage while retaining the property qualification. The tax is two dollars and a half a year, and in addition to any other taxes a man may have to pay. What makes the matter worse is, that this impost falls only on the poorer classes of tax-payers. Every man paying taxes to the amount of seven dollars and a half as a minimum is exempted from it; but those ranging under that sum must pay the voting tax before they can exercise the elective franchise. The result of this legislation has been to render popular representation in Jamaica a mockery and a delusion. There are several of the parishes on the island, numbering respectively a population of from twenty-five thousand souls to thirty thousand and upward, whose voting lists, year after year, do not show more than thirty or forty registered votes; and from a return presented to the House of Assembly two years ago, it appeared that the number of registered voters for the whole island of Jamaica did not then exceed two thousand. And this with a population of nearly half a million! Thus it will be seen that the great body of the people are not represented in the legislature; and in a dispute between the late Colonial Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, and the House of Assembly, which took place shortly before his death, that nobleman brought the fact forcibly to the attention of the House, and on the ground which it furnished justified the interference of the Imperial Government, acting on behalf of the people, with the local legislation of the colony.

THE EMPEROR AND THE TWO SOUS.

The two-sous subscription in France, towards the purchase of a medal to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln, has, after two weeks of reflection, been relieved from the prohibition placed upon it by the police, and is now in process of collection once more. But the fact that at the outset it should have filled the Imperial Government with alarm is one of the most singular and suggestive facts of contemporaneous history.

It would look, at first view, as if there were nothing in it that should perplex, with fear of change, so mighty a monarch as the Emperor. Had it been proposed to strike the medal in honor of Booth as a tyrannicide, who had laid low a usurper guilty of the murder of the Republic he had sworn to preserve, one might better understand the philosophy of the prohibition. For the imperial historian of the first Roman emperor must feel a shuddering horror at the image of Brutus

"Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,"

which ever stalks inseparable from the shade of his great victim in the memory of mankind. *That* were of evil ensample. But a testimony of grief and loathing for the act which had reddened the annals of mankind with the blood of a great magistrate, a protest of labor against murder disguised as patriotism, a breathing of respectful pity for the bitterness of the private sorrow which waited upon this public crime—might not this be allowed without endangering the foundations of the Second Empire? One would think so. But instinct is a great matter now, as in Falstaff's time, and especially the instinct of despotic power. The existing condition of things being accepted, what the preservation of that condition demands cannot be refused. If plantation slavery were right and necessary, then the scourge, the manacle, the branding-irons, the auction-block, were all of them necessary and right too. It is common sense, as well as common law, which says that the possession of a right implies the possession of everything that is necessary to the enjoyment and security of that right.

And thus if imperialism be accepted as the highest development of human government on earth, the fitting image and expression of the Divine polity, the necessary incidents of the condition must be accepted also. If France admits that the first Bonaparte, by virtue of the greatness of his genius, became the legitimate and natural master of her destinies, and that this autocracy descended of right to his putative nephew—that the Second of December was the necessary sequence of the Eighteenth Brumaire—she must consent to the censorship of the press, to the restriction of freedom of speech, to arbitrary arrests, to deportation without trial, and whatever else is necessary to the maintenance of this divine order of things. And, looked at from this point of view, the prohibition of the testimonial medal to Mrs. Lincoln is not so unaccountable or unreasonable as it looked at the first blush. It was, unquestionably, a political movement—at least, a political sign. It was the heart of laboring masses that are the objects of government, speaking to laboring masses that are the originals of government. It was not merely an offering to Mrs. Lincoln, as the widow of the one man who had been murdered for his fidelity to his public duty, that was proposed. It regarded her as typifying the nation that was sitting in the weeds of widowhood for the loss of her head, who died for his devotion to the principles which are the life-blood of her being. It was an offering of republicans to a republic—for the workmen of France are republicans, who bide their time with such patience as they may. It was a sincere tribute of respect and sympathy to Mrs. Lincoln, undoubtedly; but it was, at the same time, an ingenious and effectual political engine. It was *miching malicho*. It meant more than met the ear. There was an esoteric, as well as an exoteric, significancy attached to it. Its word of promise was not to be broken to the hope while it was kept to the ear. This it was that sealed its fate. This was the mischief that vitiated the transaction, and made the Imperial Government see in what was on the face of it a harmless and touching embodiment of an honorable feeling, an infernal machine designed for the destruction of the throne. So the die was broken before the medal was struck, and the hard-earned moneys given toward it swept for the moment into the public fisc.

It is edifying, and not unpleasing to the carnal man, to consider that the most serious dangers that threaten Napoleon III., and the annoyances that most vex him, have sprung directly from his false calculations of our calamities and the advantages he promised to himself from them. He would never have erected Mexico into a Spain for his dynasty, had he not been assured in his own mind of our national disintegration. He saw Texas and Louisiana conceded to him, or to his Mexican dependency, as the remuneration for his recognition of the Confederacy, which he did not intend should be long delayed. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in recent articles, to show the obligations of America to England, in the new spirit of civility which has come over the English press since the downfall of the rebellion became an accomplished fact, affirms, on what seems good authority, what we have had reason to believe from other sources, that Napoleon urged upon England a joint intervention in our affairs and armed compulsion to a settlement by separation. And a correspondent declares that a Frenchman of high rank, a senator and personal friend of the Emperor, had denounced in his hearing the refusal of England as the greatest blot on the administration of Lord Palmerston. This was the general tone of conversation in high French political circles. We fully believe this to be true, and are confident that when the history of these last four years comes to be written authentically, it will be found that we were all along in greater danger from France than from England. The community of language, the unbridled license of the English press, the arrogance and ill-manners of public speakers in and out of Parliament, excited natural resentment, just indeed, but even more merited by the better bred and more controlled malignity of the French Government. It is taken for granted that such intervention would have resulted inevitably in the success of the rebellion. We submit that it would have done nothing of the kind. The war, thus supported, would have been much more disastrous to us than it has actually been; but it would have been still more so for the intervening powers, especially for England. Not a shred of commerce would have been left for either of them at the end of it. The proof of this is to be seen in what we have done, and with how moderate and tolerable a strain upon our resources of men and money. We think English statesmen chose the better part in refusing to join in such an adventure, and we believe, too, that the throne of the Second Empire was saved from going to wreck in the tempest by their refusal.

All this, however, lies in the province of what the schoolmen used to call the *Media Scientia*, or the science that treats of what would have happened had events gone differently from what they did. We cannot but think that the prestige of the Emperor for sagacity must suffer loss from the miscalculation of our horoscope which led him into the Mexican entanglement. That Prince Napoleon thinks this last what Lord Derby would consider "a blunder" is evident from his speech at Ajaccio, in which he comes out for the Monroe doctrine. This must be no small addition to the vexations growing out of our affairs which make the head lie uneasy that wears the imperial crown of France.

SOME REASONS FOR DELAY.

If we are to believe the correspondents, even of those journals which are best satisfied with the course things are taking at the South, the condition of the society there is something very nearly chaotic.

Without officers or legislators, without courts, without authorities to keep the peace, with agriculture unsettled, the labor question undetermined, property insecure, trade paralyzed for want of the products of exchange and the means of purchase, the social status of every class undefined; with proscription, death, or disfranchisement ever present to the people's imagination, violence lurking in the air, and threatening to burst now upon the leaders of secession, now upon the negroes, and now upon the populace, who welcome coldly the disbanded hosts of the defunct Confederacy,—such is the picture of the South that one finds drawn in the morning papers. From every subjugated State, and from some which were none the less rebellious because not technically subjugated, there comes very general testimony that the abolition of slavery, which was the consummation of the war, is to be resisted and thwarted by the whites in every possible way. Enraged that the object for which they courted poverty, famine, exile, and death, has been for ever removed from their ambitious machinations, they seem determined that the new order of things shall not be made pleasant.

In Virginia, the last State to capitulate and the first to get upon its legs again without a military Governor, we see the planters assemble

and resolve, in one county, that the laborers shall be paid starvation wages; that none shall be employed unless recommended by their previous employers, or shall have access to the plantations except on business; in another county, that to hire a negro without the consent or unless on the terms of his "owner" shall be a "social misdemeanor"—which, according to former custom, would subject the offender to any of the rigors of lynch law. In the interior of North Carolina, whose loyalty has been so boasted, the condition of the freedmen is scarcely better than that of slaves. Many are in fact still held under the lash, as is true to a great extent in South Carolina, and even in West Tennessee, where masters continue to hire out their slaves as of old.

A spirit so obstinate as this, in a community where the oppressor has not yet learned his weakness, nor the oppressed his rights, where naught is fixed but the determination to persist in injustice, where it is morally impossible without perjury to swear to support the national enactments for the destruction of slavery—a spirit, we repeat, of such a cast appears not only incapable of ruling others but of ruling itself. And yet, so far from being put on probation, subjected to restraints, and above all shorn of the power which has corrupted and seduced them, the Southern people find self-government forced upon them with such rapidity, that we shall, to all appearances, have the Union restored by the first of August. This haste on the part of the Executive must outstrip the expectation of the seceded States themselves, as of course it does their just claims to restoration to the Union. Would it not have been more seemly, as well as wiser, to have waited till society could accustom itself to its new basis of free labor and equality, till the penalties of rebellion had been determined upon and applied, till accurate statistics could be procured of the material, intellectual, and moral capacity of the South, including both races, and until, in fact, those charged with the work of reconstruction had some better light to guide them than the theories concocted in Washington?

LORD BROUGHAM ON THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

Lord Brougham has made, at a banquet given to the Prince of Wales in the Fishmongers' Hall in London, the following extraordinary remarks:

"If my voice could reach across the Atlantic, it would tell our kinsmen that their best friends, those who have been their advocates through good report and through bad report, now pray and beseech them to use the victory which, by great courage, great perseverance, and no little military skill, they have gained, in mercy as well as in justice (cheers); that they should not stain the scaffold with the blood of their prisoners (cheers); that they should recollect that those prisoners whom they call rebels were treated by them as warriors (cheers); that truces were made with them, agreements made with them, submissions received from them, and that they ought not to think of rendering their cause, which is now triumphant, hateful, as well as triumphant, by spilling the blood of those captives they have now in their power. (Loud cheers)."

It will probably be a satisfaction to him to know that his voice "has reached across the Atlantic," but we regret to add that there is very little probability that anything he can say on the subject of the treatment of the rebel prisoners, or on any other political subject in which Americans are interested, will produce the smallest impression on either the Government or people. He has not grown grey in courts without learning that, to be listened to at all, a judge must be supposed to be impartial, and a counsellor to be friendly. He has since the outbreak of the war, we must suppose deliberately, disqualified himself for assuming either of these positions towards us in the settlement of our differences with the South. By nobody has the cause of the North been denounced, and its motives impugned, with more violence, and, we may add, indecency of language. He assumed from the very outset, not simply that the conduct of the South was excusable, but that our conduct was criminal, and has throughout acted and spoken on this assumption. He has in more than one speech ascribed the war, which the whole people of the North were waging for an idea, to mere love on our part of plunder and bloodshed. He has treated our anti-slavery zeal as so much artful hypocrisy, and our devotion to the Union as so much insane lust of power. If we were, now that the struggle is over, to turn to him for advice as to the use we should make of our victory, whatever he might say, he would certainly in his secret heart be amused by our stupidity.

Lord Brougham's course on the American struggle has simply furnished a fresh illustration of that absence of judicial power which has marred his career ever since he left the bar. He is by nature an advocate, and has all the defects as well as all the excellences belonging to that character. He owed a large portion of his professional success to a constitutional incapacity to see more than one side of any question, and this of course enabled him to bring to the service of his client more of his highest powers than men gifted with more of the critical faculty can ever place at the disposal of any cause or any person whatever. Luckily a nature inherently noble, and an ingrained horror of whatever bore the appearance of wrong, in seven cases out of ten kept him on the right side of politics, and made him one of the ablest and most successful of English reformers.

But even in this field he has always been too much of an advocate to attain the highest position. His knowledge has never kept pace with his zeal. He has had that amount of cultivation which every lawyer ought to have, but which most lawyers get along without, and which consists in knowing enough of everything to cross-examine an expert with credit and effect; but this is not knowledge which it does to air out of court, and Lord Brougham's confidence in producing it on every occasion has brought on him the imputation of being, if not shallow, not thorough. His peculiar defects of character and training showed themselves more conspicuously, of course, when he mounted the bench than they had ever done before; but they show themselves perhaps still more conspicuously in his attempts to play the Nestor in his old age. That is a part for which his unfitness is pre-eminent. Advancing years have certainly not whitened the light in which he sees things, and whatever respect people have retained for him in this country, is certainly due, not to the opinion they entertain of the effects of time on his judgment, but to the memory of the great services rendered to freedom and humanity in the days of his hot youth.

THE AMERICAN STRUGGLE.

I.

Sword! ere the sheath that hid thy light so long
That splendor quench, go thou like lightning forth,
High bride of Justice, not of South or North,
And lift, as now, the weak, and quell the strong!
Advance till from the black man's hut the song
Rises to God, and by the black man's hearth
Humanity hath leave in godly mirth
To sit forgetful of her ancient wrong.
Then sleep for ever; for to work like thine
While the worlds last no other can succeed
Equal or second. Hang a starry sign
In heaven! but rather wear a widow's weed
On earth than break that primal troth and trust
For second nuptials base and prone ambition's lust.

II.

Lo! as an eagle battling through a cloud,
That from his neck all night the vapor flings,
And ploughs the dark, till downward from his wings
Fierce sunrise smites with light some shivering crowd
Beneath a blind sea-cavern bent and bowed;
Thus through the storm of war, the night of things,
That Principle to which the issue clings
Makes fateful way, and spurns at last its shroud.
There were that saw it with a skeptic ken;
There were that saw it not, through hate or pride;
But conquering and to conquer, on it came,
No tool of man, but making tools of men,
Till nations shook beneath its advent wide,
And they that loosed the portent rued the same.

Aubrey De Vere.

Feb. 21, 1865.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

One principal object of The Nation is to promote and develop a higher standard of criticism. The question may be asked, *Cui bono?* and the appearance of our first number is therefore a proper occasion for saying somewhat on the value and proper position of critics.

The opinions on this subject are opposite as the poles. Some authors, and distinguished ones, too—Irving was one, Bulwer is another, Lowell another, though professing to be also of the "ungentle craft" himself—

maintain that your critic is a most unnecessary nuisance, a pestilent fellow, who tears the works of better men to pieces, because he can produce nothing good himself, and makes it his business to look for spots in the sun, and calumniate the icicle on Diana's temple. On the other hand, the critic not unfrequently proclaims himself a fine gentleman, for whose amusement the author writes. He discusses the book as he would a newly furnished house or a state dinner. Talk to him of writing books himself! Must Amphitryon be able to fry an omelette or Lucullus to concoct a *méringue* before he ventures to find fault with Soyer's *cotelettes à la Reforme?* Is Brummell disqualified for passing judgment on Stultz's coats because he has never handled the shears himself?

Equally opposite are the theories about the critic's genesis. There was the old one of Queen Anne's time, that he owed his life to the corruption of an author, and merely sought to revenge his own failures on more successful rivals. There is the modern theory, upheld, if not suggested, by Thackeray, that the critic is generally an immature author, who jests at scars because he never felt a wound, and is prone to exaggerate the errors because he has never experienced the difficulties of serious authorship.

On this debatable ground we shall be more likely to go safely by taking a middle path. In political difficulties the boldest course is sometimes the most prudent, and nothing short of "thorough" will carry us through; but in questions of taste it is always wise to keep clear of extremes, for taste is eminently eclectic. It is quite possible for a man to become a competent critic without ever passing, or intending to pass, through the stage of authorship. It is no paradox to call criticism a very subordinate and yet a very important branch of literature, just as the constable, though of no exalted official rank, is an indispensable portion of the political framework. A man may be born with a large share of the appreciative and discriminative faculties, which may have been, as they most certainly are, capable of being largely improved by education, at the same time he may be entirely destitute of the creative and imaginative faculties, which, unless given by nature, no education can implant. Indeed, there must be such men, since the former qualities, though rare enough, are less rare than the latter. A man thus intellectually furnished can never write anything like a first-class novel or poem; indeed, he is not very likely to make the attempt; but he can criticize novels and poems to any extent.

The case of translators is analogous. We often hear it said that none but a poet can translate poetry. The assertion is plausible; but who would maintain that none but a historian can translate a historian; that it requires a Macaulay or a Merivale to render a Michelet or a Thierry? Yet the rule ought to hold good for both, if at all, although the author's temptation to improve on his original shows itself differently; the poet's alterations would be made in the text, the historian's would be expressed in notes and comments. It is unfortunate that as a musician who plays well enough to accompany nicely will seldom condescend to accompaniment, so those whose talents and education best fit them for translating are generally prone to aim at original composition. Or take a work of learning and research. The critic may be the author's superior in knowledge of the subject, yet may never think of writing such a book, either for want of the steady industry necessary, or from the press of other avocations, or even from deficiency in pecuniary means, since learned authorship in most countries is generally a rich and sometimes a very expensive luxury.

But why not give up the business of criticism to authors themselves? For various reasons. In one sense they are much too good for it—that is, the best of them are. It is cutting blocks with a razor, and putting Pegasus into harness. A man of real, original creative power is better employed in producing something himself than in criticizing the productions of others. Here again translation furnishes us with analogies. Thus it is highly probable that Tennyson might have achieved the best English version of the "Iliad" ever written, but how much better for the reading public and the world of letters that he wrote *Maud* and the *Princess!*

In other cases, they are not good enough. And the reason is twofold. In the first place, authors, like the rest of mankind, are subject to the influence of professional jealousy. In nine cases out of ten such a charge against the critic would be absurdly irrelevant. He might as well be taxed with envying a general or a congressman. The only circumstances under which a critic can be reasonably suspected of attacking an author from this motive are these: Either he has written a work on the same subject, and failed—for if he has succeeded he passes into the class of authors, as the greater takes precedence of the less—or he has a work on the same subject in contemplation, and may feel annoyed at the wind being taken out of his sails. But the author is always tempted to find another author on similar subjects a possible rival in his way.

Then, putting all bad motive out of the question, the author is less apt to criticize fairly than the critic, because he is more apt to be one-sided. His very ability is likely to make him intense in one direction, so that he will overvalue his own method of treatment. The critic is, by profession, as it were, many-sided, a proposition which we have already expressed in other words by saying that taste is eminently eclectic. If, though one-sided, he obtains a reputation, as in Ruskin's case, it is because his excellences of style give him a position as an author independent of the value of his critical opinions. Byron strikingly illustrates both these disqualifications. The former affected his judgment of Shelley, the latter his judgment of Wordsworth.

It is often assumed that the relations of critics are only to authors, or at most to authors and the public. This is a very inadequate statement; their relations to publishers are even more important. From one point of view the publisher is the public's natural enemy, and the critic their natural protector. Now and then we find a chivalric Moxon, who publishes a whole generation of poets from pure love of poetry. But such are exceptions. Publishers, like most men, usually pursue their calling from a desire to make money by it, nor is this fact more discreditable to them than to any other class. But, like all dealers, the publisher is sometimes mistaken in the quality of his wares; he sometimes buys or agrees to print a work which would not find favor on its own merits. This want of merit he is too often tempted to supply by systematic and unblushing puffery. In this country (and England and France are no better off) there is quite as much "shoddy" literature as any other kind of deceptive goods disposed of under the falsest pretences. To take the lowest view, this is an imposition on the public. Every man who pays a dollar or two for a worthless book is directly swindled by the puffing publisher and the venal "notice-writer" who have deluded him into the purchase.

It must not be inferred from anything which has been said that we accept the ungracious theory of those who make it the critic's business always and solely to find fault. But the multitude of sham reviewers, whose chief stock in trade consists of unmeaning adulation, may well make us forget that the American critic has any laudatory functions. And at present, we believe that these are more wisely employed on subjects than on individuals. There are some branches of literature and learning (classics and general philosophy, for instance) in which the scarcity of valuable American works is deplorable, and this is in a great measure owing to the want of accomplished critics, who might awaken a public curiosity in that direction. The special branch of art-criticism has some peculiarities arising from the nature of its subject-matter. Every critic is in some sense an author—that is, he writes for publication; the art-critic may also be an artist, but it is not considered necessary that he should be in any sense. But we can only allude to this division of our subject, the proper handling of which would require a separate paper to itself.

In a new country like ours, the public mind passes through three stages before it is fully prepared to furnish or appreciate complete and well-balanced criticism. First, there is the chaotic or embryo period, when the whole energy of the people is employed in overcoming physical obstacles. Literature and art are then rare exotics, and their votaries run the risk of being considered very eccentric, if not absolutely mad. There are men enough living who recollect this stage. Then succeeds the childish age, or that of promiscuous and often silly admiration. The last stage before reaching the day of true criticism is a reaction from this, a period of indiscriminate censure. In art-criticism we seem to have arrived at the third stage, or at least to be very near it. In literature we are not yet well out of the second, though many spirited attempts have been made at intervals for thirty years or more to push us out of it; usually, as in Park Benjamin's case, for instance, they failed to make any permanent impression or meet the appreciation which they deserved. We really think that before our criticism comes to merit the name, it will have to pass through this stormy and belligerent stage, a period like that of English criticism during the first quarter of the century. The great mischief has always been that whenever our reviewers deviate from the usual and popular course of panegyric they start from and end in personality, so that the public mind is almost sure to connect unfavorable criticism with personal animosity. Any review thus inspired is worth exactly its weight in Confederate paper. The critic ought to know the author only through his book; he should have the least possible personal knowledge of him, should be ignorant (or at least affect to be ignorant) whether he is rich or poor, handsome or ugly, married or single, whether his grandmother was a President's sister, or his second cousin is a New York alderman. Above all, it is absolutely necessary that there should not be a shadow of personal difficulty between them. With this proviso, we believe our authors themselves would not be sorry for a little less butter and a little more pepper; we are certain it would do them good, whether they liked it or not.

CLUB LIFE.

BARELY twenty years ago that shrewd thinker and bold speaker, Fenimore Cooper, stigmatized New York society as provincial. Though expressed with unnecessary vehemence, the charge was at the time true in the main; but were our great novelist now living, he would see abundant reason for changing his opinion. And among the many symptoms of metropolitanism which our city displays, none is more striking than the multiplication of clubs. Every interest, from the highest art to the lowest sport, is already represented or preparing to represent itself in this way. Clubs actually duplicate one another, sometimes in object merely, sometimes in the name itself. It looks as if we were, to use a popular phrase, running the thing into the ground; but this very repetition and duplication are a characteristic of club life in European capitals. Herein, as in most matters, our other chief cities are following the lead of New York, and the club may now be considered a recognized feature of American town life.

We shall resist the temptation to display a little very cheap learning by going into the origin and history of clubs here and elsewhere. Our present intention is merely to show that these associations are not only natural but desirable products of advancing civilization, not a necessary evil but a necessary good.

To appreciate properly the intellectual and social effect of clubs, we should look back a moment to the period of their infancy or that just preceding their introduction. What were the resources of those classes and sets from among whom the members of our clubs are chiefly supplied? The *very* "Upper Ten" largely patronized balls, at which there were many tureens of oysters and baskets of champagne consumed, many waltzes and polkas danced (it was just about the epoch when Cellarius immortalized himself by inventing the latter choregraphic performance), very little conversation, and that of the most frivolous. Those lords of creation who were too clumsy or too ungallant to attend balls, lounged much in the bars, reading-rooms, and ten-pin alleys of fashionable hotels. Those who were too poor or too pious for either of these luxuries, had a great habit of going to lectures, a very innocent amusement or occupation, in most cases, but not over apt to illumine or develop a man's mind.

The first and third of these practices are still in vogue. The social wants vaguely and erroneously seeking relief in the second, found that relief in club life. Every respectable club is an entelechy, bringing out into action and strengthening by mutual encouragement the independent thought, the honorable feeling, the critical acumen of its members.

We yield to no one in our affection and reverence for all that is comprised in the good old English word *home*. We could indite a panegyric on it which, however wanting in eloquence, would equal in sincerity all that the most gushing sentimentalists from Dickens down to Dr. Holland have written on the subject. But sentiment apart, it is certain that the intellectual wants of a thinking man are apt not to be satisfied within the circle of his household, even with the reinforcement of a library. The most loving and witty couple must in time exhaust each other's resources, and there are senses in which a man's children can never be his companions. Consider too the case of those unfortunates who have no homes. A state of society may indeed be imagined in which every boy marries as soon as he comes of age, and every widower as soon as he is out of mourning; we believe something of the kind does exist in portions of the West; but it is not to be looked for in a large city.

There are many things which men do not care to talk about before women. And the topics are numerous which women, however clever, are rarely fond of discussing, and more rarely qualified for discussing. To expand his intellectual self properly a man must get out of drawing-room society into some other where he can put his mind, so to speak, into shooting-coat and slippers.

But when he goes out into the mixed crowd of his fellow-citizens, he is more tongue-tied than ever. There are occasions—we have seen a few of them lately—when an American crowd is talkative and demonstrative, because the whole nation acts and speaks in it as one man; but apart from these exceptional periods, it is the last place in the world wherein to seek any kind of mental expression or development. It is brooded and shadowed over by a dim fear of that tremendous abstraction the public, sometimes reduced to the concrete of a newspaper reporter. Add to this the very uncertain manners of a large class of our population, and it is not surprising that we find among nearly all accidental assemblages a reticence and taciturnity scarcely equalled by English or Dutch exclusiveness, by Polish or Venetian distrust.

Now the club is exactly the place where a man may let out his thoughts and compare his opinions and ideas freely with those of others. He is not afraid that a bird of the air, or a beast of the earth, may carry the matter. Club men do not tell tales out of school. In this respect (as in some other important ones, such as talking to ladies and about ladies), American gentlemen are among the most honorable on earth. The composition of a club is generally such that its members have common ground enough to meet on and differences enough to argue about. And the material and food for meditation and discussion are always at hand—the chief specimens of periodic literature, native and foreign, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly. Few men are rich enough to buy all these; no man, however rich, would care to litter up his house with them all. Some of them he may not read once in ten numbers, but he wishes to have the chance of seeing every number. He may indeed find them at a reading room, but there he gets only a benefit of reading without talk, while at the club the latter naturally flows out of and is suggested by the former. At the same time, while the club is the place where most newspapers are read, it is the place where individual opinion is most independent of newspapers—the only place, we must say, where they are brought to their just level. Reading and comparing so many journals, club-men correct one by another, and criticize them all. Referring occasionally to the foreign article, they can better judge the weak points of the domestic. And this is no small recommendation of clubs. When we consider the immense power of the press, and its frequent abuse, it is well that there should be some circles not under its absolute dominion.

And while clubs develop the intellectual character of their members, they do so without forming petty cliques and *camaraderies*. The club is too large a body to be at the mercy of any one man or any few men. Mutual admiration societies do not find their origin there.

There is no lack of fancy learning and high scholarship at our clubs. The erudition of the members does not bristle out like that of Bostonians, but is hid in odd holes and corners, and flashes forth when you least expect it. You shall find a lion of the trotting turf who is an authority on mediæval Latin, and a crack billiard player who is great at annotating Virgil.

The direct political influence of our clubs is not, we believe, in proportion to their intellectual power. That tremendous agency which has left to this day such reminiscences on the European continent, that, in some places, the very name of club is forbidden by authority, does not so readily associate itself with the name in the Anglo-Saxon mind. Political bodies are more properly designated as *leagues* or *societies;* and those clubs which were distinctly instituted for political ends, however well adapted to promote their special purpose, are failures *as clubs*. For the essence of the club, as we understand it, is variety; that of the political league, unity.

We have said nothing of the obvious physical advantages. If an American takes his ease anywhere, it is at his club. But there is one set of mortals to whom these privileges are peculiarly grateful. Our readers may have heard of the Can't-get-away Club—a cant expression for those whom business of any kind detains to swelter in town during the whole or the greater part of our long summer. The members of this mythical body derive their chief comfort and support from the real associations to which they belong. His club is to such a man what Hector was to Andromache, "father and lady mother, brother and blooming spouse."

The picture would not be complete without some shadows. We cannot altogether pass over in silence the objections sometimes urged against clubs. Curious women are apt to suspect that something very wrong may be going on where they are not admitted. Curious donkeys are apt to think that something very wrong must be going on where they are not admitted. It is said that club life encourages dissipation of various sorts, to wit: drinking, smoking, and gambling, and generally that it disposes men to a life of selfish luxury, while their mothers and sisters are battling with Bridget or Barbara at home.

That the club men of New York are not generally aquarians may be acknowledged at once. But—terrible as is the tableau of social depravity which the admission involves—we are constrained to avow our conviction that a decided majority of all classes of Gothamites (except, perhaps, the clergy) are in the same bond of iniquity.

Of smoking there *is* too much at clubs—*and where is there not?* The artist smokes in his studio, the editor in his sanctum, the parson not unfrequently in his study, the merchant in his counting-house, the lawyer in his office, the groom at his stable-door, the out-door laborer at his work, the very soldier on parade, the model husband in the bosom of his family, and we have known cases in the best society where the wife herself smoked, in self-defence, as it were. Nothing illustrates the power of the city railroad companies better than the fact that they are able to expel the practice from the inside of their cars, some of them allow it on the platform. We may partially console ourselves with the reflection that there are people farther gone than ourselves, for (rejecting as apocryphal the stories of Dutchmen who smoke

in their sleep) the Havanese light up in their opera-house during the *entr'actes*. Men do not *learn* to smoke at clubs, and the man smoking at a club annoys fewer people than he would almost anywhere else, out of doors or in.

In some cities clubs are thoroughly infected with gambling. It is emphatically so in Paris. The only American institution ever naturalized in the metropolis of pleasure was the noble game of poker—*pocaire*, as the Parisians call it. The manner of its introduction was curious. The growth of the evil, and the menace of legal interference, obliged the Parisian clubs to interdict games of pure chance, or in which chance largely predominated, and, as it was a mooted point what constituted a game of this description, a detailed list of the forbidden fruit was drawn up with the approval of the ubiquitous "authorities." Of course, no one thought of putting poker into the list, for nobody had ever heard of it; so, when the little stranger arrived fresh from the Western wilds, the Parisian gamblers seized on it as a god-send.

Most happily such is not our case. There is a great deal of whist and billiards played in the clubs of New York; but whist and billiards, as American gentlemen play them, are not gambling games.

As to the charge that a man is luxuriously selfish because he dines better at a club than he could do habitually in a private house or a boarding-house, we deem this a favorable opportunity for enunciating a great proposition too often lost sight of, namely, that the principle of true democracy and progress is *to level up, not down;* to help all along, and put none back. If through paucity of cooks and deficiency of culinary knowledge all cannot be properly fed, it is better that some should be than none. If Smith eats a better dinner at his club than his mother and sister can get at home, the remedy is not to deprive him of his good dinner, but by judicious use of M. Blot and any other attainable means, to try and provide that his mother and sister shall also dine well.

There is, however, one point in which our club life is defective; it is not sufficiently economical. In London, the city of clubs *par excellence*, economy is one of the first recommendations of club life. Here this essential feature has been almost lost sight of. Our oldest club has long been famous for providing its members with better *and dearer* dinners than Delmonico prepares. Frequently the provender department is farmed out to a restaurateur. When it is not, and also in the case of articles dispensed by the club steward, the leading idea seems to be not so much to furnish the members at cost price as to increase the finances with a view to some future expenditure. Now a man of limited means naturally desires some immediate pecuniary return for his annual dues. He does not want to pay fifty or sixty dollars annually in order that ten years hence the club may have a new building further up-town, but in order that he may breakfast and dine more cheaply, as well as more comfortably, than at a hotel. This, however, is only a natural result of national extravagance. Club life has been expensive because everything was. The taxes are giving several lessons of economy and frugality; we presume that the clubs will not be slow to learn them.

THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT TO WASHINGTON.

[This story has been already told, and well told, by Theodore Winthrop. The following letter, however, derives an interest of its own from the fact that it was written by another distinguished member of the regiment, then a private, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who fell at Fort Wagner].

ANNAPOLIS, Tuesday, April 23, 1861.

DEAR ———:—You have probably received the note I wrote you from New York the day before we left. Our march down Broadway was a thing I shall never forget. The crowd and the enthusiasm were tremendous—the people would hardly let us pass, actually catching hold of our hands and slapping us on the back, yelling and screaming like wild men. At every station along the road up to 3 o'clock in the morning, we were received with cheers and booming of cannon. We went to Philadelphia by rail, and from there by the steamer *Boston* to this town, where we landed at 6 o'clock last night, and are quartered in the Naval School. About 800 Massachusetts men are here too, so with them and the students, making nearly 2,000 men, we can drive off any who venture to make an attack upon us here. We had beautiful weather on board—if it had been rough, we should have had a fearful time, as we were piled together like pigs on the two upper decks and in the lower cabins, filling the boat entirely. Our food was not very satisfactory, as the rations we had with us were pretty old, and the meat furnished on board was very horse-y. We were short of water at last.

When we arrived, we found the Massachusetts men all run aground by the pilot, whom they immediately put in irons and wanted to kill; he is a secessionist. They had been trying to get off for three days, and our boat got them off at last. General Butler, their commander, is an energetic, cursing and swearing old fellow. As soon as they got ashore, he sent a company into the town, took possession of the railroad station, and set his men to work laying down the rails, which had been torn up by the secessionists. He says "he'll be d——d if he's going to be stopped by a lot of Maryland men." There is an old fellow among them with ten sons, all shoemakers, who say they have "had no work for so long, they are going to lick those chaps into buying their shoes."

More than half the Massachusetts men were without water for two days, and had only two crackers per diem for some time. They are in all sorts of uniforms; they are principally fishermen from Marblehead, and shoemakers from Lynn, and look upon the men here with about as much respect as we would accord to a toad.

This is a lovely place, and the weather is magnificent. We had a parade this morning, and the "middies" had one in the afternoon. All the evening our band has been playing under the trees—we hear the national airs, and look at the "stars and stripes" with new emotions. There are about 120 midshipmen at the school, twenty or thirty Southerners having resigned. The youngest class is kept aboard the *Constitution*, school-ship, and the others live here. They are all dressed in dark navy-cloth, well-fitting jacket and trowsers, with pistol and sword in their belt. The dress sets off their figures very well, and they give the impression of a remarkably fine-looking body of young men. There are rumors that we start for Washington to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, April 25.

We arrived here at noon to-day, and dined in detachments at the different hotels in the city, and so had our first regular meal since leaving New York—crackers and salt-beef, in not very large quantities, having composed our rations hitherto. We had three hours' sleep on Tuesday night, and since then have not shut our eyes, having been under way from 4 P.M. Wednesday. We had to proceed very slowly, as there was so much work to be done on the railroad. Our regiment and the Massachusetts men under Butler have the honor of opening and taking possession of the Annapolis Railroad for the Government. I shall write you a detailed account soon, but am in a great hurry now, as we are just going into quarters.

April 26.

Just after writing to you at Annapolis, our company (6) got orders to fill their water-canteens, and be ready to receive three days' rations, as we were to start at 4 o'clock the next morning. We turned in to get a little sleep, but had hardly got our blankets about us when all the drums of the regiment began to beat, and our officers came rushing in and bundled us all out on to the parade-ground. All the "middies" and every man of our regiment turned out, ready for a fight, and the four howitzers were hauled up and down the brick-walks like mad. It didn't take long to get us all ready, as every one had his belt and accoutrements on. The sentinels had seen sky-rockets and heard guns in the bay and along shore, and we thought we were going to be attacked by a large force, but it turned out to be eleven steamers with New York and Rhode Island troops; so, after standing for some time under arms, we returned to our quarters in the recitation rooms all over the buildings. By this time it was nearly midnight, and the rations were ready, so we had to fall into line to receive and pack them in our provision boxes. This took an hour for our company, and we didn't lie down until 2 o'clock. We were aroused again at 4, and having everything in readiness, were soon out on the green. We then found that Company 2 and Company 6 (ours) were to start for the Junction as advance-guard, and the others were to follow at 9 A.M. We considered this a great honor, and stepped off through the town for the railroad in good spirits, waking up all the people as we went. At the station we found the Massachusetts company which had taken possession. There was an old engine out of order, and half-a-dozen cars. A man had stepped up the night before, and said he could put it in order, because he had helped to build it. It came from New England of course. Another man jumped on when it was mended, got up the steam, and in a little while we were ready to start, so we packed our knapsacks into one car, and set off in the other. The Massachusetts boys had been laying the track where it was torn up, for about a mile ahead, during the night, having in the meantime had nothing to eat, to which they appeared to have got quite accustomed, for they were almost famished on board their steamer, and some of them actually drank salt-water. When we had gone about a mile by rail, we had to get out, as the track was torn up in many places. We left our knapsacks on the train, which went back for the luggage of the rest of our men, while we trudged forward under a fearfully hot sun with muskets loaded, and cartridge-boxes full, ready for a brush at any moment. We had scouts and skirmishers all around and about us, for we had been positively assured that we should be attacked by a large body of cavalry. Not a shot was fired, however; though, as we saw principally only women and negroes, it made the reports of a body of men being assembled somewhere on the road seem true. We marched slowly along, pushing our

howitzers on two baggage-cars, and stopping again and again to lay rails and make repairs on the road. A length, about 2 o'clock, we came to a halt, and waited for the main body to come up, working meantime on a bridge which had been completely broken down, helped all the while by the Massachusetts boys, with whom we divided our rations, gaining thereby their enthusiastic admiration. Neither they nor we could have got through without each other's assistance, for though they did a great deal of the labor, our officers directed the building of the bridge, etc., and we fed them from our knapsacks. They arrived at Washington the day after us, and we all (being off duty) rushed out and cheered them, and they never let us go by now without clapping and hurrahing. They are rough fellows, but of the best kind. When the rest of our men had got up to where we stopped, and we had all rested and taken a nip at our crackers and beef (six crackers and three pieces of dried beef for three days), we started off again, our two companies still in advance as scouts; but we had to wait until 6 P.M. before the bridge was mended. In the mean while we had some very nice singing, patriotic songs being preferred, and at last got our howitzers over the bridge, and trudged along under a clear sky and splendid moon. But four hours' sleep the night before and four or six a night since we left New York, had not been sufficient to keep up our strength. However, we went on and on as before, stopping every half hour and starting again, pushing and pulling our old baggage-cars sometimes up some very steep grades. Gradually, as time wore on, the men began to lie down every time we stopped, in larger and larger numbers, until at last every one who was not at work was catching a sort of a nap by the roadside. We had scouts out, as I said before, so we should have been warned in time of any enemy, but I don't believe it would have been possible to keep the men on their feet unless there had been an enemy really in sight. We actually fell asleep standing up, and scores of men would drop their pieces and just catch themselves as they were toppling over. We went through all sorts of defiles, where the Marylanders might have pounced upon us with great advantage, but though we had good evidence of their being about, from fresh tracks and newly-torn up rails, they took good care to keep well out of our way. I suppose they were frightened by our numbers, and by the fact of there being 7,000 troops on board the steamers at Annapolis. We went into several farm-houses along the road, and were treated very well. We paid for everything we got, which pleased the people amazingly, for they expected, so they told me, to be robbed. We hear now that other regiments which have come through since have acted in a different manner, shooting pigs and chickens, and taking forcible possession of what they wanted. I don't know how much of the report is true—but the people couldn't expect much else, after trying to run us off the track on the very edge of a high precipice. At daybreak, 4.30, we came to a halt about two miles from the Junction, perfectly overcome with sleep, shivering with cold, and a good many of us grumbling in quite a mutinous way. We built a dozen large fires, for the night air had gone through and through us (we had moved so slowly), and stood about them cogitating on the gloomy prospect before us. Provisions all gone; a good chance of having to march to Washington, 20 miles farther, as we heard no train had come up to the Junction for us, and the expectation of being attacked in a little while, before we could get any rest. But some of us ventured off, being well armed, and got breakfast at a farm house near. The lady of the house was a really pretty, nice woman, and though she seemed frightened at first was soon reassured, and furnished us with hoe-cake, pork, bread and butter, potatoes, coffee, tea, and milk, in abundance. This worked a wonderful change in us, and we took an entirely new view of life. Getting back to camp, we found a party had been up to the Junction, found a train ready for us, and the coast clear. The men were lying about the road and field in the most ridiculous positions, having fallen asleep where they dropped, and the air was filled with snorings in every key and of every variety. Soon we fell into line, marched two miles farther, got on to the train, and whirled on to Washington. The nodding and snoring went briskly on for an hour in the cars, and then we all turned out for a parade just as we were, covered with dust and with our blankets slung over our shoulders. We parted with the "National Rifles," a Washington company that had gone up to the Junction to meet us, and then marched straight up to the "White House" and through the grounds, where the President and family stood at the doors and saw us go by; we were then distributed at the different hotels in companies. That evening we marched up to the Capitol and were quartered in the "House of Representatives," where we each have a desk, and an easy chair to sleep in, but we generally prefer the floor and our blankets, as the last eight days' experience has accustomed us to hard beds. The Capitol is a magnificent building, and the men all take the greatest pains not to harm anything. Jeff. Davis sha'n't get it without trouble. Troops from New England are quartered all over it. We have a great deal of fun here, but I have no doubt we are the best behaved Congress that has been in session for a good while, though we *were* waked up this morning by cock-crows, cats, dogs, and cows all howling together. They give us our liberty about the grounds, but don't let us out often, and then only a few at a time. The lights are put out at 10. P.M., and the drums beat at 5 A.M. Those who are not waked up by the latter are soon aroused by the racket and rumpus.

April 27.

Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock we had a grand parade, and were all sworn into the service of the United States Government. It was a very impressive scene, as we all held up our hands and repeated the oath after the magistrate. We are Uncle Sam's men now for the next 30 days. The President stood out in front of us, looking as pleasant and kind as possible, and took off his hat when we presented arms. I couldn't help thinking of the immense responsibility he has on his shoulders as he stood there laughing and talking. We drill every morning in companies, and parade every afternoon. While we are stationed here, we take our meals at the hotels, but we shall soon go into camp, and have to take care of our own cooking.

A STRANGE STORY.*

In the form of a letter addressed to Major-General Butler, dated at New York, January 4, 1865, but only recently published, the Rev. Henry N. Hudson, chaplain of the First New York Volunteer Engineers, makes an interesting statement of facts, which we shall give partly in the words of the author and in part condense.

Before going to the seat of war in February, 1862, Mr. Hudson entered into an engagement with Mr. Godwin, of the New York *Evening Post*, to write for that paper. While in the Department of the South, under Generals Hunter, Mitchel, and Gillmore, he made this arrangement known to them. Soon after landing at Bermuda Hundred, in May, 1864, he informed General Butler's Provost-Marshal of his engagement with the *Post*, and enquired whether there were any restrictions upon or regulations concerning newspaper correspondence; understanding the Provost-Marshal to say that there were none, he continued to write for the paper under the signature "Loyalty," besides writing occasional private letters to Mr. Godwin. One of these private letters, containing an account of General Butler's defeat near Drury's Bluff, appeared in great part in the *Evening Post* for May 24. It was printed without any signature, the editor introducing it with "a sort of voucher for its authenticity." On the 29th of May, Mr. Hudson was ordered to New York on special duty by General Gillmore, for the purpose of superintending the publication of some official documents, the General promising to send to the publisher for Mr. Hudson instructions as to what he was to do. Having received news the night before that his son was dangerously ill, he also received permission from General Gillmore to visit his family in Massachusetts. His son died the first week in June; his wife, broken down by grief and care, was ill nearly all the summer—so ill that at one time she was hardly expected to live; he was also very much out of health himself, from the effect of a bilious intermittent fever contracted while on duty in South Carolina. No instructions came to him through the publisher, and General Gillmore being relieved of the command of the Tenth Army Corps, Mr. Hudson was no longer subject to his order.

Early in July, receiving an order from General Butler remanding him to his regiment, he called on his colonel, who happened to be in the city, to know where the headquarters were, in order to report there. Colonel Serrell replied, in effect, that he could not tell, and that the regiment was so scattered that "he did not know but he was as much the headquarters as anywhere." "The next day," Mr. Hudson says, "I learned that my wife was a good deal worse; and being somewhat perplexed as to my duty, I ventured to return to my family, where I was soon after so prostrated with illness as to be unable to travel. Owing to these causes, I was delayed from day to day, till I became discouraged, and resolved to offer my resignation. Accordingly I went to New York, and on the first of September, handed my resignation to Colonel Serrell, who said he would forward it to you [General Butler], and that he thought there was no need of my going on to the seat of war." But General Butler was evidently determined that he should return to the army, and on the 13th of September the following telegram was received in New York:

"Butler's Headquarters, Sept. 13, 1864.

"To Colonel Serrell, 57 West Washington Place:

"Find Chaplain Hudson, of your regiment, who has been ordered to report to his regiment, and has failed to obey the order. Take his parole in writing forthwith to appear at these headquarters: if he fails to give his

* "A Chaplain's Campaign with Gen. Butler." New York. 1865. 8vo, pp. 66, pamphlet.

parole, have him sent here to me under guard. Your special attention is called to the executing of this order.

(Signed) "B. F. BUTLER, Major-General."

Hastening to obey the order, Mr. Hudson reached the army on the nineteenth, and at once had an interview with the commanding general. The latter first taxed him with being absent without leave, but on hearing his explanation turned at once to another subject, the letter published in the *Evening Post*, before referred to, criticizing the operations near Bermuda Hundred. Apparently confident in the belief that the information contained in it had been furnished by General Gillmore, and determined to force a confession of this from Mr. Hudson, he proceeded to do so in a manner which is, to say the least, unusual in examinations of subordinate officers by their superiors; he repeatedly denounced General Gillmore as "a liar" and a "damned scoundrel," and told Mr. Hudson in one case that what he said was "a lie, sir!" "a damned lie!"

But it was impossible for Mr. Hudson to say that the information furnished him came from General Gillmore, as all the statements in his letter with regard to General Butler's defeat had been derived from Colonel Serrell and other officers of the regiment. This he stated. The interview, which must have been a long one, was closed by General Butler's ordering Mr. Hudson under arrest. He was handed over to Captain Watson, commandant of the headquarters guard, was carried to the provost guard prison, and placed in a magazine tent. The nature of this imprisonment is best described in his own words. "This was a tent nearly filled with open boxes of powder and other explosive ammunition, or what seemed such, and among the rest a considerable heap of large shell, charged, as the captain said, with Greek fire. There was little more than vacant room enough for me to lie down, and that was close beside the heap of loaded shell. The captain cautioned me not to allow a spark of fire in the tent, and especially not to disturb the shell, lest they should explode and blow me up. What may have been the motive of this warning I cannot say, but it had the effect of the most studied inhumanity: I could not help being in continual apprehension lest some unlucky step of mine should set the shell a-tumbling; but I found out afterwards that they would bear much rougher handling than I had been led to suppose."

After two days Mr. Hudson—a clergyman, be it remembered, in the service of his country, in feeble health—was carried to a guard-house, which appears to have gone by the name of the "Bull-pen," where he was confined together with rebel prisoners and the offscourings of the army, and suffered many hardships, of which the impossibility of escaping from vermin was by no means the least. "It was nearly dark when Captain Watson got me housed in the prison. The weather was more than cool; the ground in the tent was so wet as to be almost muddy, and there I was left without a rag of a blanket to put under me, or over me, and with nothing to lie on but some barrel staves, spread out on the ground. I had told the captain that I was somewhat out of health, and rather old [Mr. Hudson's age is fifty-one years] for such hardships, and had asked him to procure me a blanket or two, offering to pay for them. He said he would try to do so; I waited, but no blanket came. At last a corporal of the guard, a very civil, kind-hearted man, named Jones, managed to borrow me a single blanket, which I wrapped round my shoulders, and spent most of the night in walking to and fro over the square of ground in front of my tent, not being allowed to walk beyond it. Even at that I shivered through hour after hour till near morning, when the same gentle corporal took me out to the cook-house, and let me sit by the stove and warm myself. The corporal seemed fearful lest these deeds of charity should come to the knowledge of his officers." The return of day did not improve his condition.

He requested to have his trunk, and was told, first, that he should have it; then, that it had disappeared and had probably been reshipped down the river, a statement which he discovered afterwards to have been false; he was told that he might send unsealed letters in for examination and that they would be either forwarded to their address or returned to him; the promise was not kept; he might have found ways to supply himself with wholesome food, but he was "not allowed at first to speak with any but officers of the guard, and these were all afraid to do anything for me, or let anything be done."

Such was his treatment during the first three days after reporting at headquarters. Meanwhile, some members of his regiment received news of his situation, and soon found means of supplying several comforts of which he was much in need.

Sunday, the 25th of September, had been appointed by the President as a day of general thanksgiving for Union victories, and Mr. Hudson requested permission to hold religious services in the prison on that day. The application came back to him with the following endorsement:

"Respectfully returned. By military usage, an officer under arrest on charge cannot exercise any of the duties of his office. Such permission would be a virtual release from arrest. That your functions are of a high and sacred nature, should have made you more careful in getting under arrest for absence without leave; the penalty of which is reduction to the ranks.

(Signed) "BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General Commanding."

This was the first authentic notice Mr. Hudson received that he was under arrest on charges for absence without leave. Nothing of importance appears to have transpired after this until, having spent some four or five days in the bull-pen, he was visited by Colonel Serrell. "Colonel Serrell came to me, and said he had been having a long talk with you [General Butler] about me. *That you disclaimed all hard feelings towards me;* had no wish to injure me; desired to save me from a court-martial. That you thought I had better write out for you a statement of my case, covering the main points which had come up in our interview; as this might open the way for a settlement without a trial. That if a trial were had, *it would be mainly with a view to bring out what I knew about General Gillmore;* and you advised me, in that case, to plead guilty to all the charges and specifications, as I would fare better by doing so than by attempting any defence. *That, as for my absence without leave, you did not consider this, in the circumstances, any great offence; while the fact of my having been all along a known and allowed correspondent of the press left you little cause against me on that score.*" Colonel Serrell is charged with acting, whether consciously or blindly, as General Butler's decoy. The above quotation gives the gist of what he said; the main purpose being to induce the prisoner to "come out and make a clean breast of it" with regard to General Gillmore. The means used, according to Mr. Hudson's account, were a promise on the General's part to stand his friend in case he criminated General Gillmore; an implied threat to punish him as severely as possible if he did not.

He now drew up a statement of the facts in his case, which he sent with many misgivings to General Butler. His apprehensions proved well founded. Week after week passed away, and no charges were made. Meanwhile Colonel Serrell wrote several notes, expressing a lively interest in his misfortunes, inquiring whether any progress had been made in the matter, and saying that General Butler had promised to take it up and dispose of it; but nothing came of this, and an order was issued for the removal of prisoners to a new bull-pen, six miles distant. Worn out with suffering and anxiety, Mr. Hudson was compelled to walk these six miles. The new prison proved even worse than the old one; "the enclosure being much smaller, and crowded with men of the worst description; the ground, too, being so level that it was impossible to keep my quarters from being flooded whenever there was any considerable fall of rain." "It was an uncleaned stable, the beasts having lately been taken out to make room for us men; such a place, in fact, as, at that season, no good farmer would think of keeping his cattle in." To add to the misery of such an imprisonment, Mr. Hudson was kept there from week to week, while the others were in general confined there but for a short time. That these were no fancied horrors, but real sufferings, and so considered by other men, is shown by an expression of Captain Watson's, when, some time after his release, Mr. Hudson asked if he knew that his orders had been illegal. He knew it perfectly, he said; but even protesting against the execution of orders on such grounds would have been sufficient reason for sending him to the bull-pen; and in reply to another question as to the choice between a clear conscience and such imprisonment, answered very candidly, "Oh! I don't want to be in there, anything but that!"

On the 8th of November, having been held in confinement for fifty days, he was placed in the guard-house, an improvement no doubt on the bull-pen, although the noise here was such as made sleep almost impossible. But the end of his troubles was near at hand. On the 8th inst., General Butler being absent on special duty in New York, Mr. Hudson addressed an application for release to General Terry, then in temporary command of the troops on the field, grounding his application on the fact that he had been kept a close prisoner for *fifty* days, and that "the law is very clear and positive that in case of any officer thus under arrest, the arrest shall cease at the end of forty-eight days." On the 10th inst., General Terry returned an answer, stating that "your arrest was made by General Butler, as commanding officer of the Department; and it would be manifestly improper for General Terry, or any one not acting as Department commander, to give any order in relation to it." On the 8th inst., however, General Butler, influenced by motives which may be guessed at, but are not known, wrote to

General Terry from New York, directing him to issue the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE JAMES, Nov. 8, 1864.

"SPECIAL ORDER No. —

"Chaplain Henry N. Hudson, having remained under arrest for some time because of the impossibility of convening a court-martial to try him, because of movements in the field, is released from close arrest, and will report to his regiment for duty; but will upon no pretence leave it."

Mr. Hudson states that notwithstanding this alleged impossibility, a court-martial was in session during a large part of the very time at army headquarters, which tried persons whose arrest was subsequent to his; and points out the incongruity of this order to report to his regiment for duty with the endorsement on his application for leave to perform service in prison, "Such permission would be a virtual release from arrest." General Terry's order, issued in pursuance of General Butler's instructions, reached him on the 11th of November, and after remaining a "sort of prisoner" in his regimental camp till the middle of December, he received orders to report in person at the Lieutenant-General's headquarters. General Grant gave him leave of absence, and he tells his readers in a postscript, that when General Butler was relieved, charges were preferred against him for the first time; that no copy was ever served on him; that although he has tried, he has never been able to find a copy; that he learns on good authority that these charges were ante-dated several days, and that on the 26th of January, his leave having expired, he returned to his regiment, where he remained till the day on which the postscript was written, still waiting to hear from General Butler.

The only criticism on the conduct of General Butler which we propose to make are the following quotations from the Articles of War and a recent Act of Congress:

Art. 77. "Whenever any officer shall be charged with a crime, he shall be arrested and confined in his barracks, quarters, or tent."

By Section 11 of an Act of Congress approved July 17, 1862, it was enacted that "whenever an officer shall be put under arrest, except at remote military posts or stations, it shall be the duty of the officer by whose orders he is arrested to see that a copy of the charges on which he has been arrested and is to be tried shall be served upon him within eight days thereafter, and that he shall be brought to trial within ten days thereafter, unless the necessities of the service prevent such trial; and then he shall be brought to trial within thirty days after the expiration of the said ten days, or the arrest shall cease: *Provided*, that if the copy of the charges be not served upon the arrested officer, as herein provided, the arrest shall cease."

Mr. Hudson's pamphlet is so badly written that criticism upon its literary style would be thrown away; but the facts which he states are so important, the charges he makes so grave, that General Butler will find himself obliged, if we are not much mistaken, to attempt at least a defence. The fact that our army will always be in the main a volunteer army, renders it all the more necessary that the rules formed by Congress for its government should literally be obeyed by all, high and low; the fact, too, that every case of arrest and imprisonment under martial law is likely to form a precedent, renders it necessary that no case whose legality is doubtful should be allowed to drop out of sight simply because the war is over.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE publishing trade has rarely afforded less signs of action, even in the deepest depression of war times, than at present. The season of the year, and an unwillingness to undertake large enterprises on a falling market for labor and materials, may partly account for this seeming inaction. We believe it indeed to be more apparent than real, and that preparations are quietly making for a very active fall business campaign, though announcements yet are few; Messrs. Appleton & Co., however, hold out the promise of some good books, as Mr. Leekie's spirited and entertaining work, "The Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," and Merivale's Boyle Lectures on the "Conversion of the Roman Empire," a necessary companion to their highly successful edition of his "History of the Emperors." Messrs. Harper seem satisfied with supplying the current demand for light reading by bringing out in rapid succession the best modern novels. They have lately commenced the introduction to American readers of the last successful English lady novelist, Miss Annie Thomas, who bids fair to rival Miss Braddon in popular favor. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, who have done little else of late than manipulate into new shapes the papers of their magazine, have just entered earnestly into the work of supplying the best poetical literature at the cheapest possible price in their "Companion-Poets for the People," and also announce some sterling books, as Mathew Arnold's "Essays on Criticism," Grote's "Plato," and the work of a new poet—so highly praised in England—"Atalanta in Calydon," by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Messrs. C. Scribner & Co. are occupied with new editions of their successful impressions of Lord Derby's "Homer's Iliad" and Forsyth's "Life of Cicero." They have also in press the second volume of "Lange's Commentary on the New Testament," containing Mark and Luke, translated by Professor Shedd, and Dr. Philip Schaff, the editor of the series. They will also bring out this fall a work on the "Early History and Doctrine of the Christian Church," by Professor Fisher of Yale College, and "The Life of Professor Benjamin Silliman," including his diaries and correspondence with scientific men of both hemispheres from the commencement of the century. In holiday literature, requiring from its nature a lengthened preparation, there are some signs of movement. The house just mentioned, Scribner & Co., are forwarding for this purpose an illustrated edition of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night;" "The Book of Rubies," a beautifully printed selection of the best English amatory poetry; and "Christian Armor," an allegorical work, richly illuminated. Messrs. Bunce & Huntington are busy on "The Festival of Song," a poetical gathering of English verse, illustrated by the artists of the American National Academy; and Mr. Carleton will bring out a finely embellished edition of Drake's "Culprit Fay." These are a few of the current notes of progress that will rapidly increase on us as the season advances.

—Professor Von Sybel, the German historian of the French Revolution, a translation of whose work is announced for publication by Mr. Murray, has done good service to historical truth by detecting the forgery of two series of letters between Marie Antoinette and her mother the Empress Maria Theresa, recently edited in Paris by Count Hunolstein, and M. Feuillet de Conches. This correspondence attracted much attention and was elaborately noticed in the leading English reviews. No suspicion of its authenticity appeared to have been entertained in France. We have not met with the particulars of the investigation, but it is said that there is little doubt that the whole are mere fabrications. Since the wholesale forgeries of French memoirs, as those of Mmes. Dubarry and Crequi and M. Fouché some years since, and the more recent batch of spurious Byron, Shelley, and Keats papers in London, we have heard little of attempts at falsifying the sources of history. The universal prevalence of the critical spirit and faculty must render success in these base attempts more and more difficult.

—Thanks to the increased interest felt in things American, and the active competition of American literary agents in London, most of the original works of any consequence produced in the United States are regularly introduced among the English book trade. They generally meet with special attention from the reviews, and, it is not too much to say, are often noticed with far more critical discrimination (bating some occasional flippancy) than is exercised on them at home. The most fastidious of periodicals, the *Saturday Review*, finishes a genial critique of Dr. Beecher's "Autobiography," lately published by Messrs. Harper, by saying "his biography, chiefly drawn up in his own vigorous and homely language, is full of those touches which bespeak an original, hearty, and vigorously upright nature; uncouth, it is true, and lacking in the higher points of cultivation and refinement—yet winning upon us, in its honest and unaffected roughness, infinitely beyond the more artificial and ostentatious graces which are seen in the rising generation of luminaries in the religious firmament of America."

—A bibliographical monograph is now printing at the Riverside Press of Mr. Houghton that will probably exceed in accuracy and elegance of execution any work in that branch of literature yet published. It is devoted to Columbus and his writings, more especially those rarest of all typographical gems, the "Letters" descriptive of his discoveries in the western hemisphere. The author is M. Henri Harisse, a foreign "savant" naturalized among us, and conspicuous for his philological attainments. The libraries of our great book-collectors, as Messrs. Lenox, Barlow, and John Carter Brown (of Providence), have been thrown open to him with their often unique contents, and no existing source of information has been neglected. The illustrations will chiefly consist of photographs of the rare original editions, and several impressions of these letters, imperfectly known or incorrectly described by previous bibliographers, will be here ascertained and characterized with scientific accuracy. The number of copies printed of this sumptuous work will be very small, certainly not exceeding fifty; and the whole will be distributed as presents to public libraries, etc., at home and abroad. Encouraged by the success of his researches undertaken in the prosecution of the above-mentioned work, M. Harisse has also made considerable progress in a "Bibliotheca Americana Primordia," including every work on this continent printed previously to the year 1550. This will be beautifully got up with *fac-similes*, etc., though on a less expensive scale than the Columbus monograph—a small edition will be published by subscription through Messrs. Geo. P. Philes & Co., of Nassau Street.

—Every reader of Sydney Smith must remember his exquisitely humorous review of Waterton's "Wanderings in South America." By the last European steamer came the news of the decease of the author, "a Roman Catholic gentleman of Yorkshire, of good fortune, who, averse to passing his life at balls and assemblies, and seized at an early age with an unconquerable aversion to Piccadilly, has preferred living with Indians and monkeys in the forests of Guiana." So little had he suffered from tropical exposures, that, fifty years after the date of his wanderings, he died from the result of an accident in his eighty-fourth year. As a practical naturalist, Mr. Waterton stands high; few had so intimate a knowledge of ornithology, his favorite branch of science, and few have had equal advantages for pursuing it with the Squire of Walton Hall, his ancestral home, seated on an island in a lake which had stood a siege by the Roundheads in the days of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. Mr. Waterton's whole domain was sacred to his favorite birds. There everything that wore feathers was welcome, and might "lead unmolested lives and die of age," no gun being allowed as far as the proprietor's influence extended. To see "the earth cumbered and the winged air dark't with plumes" was his dear delight, and when his favorites submitted to the common lot, they still had value for one who was acknowledged to be "the best stuffer of birds in the world." The museum at Walton Hall is famous for its choice specimens; to some of the more ugly animals the names of prominent Protestant reformers were attached, and one gorilla was made to resemble Martin Luther! A thorough humorist—following out a favorite pursuit regardless of any obstacle—Mr. Waterton was a kindly old gentleman of almost childlike simplicity. He wrote well and vigorously. His "Wanderings" were the success of the season forty years ago, and his "Autobiography," published in connection with some sketches of natural history, is an interesting and genuine outline of a singular career.

—Inquiry is being made respecting the fate of Mr. Buckle's manuscripts by some of the admirers of that historian. It was stated by a friend and fellow-traveller, at the time of his death, that "great parts of the special History of Civilization existed ready for publication," and also that his commonplace books, with their immensely varied collections and material of all kinds for the history, were expressly left for publication by the writer, in case of the non-completion of the work. Mr. Buckle has been dead three years, but no announcement of his posthumous writings has yet been made.

—The passion for the works of the great landscape painter, J. W. M. Turner, is far from dying out in England, as many predicted it would when the writings of his great encomiast, Ruskin, began to be more soberly estimated. At the late sale of the stock of Messrs. Colnaghi, the print-sellers, a copy of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," originally published, we believe, at seven guineas, brought four hundred and fifty pounds. It was one of the finest copies known, with corrected proofs, etc., by the artist himself.

—A good illustration of the sympathetic power exerted by a common interest in a literary work was given at a political meeting at Chester, where Mr. W. H. Gladstone, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, recently made his *début*. The audience was noisy and unruly, interrupting the youthful

speaker a good deal. He possessed, however, tact and perseverance; and when—commenting on the unwillingness of the opposition to allow that the prosperity of the country was attributable to the financial measures of the Government—he compared them to Job Trotter, in "Pickwick," who, when he did not wish to see Mr. Weller, "looked up the lawn and down the lawn and up to the sky and down to his boots, and everywhere but straight before him," the quotation finally won the crowd, who cried out, "Go on, my boy," and "Bravo!" in ecstasies. At the same meeting Mr. Gladstone, with unaccustomed conciseness, happily condensed and contrasted in one sentence the creed of the Liberals with that of their opponents—the one, "The principle of trust in the people, only relieved by prudence;" the other, "Mistrust in the people, only relieved by fear."

—The Rev. T. D. Maurice finds vent for his superabundant energy in various ways that a few years since would have been considered serious breaches of the clerical "proprieties." *Apropos* to the coming election, he has just announced a course of seven lectures "On the Representation of the People, and how it is connected with the Education of the People," to be given at the Working-men's College, in Great Ormond Street. He is understood to be in favor of the representation of *ideas* rather than of bare numerical majorities. Mr. Maurice's writings are almost numerous enough to form a small library, but have hitherto met with only a limited circulation in this country. One of the most important of them is his "History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy," enlarged from his contributions to the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and since published in four volumes. He is now engaged on a further revision of it, and we believe a fine library edition of the book will be shortly issued by an American publisher.

—Mr. John Payne Collier, the well known Shakespearian critic and editor, has just made public one of the most welcome of his numerous contributions to the study of old English literature. It is entitled "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language" which, during the last fifty years, have come under the observation of this author. It is needless to say how rich the gathering must be, particularly in the departments of poetry and romance, to which Mr. Collier's attention has been chiefly directed. The preface gives some interesting autobiographical notices of his studies and pursuits from his first purchase of a really valuable old book, nearly sixty years since. From this very book, Wilson's "Art of Logic," printed by Grafton in 1551, he discovered the name and author of the first comedy in the English language; and, from that time to the present, his researches have been unintermitted in the same pleasant fields of labor, with what success is familiar to all. The patronage of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Ellesmere, for whom he was accustomed to make purchases, gave him access to the rarest books, and "though never rich enough to collect and keep what may be called a library" himself, he has been a large book-buyer, because (and it is a curious fact in the commerce of literature), the prices of such commodities being gradually on the rise through the whole of the present century, there was no danger of the re-sale being attended with a loss. Mr. Collier's book is published in a limited edition, forming two handsome volumes, and costs nearly fifty dollars. So great is the interest felt in old English literature in this country, that we have heard hints of an American reprint at a price better adapted to the means of the majority of our students.

—A pregnant sign of the times, boding the recognition of a new power in the state, is afforded in England by the appearance of the writings of John Stuart Mill in cheap "People's Editions" on the railway book-stalls, competing with the gaudy-covered sensation novels and the penny Sunday newspapers with their highly-spiced police reports. Mr. Mill's books had hitherto been brought out in an expensive form, and their circulation must have been select rather than extensive. The price of his "Elements of Political Economy" was thirty-six shillings—the People's Edition, neatly printed and bound, is offered at five shillings, and his "Liberty" and "Representative Government" in the same proportion. Mr. Mill has lately exhibited such remarkable examples of mental vigor and energy, in his article on "Comte's Philosophy" (in the last *Westminster Review*) and his "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" (recently published by Longman), that his best friends regret the possibility of an interruption to his peculiar work that his election to Parliament would necessarily cause. It is a symptom of the increasing influence of literature that his opponent for the representation of Westminster is Mr. W. H. Smith, the mammoth newsvender of the Strand, who supplies half the kingdom with its daily intellectual provender. A reprint of Mr. Mill's work on "Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" is announced by Wm. S. Spencer, of Boston, the publisher of the late elegant edition of his "Discussions and Dissertations," with which work it will range uniformly, in two volumes of similar size.

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, will shortly add to the collection of standard English authors that have emanated from the Riverside Press "The Works of Edmund Burke," complete in twelve volumes, to be issued monthly till finished. Their large-paper edition of "The British Poets," limited to one hundred copies, is a great success. The volumes published at $1 75 each now command a premium of nearly double without any difficulty.

—The most unimaginative and exact of men are rarely exempt from the influence of some favorite illusion. The late Mr. J. R. McCulloch, the distinguished political economist, whose name is synonymous with the severity of exact science, was an indefatigable book collector of thirty years' standing. Every book in his large library was a choice copy, and a few years since he printed privately, for distribution among a few friends, a "Catalogue of a Collection of Books, the property of a Political Economist," with the singular injunction inserted in each copy, "It is particularly requested that this book be not lent, nor leave given to make extracts from it." The library was expected to be sold this season in London, but it has just been purchased entire by his friend, Lord Overstone (Jones Loyd, the late banker), for the sum of £5,000, and consequently will not be dispersed.

—"A Marvel in Literature" is the sensation heading of an advertisement in the English periodicals, and it relates to a fact worth chronicling, as showing the tendencies of the age. It is the production of a complete copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" for ONE PENNY. It is warranted to contain every word, including a memoir of the author, also Scripture references, and a frontispiece of John Bunyan in prison. No orders are taken for less than one hundred copies. The first edition will consist of one million.

—M. Reville, a well known contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and a popular rationalist preacher of Rotterdam, is about to publish a biography of Theodore Parker. The English uniform edition of Parker's Works has reached its twelfth volume. It is edited, we believe, by Miss Frances Power Cobbe. It, or a similar American impression, is much wanted in this country; but nothing is heard of any approach to it, or of the time when the often-announced posthumous works of Parker may be expected.

—The pensions to authors granted by the English Government, though commendable as testifying to a national recognition of literary merit as a claim on the public resources, are depressing to all who would see literature a self-supporting pursuit, because they show how insufficient talent and industry are to place their possessor in a fair average position in the world, such as rewards the most ordinary efforts in trade or commerce. Those last granted are not entirely free from the curious infelicity of selection that has heretofore led to singular instances of misplaced benevolence. To William Howitt, the industrious, irascible, and credulous man of letters, now given over to the wildest vagaries of spiritualism, no one would grudge £140 per annum, particularly as it will be shared by his wife, Mary Howitt, a person of much greater intellectual calibre than her husband. A pension of £100 to Mrs. Leech, the widow of the artist, seems incongruous, however, as he left property amounting, with the proceeds of the sale of his drawings, to $50,000 or $60,000, and his father (the landlord of the world-renowned London Tavern) must be a person of large means. Next comes a miserable pittance of £65 per annum to Mr. Thomas Wright, who is unquestionably the first mediæval scholar in England. Though, probably from the necessity of using his pen as a means of support, he has never concentrated his powers on any one great work, his researches are met with at every step of the most casual investigation into the ancient literature, language, and institutions of the kingdom, and it is disgraceful for the Government to offer to such a man a sum so inadequate to his acknowledged merits.

—A dictionary of the old Norse or Icelandic language has long been in preparation by Dr. Dasent, well known by his translations from the Sagas, etc. Its publication has been undertaken by the Oxford University Press, and it is rapidly reaching completion, with the co-operation of a distinguished Icelandic scholar, Mr. Gutbrande, a native of the island, who is familiar with the original sources from which the examples, etc., are drawn. It will be a great boon to philological students.

CARLYLE.*

IT is Carlyle's aim as an historian to make history amusing, or use it as a vehicle for entertaining the public with his own humors. The edification of his readers *may* be consulted, if it will, incidentally; but amused they must be as long as his jaded Pegasus can lift a foot or cut a caper. No writer, certainly none who addresses himself to serious topics, has half so unflagging a sense of his public; and the nervous fidget he is under never to let

* "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great," by Thomas Carlyle. Vols. V. and VI. London: Chapman & Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

the grin expire upon his reader's visage, has grown upon him in his later books to such an extent as to give one an impression of real sadness. It is impossible to read a page of Frederick, at least we have found it so, without perceiving how mere a mask Frederick is of Thomas, and how completely what might have been veracious history is turned into a clothes-horse for the display of the author's threadbare theatrical wardrobe. This indeed is the secret of Carlyle's rhetorical successes and failures, that he is dramatic, not real; artistic, not intellectual; performer, not inventor. Hence his idiotic literary style, in which a boundless egotism is seen draping itself in the austerest reverence for truth. We call Carlyle's style idiotic in the strict philosophic sense of the word, as being so exclusively his own style, so studiously divorced from the speech common to men when they wish to communicate truth. The signal thing about it is manner, not matter; appearance, not substance. He uses truth not for its own sake, but for the sake of effect; and truth takes her revenge by degrading him at last into a mere unconscious Mr. Merryman, or serious circus-tumbler. For when a man perceives the universality of the Divine ends in creation he perceives at the same time that it is only his own puny self which ever contravenes those ends; and he would as much abhor, therefore, to idiotize his thought or speech or action, by laboriously stamping his own image and superscription upon them, as he would to deny in any other particular the sweet and blessed fellowship of his kind.

Things had a more hopeful look with Carlyle, we admit, at the beginning; in those early days when Mr. Emerson stood godfather to him in literary baptism, and Margaret Fuller fed his sturdy hopes with her generous benediction. You would say, in fact, remembering certain passages as late as "Past and Present" and the pamphlet on "Chartism," that Carlyle had once a lively sympathy with public progress, and a profound instinct of human equality. He did indeed dally with the divine idea long enough to suck it dry of its rhetorical juices; but then dropped it to lavish contempt upon it ever after if anybody else should pick it up and seem heartily to cherish it. He never had the least belief in society as an organic unity, as a most living though latent organizing force in history; but only as an empirical necessity of the race. He never had a conception of human brotherhood being the profoundest truth of science as well as religion, disclosing a hell in the human bosom wherever it is not allowed to reveal a heaven; but only and at most as an emotional or sentimental experience of happily endowed natures. On the contrary, he now-a-days scoffs and flings out his thoughtless heels at the bare suggestion of such a thing, much as an unbreeched tropical savage would scoff and run large at the suggestion of frozen rivers. In short, he has not the remotest conception of history as a living whole, of its totally impersonal or human issues; and consequently never summons you to meet him on any ground of objective truth, but only on that of your subjective agreements and disagreements.

We should shrink very keenly from doing any personal injustice to Carlyle. All his friends know him, and indeed all his books show him, to be a man of even a genial practical morality, an unexceptionable good neighbor, friend, and citizen. All we want to say is, that in respect to the public questions which are now soliciting examination, he is incompetent even to puerility. Probably no man connected with public affairs in England is so utterly deficient in the instinct of statesmanship, if statesmanship involve any respect for the principles of human nature; and yet he larrups Peel, Cobden, Palmerston, and the rest in his voluble pedantic way, as if he alone in all England possessed the true secret of governing. He is all the while himself a literalist of the most unqualified pattern, pinning his faith upon some futile person or other, and incapable of uttering an inspiring or even soothing word in behalf of any struggling manifestation of human hope. True, he abuses every acknowledged and every aspiring guide of the political world with such an insane relish, that many thoughtless persons, bewildered by his audacious oracles, begin timidly to count upon him as a statesman of the new order; as an intelligent herald of the new or spiritual Divine advent in human nature. But the claim is absurd. With much picturesque squinting in that direction, Carlyle has no philosophic belief of a real Divine presence and efficacy in human affairs. He feels a vague menace in his understanding that there is somewhere on high some very peremptory person or other—some huger Cromwell or more unscrupulous Bonaparte—who will infallibly have his own will in the end, simply by coercing all other wills; and he is able consequently to variegate his conversation and writing on occasion with certain devout lights and shades that seem most orthodox and pious to innocent imaginations, and would make the ghost of John Knox roll up the whites of his eyes in grateful astonishment. But that is literally all. He is an amateur prophet exclusively, having as little real resemblance to Isaiah or John, as Charlotte Cushman has to Lady Macbeth. He is a prophet "on his own hook," in the sole interest of his own irritable cuticle, without a glimmer of sympathy with the public want, or a gleam of insight into its approaching Divine relief; a harlequin in the guise of Jeremiah, who feeds you with laughter instead of tears, and puts the old prophetic sincerity out of countenance by his broad persistent winks at the bystanders.

In truth, Carlyle stands revealed at last a mere declaimer. His original stock in trade was an immense eye for color, an immense genius for scenic effects, which enabled him to seize upon every crazy, time-stained, dishonored rag that fluttered in the breeze of history, and work it into a magical tissue; but his original faculty is now outworn, and a mere trick of habit has usurped its place. He wrote in a way to surprise and take his readers captive; but his enjoyment of this power in himself was so naïve and vivacious as to end by sapping his own intellectual integrity. Artist-like, he precipitates himself upon the picturesque in character and manners wherever he finds it, and he doesn't care a jot what incidental interest his precipitancy lacerates. He has harped so successfully on one string, the importance to man of *doing*, and the mere dramatic effects he has produced so infatuate him, that the whole thing has tumbled off at last into a sheer insincerity, and he no longer sees any difference between doing well and doing ill. He who has best denounced a canting age has become himself its most signal illustration, since even his denunciation of the vice has succumbed to the prevalent usage, and announces itself at length a shameless cant.

This ought not, however, to be an inexplicable result. We never really hate any vice for which we ourselves have not a latent specific aptitude. We may intellectually cognize certain things to be vicious, and even denounce them on occasion with a well-bred warmth or tutored indignation. But we never feel an acute personal disgust and loathing of any vice, unless we are somewhat prone by natural temperament to indulge in it. Thackeray was preternaturally sensitive to what is called snobbery; which is the tendency now so common to be in the fashion, and ape the judgments and manners of those conventionally above us. His sensibility to that vice was so acute that one might suppose him to have been expiating here the sins it had caused him to commit in one of Dr. Beecher's outlandish pre-adamite worlds. And this, no doubt, was in a certain sense true. That is to say, some of Thackeray's ancestors had probably been atrocious examples of the vice; and as the tendency of all evil is to self-propagation, or expansion, while that of all good is to self-restraint, snobbery at last invaded the blood of his race to such an extent that some decisive purgation of it became inevitable in these expiatory sufferings of its greatest descendant. So doubtless with Carlyle. His Covenanting ancestors have had much to do with the sin that so easily besets him. Justification by faith, from having once been an honest belief, became at last so arrant a shibboleth, so unconscious a party-badge or cant, with its adherents, that unbelieving Thomas's contrary gospel of justification by work became an inevitable providential reaction in the blood of their children. Only the tendency to cant in that blood had become so established, that Thomas's gospel turns out as great an hypocrisy as the former one.

At all events this is the only hypothesis we can frame to account for Carlyle's dreary persistent fiddling, year in and year out, on the one old string, not only without any sign all the while of a fresh inspiration, but with every evidence of a perpetually decaying one. It seems to us to imply too great a waste of providential force, to suppose a man capable of hating any vice so egregiously as Carlyle appears to hate cant merely for public ends, or without a primary reference to the man's own ultimate spiritual emolument. It is reasonable to imagine that men are gifted naturally with those perceptions which will be of most avail to their permanent well-being. Without these convictions we could never have reconciled ourselves to Carlyle's remorseless rigmarole, nor ever have heard, as we fancy we still do hear, in every moan and groan of the old familiar hurdy-gurdy, a promise of eventual release to his own imprisoned spirit.

THE NOBLE SCHOOL OF FICTION.*

Mr. Henry Kingsley may be fairly described as a reduced copy of his brother. He lacks, indeed, many of his brother's gifts; especially that tone of authority which the Rev. Charles Kingsley derives from his connection with the Church and the University. He cherishes, publicly, at least, no original theory of history. He has less talent, to begin with; and less knowledge, to end with. But he is nevertheless, as perhaps indeed for these very reasons, a capital example of the pure Kingsley spirit. In him we see the famous muscular system of morality presented in its simplest form, disen-

* "The Hillyars and the Burtons: A Story of Two Families." By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

gaged from the factitious graces of scholarship. Our feeling for Mr. Henry Kingsley, for which under other circumstances we could not positively vouch, is almost kindled into gratitude when we consider the good service he has rendered the rising generation in divesting the name of Kingsley of its terror. As long as Mr. Charles Kingsley wrote about the age of Elizabeth and the age of Hypatia, and exercised his powerful and perverse imagination upon the Greeks of the fifth century and the Englishmen of the sixteenth, those young persons who possessed only the common-school notions of the rise of Protestantism and the fall of Paganism had nothing to depend upon during their slow convalescence from the Kingsley fever—which we take to be a malady natural to youth, like the measles or the scarlatina, leaving the subject much stronger and sounder—but a vague uncomfortable sensation of the one-sidedness of their teacher. Those persons, on the other hand, who had inquired for themselves into the manners of the Elizabethan era, discovered, what they had all along expected, that both Mr. Kingsley's Englishmen and his Spaniards, although in a certain way wonderfully life-like, were yet not the characters of history; that these persons were occupied with far other thoughts that that of *posing* for the confusion of the degenerate Anglo-Saxons of the present day; that they were infinitely brutal, indeed, and sentimental in their own fashion; but that this fashion was very unlike Mr. Kingsley's. There is a way of writing history which on general grounds impugns the writer's fidelity; that is, studying it with a prejudice either in favor of human nature or against it. This is the method selected by Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Carlyle. Mr. Kingsley's prejudice is, on the whole, in favor of human nature; while Mr. Carlyle's is against it. It is astonishing, however, how nearly the two writers coincide in their conclusions. When in "Two Years Ago" Mr. Charles Kingsley took up the men and women about us, he inflicted upon his cause an injury which his brother's novels have only served to aggravate. He made a very thrilling story; a story which we would advise all young persons to read, as they take a cold bath in winter time, for the sake of the "reaction;" but he forfeited his old claim to being considered a teacher. He gave us the old giants and the old cravens; but giants and cravens were found to be insufficient to the demands of the age. The age has stronger muscles and weaker nerves than Mr. Kingsley supposes.

The author of the volume before us tells us in a brief preface that his object has been to paint the conflict between love and duty in the breast of an uneducated girl, who, after a year and a half at boarding-school, "might have developed into a very noble lady." He adds that this question of the claims of duty as opposed to love is one which, "thanks to the nobleness of *our* women," is being continually put before us. To what women the possessive pronoun refers is left to conjecture: but judging from the fact than whenever the Messrs. Kingsley speak of the human race in general they mean their own countrymen in particular, we may safely apply it to the daughters of England. But however this may be, the question in point is one which, in spite of Mr. Kingsley's preface, and thanks to his incompetency to tell a straight story, is *not* put before us here. We are treated to nothing so beautiful, so simple, or so interesting. Does the author really believe that any such severe intention is discernible among his chaotic, inartistic touches? We can hardly think that he does; and yet, if he does not, his preface is inconceivably impudent. It is time that this fashion were done away with, of tacking a subject upon your story on the eve of publication. As long as Mr. Kingsley's book has a subject, what matters it whether it be outside of the story or inside? The story is composed on the plan of three-fourths of the modern popular novels. The author leaps astride of a half-broken fancy, starts off at a brisk trot (we are all familiar with the cheerful energetic colloquy or description with which these works open), and trusts to Providence for the rest. His main dependence is his command of that expedient which is known in street parlance as "collecting a crowd." He overawes the reader by the force of numbers; and in this way he is never caught *solus* upon the stage; for to be left alone with his audience, or even to be forced into a prolonged *tête-à-tête* with one of his characters, is the giant terror of the second-rate novelist. Another unfailing resource of Mr. Henry Kingsley is his intimate acquaintance with Australian life. This fact is evidently in his opinion, by itself, almost a sufficient outfit for a novelist. It is one of those rudimentary truths which cannot be too often repeated, that to write a novel it is not necessary to have been a traveller, an adventurer, a sight-seer; it is simply necessary to be an artist. Mr. Kingsley's descriptions of Australia are very pretty; but they are not half so good as those of Mr. Charles Reade, who, as far as we know, has never visited the country. We mean that they do not give the reader that vivid impression of a particular place which the genius of Mr. Reade contrives to produce. Mr. Reade went to Australia—that is, his imagination went—on purpose to compose certain chapters in "Never too Late to Mend." Mr. Kingsley went in the flesh; but Mr. Kingsley in the flesh is not equal to Mr. Reade in the spirit.

The main object of the novels of Mr. Charles Kingsley and his brother has seemed to us to be to give a strong impression of what they would call "human nobleness." Human nobleness, when we come across it in life, is a very fine thing; but it quite loses its flavor when it is made so cheap as it is made in these works. It is emphatically an occasional quality; it is not, and, with all due respect for the stalwart Englishmen of Queen Elizabeth's time and eke of Queen Victoria's, it never was the prime element of human life, nor were its headquarters at any time on the island of Great Britain. By saying it is an occasional quality, we simply mean that it is a great one, and is therefore manifested in great and exceptional moments. In the ordinary course of life it does not come into play; it is sufficiently represented by courage, modesty, industry. Let the novelist give us these virtues for what they are, and not for what no true lover of human nature would have them pretend to be, or else let him devise sublime opportunities, situations which really match the latent nobleness of the human soul. We can all of us take the outside view of magnanimity; it belongs to the poet to take the inside one. It seems to us that the sturdy and virtuous Burtons in the present tale have but a narrow scale of emotions. Mr. Kingsley would apparently have us look upon them all as heroes, which, with the best will in the world, we cannot succeed in doing. A hero is but a species of genius, a genius *pro tempore*. The Burtons are essentially commonplace. The best that can be said of them is that they had a good notion of their duty. It is here, as it seems to us, that praise should begin, and not, as Mr. Kingsley would have us think, that it should be content to end. The notion of duty is an excellent one to start with, but it is a poor thing to spend one's life in trying to compass. A life so spent, at any rate, is not a fit subject for an epic novel. The Burtons had none but the minor virtues—honesty, energy, and a strong family feeling. Let us do all justice to these excellent qualities, but let us not shame them by for ever speaking of them with our hats off, and a "so help me God!" The only hero in Mr. Kingsley's book is, to our perception, the villain, Sir George Hillyar. *He* has a spark of inspiration; he is ridden by an evil genius; he has a spirit of his own. The others, the good persons, the gentlemen and ladies, whether developed by "a year and a half at boarding-school," or still in the rough, have nothing but the old Kingsleian *air noble*. We are informed that they have "great souls," which on small provocation rush into their eyes and into the grasp of their hands; and they are for ever addressing each other as "old boy" and "old girl." "Is *this* ambition?" Has the language of friendship and of love no finer terms than these? Those who use them, we are reminded, are gentlemen in the rough. There is, in our opinion, no such thing as a gentleman in the rough. A gentleman is born of his polish.

A great French critic recently characterized Mr. Carlyle in a sentence which we are confident he did not keep for what we have called the noble school of fiction, the muscular system of morals, only because its founder was unknown to him. Carlyle, said M. Taine, "would limit the human heart to the English sentiment of duty, and the human imagination to the English sentiment of respect." It seems to us that these words admirably sum up Kingsleyism, the morality which Mr. Charles Kingsley preaches in his sermons, teaches in his wondrous lectures on history, and dramatizes in his novels, and of which his brother is a more worldly and popular representative. There is that in Mr. Charles Kingsley's tone which implies a conviction that when he has served up human nature in the way described by M. Taine, he has finally disposed of it. He has held up the English spirit to the imitation of the world. He has, indeed, held it up by the force of his great talents to the contemplation of a large number of spectators, and of certain admirable properties of this spirit he will long be regarded as one of the most graphic exponents. But he has shown, together with a great deal to admire, a great deal to reprove; and it is his damning fault (the expression is not too strong) that equally with its merits he would impose its defects wholesale upon the rest of mankind. But there is in the human heart a sentiment higher than that of duty—the sentiment of freedom; and in the human imagination a force which respects nothing but what is divine. In the muscular faith there is very little of the divine, because there is very little that is spiritual. For the same reason there is nothing but a spurious nobleness. Who would rest content with this as the last word of religious sagacity: that the ideal for human endeavor is the English gentleman?—unless, indeed, it be the English gentleman himself. To this do Mr. Charles Kingsley's teachings amount. There is, nevertheless, in his novels, and in his brother's as well, a great deal which we might call beautiful, if it were not that this word always suggests something that is true; a great deal which we must, therefore, be content to call pretty. Professor Kingsley would probably be by no means satisfied to have us call "Westward, Ho!" a *pretty*

story; but it *is* pretty, nevertheless; it is, in fact, quite charming. It is written in a style which the author would himself call "noble English," and it contains many lovely descriptions of South America, which he has apparently the advantage of not having visited. How a real South America would clash with his unreal England! Mr. Henry Kingsley will never do anything so good; but if he will forget a vast number of things, and remember as many more, he may write a readable story yet. Let him forget, in the first place, that he is an English gentleman, and remember that he is a novelist. Let him forget (always in the interest of art) the eternal responsibility of the rich to the poor, which in the volume before us has spoiled two good things. And let him talk a little less about nobleness, and inquire a little more closely into its real essence. We do not desire hereby to arrest the possible flights of his imagination. On the contrary, we are sure that if he will woo human nature with the proper assiduity, he will draw from her many a sweet confession, infinitely more creditable than anything he could have fancied. Only let him not consider it necessary to his success to salute her invariably as "old girl."

WHITE'S SHAKESPEARE.*

We are glad to announce this long-expected volume as soon to issue from the press. Mr. White's Shakespearian labors are worthily concluded, and his edition of "Shakespeare's Works" completed, by this publication. The merits of Mr. White's previous labors are now established. His "Shakespeare's Scholar," which preceded his edition of the works, not only displayed a degree of scholarship highly creditable to its author, but also gave evidence of his possessing a fine critical taste and genial appreciation, as well as a fund of good common sense—that rarest and most needed qualification in a commentator. His "Notes and Introductions to the Plays" fulfilled the expectations he had thus awakened, and in England as well as in this country his edition has taken rank among the best. An *editio optima* of Shakespeare does not exist. Mr. White has had many competitors in the field. Knight, Collier, Halliwell, Dyce, Wright, and Aldis, to say nothing of Staunton, and in our own country of Verplanck and Hudson, have each in their respective editions exhibited special and distinguishing excellences. Each has his distinct place. The thorough critical student of the letter or the spirit of the text can spare neither. Dyce's learning in contemporary writers and his wide store of illustration, Halliwell's antiquarian researches, Collier's studies in the English drama, and his ingenious even if spurious readings, Knight's general good sense and genial spirit, the Cambridge edition's minute, laborious, and accurate labors upon the text of the plays—are all alike of value, and all together constitute a vast mass of important illustration and criticism for the true understanding of the poet. It is creditable to Mr. White that by the side of any of these recent editions his holds an even place. In certain not unimportant respects it is better than any one of them. He possesses a rare faculty of delicate and acute literary criticism and insight, combined with a hardly less rare faculty of expressing fine distinctions of thought. These valuable qualities are frequently displayed in his comment on passages of which the meaning is obscure or has been disputed, and in his longer discussions of points connected with the origin or composition of the plays. His essay on the authorship of Henry VI., in the seventh volume of his edition, is a masterpiece.

But it is not our intention to enter now on a review of his previous volumes. Coleridge said sharply, "If all that has been written on Shakespeare by Englishmen were burned we should be great gainers. Providence gave to England the greatest man that ever put on and put off mortality, and threw a sop to the envy of other nations by inflicting upon his native country the most incompetent critics." Coleridge himself did something to produce the better race of modern critics, but even now we could charitably wish that half they had written were burned. Mr. White's new volume—the inevitable labor to which his steps have been tending for years—is of a nature to confirm this wish. It makes so much that has been heretofore written henceforth useless. Here is a Life of Shakespeare, an Essay on his Genius, and an Essay on the English Drama, which supersede how many lives and essays! No man need read more about Shakespeare than this volume contains. He will find here the scanty facts concerning Shakespeare's life, and the most important inferences that are to be drawn from these facts; he will find a broad, simple, sensible estimate of Shakespeare's genius, and an interesting historical account of that drama which he perfected and of which he will always remain the consummate master.

In the absence of much knowledge, or even of much tradition, concerning Shakespeare's life, his biographers have occupied themselves with conjectures and suppositions in regard to it, till we are tempted to exclaim, "O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack." Mr. White treats us in this respect far better than most other writers on the subject. He has made excellent use of the materials brought together by the industrious investigations of his predecessors; he has told clearly what is known concerning Shakespeare, and has given briefly the most important inferences from this knowledge. His memoir is consequently really a useful and valuable one, and the occasional suppositions in which he indulges are not pushed to extravagance, while the inferences which he draws are marked by good sense, ingenuity, and critical acumen. The Essay toward the expression of Shakespeare's Genius is certainly one of the best essays ever written on this difficult subject. A Shakespeare is needed fully to estimate a Shakespeare; it is only by the exercise of an imagination alike penetrative and comprehensive that the genius of the great poet is to be fitly and finally analyzed. All that long labor, great love, faithful study, and unfeigned respect can avail, combined with native sense and disciplined power of expression, is accomplished in Mr. White's essay. He knows the limits of his capacity, and he attempts and pretends to nothing beyond them. There may be remarks in Coleridge which indicate profounder insight into some of the qualities of Shakespeare's genius or the modes of its display; there may be, in other critics, German or English, merits which Mr. White does not exhibit; but taken as a whole, his essay is so full of keen and just appreciation, of sound judgment, of sympathy with the prevailing attributes of the poet, that it may be read with satisfaction and profit even by those who have most deeply studied Shakespeare and are in the closest harmony with his spirit. The essay necessarily covers wide ground. Beginning with a discrimination of genius and talent, Mr. White claims justly that Shakespeare "united in himself genius in its supremest nature, and talent in its largest development." But his genius, though universal in its grasp, was English in its character. This leads to a consideration of the social conditions and of the state of the language of England during the Elizabethan era, full of interest, and showing the results of reflection and learning. Then follow remarks upon the appreciation of Shakespeare in his own country, and by his own people, in which many common errors are incidentally refuted, and the true and genuine feeling of our people for our greatest poet is shown to have been no less general than it has been constant. But we will not analyze a work the chief merits of which must escape analysis. We prefer to quote a single passage from it as an example of its tone, and as a specimen of admirable criticism:

"Every thoughtful reader of Shakespeare must see that his peculiar power as a dramatist lies in his treatment of character. The interest which distinguishes his plays, as plays, from all others, is that which centers in the personages, in their expressions of thought and emotion, and in their motives and modes of action. *This* was his dramatic art, and this it was in which he had neither teacher nor model. For at the time when he wrote, character, properly so called, was almost, if not quite, unknown to English literature, and but little more to that of the Latin races. In English dramatic literature Marlowe alone had attempted character, but in a style extremely coarse and rudimentary. The Italian and French novelists who preceded Shakespeare, including even Boccaccio himself, interest by mere story, by incident and sentiment. Their personages have no character. They are indeed of different kinds, good and bad, lovers, tyrants, intriguers, clowns, and gentlemen, of whom some are grave and others merry. But they are mere human formulas, not either types or individuals.

"It has been much disputed whether Shakespeare's personages are types or individuals. They are both. Those which are of his own creation are type individuals. So real are they in their individuality, so sharply outlined and completely constructed, that the men and women that we meet seem but shadows compared with them; and yet each one of them is so purged of the accidental and non-essential as to become typical, ideal. He made them so by uniting and harmonizing in them a variety of traits, all subordinated to, yet not overwhelmed by, one central, dominating trait, and by so modifying and coloring the manifestation of this trait that of itself it has individuality. Othello and Leontes are both jealous, and unreasonable in their jealousy, as all the jealous are. But the men are almost as unlike as Lear and Hamlet; and their jealousy differs almost as much as the fierce madness of the old king from the young prince's weak intellectual disorder. Iachimo and Iago are both villains, who would pitilessly ruin a wife's reputation for their selfish ends; but the former is a rude and simple villain, who seems to lack the moral sense; the latter, one who has a keen intellectual perception of that moral beauty which he neither possesses nor heartily admires. Shakespeare's personages are thoroughly human, and therefore not embodiments of single traits or simple impulses, but complicated machines; and the higher their type, the more complex their organization. He combines in one individual and harmonizes qualities apparently incongruous, his genius revealing to him their affinities. * * *

"It is this complication of motive which causes the characters of Shakespeare's personages to be read differently by different people. This variety of opinion upon them, within certain wide and well-determined limits, is evidence of the truthfulness of the characters. Not only does their complex organization give opportunity for a different appreciation of their working, but, as in real life, the character, nay, the very age, of those who pass

* "The Works of William Shakespeare." By Richard Grant White. In twelve volumes. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

judgment upon them is an element of their reputation. Not only will two men of equal natural capacity, and equally thoughtful, form different opinions of them; but the judgment of the same man will be modified by his experience. Unlike the personages of the world around us, some of whom pass from our sight while others come forward, and all change with the lapse of time, those of Shakespeare's microcosm, by the conditions of their existence, remain the same. But our view of them is enlarged and modified by advancing years. As we grow older, we look upon them from a higher point, and the horizon of our sympathy broadens. We lose little and we gain much. For manhood's eye, ranging over its wider scope, finds that the eminences which were the boy's bounds of admiration do not pass out of sight, but become parts of a grander and more varied prospect, while distance, in diminishing their importance, casts upon them the tender light of that happy memory which ever lingers upon pure and early pleasures. But, as in real life again, Shakespeare's characters, during their mimic existence, depend upon and develop each the other. We see how they are mutually worked upon and moulded. And in this inter-dependence and reciprocal influence, more than in mere structure of plot, consists the unity of Shakespeare's plays as organic wholes. His personages are not statuesque, with sharp, unchanging outlines. His genius was not severe and statuesque, as for instance Dante's was. His men and women are notably flexile; and not only so, but they seem to have that quality of flesh and blood which unites changeableness with identity—as a man's substance changes, and his soul grows older, year by year, and yet he is the same person. It is not only the story in Shakespeare's dramas which makes progress, but the characters of the personages. Lear, Romeo, Macbeth, Othello, are, as the phrase is, not the same men at the end of the play as at the beginning. Their experience has modified their characters."

It is impossible, within the compass of a brief notice like this, to do more than speak of the general characteristics of such a volume as the one before us. There are points on which we would gladly enter at length. A writer on Shakespeare is using the materials of all men's thoughts. Each man may bring something from the stores, however scanty, of his own experience and observation to illustrate the subject. To every man Shakespeare is like nature, presenting new aspects original as the man himself, originating indeed within himself. His genius embraces all others, sympathizes with all others, reveals all others to themselves, and gives them the measure of their worth. We all owe thanks to Mr. White for having done so much to promote the intelligent study of Shakespeare in America.

MATHEW ARNOLD'S ESSAYS.*

To readers who now first make the acquaintance of Mr. Arnold in this charming volume, our first word will be a warning not to commence with the preface. It will be imperfectly understood by persons who are not familiar with the London journals, and it will not give aright the "note"—to use one of the felicitous expressions to which Mr. Arnold has given currency—of the writer. Those who have followed this series of essays as they have appeared, with the exception of the lectures on translating Homer, from time to time in Fraser's, Macmillan's, the Cornhill, and the Victoria magazines, and the National Review, must have learned, in the profit and pleasure they have received, to bear with Mr. Arnold when the "vivacity" of which he is conscious lapses, as in this preface, into flippancy—to use no stronger term. No one has done more by persuasive precept, and by the still more persuasive charm of fascinating example, to commend urbanity of style; and we should show that we had failed to profit by his own excellent teachings, if we failed regretfully to note the blemish, or, having noted it, to pass it by. But we are unwilling that Mr. Arnold should do himself the injustice of making his first impression upon the reader by the petulance of his preface, tempered though the impression would be by the gracefulness of his admirable characterization of Lord Derby's translation of the Iliad, and by the filial tenderness of the apostrophe to Oxford with which it closes.

Mr. Mathew Arnold, who is the eldest son of the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and about forty-two years of age, achieved his first distinction as a poet, like the French critic whom he delights to acknowledge as his master in criticism, M. Sainte-Beuve. The volume in which he collected such of hise arlier published poems as his maturer judgment approved, was republished some eight years ago by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. Since that time he has published a tragedy, *Merope*, in the style of the Greek tragedies; and has written a few verses for the magazines. This is not the occasion to discuss his merits as a poet; and we will only say in passing that we hold him fully entitled to a third place with Tennyson and Browning, although the saturation of his mind with the spirit of the Greek poets—especially the tragedians—a taste it will be remembered which his father, whose delight was in the matter rather than in the form of the ancients, did not possess in any high degree—has given a less popular character to his poetical style. To the preface, however, of the volume of poems just mentioned, it is not out of place to refer. It was written in 1853, and exhibits the same turn of thought, the same qualities of style, as the essays of the present volume. His thesis is the superiority in point of form of the Greek mode of handling a poetical subject over that of the moderns; in that the Greeks found the merit of a poem pre-eminently in the effect which it produced as a whole, and valued affluence of thought or beauty of diction simply as means, when these were proper means, to heighten this single effect of the practical action or situation. *Ut pictura poesis.* To their artistic nature it would have been no less a fault in a poem than in a painting that the mind was distracted from the general effect by any unseasonable merit of detail, though that merit might be recognized to be absolutely very great. Now we may confess at once that this austerity of taste, which is the more wonderful as it sprang from the richest sensuousness of nature, has passed away beyond recall with the race in which it was revealed. It is alien to all our modern habits of thought; and most of us can attain only by discipline to a capacity even to enjoy that beauty of form, as distinct from matter, which to the Greek would have seemed essential to any æsthetic enjoyment at all. Even that nation which in its literature has preserved most faithfully the letter of the old tradition—yes, and in its prose the spirit of Attic simplicity—even French straitness of taste in poetry is yielding before the more adequate expression of the more varied cravings of the imagination in us moderns, which is furnished in the poetical literature of England and Germany. But precisely because the tide sets, by a law as irresistible and as much above criticism as the law of gravitation, steadily in the opposite direction—precisely for this reason should we be grateful, patient, thoughtful listeners to those critics who, like Mr. Arnold, with a keener sensibility than ourselves to the immortal charm of Greek simplicity, appeal to us not to be so dazzled by the wealth of our greatly richer modern experience as to forget that in the world of ideas, as in this marvellous world of sense, to the clear spirit the most satisfying charm is found in the perception of symmetry and order.

In 1857 Mr. Arnold was appointed Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Of his teachings from that chair the public have as yet received nothing but the lectures "on translating Homer," which were published about four years ago, and have been judiciously incorporated into the present volume. The notices of the many translations of Homer which have appeared within a few years in England, and the discussions, chiefly in connexion with these, of the possibility of naturalizing the dactylic hexameter in our English tongue, in all of which Mr. Arnold's name is first in the mouth both of friend and foe, must have made the merit of these lectures familiar to all who take an interest in such topics. We shall, therefore, pass them over with one word of especial commendation for the "Last Words." In spite of an occasionally supercilious tone, which we should have been glad to spare, rather for the sake of Mr. Arnold than his opponent Mr. Newman—for with all Mr. Newman's admirable qualities and accomplishments as a scholar and a man, he never writes or speaks on any subject, and he has written well upon almost all, without betraying a want of balance of mind which irresistibly begets impatience—in spite, we say, of a shade of superciliousness which we could have wished away from the critic's otherwise exquisite banter, we think this lecture a master-piece of criticism of the kind, and have returned to it again and again with fresh profit. It is noticeable that in controversy Mr. Arnold always appears to the best advantage when put upon the defensive—for we are resolved to forget the guerrilla warfare of the preface of which we have spoken. At no other time is the literary athlete so cool, so courteous, or so dangerous. This was well exemplified in the second of two essays published in Macmillan, which, for reasons creditable to him, he now omits to publish. He had sharply criticized in the first the famous book of Dr. Colenso upon the Pentateuch, and had been met not only by equally sharp rejoinders, but also by reproaches for having done what in him lay to weaken the influence of a brother liberal. We mention the controversy not merely for the merit of the reply, but because, without a knowledge of it, some remarks in the present volume might be obscure. We have no doubt, however, that his criticism on Dr. Colenso seriously impaired Mr. Arnold's influence. It required a fair degree of that charity which thinketh no evil, or much acquaintance with the true spirit of Mr. Arnold's other writings, to guard against the impression that the essay was calculated to leave, that not only were "the children of light" alone qualified at present by their range of ideas to follow step by step the *processes* of Biblical criticism without detriment to infinitely higher spiritual interests, but also that he took delight in the existence of a limited caste of *illuminati*, and regarded the ignorance of the bulk of his fellows with the same scornful complacency that Atticus might have felt for the wholesome superstition of his less enlightened countrymen. No greater injustice could be done, we are sure, to the son of Dr. Arnold. No one could entertain such an idea for

* "Essays in Criticism, by Mathew Arnold, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford." Post 8vo. Macmillan & Co., London and Cambridge.

a moment after reflecting upon his labors for the improvement both of primary and secondary education in England. This volume too contains the sufficient refutation of such an idea in the distinction—to him a vital distinction, and vital, we will venture to add, to all of us who are not blinded to what the world really is by the impatience of our desire to make it what it should be—the distinction between the world of ideas and the world of practice. Still more indicative of Mr. Arnold's spirit is this earnest advocacy of the elevation in character, and reduction in expense, of middle-class education which forms the burden of the essays on "A French Eton" with which this volume closes, and which show clearly how confidently he relies for the stability of England's greatness upon the future of classes which he now reckons among the flower of the host of the Philistines. For the misconception of his essay, however, Mr. Arnold must bear the blame. No man can be more fairly held responsible for the impression which his writings make; for no man has mastered more completely the difficult art of writing with perfect clearness as well as exquisite grace.

But who are the "Philistines," and who are "the children of light?" The children of light are those choice spirits whose minds are ever disinterestedly open to every new aspect of truth; who are penetrated by a noble curiosity to see all things as they really are; who are ready, nay glad, to dismiss their error or their imperfect truth, though it had become endeared to them as a sister or a brother, and to take to their hearts the more perfect truth, against which they had perhaps fought manfully, until their eyes had been opened to recognize the goddess. In the intellectual as in the spiritual world, to such as thus enter in with the spirit of little children, and not to the Scribes and Pharisees, will it be given to know and to judge all things. Thus to know, thus to judge, and in this spirit to commend to others that which we ourselves have seen, would be Mr. Arnold's definition of criticism. In so far as a man finds delight in ideas for their own sake; in so far as he keeps a hospitable mind towards all truths, come whence they may, which pass, or can be brought to, his door—just so far is he a child of the light. In so far as a man takes no pleasure in ideas for their own sake; in so far as he inhospitably closes his door against any truth because it comes from this or that quarter, or because its presence would interfere with his comfort or his plans, or be for any reason distasteful to him—just so far would Mr. Arnold say that his heart was with the Philistines. It is plain from this, and it will be seen still more plainly in these essays, that it is not a man's creed or his opinions upon any subject, but the spirit in which he holds them, which determines in which of the two camps he belongs. He may be as conservative as Sir Cornewall Lewis, and yet be a very angel of light; he may be as radical as Mr. Cobbett in politics, and still be as Heine found him and Mr. Arnold describes him, "a Philistine with six fingers on every hand, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number; a Philistine, the staff of whose spear is like a weaver's beam." He may walk in the ways of Mr. Holyoak, and still be a worshipper of Dagon; and he may be Dean of Westminster or St. Paul's, and yet a priest among the children of light.

We have said that Mr. Arnold uses the word criticism in a sense of his own. It is the business of criticism, he says, "in all branches of knowledge, theology, philosophy, history, art, science, to see the object as in itself it really is." Again, criticism is the exercise of curiosity in the higher sense, "the disinterested love of a free play of the mind upon all subjects, for its own sake." "All literature," again he says, is in "end and aim a criticism upon life." And yet once more: "Judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business; and so in some sense it is; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge, and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's great concern for himself; and it is by communicating fresh knowledge, and letting his own judgment pass along with it—but insensibly, and in the second place, not the first, as a sort of companion and clew, not as an abstract lawgiver—that he will generally do most good to his readers." This passage gives the key-note of all his criticism.

Coupling these views of the true functions of criticism with the conception, ever present in his mind, of the bulk of his countrymen as Philistines, blindly and obstinately adhering to a worship that cannot elevate them, we shall be in a position to do more justice, we believe, to Mr. Arnold's aims and aspirations than he commonly receives in England. No man has less the air and tone of a missionary or reformer; and yet we doubt whether Dr. Arnold ever had more distinctly before his mind the changes which he wished to bring about in English thought and practice than has his son; or whether he ever pursued them more steadfastly, or with more definite apprehension of the bearing of his action. The father, as the foremost representative of certain powerful currents of ideas, though he died hardly five years older than his son to-day, wrought so great a change in the condition of the public schools, in the methods of studying the classics and history, and in Biblical criticism, that it is difficult to realize it. If the son has less weight of character, and a more difficult revolution to accomplish, yet he too has, we believe, the main current with him, and peculiar gifts to qualify him for his mission.

Of these gifts, and of the separate essays of which this volume is made up, we shall say but a few words. The essays were printed, as we have mentioned, originally in a variety of magazines, with an evident purpose to leaven with his own spirit as large a circle of readers as possible. The subjects on which he wrote were chosen, it seems to us, no less carefully to recommend types of excellence and modes of thought with which his countrymen at large were unfamiliar, or to which they failed to do justice. But we must leave our readers to pass judgment upon this point for themselves. Of the execution of the essays it would be superfluous to say anything in praise. Mr. Arnold has heard many hard words; but none have denied the magical charm of his style, the subtlety of his criticism, or the generous breadth of the culture by which he has schooled to a sympathetic relish for the most varied forms of excellence a taste naturally, we should conjecture, fastidious to a fault. Not that we think that he has attained a perfect serenity of perception—for is not the utilitarian philosophy to him still unduly a stumbling-block?—nor has he yet reached the mellowness of literary temper of our own Mr. Emerson; but nothing in this volume seems to us so admirable in itself, or as example so much to be desired in our day—in which liberality of thought by no means keeps pace with liberal ideas—as that "disinterestedness" of criticism which will not forget the merits of Burke in its sympathy with the democratic principle of the French Revolution; nor the power of the older form of faith in its adhesion to the Protestant spirit; nor yet the elements of beauty and nobility in the joyous religion of the Greeks, and the stoical morality of the Roman, while it surrenders itself to that higher spirituality whose laws of liberty and love are the laws of criticism as the laws of life. When this is the spirit which an author exhibits, and this the spirit that he stimulates, we could pardon him if he forgot, as Mr. Arnold never forgets, the maxim of Joubert, that "ignorance, which in matters of morals extenuates the crime, is itself, in matters of literature, a crime of the first order." We may not always agree with Mr. Arnold. We may think he fails to do complete justice to Shelley, admirable as is his appreciation of him. We may doubt whether a certain English soundness of understanding will not give Lord Macaulay, in spite of the absence of all "distinction" of talent, a longer term of "that life of the dead which rests in the remembrance of the living," than Mr. Arnold anticipates for him. We may question whether his explanation is correct of that "provinciality" of the morality of Addison which in itself we cannot question. But whatever such questions we may be tempted to raise—and it is a chief merit of Mr. Arnold's writings that it stimulates us to raise them—we feel strongly that there is not a judgment expressed in this volume, however casually, to which the reader will not find it profitable to turn again and again, whether he agrees with it or not. One remark more. Mr. Arnold's views upon any point, like those of his great exemplar, M. Sainte-Beuve, from the very nature of their common method, are to be fairly obtained and fairly judged only by the collocation and comparison of all that he says upon all occasions. In this noble curiosity to see all things exactly as they are, both of these critics delight to return upon themselves, and in a different mood, or with greater light, to catch an outline or a shade which they had missed before.

But our aim has not been so much to dwell upon the literary qualities of Mr. Arnold's criticism, as to show, if we were able, how his rare gifts and acquisitions were at the conscious service of a truly noble purpose, of a desire to share with his fellows the pleasures of a higher and richer intellectual life; and an earnest longing that his countrymen should become the children of the intellectual promise, as they have eaten of the manna of political liberty, and enjoy in unstinted measure the milk and honey of material success.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By William Forsyth, M.A.—The Iliad of Homer. By Edward, Earl of Derby.—History of England. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Charles Scribner, New York.

What I Saw on the West Coast of South and North America. By H. W. Bayley, M.D.—The Conversion of the Roman Empire. By Charles Merivale, B.D.—American Annual Cyclopædia for 1864. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Our Martyr President. Voices from the Pulpit of New York and Brooklyn. Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency, and our Right to Complain of It. By George Bemis. A. Williams & Co., Boston.

BOOKS ADVERTISED.

Jomini's Life of Napoleon—Jomini's Grand Military Operations—Holley's Ordnance and Armor—The Riverside Irving—My Married Life at Hillside—The Game of Croquet—Forsyth's Cicero—Froude's England—Lord Derby's Homer—Max Muller's Lectures on Language—Guizot's Meditations on Christianity—Wet Days at Edgewood—Maine's Ancient Law—Woolsey's International Law—Marsh's Man and Nature—Bushnell's Christ and his Salvation—Cooke's Religion and Chemistry—Lange's Commentary on the New Testament—Our Martyr President—Prof. Cleveland's School and Household Library—Stier's Words of the Lord Jesus—Hearthstone Series—Schönberg-Cotta Works—Essays in Criticism—Tennyson's Poems—Alfred Hagart's Household—A Man without a Country—Companion-Poets for the People—National Lyrics—Lyrics of Life—Humorous Poems—Religious Poems—National Series of School-Books—Frost and Fire—Read's Poems—Wayside Blossoms—Hours among the Gospels—Petroleum and Petroleum Wells—The Sparrowgrass Papers—Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia—Madison's Works.

Fine Arts.

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[First Notice.]

It is one day after the closing of this exhibition that the first number of The Nation appears. The pictures and drawings and works of sculpture return to their former owners, or are transferred to those who have bought them during the exhibition; all, or nearly all, are lost to the sight of the public. We labor under the great disadvantage, in speaking of them, that we cannot point to the works of art themselves and ask our readers to consider, in their presence, our conclusions in respect to them, but are compelled to appeal to the memory only. We shall, therefore, make no attempt to criticize the works of all, or even of a large proportion, of the artists represented. Our business is rather with the lessons taught by the exhibition as a unit than with the relative importance in that exhibition of any individual work of art whatever.

It is plain that we have been able to learn something from the exhibition of the present state of American art, its achievements and its needs. It is of this that we wish to speak, and it is with this in view that we shall discuss those works of art which will probably have left the distinctest images on the memories of those who have seen them.

The exhibition of this year has been more useful than any of those which have preceded it. This singular usefulness has not been due largely to the greater merit of the works of art composing it. Former exhibitions have been of higher character, in proportion to the number of works exhibited, than this. But this year the collection has attracted an unusual amount of attention, and has created an unusual amount of thought on subjects connected with art.

The principal causes of this improvement are two. The first is the rapidly-growing interest in art and artists and artistic pursuits in general, which is an important element in the present intellectual condition of the people. The second is the special attention called to this exhibition by the favorable auspices under which it opened. It is housed in the new galleries of the Academy of Design, within the beautiful building which the citizens of New York have presented to that association. This building has received from the public the attention it deserves, and even some part of the praise which it deserves, and its fame has drawn many persons to see these pictures who but seldom take pains to visit works of art. The interest in art shown by the influential persons who have contributed to the erection of the building, has ensured a further interest in art among the people at large. The quick-turning vane of the periodical press has pointed out this fact. The journals have contributed to the success of this year's exhibition a vast deal of criticism. Not only have the leading daily newspapers devoted to the discussion of this subject as much of their space as in former years, and more than in former years of their intelligence; the semi-literary weeklies have also added their voices, and even the ultra-popular journals from which no one would have expected any judgment, however shallow, on matters of painting and sculpture, have shown a disposition to discriminate between praise and blame, and to award with a certain carefulness to each artist his share of each. The people seem to have read these critical articles, and to have profited by them, so far as there has been any profit in them. Of the visitors to the exhibition many had evidently read, before coming, the published articles on it, and were disposed to compare the strictures of the writers with the works of art themselves. The discussion about individual pictures grew to be popular, and was heard everywhere. The new building and the new galleries, and the collection in them, have been a subject for general and interested conversation, both within and without the city of New York, in those circles of society where intellectual matters are considered and discussed at all.

The effect of all this has been beneficial. It is very true that the discussion has not often been very intelligent. We are ready to admit that there is in the community very little experience of art, and still less theoretical knowledge of it, and that but few of the critics understand their chosen business. But, on the whole, the people and critics have done each other good, and gained something, both in knowledge and in love of art, since the fortieth exhibition opened. With no desire to claim for the community any profound judgment of what it has, or any accurate knowledge of what it lacks, in matters of art, we think it has shown natural feelings keen enough and brains clear enough to gain, rather than to lose, by consultation with itself.

The uninstructed in art are not the worst judges nor the most hopelessly mistaken. These are the misinstructed, the educated of the schools and of tradition, the taught who have not thought. Our people are free enough from any such misleading. They do not understand the cant terms of collectors. They have little regard for those academical excellences which delight connoisseurs. They are not much taught; and, if they learn anything about art, it is generally by their own observation and thinking. The tendency, therefore, of such a general discussion as that of the past two months is not to befog and mislead, as it assuredly would be if the discutors were more versed in the ways of dilettanti, but rather to clear away delusions.

It is evident that our people refuse to look upon art as a thing apart from their daily life, to be speculated upon rather than enjoyed. It is evident that they do not desire for themselves, nor value when they meet it, an art which appeals to metaphysical subtlety, embodying theories rather than relating facts, and requiring a peculiar disposition and training in the mind that would comprehend it. They want to see painted the things they love. They sadly misjudge and utterly disregard the painting of things unfamiliar to them, failing to see any good in that which is strange, but they value the representation of things they understand.

So highly do they value the representation of things they understand, that they are apt to overrate, at first, the work of any man who seems to them to aim at such representation. Americans have had but little chance to become familiar with really powerful and wholly faithful work. But little of the highest and best art, either ancient or modern, has ever been shown to them, and that little not very publicly nor for a long time. They have but little idea of what can be done in art, or of what it is well to do. They are apt, therefore, to accept an artist at his own or his friends' valuation, if they sympathize at all with his apparent or avowed aims. These mistakes, however, they seem able to outgrow gradually. They seem to have the power of forming, sooner or later, a tolerably correct estimate of all such art as is, in its nature, useful and agreeable to them. We say "they seem," for as yet they have fairly and thoroughly outgrown none, or at best but a few, of the most untenable of their early delusions, and it is not established beyond the possibility of doubt that they have the power of judging rightly of art. That they have it will, however, be the conclusion of any one who looks at the subject in the light of the experience of the past few years.

It is interesting to mark the progress of popular education by comparing the past and the present estimates of the same artist's work. There is, perhaps, no easier or surer way of marking such progress. Consider, for instance, the case of one very popular painter. Three years ago he would have been a bold critic who should have questioned Mr. Bierstadt's claim to the possession of great technical skill, of great power of conception, of "genius" of many sorts and "talent" of the highest order. Such questioning there was, but it was not printed in popular or widely circulated journals, nor generally heard among the people. This year his work has been vigorously and even rudely criticized, even in quarters where a desire is to be detected to echo as far as possible the popular voice in matters relating to art. This change is not to be explained by the supposition that he painted once better than now, for it is not his this year's work only that is roughly handled by the critics. The artist's work, past and present, his method of work, his insight into nature, his color, his drawing, his "handling," his "composition," have each and all been declared bad, or faulty, or weak, by those who once found all these things true and good.

We have spoken of this change as indicating progress in the popular knowledge of art. It is certainly advance and not retrogression that it shows. The newly gained power of seeing something of the weakness, want of meaning, and disregard of truth in these huge and pretentious canvasses, is very valuable, and the possession of this power will surely give more.

Mr. Bierstadt has only two pictures in the present exhibition. The larger, which is also the largest picture in the exhibition, a huge landscape, ten feet long, is entitled "Looking Down the Yo Semite Valley, Cal.," and numbered 436. It occupies precisely the best place in the galleries, the middle of the side of the largest and best lighted room of all; evidently ranking as the most important picture of the exhibition in the estimation of the hanging committee.

We look for miles down the valley between the high cliffs. How high

the cliffs are we know. How long the visible part of the valley is, we can infer. No one is ignorant of the stupendous grandeur of the scenery which makes up this wonder of our continent. But here in the picture is no grandeur, no distance, no height. The scale is small, it seems that the largest cliffs are those represented; we know that these cliffs are from sixteen hundred to three thousand feet of nearly vertical height; but it is certain that there is no such height shown in the picture. The Yo Semite Valley would be nothing to us, if it looked like this. A faithful portrait of the Castle and Crag of Drachenfels or of Anthony's Nose, either of them steep hills, would be more impressive than this rendering of the greatest precipices yet discovered.

The picture is consistent in its representations of fact, for the rock of which these dwarfed giants are shown to be composed is friable and crumbly, liable to break and split irregularly, and very sandy in its surface. Large masses of this substance lie in the near foreground, and the texture of the surface is there seen to be almost exactly like that of the trunks of the larger trees. Surely we are not called on to believe that the granite of which these walls are built up, two thousand feet of clear vertical height, looked to Mr. Bierstadt as this in the picture looks to the beholder.

We desire not to carry too far any comparison between the picture and nature, for there is no doubt that the painter would refuse to meet the critic on this issue, as one which he had never contemplated. Nor do we enquire now whether Mr. Bierstadt is unable or unwilling to draw rocks. But there *is* a question between the picture and the Yo Semite Valley. Were we to judge the valley from the picture, it would be cruelly disappointing. But, judging Yo Semite by other means, for instance, by the large photographs so well known and so common, it is the picture that suffers and not the valley. The photographs have not been of the first order of excellence, but the most obscure of them gives more sense of vastness, the dimmest more knowledge of the look of the hard, smooth, granite wall, the least clear more sense of tree growth and form.

Now it is fashionable to assume that a natural fact may be rightly drawn and colored and true externally, and yet not right in spirit and meaning. This, of course, is only a *façon de parler*, doing mischief because misleading the ignorant. The soul of nature is seen in the outside of nature; if not there—where else? If a rock be well drawn and well painted, can the representation be improved except by still better drawing and painting? Not so. The best rendering of the appearance of any phenomenon of nature will be the best picture of it. In dealing with the wonders of the Yo Semite, the office of the painter will always be this—to represent the rocks as they are and the trees as they are in color and form, not approximately, but exactly, in the minutest details; then, if you feel that by a bringing together on your canvas of more views than one, you can the more impress the momentary beholder with the great truth which you have been a month in seeing, have your way. But no untruth, no stopping short of the truth, no misinforming the trusting people at home. It is on this account that we hold the painting of such pictures as this before us an inexcusable offence. Nothing is wrong but the drawing and painting; but these wrong, all is wrong. It seems sad and mortifying to us that a painter should take that far journey and spend "seven weeks in the great Yo Semite," and that we should learn nothing of it—all because of downright bad drawing.

There is even worse drawing than this in No. 472, "The Golden Gate, Cal." Our space fails us, and we can only remind the reader of those jellied waves, thick and opaque at the edges, and foamless, falling about without direction, or tending anywhither; of those feebly drawn vessels, wrong, of course, in every line, but not attracting much notice to their wrongness; of the ghastly greenish light which pervades the wide scene of water and land, and has reduced the black hulls and the white sails to the same dead, unnatural, and ugly hue. The color of both pictures is very untrue and unpleasant, and, although there is one of nature's beautiful effects of mist just hinted at in the larger picture, the bad color and the formless clouds deprive it of any power.

These pictures leave upon the mind of the beholder an impression, so strong that it can hardly fail to be a true impression, that they have been painted without any desire to represent nature truly, or to tell the beholder anything worthy of his notice. It is not a harsh judgment, and certainly not a hasty judgment, of them to say that they are not true art at all, but rather as untrue and unhealthy as art can be, having no apparent meaning beyond the bid for popular applause which they certainly make. This is a bid which for a time is taken. Popular applause has always rewarded for a time such bold and unhesitating seekers for it. The applauders are as much to blame as the artist; they have no plea to offer for themselves which will excuse the terrible harm they are doing to art. The artist can urge a desire to catch the popular eye and win the popular voice, meaning, perhaps, to do his work more truly when he has succeeded. His mistake is final, and his own and the world's losses are not to be made good, but he has this excuse. The applauders have none beyond base ignorance or thoughtlessness, which no law, divine or human, allows in mitigation of its penalties.

It is strange that when we find a thoroughly bad or unsuccessful picture that the matter with it proves to be bad drawing. Whatever on ultimate analysis proves to be the cause of failure, the immediate cause has been bad drawing. It is a strange Nemesis that waits behind the painter, and punishes him if he lack a noble aim or espouse an unworthy cause by paralyzing his hand and dimming his eye. In the case before us, whatever is wrong behind the bad drawing, the bad drawing is the visible cause of defeat. Nothing is even tolerably drawn—neither rocks, nor trees, nor clouds, nor waves, nor ships. If this were different, if with the other two prominent faults of these pictures the drawing in both were good, from bad work they would become valuable and beautiful.

Now it happens that no one can turn away from the great Yo Semite picture without seeing a precipitous cliff of rocks, which is very well drawn indeed. There is no such drawing of rocks anywhere in these galleries as in Mr. A. W. Warren's small picture, No. 420, "Study of Rocks, Mount Desert." Here is nothing friable and soft that should be crystalline and hard. The picture might be called "adamant." The edges are sharp and hard, the surfaces smooth and hard, the whole cliff jagged, angular, and hard. This is the very water-worn granite which we all have slipped on and bruised ourselves against along the rock-bound New England coast. The color also is true and bright, as varied even as that of the rock itself, and almost as vivid, and the water that wells up against it is blue and liquid.

Here, then, is a picture which seems to have been painted in the wish to state truly some very important facts which have not before been so well stated. It is not necessary for us to demonstrate at this late day that this is the true aim for our painters. Let every one hereafter who hears of a picture by Warren go far to see it. We shall be disappointed if he ever hereafter should paint a picture that is not instructive and worthy.

Mr. Griswold has a very beautiful landscape on the walls of this same gallery, a very interesting picture and one that has attracted much attention. Here, in the pleasure this picture has given the people and the good words it has won from the critics, we see another proof of the usefulness of this year's exhibition. For Mr. Griswold had in the last exhibition of the Academy of Design a picture nearly as good as this, as good in all respects save one, and it was very little noticed. It is true that last year's picture was sold, if we rightly remember, and that this year's has not been sold, if we are rightly informed. But this year's picture is larger and certainly twice the cost of that, and, moreover, there was such an anxiety to invest money last spring, in pictures as in all other kinds of property, that this spring brings with it its reaction, and nobody is willing to buy. Very few pictures have been sold on the walls of the Academy this year.

Mr. Griswold's picture is No. 411, "A Winter Morning." The rising sun has just tinged red the top of a hill in the centre of the picture and beyond a still river. On this side of the river is a rocky country covered with frosted grass and overgrown with cedars, a little oak carries its dry leaves gallantly in emulation of the evergreens, and the faces of rock are covered thick with lichens.

Of all our landscape painters, Mr. Griswold shows, by his work, the largest gift of that inborn faculty of "composition" which is so much talked of and so seldom seen. He finds the beautiful groups; the graceful lines grow into a new grace, and the harsh ones disappear, while he looks; the cedars grow, naturally and of their own will, just where he wants them. Another gift he has, that of feeling for color: not of true perception of it—he has never, to our knowledge, painted the true green of nature, for instance—but of feeling for color harmonies. In last year's picture, "December," what a splendid chord of ruddy and brown hues was that which culminated in the nasturtion-colored calico of the woman's apron! Not an atom of it could have been spared, and if the key-note, the apron, were covered up, there would be no picture left, only scraps of pigment. This year it is, if less concentrated, more subtle. The contrasted gloom and glow of the morning twilight are beautiful and true. This harmony of color is nature's composing, or a very truthful and happy reminiscence of it.

The picture before us has, then, two of the most important elements of great art. It lacks, to be great art, even to be very good art, one most important element of all, refined and powerful drawing. The drawing of the hills beyond the river and of the nearer rocks and evergreens is not very truthful, nor very strong; the painter has not seen far into the structure of either tree or hill. There is nothing false and ridiculous, let it be understood. As far as the drawing goes, it is approximately truthful, let us say, suggestive. But it is mannered.

It is very insufficient. Nothing is completely and heartily drawn. There seems to have been a recipe for drawing each and every form of nature. It having been decided upon how the hill-strata were to lie, they all lie so—the lines of red bushes following them. Real hills startle one now and then; composed hills like these never do. It having been decided upon how cedars are to be represented in outline and surface, here they are all treated alike. Inasmuch as now and then in nature a cedar is less compact and unbroken, and shows through a rift in its foliage the little branches crossing each other,—here is one such. The near foreground is not, it would seem, a study from nature at all.

Nothing is farther from our purpose than to ridicule this picture. It is one of the half-dozen among these six hundred that one would care to own. Whoever shall possess it hereafter is offered our sincere congratulations.

But there is this great danger to any young painter of ability among us, that the community does not call upon him to put forth his full strength. Mr. Griswold is safe from the competition of all but two or three of his fellow artists, and it is not likely that these will happen upon such a subject and style of treatment, any given year, as will bring them into direct contrast and comparison with him. Mr. Griswold, moreover, is safe from the urgency of his friends or of picture-buyers; there is no likelihood that any one will give him a commission for a picture to be as good as he can make it, and none other to be received. He must look within for his inducement to work, and must find it in the love for nature which he certainly has, and in the feeling which he probably has, that there is a higher and nobler beauty in nature than he has painted or drawn as yet.

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By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

7.30 LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The Interest at 7.30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
Twenty cents per day on a $1,000 note.
One dollar per day on a $5,000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at per 6 cent., instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15, at the time when they subcribe.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,

114 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

MAY 15, 1865.

Marine and Fire Insurance.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital,	$1,000,000
Surplus, over	400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice-President.
JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

Assets, July 1, 1865, over - - - - - $13,000,000
Cash Income, 1864, nearly, - - - - 3,000,000

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, President.

Office, 144 and 146 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.

Endowment Policies, Ten-year Policies, and Life Policies are issued by this Company on the most favorable terms.

All the Policies of this Company participate in the Surplus, the whole of which is divided Annually in the most equitable manner among the policy-holders.

Dividends of return premiums will be paid in CASH, or may be used if preferred in the form of additional insurance.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

Frederick S. Winston,	Henry E. Davies,	Alex. W. Bradford,
John V. L. Pruyn,	Oliver H. Palmer,	David Hoadley,
William Moore,	Sam'l E. Sproulls,	Henry A. Smythe,
Robert H. McCurdy,	Sam'l M. Cornell,	William V. Brady,
Isaac Green Pearson,	Lucius Robinson,	W. E. Dodge,
Martin Bates, Jr.,	W. Smith Brown,	George S. Coe,
William Betts,	Richard Patrick,	Wm. K. Strong,
John P. Yelverton,	William H. Popham,	Wm. M. Vermilye,
John Wadsworth,	William A. Haines,	Joan E. Develin,
Alfred Edwards,	Ezra Wheeler,	Wellington Clapp,
Nathaniel Hayden,	Seymour L. Husted,	M. M. Freeman,
John M. Stuart,	Samuel D. Babcock,	Alonzo Child.

Secretaries, { ISAAC ABBATT, THEO. W. MORRIS. } Actuary, SHEPPARD HOMANS. Cashier, FRED. M. WINSTON.

Medical Examiners, { MINTURN POST, M.D., ISAAC L. KIP, M.D. }

Counsel, { WILLIAN BETTS, LL.D., Hon. LUCIUS ROBINSON. } Attorney, RICHARD A. McCURDY.

Applications and communications from persons in the undermentioned States to be through General Agents in their respective districts.

F. RATCHFORD STARR, General Agent at Philadelphia, for the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware.

HALE REMINGTON, General Agent at Fall River, for the New England States.

H. B. MERRELL, General Agent at Detroit, Michigan, for the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

L. SPENCER GOBLE, General Agent at Newark, for the State of New Jersey.

J. A. RHODES, General Agent for New York City, office, 5 Wall Street.

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent at San Francisco, for California and Oregon.

MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

35 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED APRIL, 1842.

ASSETS OVER - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - $1,500,000

This Company has been in operation for twenty-one years, and continues to make Insurance against

MARINE AND INLAND TRANSPORTATION RISKS,

Upon Merchandise, Vessels, and Freights, on terms and conditions adapted to the present usages of business.

To those dealers who prefer a Cash discount from Current Rates, on payment of premium, instead of waiting for a prospective and uncertain Scrip Dividend, this Company will offer such arrangements as will secure to them as favorable terms as any other.

For the accommodation of shippers to foreign ports, policies are issued making loss payable by RATHBONE, BROTHERS & CO. in Liverpool or London, if desired.

Policies are also issued, loss payable here in gold coin, when preferred.

TRUSTEES:

Joseph Walker,	Joseph Slagg,	L. Edgerton,
James Freeland,	Jas. D. Fish,	Henry R. Kunhardt,
Samuel Willets,	Geo. W. Hennings,	John S. Williams,
Robert L. Taylor,	Francis Hathaway,	William Nelson, Jr.,
William T. Frost,	Aaron L. Reid,	Charles Dimon,
William Watt,	Ellwood Walter,	A. Wm. Heye,
Henry Eyre,	D. Colden Murray,	Harold Dollner,
Cornelius Grinnell,	E. Haydock White,	Paul N. Spofford.
E. E. Morgan,	N. L. McCready,	
Her. V. Schleicher,	Daniel T. Willets,	

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
CHAS. NEWCOMB, Vice-President.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

BROWN, BROTHERS & CO.,

56 WALL STREET.

Issue, in New York, Circular Credits for Travellers, available in any part of the world.

THE

EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES,

92 Broadway, New York.

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES TO PERSONS ABOUT ASSURING:

THE RATIO OF EXPENDITURE TO INCOME IS LESS THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER CASH COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES.

The income is larger than that of any other cash company in the United States, save one.

No company ever organized in this country or in Europe has met with such extraordinary success in the same period after its formation.

In the case of all ordinary policies, except term policies, after three annual payments have been made, the Society will, on due surrender of the original policy with dividend, not later than three months after it has ceased to be in force, issue a Policy paid up, which will in most cases at least equal the amount of premium paid.

The entire surplus of the Society is divided in the most equitable manner among the policy-holders.

Legal interest alone is allowed to stockholders.

The rates of premiums are as low as those of any other first-class company.

The Board of Directors have authorized the issuing of Policies to the amount of $20,000 upon selected lives.

Policies issued by this Society are indisputable on account of suicide after the first two years.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.

E. W. LAMBERT, M.D., Medical Examiner.
WILLARD PARKER, M.D., Consulting Physician.
HENRY DAY, Attorney.
DANIEL LORD, Counsel.

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS,

AND DEALERS IN

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

THE 7.30 POPULAR LOAN,

5 NASSAU STREET,

(Continental Bank Building, near Wall Street).

DEPOSITS RECEIVED, COLLECTIONS MADE.
ALL KINDS OF UNITED STATES
AND OTHER POPULAR
FIRST CLASS SECURITIES
BOUGHT AND SOLD AT MARKET RATES.

THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

156 AND 158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL AND ACCUMULATION, $2,250,000.

LOSSES PAID, $1,000,000.

DIVIDEND PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS, $750,000.

From the great success of this company, they are enabled to offer superior advantages to policy-holders.

Life policies are issued, payable in annual or in one, five, or ten annual instalments; also, non-forfeiture endowment policies, payable in ten annual payments, which are paid at death, or on arriving at any particular age. Life insurance, as an investment, has no superior, as it has saved millions of dollars to the insured, and thousands of families from ruin. Dividends are paid to policy-holders, thus enabling them to continue their policies, if otherwise unable to do so.

This favorable feature has been the means of saving many policies that would have been forfeited for want of means to continue them, and, in several instances, families, once wealthy, have thus been saved from utter ruin.

HENRY STOKES, President. C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.
J. S. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary. S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
ABRAM DU BOIS, M.D., Medical Examiner.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, OF NEW YORK,

(Chartered by Act of Legislature,)

FOR THE

SAFE KEEPING OF VALUABLES,

Under special guarantee, and the

RENTING OF SAFES

IN ITS

BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS,

IN THE

NEW MARBLE FIRE-PROOF BUILDING,

146 Broadway, cor. of Liberty St.

COUPONS COLLECTED.

The charter confines the business of the company to the safe keeping of valuables, and imposes a personal liability upon the stockholders to an amount equal and additional to the stock held.

Circulars containing rates, etc., can be obtained at the office.

DIRECTORS:

HENRY A. SWIFT, of Henry A. Swift & Co., 29 Barclay Street.
COURTLANDT PALMER, 54 William Street.
Hon. JAS. R. WHITING, 61 Hudson Street.
ALEXANDER HOLLAND, Treasurer American Express Company.
DAVID OGDEN, 63 Wall Street.
CHARLES L. TIFFANY, Tiffany & Co., 550 Broadway.
JACOB RUSSELL, Cashier United States Sub-Treasury, New York.
A. D. HOPE, Superintendent Central Express Company, and President First National Bank, Somerville, N. J.
J. C. BABCOCK, Cashier Adams Express Company.
GEO. W. McLEAN, Jerome Riggs & Co., 46 Exchange Place.
JOHN A. PULLEN, Manager National Express Co.
W. C. SHELDON, Buckley, Sheldon & Co., 75 Leonard Street.
FRANCIS H. JENKS.

FRANCIS H. JENKS, President.

FREDERICK FOSTER, Secretary.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS, January 1, 1865	423,989 74
ASSETS	$923.989 74

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,

27 and 29 PINE ST.,

CAPITAL PAID IN - - - - - - - - - $5,000,000

DEPOSITARY AND FINANCIAL AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

Have for sale, ready for delivery,

UNITED STATES 7.30 TREASURY NOTES,

Convertible, at maturity, into 5-20 GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

Also,

UNITED STATES 10-40 BONDS,
UNITED STATES 5-20 BONDS,
UNITED STATES 1-Year CERTIFICATES.

We also collect Government Vouchers and Drafts, and attend to other business with the Government.

P. C. CALHOUN, President.
B. SEAMAN, Cashier.

ANTHONY LANE, Ass't Cashier.

THE NINTH NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

363 BROADWAY.

CASH CAPITAL PAID IN - - - - - - - - - $1,000,000

Subscriptions received for 7.30s, and the notes on hand for immediate delivery.

GOVERNMENT AGENCY AND DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOSEPH U. ORVIS, President. JOHN T. HILL, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

WILLIAM A. KOBBE.
THOMAS A. VYSE, JR.
GEO. A. WICKS.
BARNET L. SOLOMON.
GEO. A. FELLOWS.
SOLOMON L. HULL.
CHAS. MINZESHEIMER.
J. O. WHITEHOUSE.
JOSEPH U. ORVIS.

NEW YORK, July 6, 1865.

VERMILYE & CO.,

BANKERS,

44 *Wall Street, N. Y.*,

GOVERNMENT LOAN AGENTS,

KEEP ON HAND, FOR

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY,

THE ISSUES OF

7.30 TREASURY NOTES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

We BUY and SELL all classes of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES at market rates.

ORDERS from BANKS and BANKERS executed on favorable terms, and with dispatch.

Also, receive DEPOSITS, and ALLOW INTEREST on current balances.

VERMILYE & CO.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL	$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865	270,353

LARGE SECURITY,

FAIR RATES,

PROMPT PAYMENTS.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary. J. D. STEELE, President.

UNION DIME SAVINGS BANK,

427 AND 429 CANAL STREET, CORNER OF VARICK.

Open daily from 10 A.M. to 3, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY evenings from 5 to 7 P.M. Six per cent. interest, free of Government tax, allowed on sums of $500 and under, and Five per cent. on larger sums. Money deposited on or before July 20 will bear interest from July 1.

PETER V. HAUGHWOUT, President.

GARDNER S. CHAPIN, Secretary.

BILLS ON LONDON

At Sixty Days' Sight and at Three Days' Sight, for sale by

WARD, CAMPBELL & CO.,
56 Wall Street, New York.

DRY GOODS.—With the third number of THE NATION will begin a weekly dry goods price list, with corrected quotations of the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of domestic dry goods. To this will be added trustworthy information of the state of the market, supply and demand, advance or decline, etc., which will be of value to those directly or indirectly interested in the trade.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATION.

TUESDAY, June 27, 1865.

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FOR THE WEEK.

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	Swine.
At Allerton's	3,584	26	724	516	....
At Browning's	433	34	317	3,738	....
At O'Brien's	35	15	....	2,504	....
At Chamberlin's	63	31	223	5,538	....
Sold at Bergen, N. J.	1,230	....	113	293	....
Sold Direct	330	....	600	2,000	....
Hog Yards, Fortieth Street	....	....	....	....	14,640
Total	5,675	106	1,977	14,529	14,640
Total last week	4,276	100	2,501	12,623	16,903
Increase	1,399	6	....	1,906	....
Decrease	....	....	524	....	2,263
Average No. per week last year	5,060	145	1,755	15,388	12,676

RECEIPTS OF BEEVES FROM THE DIFFERENT STATES.

New York	83	Connecticut	4
Ohio	116	Iowa	52
Indiana	116	Michigan	18
Illinois	2,763	Canada	85
Kentucky	233	Missouri	104

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	— to —	— to —
Extra	17 to 17⅓	17 to 17⅓
First quality	14½ to 15½	14½ to 15½
Second quality	13 to 14	13 to 14
Third quality	12 to 12½	12 to 12½
Inferior	10 to 11½	10 to 11½
Average of all sales, about	— to 15	— to 15

The Beef Cattle in the market are from the following States, viz:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	Swine.
By the Erie R. R.	846	....	....	....	776
Hudson River R. R.	23	....	....	....	9,365
Harlem R. R.	1,660	26	724	516	....
Camden and Amboy R. R	318	....	....	....	395
By Hudson River Boats	683	....	....	....	....
On foot	4	....	....	....	....
New Jersey Central R. R	50	....	....	....	4,104

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND,
SQUARE,
AND
UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first-class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.

NEW YORK SILVER MINING CO.

OF NEVADA.

CAPITAL, $150,000; SHARES, $100 EACH.

7,000 SHARES IN TREASURY, 2,000 FOR SALE.

PRICE $40 PER SHARE, UNTIL AUGUST 1,

Thereafter $50, *until Further Notice.*

Stock full-paid, and no individual liability. Company organized under the General Law of the State of New York, with a board of trustees of honorable Christian business men, in whose management the stockholders may have unbounded confidence that they will do all that can be done to make investments safe and profits large.

We expect this stock will be at par within one year, and making dividends of from 3 to 5 per cent. on the par value of the stock per month in GOLD. Any Clergyman, Insurance Agent, or Cashier of Bank is authorized to receive money and forward it; to whom a liberal commission will be allowed. Certificates will be returned on the receipt of funds. Stock for sale at the Atlantic Bank, New York, R. W. R. Freeman, Cashier; and at the office of the Company. We refer to the officers of the Company—to R. W. R. FREEMAN, Esq., Cashier of the Atlantic Bank, 142 Broadway, or HERMAN CAMP, Esq., 25 Nassau St.

THOMAS SPROUL, President.

S. R. HUTCHINSON, Secretary.

Office: 80 BROADWAY, over the American National Bank.

Benedict's Time,

171 BROADWAY, COR. CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

TO SOLDIERS.

AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.

Let every soldier, before he returns home, provide himself with an AMERICAN WATCH; no better use can be made of money than to invest it in one of these durable and accurate time-pieces. It is a kind of property that constantly returns good interest, and its money value is so well-known that a pocket full of silver dollars wouldn't be as useful.

For sale and warranted by

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,

Keepers of the City Time, and Agents for the sale of the American (Waltham) Watches,

171 Broadway, cor. Cortlandt St.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.

THE WEED MACHINES,

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

WEED SEWING-MACHINE CO.,

STORE, 506 BROADWAY, N. Y.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for the following, viz.:

STEREOSCOPES AND STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc., etc., also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

☞ FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER. ☜

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, to which additions are continually being made of Portraits of Eminent Americans—viz., about

100 Major-Generals, 100 Lieut.-Colonels, 550 Statesmen,
200 Brig-Generals, 250 Other Officers, 130 Divines,
275 Colonels, 75 Navy Officers, 125 Authors,
40 Artists, 125 Stage, 50 Prominent Women,
3,000 Copies of Works of Art,

including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp. An order for One Dozen PICTURES from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of $1 80, and sent by mail FREE.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their orders.

☞ Soldiers' Pocket Albums for 18 pictures, 75 cents.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

FRANCIS & LOUTREL,

45 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,

STATIONERS, STEAM PRINTERS,

AND

BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

Supply everything in their line at lowest prices. Every kind of Writing Paper, Account Books, Fancy and Staple Stationery, Diaries for 1866, Expense Books, etc. Orders solicited.

ICE PITCHERS! ICE PITCHERS!

At this season of the year nothing adds more to one's comfort than to drink freely of the contents of our new pattern richly double-plated

ICE PITCHERS,

Which are for sale at the well-known stand, 4 and 6 BURLING SLIP, by

LUCIUS HART & CO.

ONE PRICE ONLY.

Writing Paper cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Envelopes cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Blank Books cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Memorandum Books cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Pens and Pencils cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Pocket-Books cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Portfolios cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Cash Boxes cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Stationers' Tinware cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Account Books cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.
Black, Blue, and Red Ink cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau St.
Arnold & Boss's Fluid cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau St.
Scrap Books cheap at LEACH'S, 86 Nassau Street.

SCHOOL FURNITURE!

Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Settees

IN EVERY STYLE,

MANUFACTURED BY

ROBERT PATON,

24 GROVE STREET, NEW YORK.

FINKLE & LYON'S

IMPROVED

LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

AGENTS WANTED. 538 Broadway, N. Y.

GARDEN & CEMETERY ADORNMENTS.

FOUNTAINS, VASES, ETC., ETC.

SUMMER HOUSES,

ARBORS, CHAIRS, SETTEES, ETC.

Wire Trellises and Arches

FOR VINES, FLOWERS, ETC.

IRON FURNITURE,

Bedsteads of every description

For Dwellings, Public Institutions, Hospitals, Prisons, etc.

Patent Spring Beds, Mattresses, etc.

STABLE FIXTURES,

Hay Racks, Mangers, Stall Divisions, etc.

IRON RAILING,

For enclosing Cemetery Plots, Offices, Dwellings, Public Squares, etc.

Having purchased the business of the New York Wire Railing Company, HUTCHINSON & WICKERSHAM late Agents, we are now the exclusive Owners and Manufacturers of

Patent Wire Railing & Farm Fencing, Window Guards, etc.,

And we offer to the public the largest variety of ORNAMENTAL IRON GOODS to be found in the United States.

Particular attention given to Export trade.

CHASE & CO.,

Warerooms 524 Broadway,

OPPOSITE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

ARTICLES

THAT EVERY

HOUSEKEEPER SHOULD USE,

AND EVERY

GROCER SHOULD SELL!

Designed for the best Family Trade—celebrated for good weight and uniform quality. Have always taken the highest Prize at the State Exhibitions.

PYLE'S O. K. SOAP,

An effectual labor-saving and economic Soap, that only needs a trial to be appreciated. Wonderful success has attended its introduction. All classes of society approve it, and the sale is rapidly increasing. Being made from clean stock it serves both for Laundry and Toilet use. Send to your grocer and give it a trial.

PYLE'S BLUING POWDER,

A new article designed for the Household Laundry, which imparts that peculiar Pearly Whiteness to Laces, Linens, and Muslins so much desired by the ladies, and which makes this article an especial favorite. The Powder, also, makes a splendid Blue Writing Ink; thus the ladies can give delicacy to the appearance of their correspondence as well as to their linens. A trial will manifest its usefulness. See that your grocer procures it for you.

PYLE'S SALÆRATUS,

CREAM TARTAR, AND BAKING SODA,

Have gained a reputation for purity, good weight, and uniformity, that renders further recommendation unnecessary. Those who have never used them, and yet prefer the best articles of the kind that can be found, have only to call upon the grocer for those bearing the name of JAMES PYLE, and judge of the economy of their use.

Sold by grocers generally.

JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer,

350, 352, 354, 356 Washington Street, and 204 Franklin Street. Postal address, 350 Washington Street, cor. Franklin, New York.

CARTER, KIRTLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers and Jobbers of

C L O T H I N G,

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The Nation.

VOL. 1.—NO. 2. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1865. $3 PER ANNUM.

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The Week.

MRS. COBDEN'S refusal to accept the pension of £1,500 which was tendered her by Government, has been made the occasion of a virulent attack by *The Owl* upon Mr. Bright. That gentleman, as the intimate friend of the departed statesman, was assumed to have instigated his widow to an act intended to be spiteful. The fact is shown to have been that Mrs. Cobden acted without consulting other than her own good sense, and declined the bounty because she did not need it.

FROM the various orders of the military authorities throughout the South concerning the freedmen, a glimpse is given of local progress and local necessities, which may be profitably compared. At Lynchburg, Va., Gen. Maitland is concerned for the reunion of families, and the support of the infirm by their natural protectors either on the same plantation or on another. Such support must be provided for by employers who are responsible for the separation. He also enforces the giving of just certificates of character to laborers who wish to remove to their families, and punishes the refusal to hire because such certificate is withheld from white or black. At Richmond, Assistant Commissioner Brown, of the Freedmen's Bureau, appoints a Superintendent for the city and county, whose business it shall be to take a census of the colored people in his district, to protect them in their rights, inform them of their responsibilities, and encourage them in industry and frugality. At Charleston, Gen. Hatch announces that all contracts made under his authority are valid only for the present season; forbids any laborer to be bound to work out his indebtedness; and excludes from all contracts the words "freed by the acts of the military forces of the United States," and all phraseology which implies a doubt of the legality or permanence of emancipation. At Savannah, Gen. Woodford provides the blacks with the same facilities for education as the whites, to wit, one primary and two grammar schools. Though private schools thus become unnecessary or less necessary, they will not be interfered with. Tuition in the public schools is made absolutely free. At Augusta, Ga., General Superintendent Bryant arranges for the making and approval of equitable contracts, fixes the rates of hire and times of payment, and promises redress of injuries with punishment of idleness. Gen. Howard has signified his disapproval of the scale of wages, and prefers that there shall be none. Independent, voluntary engagements should be favored and rendered obligatory when made. At Shreveport, La., Gen. Herron, acting temporarily in the place of the Bureau, constrains the freedmen to remain with their masters and gather the crops, to abide rigidly at their homes, and to quit them only when furnished with passes. The planters on their part are exhorted to treat their laborers fairly and to enter into definite contracts with them. Gen. Granger proclaims at Galveston the freedom of the slaves in Texas, involving "an absolute equality of personal rights and rights of property" between them and their former masters. They are counselled to remain where they are as hired laborers, and the usual warning is uttered against idleness or congregating at military posts.

THE landlords and peasantry of the great estates in Russia have come to a final settlement. Of nearly ten million peasants, half remain provisionally in their old relations, and half are freed outright. Half the latter, again, have become proprietors of their lands, largely by the aid of the Government. Hereafter there will be no "attachment to the soil" in the slavish sense, but a proper disposition to abide will be strengthened in proportion as the restraints upon locomotion are removed.

THE Duke of Wellington's letter to his tenantry is a remarkable episode in English politics, the abuse of power on the part of the landlords being unhappily as regular as the return of the elections. He writes to every man of his dependents:

"DEAR SIR: I think it right to explain clearly to you my feelings regarding the exercise of your vote. It is a trust imposed upon you for the advantage of the country, and the responsibility for the proper exercise of it rests on yourself alone. It is placed by the country in your hands, not in mine, and I beg you distinctly to understand that no one has any authority for stating that I wish to bias you in favor of any candidate. I am yours, etc., WELLINGTON."

THE report of the committee appointed by the rebel Congress to investigate the treatment and exchange of prisoners of war, has been published without the evidence. It is, on its face, a feeble document. Its denial of the charges of the Sanitary Commission lacks the warmth and positiveness of outraged character. It accuses, according to the French rule, by excusing the Confederate authorities; brings forward the prison regulations as a proof that they were observed; and, for the rest, retorts chiefly "You're another!" to the indictment from the Federal Government. No apology is ventured for the horrible and unnecessary exposure of the prisoners at Andersonville, the Charleston race-course, and Salisbury, still marked with the burrowing of shelterless, weather-wasted men, and on the barren Belle Isle. The committee childishly protest against the damning photographs which require no oaths or affidavits, and class them with the illustrations of yellow-covered novels and other sensational literature. But they frankly confess and justify the mine under the Libby. And so, hugging this infamy like an only babe to its breast, the Confederacy goes up to the bar of history.

BY his will the late Admiral Du Pont has devoted his prize-money, $175,000, to the founding of an asylum at Washington for the orphan children of sailors and soldiers. This last act is in keeping with the whole life of the man. He never forgot in his own ease the hardships of those who served under him, nor magnified his own office to the disparagement of their patriotic performance of duty. The wealth which accrued to him from their endeavors he refunds as if it were not altogether his. It is his testimony to the truth that, in the glory of every achievement, those who execute have claims as valid as those who plan.

AT the illuminations in London to celebrate the peace of Amiens, some sixty-odd years ago, the unlettered crowd of Britons assembled

before the house of the French Minister were guilty of a curious misapprehension. With more or less sincerity, M. Otto had traced in fiery letters the appropriate motto CONCORD, which, to be sure, as between England and France, was not destined to survive much longer than the candles themselves. The peace being one, as Sheridan said, of which everybody was glad and nobody proud, the word was mistaken for another of similar sound but somewhat different orthography; and the mob would not rest until CONQUERED was replaced by AMITY. We hope no such ill-luck attended the display of good feeling at the South during the recent national festivities. If the identical blunder was repeated, the poor whites could at least plead greater ignorance of the alphabet and a closer adherence to the facts.

A GOOD illustration of the way in which the work of "criticism" is done by gentlemen who have to do it in a hurry, and are not over scrupulous, was afforded in a "notice" of THE NATION which appeared in the *New York Times* on Friday last. The public is there gravely informed "that full seven pages of our first number are devoted to the question of negro enfranchisement, included in which is the speech of Mr. R. H. Dana, recently delivered in Boston." "The speech of Mr. R. H. Dana, recently delivered in Boston," is neither more nor less than a letter written several weeks ago by Mr. George P. Marsh, in Italy, on the question of State Sovereignty. There is not one word about "negro enfranchisement" in it. Another New York journal, the *Citizen*, declares that "the long art criticism" in the same number of THE NATION—"is verbose and heavy, and devoted to extravagant praise of Bierstadt's theatrical landscape." Of four columns, there is one devoted to Mr. Bierstadt's landscapes, and every line of it contains severe censure. For getting at the real truth about things—what a Frenchman would call *la vérité vraie*—there is nothing like reading carefully a "light," "spicy" newspaper.

WENDELL PHILLIPS writes to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, expressing his fear that by December the revolted States will have reorganized under the President's scheme of reconstruction, and that their members will present themselves for admission to the House before the election of a speaker, and be admitted by the clerk. We think this not unlikely, but we must confess we do not see what great harm they can do if they are admitted. It is not in Congress their powers of mischief are to be feared, but in their local legislatures. They are hardly likely to have their own way in Washington now when they were unable to have it in 1859. They would act there in the presence of a powerful Northern majority, and although they might say a great many disagreeable things, they could scarcely trouble our peace. The great question, it seems to us, is how to keep them out of the State legislatures, but this still remains to be solved.

IT was not the fault of the negro altogether that he appeared very prominent in the celebrations of the Fourth. Gen. Banks at one end, and ex-Gov. Hahn at the other, with Winter Davis and Gen. Brisbane between, were sure of making him conspicuous if they set their hearts upon it; and so they did. New Orleans, Washington, Chicago, and Louisville were treated to orations on the franchise in black hands—Mr. Davis's being "eloquent," Gen. Banks's "one of the most eloquent ever made in Louisiana," and his audience "immense and enthusiastic." The celebration in the Crescent City terminated with a picturesque torchlight procession of the freedmen, while a review of the colored troops in Louisville brought out vast crowds of the kindred population. At the Capital, the National Colored Monument Association drew together a large, but most orderly and respectable assemblage on the grounds adjacent to the Treasury. Senator Wilson, in his address to them, warned the South that her black code and black laws, and all she had done to hold men in slavery, were abolished with the institution itself; moreover, that he had prepared a bill to introduce on the first day of the next Congress, for the personal liberty of every freeman on the continent.

GEN. HOWARD was the orator at Gettysburg, on the 4th, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the soldiers' monument. He alluded with feeling to the fact that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Everett, who had stood on the same spot in November, 1863, were now numbered with the host of the departed. Still another reminiscence was suggested by a letter from President Johnson, which could not but be compared with the short speech of his predecessor. It is no disparagement to the written to say that it was inferior to the spoken word, which we are not likely to see matched in this generation. Mr. Johnson referred again to the emancipation which had befallen "the thousands of whites as well as blacks," and which ought not to be overlooked. He, also, would do well to remember that these emancipated whites include the lately dominant aristocracy as well as the poorer classes, and that there can be no perfect freedom for any one who has the liberty to oppress his neighbor.

THE bloody deed of the 14th of April has been expiated, after the lapse of almost three whole months. Public opinion rests satisfied with the finding of the Court, satisfied with its verdict, and satisfied with the execution of four of the conspirators in assassination. The last two stages followed so closely upon each other that there was no time to excite a false compassion for Mrs. Surratt, or create a popular pressure to save her from the gallows. There are those who regard the hanging of any human being as an indecent spectacle, revolting to the humanity of the age; there are others who are especially shocked when a woman is suspended. The general feeling is, that the sex of the criminal does not qualify the character of the crime *in foro conscientiæ*, or in amenability to the laws; and that it is less repulsive to see a woman strangled where a man would be, than for her to have participated in the most atrocious murder of our time. For the rest, there is not a nation in Christendom that can throw stones at us for this business. The trial was prolonged, if not beyond necessity, at least beyond the requirements of justice, and every reasonable facility was afforded the defence. The public mind had grown calm and dispassionate in the interval, and the patience which has endured the tedious process of the Court is a guaranty of the absence of vindictiveness in sanctioning the usual penalties. A new culprit comes to the bar ere long, but whether on the ground of treason or of instigating assassination is yet a secret. The greater includes the less. Though a trial to determine if Jefferson Davis be a traitor would be superfluous, it would be worth half a year of inquiry. It is important to decide that there have been traitors these past four years, in order that we may know them or be rid of them hereafter.

MR. DE SAUTY turns up again. It was supposed that he and the flow of the electric current, in the Atlantic cable, waned and ceased together seven years ago. How he disappeared, and whither, was a mystery to the public. They had taken heart from his telegrams, while the communication lasted; in fact, except that he vouched for it, men would have sworn there had been no communication, and many did thus stoutly affirm, as it was. The unbelievers triumphed when De Sauty was silent, and, from denying that any message had crossed the wires, came to doubting the existence of the operator himself. But he is still alive, or, at least, has been galvanized back to life, and has charge of the electrical condition of the new chain that is to bind the continents. This, if no untoward accident has happened, is already slowly uncoiling in mid-ocean from the tanks of the *Great Eastern*, from whose deck the latitude and longitude of the huge vessel are made known in London morning and evening. Before the expiration of a fortnight, we shall learn the result of the mighty submarine experiment. We hope that the cheery song of De Sauty redivivus will wax into a crescendo that shall deafen the ear of scepticism, and that the vexed problem of the earth's girdle will be for ever put to rest. Already the confident directors of the telegraph company have fixed their tariff of charges. Twenty pounds for twenty words are the rate of this new ocean postage, including address and signature. Neither the commercial nor the reading community will relish this price for what on land is so reasonable a luxury; but neither, we opine, would prefer to be without a telegraph, nor can the inexpediency of the imposition be demonstrated, at least as yet. The directors meanwhile promise to lay more cables as rapidly as the success of the first will warrant. There is one point to which the attention of both nations ought to be called, and that is the

value of a daily exchange of news from responsible sources. Abroad there is no system that corresponds precisely to the American Associated Press, and yet, in spite of much that is frivolous and false in its despatches, the utility of this combination is established. We earnestly urge the setting aside of a part of each day for the exclusive transmission of trustworthy intelligence from both sides of the Atlantic—as far as possible, facts, not surmises; events, not probabilities. The charges for this should be reasonable, and not, as now, beyond the means of most of the public journals, or all combined. A column of telegraphic despatches to one of our dailies is reckoned, by the present scale, at $9,000, which even a king might find a dainty dish for his breakfast-table.

THE ministers from the Executive Council of Canada have had a conference with her Majesty's Government. They met with sympathy in all their projects—of confederation, the defence of the provinces against the neighboring Republic, the renewal of a reciprocity treaty, and a settlement of land-claims with the Hudson's Bay Company. The first was recognized on both sides as the most important, and in general the initiative was left to the colonies.

ONE sign of the revolution just achieved at the South, is the voice of the colored people in that section, which now for the first time makes itself audible to the nation. Much has been done to inspire the negro with a sense of his manhood since the day when John Quincy Adams was nearly expelled from Congress for inquiring what would be the action of the House on a petition purporting to come from slaves. Certain colored citizens of Georgia have forwarded to Senator Sumner an admirably worded petition to the President, which avers that they are loyal, have always been and always will remain so, and asks, to make their loyalty most effective, permission to exercise the right of suffrage. Gen. Saxton attests the genuineness of the three hundred signatures, and the worth of many of the signers. He of course favors their appeal, and denies that their votes would ever be thrown on the side opposed to freedom. From Vicksburg we hear of a colored protest against the appointment of Judge Sharkey as Governor, and a "clamor" for the right of suffrage. On the second of August the colored people of Virginia meet by delegates at Alexandria to consider their condition and prospects, and devise the means of future welfare.

THE President has appointed a Governor for South Carolina—not Benjamin F. Butler, as many had hoped in times past, but Benjamin F. Perry, of whom it is at least to be said that fewer imputations have been cast upon his loyalty than upon that of most of his fellow-appointees. The first of August is yet distant, and there is a chance for Florida before that date. Her case attended to, the list will be completed, and the President's policy be fully on trial. It will be interesting to learn the number of Mr. Perry's constituents in a State whose population is more than one half black, while the remainder were certainly not compelled to secede.

KENTUCKY politics hinge upon the question of ratifying the Constitional Amendment, which abolishes slavery. Practically the nation regards the strife of the two parties there as the backwoodsman did the tussle of his wife and bruin—indifferent which gets the better of it next autumn. For it is certain that the fate of slavery does not depend on the issue of any election, except in regard to time. Nevertheless, it were well the job were done quickly, so that it may be well done, and there are plenty of shrewd Kentuckians, oftener far politicians than philanthropists, who are of this opinion. Such are Gov. Bramlette, ex-Gov. Magoffin, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, and many others. The first named has taken the stump, the second written a letter, and the third is daily printing very earnest articles in favor of Kentucky's coming to her senses and abandoning her idle efforts to preserve a disintegrating system. The value of the canvass to the people of the State cannot be computed, for free discussion is a novelty whose charm is not likely to wear off. It is instructive, too, to read arguments for the Amendment based on the pressing need of retaining the colored laberers, who are rapidly getting demoralized by those who know how to cast doubts on the reality of emancipation, so that many have abandoned the State and more are preparing to follow. This means agricultural ruin, and the very best Fugitive Law is now seen to be that which removes the negro's temptation to flee from home, and kinsmen, and employment, by giving him the liberty to go if he pleases, and making it for his advantage to stay.

THERE is hope for John C. Breckinridge. He asserts that "there can be no lasting peace founded upon cruelty and oppression,"—reason enough for the irrepressible conflict, and proof that slavery began the war.

THE freedman's bulletin for the past week compares favorably on the whole with that of the preceding. One must except with emphasis the riots at Norfolk and Portsmouth, attendant upon and subsequent to the elections—first-fruits of the civil régime. In these the colored man suffered shockingly. Even in Richmond there have been some outrages. Elsewhere in Virginia, in the neighborhood of Gordonsville, we are told the crops are bountiful, but doomed to waste for want of hands to gather them. The war has spared the soil its products, but drained it of its cultivators. At Arlington, the Freedman's Village has become self-sustaining, pays its own house-rents, and draws no longer on Government for food, or raiment, or fuel. In Washington there appears an institution for the education of colored youth, incorporated March 3, 1863, of which Rev. William H. Channing is president, and Francis George Shaw, of New York, treasurer, with a highly respectable board of trustees. It is designed as an academy of the higher class for both sexes, and has a foundation in land of some $20,000 and a few thousand in money. More funds will, of course, be required, though at present no definite plan has been resolved upon. General Howard's agents in Florida report that no clear understanding of the new order of things exists among the inhabitants, though few are unable to see that slavery is no more, or disposed to make trouble over its corpse. A corresponding uncertainty pervades the treatment of the blacks, who in some quarters make engagements with their late masters, in others are tasked and whipped by them with old-time brutality. A change is visible, however, in the severity and frequency of punishments. There are sufficient laborers for the harvests. In the interior of Alabama the freedmen are said to be quiet and disposed to be industrious, in some instances under contracts. An account of what the freedmen have done for themselves at Helena, Ark., as lease-holders and hired laborers under Government superintendence, is full of encouragement. They have been thrifty and prosperous. Their brethren on the confiscated plantations leased to Northern capitalists have not fared so well under the temporary system devised by General Banks for the lower Mississippi, yet the balance is in their favor.

IT is still disputed whether the Russian plague be contagious or not, but there is no room to doubt that it is spreading westward with even fearful rapidity. Warnings have reached the State Department from our Ministers and Consuls abroad, and circulars been addressed in consequence to our municipal authorities, which we hope will be heeded. Arrivals from Russian and Turkish ports ought to be rigidly inspected, and without due precaution we may import our aforetime destroyer, the cholera, which is sufficiently prevalent in Egypt to put Italy on her guard.

SCARCELY had the statue of Dante been erected in Florence when his bones were discovered and set up at Ravenna. The skeleton, which has remained concealed for nearly two hundred years, lacks but few bones of being complete. The height of the poet as deduced from its measurement is put at one metre seventy centimetres, or something under five feet six. His monument would seem to be his rightful sarcophagus.

ITALY has promptly removed the restrictions upon American war-vessels in her ports, and calls to mind, in order to renew them, her expressions of friendliness for this country during the struggle from which we have emerged. The Confederates, who are mentioned as "separatists," are promised a different reception.

Much credit belongs to the French for inventions which, it they come to naught, tickle the world with promises that delight for the hour. The most recent instance in point is the infernal machine of Toulon. According to an enthusiastic speaker in the *Corps Législatif*, this extraordinary torpedo was not only adequate to blowing up a fleet of iron-clads, but to destroying whole regiments when employed in the army by a small platoon of cavalry. The Government Commissioner, next day, very quietly declared that the invention was far from new—a water-tight cask worked by electrical wires—had been extensively used in America, and was now undergoing experiments in England. He did not believe it would supersede the necessity of dock-yards.

It is one thing to correspond with the *World*, and another to correspond with the truth. Thus, one who writes to that paper from Charleston romances in this fashion :

"Amongst them [the emancipated blacks of South Carolina] were sent the cold-blooded fanatics of New England, teaching them the most incendiary doctrines, and urging upon them, as their highest duty, to take the lives and possess themselves of the property of their late masters. . . . . To cap the climax, bodies of half-disciplined negro troops are now being dispatched to the various court-house towns of the State to spread discontent and trouble amongst the freedmen everywhere. . . . . If the presence of garrisons in interior towns be deemed necessary for the preservation of the national authority (though no such necessity really exists), let white troops by all means be sent there, and not a murmur will be heard; but to station regiments of these freedmen, who have little of the true soldier about them, save the arms and the uniform, in the midst of unarmed communities, is to jeopardize most shamefully and needlessly the lives of thousands."

There is no better disciplined regiment in the United States' service than the 55th (colored) Massachusetts, to which the writer doubtless alludes as having been divided among the towns in the interior of the State. An officer of that regiment testifies as follows :

"The planters where our colored troops have been say they prefer them to our white ones, *as they find the freedmen are more contented*, and perfectly willing to do and obey what our officers may tell them. At Summerville, S. C., where our regiment was encamped for a short time, the mayor and several of the leading men of the place tried to induce Gen. Hatch to allow us to remain, when they heard that the regiment was ordered away."

The letter of a distinguished publicist which we present elsewhere is worthy of attention. It shows, in opposition to certain calculations which have appeared in the daily press, that in estimating the loss sustained by the South on account of the rebellion, the marketable value of her late chattels is not to be reckoned. It is only where the negroes have perished, and deprived the community of so much labor, that loss has resulted.

That was a ruddy picture which Gen. Sherman painted of himself the other day in Cincinnati—"a little red-headed boy, running about in Lancaster, stealing cherries." In the same speech he declared that in the very hotel where he was then responding to an evening serenade, Gen. Grant and he had met more than a year ago, and "laid down the maps and studied out the campaigns which ended this war."

"Our Washington Correspondent" has long had a habit of concocting accounts of interviews between distinguished people in that city, in which he gives the smart and sharp things they said to one another, word for word, and describes with the most delightful accuracy their appearance when they said them. The gentleman who discharges the duties of this high office for the *World* gave a thrilling verbatim report, a year or two ago, of a fearful "scene" between Mr. Seward and the French ambassador, which, owing to the absence of that ambassador from the United States when it occurred, did not meet with the attention it deserved. The *Cincinnati Enquirer* has now been trying its hand in the same branch of art, and has got "a friend" at Washington to describe with minuteness an angry controversy between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sumner. We need hardly say that he represents Mr. Johnson as having conducted himself on that occasion like a bad-tempered omnibus driver, and Mr. Sumner like a born fool. The privilege enjoyed by the American public in having a band of faithful and imaginative eavesdroppers to wait upon its public men when they visit each other, and put billingsgate into their mouths, can hardly be too highly valued.

The Franco-Austrian Empire of Mexico has survived a year. Maximilian has celebrated, with "balls, illuminations, and other rejoicings," the anniversary of his landing. He has signalized the occasion still further by issuing a manifesto on the subject of education, which he wishes to be popular and compulsory, religious instruction being committed to the priests. He will find business enough for his schools if he throws them open to the rebels, who are flocking to him across the Rio Grande. But they did not bargain to retreat from Yankee "schoolma'ams" to Mexican.

Lord Brougham expresses great annoyance at having it supposed that he is not, and has not always been, a friend of the North. All his own friends must begin to wish by this time that he took less interest in public affairs.

The rapid deterioration of thorough-bred horses in England, which of late years has excited so much comment and lamentation, will probably, since a French horse won the Derby, lead to still greater complaint and apprehension in the sporting world. Everybody seems agreed upon the cause, which is simply the practice of racing two-year-olds and exhausting their powers before maturity. It is singular that horse-racers should thus early have thrown away the only good argument they have ever offered in defence of their sports.

The military gentlemen have resumed possession of Norfolk, and the civil misrule over which Mayor Tabb presided, by the suffrages of the rebellious, has been indefinitely suspended. This first experiment in local self-government, although on a small scale, is full of instruction, and is one of the many signs which point to the inefficiency of the present mode of making a loyal and subordinate South. The oath of fealty did not prevent the loyal citizens of Norfolk from being doubly outvoted at the late municipal election, nor protect the unenfranchised blacks from wanton and deadly abuse. The triumph of the disloyal at the polls inaugurated a régime which soon grew too outrageous to be tolerated, and, thanks to the President, the Secretary of War, or whatever official is responsible for the change, there is an end of the Mayor's police. Fire-arms and deadly weapons of all kinds are forbidden to be carried in the streets, and thus one fruitful source of disorder is removed. There is still a divided jurisdiction in civil offences. The military authorities assume those cases in which either soldiers or sailors are implicated, and also those in which the testimony of colored persons is required concerning white civilians. The rest are left to the usual courts. There is a deal of significance in this apportionment. It is consistent with the practice of Government ever since the war began, so far as relates to the equal admission of colored testimony in all its military tribunals. The remarkable feature of this new order is, that it either distrusts the impartiality of the civil courts, where a black man's evidence may be either rejected or held of no account, or else implies a recognition of the old pro-slavery code as still extant and in force. Gen. Terry's order, which has not publicly been disavowed by his superiors, very distinctly announced the abrogation of that code by the death of the system which called it into being. In New Orleans and in Nashville there have been numerous instances where the civil courts have adopted this view, conformable alike to common sense and common law. Should the Government by-and-bye come to the same conclusion, as we wish it might, an interesting point would arise, which may be presented thus: each State has the right, which it duly exercises, of determining who shall be qualified witnesses in its courts of law. In Virginia, South Carolina, etc., the Government interposes to remove certain disabilities of this sort. On what ground? That they appertain to a state of society for ever abolished on this continent, as repugnant to the democratic genius of our institutions. Is the right to fix the qualifications of voters any better recognized than that to regulate the reception of testimony? Is the reason for interfering to make black men witnesses any stronger than that for interfering to make them voters?

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

HARD SWEARING AS AN INSTRUMENT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE plan of restoring and establishing the authority of the Government at the South, by means of a wholesale administration of oaths, is essentially mediæval, and relies for nearly all its efficacy on ideas and theories which have long ago lost their force. During the confusion of the war it seemed a ready way of protecting the official machinery against clog or obstruction at the hands of traitors or enemies, and, at that time, it probably did render some such service as was expected of it. As long as the Confederacy was in existence, its friends and supporters were probably generally prevented, by a sentiment of devotion to it, from offering any such outward form of adhesion to its enemies as an oath of allegiance or of abjuration. But since its extinction, since the Government of the United States has become the only one in the country, that under which every man has to live whether he likes it or not, it is safe to say that all the swearing that has been done at the South has not made any perceptible addition either to its strength or security.

How any number of people at the North, sufficient to secure the adoption of the oath of allegiance as a great instrument of public policy, ever came to think that it would, passes our comprehension. The expedient is not a novel one. It is, as we have said, mediæval in its origin, and has for five hundred years been tried steadily by all sorts of governments, corporations, and institutions as a means of keeping obnoxious or dangerous people out, or making lazy or unscrupulous people do their duty, and it has never succeeded, though it has led to a monstrous deal of perjury, and has proved a potent means of blunting the public conscience. Oaths owe nearly all their value to the depth of the impression they make on the persons who take them; but they seldom make much impression on people who take them frequently or see them taken frequently. This act, like all other acts, is robbed by familiarity and habit of whatever solemnity may under ordinary circumstances attach to it. Illustrations of this will suggest themselves by the dozen to everybody who chooses to reflect on it for a few minutes. It is found even in courts of justice very difficult to keep witnesses in mind of the awful nature of the sanction with which they clothe their statements, simply because it is a form through which they see people going every day. We may imagine, therefore, what value an oath retains in the eyes of a community where, as at present at the South, it is administered to thousands of persons every day by a power which they fear and hate, and as a condition precedent to the receipt of all sorts of favors, from a ration of Indian meal up to the rights of citizenship. We venture to assert that even in the most moral community in the world it would in a very few weeks, under such circumstances, lose all its solemnity and all its force.

But the South is not a moral community. There is probably no other in Christendom in which the most of the people are less influenced by moral and religious ideas, in which even purely utilitarian considerations have less effect upon the relations between man and man, in which the conscience has been less cultivated, or pride, passion, or prejudice less restrained. The agitation which led to the war, as well as the war itself, have furnished a thousand proofs of the depth and breadth of the gulf which has separated and still separates the slaveholders from the rest of the Christian world, in opinion, in feeling, and in practice, upon nearly all the great questions which civilized men have every day to submit to the decision of their conscience. The experience of every one of our readers who has lived at the South must supply him an abundant confirmation of this statement; Southern literature and history teem with illustrations of its truth. There are two stages of society in which an oath of allegiance might prove a powerful weapon in the hands of a government doubtful of its hold on the affections of its citizens. The one is where high culture or religious exaltation has produced great delicacy of conscience, or a very high sense of personal honor; the other is where superstition has surrounded perjury with temporal terrors, where the oath-breaker and his neighbors expect immediate chastisement to follow the commission of the offence. The South is in neither of these.

Nor is all this mere speculation. The news of every week shows that the oath does not keep any considerable number of disaffected persons away from the polls, or from any other place in which anything is to be gained by hard swearing. Moreover, all pretence of respect for it is being fast laid aside. We have commented elsewhere on the atrocious doctrine propounded by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, that an oath, which is illegally made the condition of the enjoyment of a legal right, may be taken without any violation of the moral law. When men in his position and with his training hold such opinions as this, what may we not conclude as to the state of feeling further South, amongst the real thorough-bred Southerners, in whose eyes the Yankee has long occupied the same moral position as the "giaour" in the eyes of the Turk?

It may be said that the Government has the right to impose a test of loyalty before allowing persons in the rebellious districts to enjoy the rights of citizenship, and that the oath is the simplest and easiest. We grant all this; but we are discussing the question as one of expediency. If administering oaths wholesale did really assist in placing the national authority at the South on a sure and lasting foundation, we should by all means advise its continuance. But we maintain that it does not; and that, moreover, inasmuch as it does not, although everybody is ready to take it, while making no secret of his contempt for it, the only result is to make perjury seem a venial and sometimes justifiable offence, and to exclude the conscientious portion of the rebel population, the portion which retains strong moral or religious feeling, from all influence in the local government; in other words, to hand the States over to the reckless and unscrupulous and base.

There is still another objection to it, and it is one which to all men possessed of real democratic feeling must seem a strong one, and that is, that oaths of this kind are worn-out implements, taken from the old tool-house of European despotism and oligarchy. To use them is often simply an attempt to govern by working on men's fear of everlasting damnation, and in our case they want the excuse which in other countries has so often covered them. We have at hand other means of accomplishing the same end. We have but to enforce the laws, admit the whole population to a share in the government in accordance with those principles in which we have so long gloried. We may dispense with swearing. We ought not to hold out to traitors the temptation to commit perjury, even if we gained anything by it. We can only prevent their resuming their old influence in the State governments in one way, and that is by giving those who are faithful to us the means of outvoting them. There is no loyal population in any State large enough, or nearly large enough, to exclude from the legislatures for any length of time, under the ordinary constitutional forms, those who are hostile to the national Government. They have neither the strength, nor the influence, nor, as their conduct during the war has shown, the force of character to make head against the secessionists, one month after they have lost the support of the United States troops and President Johnson's "war power."

We may as well make up our minds to this at once. We greatly fear we shall see it all only when too late. The question of admitting the negroes to vote, or, what we consider still better, of substituting some other electoral test for that of color, and of willingness to swear, is, we repeat, not a question of negro welfare simply, but of national safety. Two clumsier, more absurd, or more antiquated tests than these have seldom been invented, and the patience with which a large portion of the public sits and waits for them to solve the great problem of reconstruction, is a remarkable exhibition of fatuity.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

WHEN a steamboat becomes old, rotten, unseaworthy, and, losing the confidence of the public, is in danger of losing their patronage, it is hauled off for repairs, the painter and upholsterer are summoned, it is baptized with a new name, and in six months the public are invited to try the qualities of "the new and splendid steamer ———, etc." The thief known to the police, adopts a disguise and an alias; and both thief and steamboat proprietor find, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is a great deal in a name. This stale trick the

press of the South are repeating upon the people, with better success than it deserves. The old papers have dropped their names—and because we do not see the title, we delude ourselves with the idea that their existence is ended. Because we no longer read envenomed extracts from the *Sentinel*, and *Examiner*, and *Dispatch*, we imagine they are dead—but the truth is the newspapers of the South are unchanged, in character, in animus, in all but name. The same capitalists own them; the same proprietors manage them; the same editors write for them. It is true the published names of editor and proprietor are often new. It is true also that their columns are not filled with the same noisy but vapid denunciation of everything Northern, but this is the effect of fear.

Throughout the rebellion Richmond has been regarded as a representative of rebeldom; and the Richmond press as representative of the press of the entire Confederacy. We have made some inquiry into the present condition of that press, and we venture the assertion that there is not a "sound" newspaper among them all. There is not one of them genuinely new. Their editors may have taken the oath of allegiance. They may acquiesce in a state of things which they consider inevitable, and abstain from fighting anew the useless battle over the dead bodies of slavery and secession. But there is not a paper in Richmond which is thoroughly in favor of the new order, of liberty, union, and equality of rights. There is not one which heartily supports a restored nationality and free institutions.

We do not propose to leave this a general assertion. We will make it good by specifications. The principal papers in Richmond are the *Whig*, the *Republic*, the *Commercial Bulletin*, and the *Times*.

The *Richmond Whig* has neither changed its name nor its editor—Mr. William Ira Smith, the present proprietor, bought a half interest in it during the war, it is hinted to save himself from conscription. Two others of the firm who owned it were colonels in the rebel army. Their names no longer appear in connection with the paper, but it is more than suspected that they still possess an interest in it. Of all papers in the rebel capital, it was perhaps (if there were any difference) the least obnoxious. It was inclined to be conservative, and secured some respect from the North by its persistent opposition to the Davis administration. But it was never suspected of real unionism, or it never could have lived in Richmond. And though it acquiesces in the restoration of the national authority, and submits to the Pierpont government, it cannot be said to give a cordial support to either. It is not regarded as their organ by the loyal men of Virginia, nor does it enjoy their confidence.

The *Richmond Republic* is ostensibly a new paper. It was started very soon after the evacuation of Richmond. In its prospectus it promised great things. Securing the editorial services of the former correspondent of a Northern newspaper, the loyalists hoped to find in it the expression of their views. But its proprietors control its columns and give character to its utterances. These are the proprietors respectively of the *Richmond Examiner* and the *Richmond Dispatch*. It is in reality a resuscitated form of those defunct newspapers.

The *Commercial Bulletin* is simply Davis's old organ, the *Richmond Sentinel*, in a new name, but without a changed spirit.

The *Times* is *the* newspaper of Richmond. It has much the largest circulation. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that it equals that of all the other papers combined; this it has acquired by its audacious secessionism. Its editor is Mr. H. R. Pollard, formerly of the *Examiner*, author of a Southern "History of the War," and for a time a resident of Fort Warren. So outspoken is its secessionism that it has lately been warned by the military that its course must change or its publication stop. And such, with some exceptions, is the press, not only of Richmond, but of the whole South. We are taking great pains to put loyal men in the gubernatorial chairs. But here is a power greater than that of the government, wielded almost wholly in the interest of an aristocracy as yet far from dead.

There is nothing which is so much needed in the Southern States as a loyal, liberty-loving press, yet the South cannot, will not sustain it. In a State where the Governor declares that nineteen-twentieths of the people would be disfranchised by being required to take an oath before voting, that they have not voluntarily aided the rebellion, there is no constituency strong enough now to sustain the right kind of a newspaper. In some form or other assistance must be obtained from abroad. We commend this matter to whom it may concern in New York. In no way could they render a more substantial service to the country, than in clubbing together to furnish Northern daily papers to the city of Richmond, through some authorized agent, at the simple cost of paper, printing, and transportation, where now they can only be purchased for ten cents per copy, and are rare at that. Meanwhile, we warn the public to remember that the extracts which they constantly read from the Southern press, concerning the condition of society, and especially the conduct of the negro, are prepared for our information by the same men whose atrocious calumnies of the North did more to produce the war—whose unblushing falsehoods, during its progress, did more to prolong and embitter it, than all other influences combined.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONALITY.

The issue of the war marks an epoch by the consolidation of nationality under democratic forms. The characteristic feature of modern society, since the close of the feudal period, has been a tendency toward the national polity as the normal type of government. Following the general outline of M. Guizot—that chiefest philosopher of European society—we may divide the history of European nations into three periods—"the period of confusion," consequent upon the disintegration of the Roman empire, and the invasions and counter-invasions of barbarian tribes upon the theatre of the old civilization; "the feudal period," which furnished the first, and perhaps the only possible, nucleus of organization amid the universal chaos; and "the modern period" of national growth and coherence through organic law. The strong arm and the iron will of Charlemagne first arrested the insecurity and disorder of centuries of barbarism; and though his empire perished with him, the local authorities that he had established by grants of lands to his feudatory nobles, survived the central power, and grew into petty states—each an absolute sovereignty within itself;—the feudal lord being master over all lands, property, persons, within his domain, the arbiter of peace and war, of life and death. The feudal castle thus became the light-house of civilization amid the receding floods of barbarism, the nucleus of order in the confusion of a broken empire, the crystallizing centre of society itself. Around its base, under its protection, and through its alliances of interest, of necessity, or of ambition, society gradually grew into a power under whose weight the props that had trained it fell at length as the empire had fallen before.

In England the feudal sovereignty was ground between king and commons, as an upper and a nether millstone, till it was reduced to a malleable aristocracy. In France feudalism was absorbed in the ambitious growth of monarchy, which culminated in Louis XIV., "the supreme personification of kingly government." In him the king was the state; but with him also the absolute type of state-craft began to decline, so that, as Martin so eloquently writes, "if monarchy did not expire on the same day as the monarch, the sullen work of decomposition was never more to be arrested in its organs. We shall witness the decomposition of this vast body, until the day when veritable unity, the *sovereign nation*, breaks this worn-out shell to appear in its own essence, without figure and without symbol. In the future of society the type of government will be not sacerdotal, nor monarchical, nor aristocratic, but national."

The idea of nationality in its completeness embraces first a distinct and undivided people, having a community of language, of territory, of interest and institutions; and secondly, the combination, or the co-ordinate action, of all interests in their just proportion in the state;—external independence and internal coherence and equilibrium.

Though the Italians were one race, with one language, there was no proper nationality in Italy until the petty kingdoms that divided and oppressed her people were swallowed up in the united kingdom of Victor Emanuel. Turkey is not a nationality, but an agglomeration of many races ruled by the sword of one. And China, though her people, her soil, her language are one, is not a nationality in the contemplation of political philosophy, but a race ruled by a caste, and that of foreign origin. But where the polity is national, there no one class or interest—priestly, military, literary, monetary, numerical—has control of the supreme power, or can use the state for its exclusive benefit, but

the common-weal is the idea of the state both as to its essence and as to its functions.

In Europe this idea of a national polity is most nearly approached in the British Constitution; where, though the forms of royalty are still maintained, Parliament is omnipotent; and the voice of the Commons, swollen by the voice of popular assemblies outside of Parliament, makes the nation felt as a power, though the people are still limited in suffrage, and though land, office, and social consideration are largely monopolized by the nobility. In Germany the full realization of nationality is still hindered by vicious and cumbersome political divisions, making the states a pasture ground for petty princes; while France vibrates from the extreme of popular sovereignty to that of imperial absolutism. Nevertheless the tendency of the modern period of society with which we stand connected is toward nationalization, and against either a feudal federation or a despotic centralization.

Within this period our American institutions took their rise; and from the first they have borne the stamp of nationality. It has been forcibly said by Dr. Lieber, that "it is a fact or movement of the greatest significance in the whole history of the human race, that this great continent was colonized by European people, at a period when, in their portion of the globe, great nations had been formed, and the national polity had finally become the nominal type of government; and it is a fact equally pregnant with momentous results, that the northern portion of this hemisphere came to be colonized chiefly by men who brought along with them the seeds of self-government and a living common law, instinct with the principles of manly self-dependence and civil freedom."

Even as colonies, we began our existence as one people, having a community of interest and of destiny in the New World: we were the English nation transplanted without royalty, without aristocracy, and without a state church—even more national than the nation itself; and when common dangers arose, this sentiment of nationality drew the colonies together in one organic form—first as a political sovereignty, independent of foreign control, and next as a national unity, or a unified body politic through a national constitution displacing the confederation of States. No statesman since Hamilton and Madison has more clearly conceived the essential nationality of the American people than did President Lincoln;—nor more ably stated and defended that nationality against the self-destructive dogma of State sovereignty. This Administration has determined both the fact and the perpetuity of a nationality under democratic forms.

In his Message for 1862, he showed conclusively that "the portion of the earth's surface which is owned and inhabited by the people of the United States is adapted to be the home of one national family," and of only one; that, "physically speaking, we cannot separate; since there is no line, straight or crooked, suitable for a national boundary, upon which to divide." "Our national homestead in all its adaptations and aptitudes demands union and abhors separation."

In his first Message of 1861, he showed that historically and politically we are and must be one nation: "Much is said about the sovereignty of the States, but the word even is not in the national Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is sovereignty in the political sense of the word? Would it be far wrong to define it a political community without a political superior? Tested by this, no one of our States except Texas was a sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law. The States have their *status* in the Union, and they have no other legal *status*. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty, by conquest or purchase. The Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and, in fact, it created them as States. Originally, some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are."

This territorial, political, and historical oneness of the nation is now ratified by the blood of thousands of her sons cementing the national polity as the only government possible for the American people. The prime issue in the war was between nationality one and indivisible, and the loose and changeable federation of independent States; and this involved not simply the permanence of our national Union, but the possibility of a nationality under democratic forms. Greece, with her petty state democracies, now leagued together by dangers and now divided by jealousies, never realized a nationality. The Roman republic, centralized in the capital, and governing districts and provinces by military or proconsular power—instead of a local and elected magistracy—invited military ambition and political faction to pervert its imperial unity to the uses of a central despotism. To command Rome was like commanding Paris. The principle of local self-government, the safeguard of popular liberty, secures us against a Roman centralization; but secession was an attempt to erect local self-government into State *sovereignty* and sectional independence—thus repeating for us Grecian disintegration, and against that we have asserted and established *nationality*. Said Mr. Lincoln: "Our popular government has often been called an experiment. Two points in it our people have settled: the successful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains: its successful maintenance against a formidable internal attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and that when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take by a war."

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the decision reached by the war, that the United States are one national sovereignty under democratic forms. Our point of danger, and, as some imagined, of weakness also, was just there. We were proof against aggression, we were proof against despotism. But were we proof against disruption? We were independent, and we were republican; but were we *one*—a nation, or only a league? The determination of our nationality under democratic forms that guard with sacred jealousy personal liberty and local self-government, marks an era in political philosophy and in popular government. It has settled the permanence of the national polity—that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It has demonstrated that our institutions of local freedom are but so many roots to feed, strengthen, and uphold our common nationality, and that a nationality thus vitalized from the myriad roots of local, distributed self-government cannot be compressed into a centralized power even under the stupendous weight of war. Sovereignty without centralization, consolidation without despotism, nationality under democratic forms, this is a fact now for the first time established in the history of government. England and France looked on with amazement to see a man of the people, chosen for such a contingency, within twelve hours after the assassination of the head of the Government, stepping into the chief place of power, and speaking not of the rights and prerogatives of his office, but of his duties to the nation. At the very moment when the Emperor of France drops the sword of the usurper for the pen of the eulogist, to persuade us that "when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow," and that nations are safe and happy only when the central power is wielded by these privileged leaders, we see the principle of nationality under democratic forms asserting itself with a grandeur of military strength, a unity of political counsel, a dignity of moral power, before which the empires of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Napoleon dwindle into insignificance.

THE DISFRANCHISING POWER.

It is repeated day after day, that in urging against the admission of negroes to the franchise, those who urge it are asking President Johnson to set aside the Constitution; and it is alleged that in leaving this question to the decision of the Southern whites, he is only doing what the letter of the organic law obliges him to do, and that nobody asks him to interfere in the matter except people who deny the consti-

tution all force. We were told last week, by one of the morning papers, that "in President Johnson's opinion, as indicated by his official acts, the Federal Government has no right to prescribe the qualifications of voters in the several States. He regards that as a matter belonging to the States themselves; and if they are members of the Union (as he believes them to be) they must be allowed to exercise the rights that belong to them. Very many persons assume that, inasmuch as the doctrine of State *sovereignty*, as against the Federal Government, has been exploded by the war, the doctrine of State *rights* has been abrogated also. This is a great mistake. The war has not consolidated the national Government in any such way as to blot out the States, or impair, in any degree, those rights and powers which belong to each State under the Constitution. There are very many subjects over which State jurisdiction is perfect and complete; and it is just as important as it ever was that over those subjects that jurisdiction should be maintained. It is only where State authority comes in conflict with national authority, upon subjects committed to the latter by the Constitution, that the former must give way." And again, a day or two previously, that "we can find in the Constitution no shadow of authority for requiring any State to permit negroes to vote as a condition of remaining in the Union. Even if we should deem that measure 'essential to the public safety,' we do not see how the Federal Government could adopt it without exercising power not conferred upon it by the Constitution. Suffrage in the rebel States may and must be restricted, because men who have been rebels cannot be legal voters until they have been restored to their rights by Executive pardon. But we do not see how either the President or Congress can *enlarge* the suffrage—how they can admit new classes of voters to the ballot-box in any State. That is not one of the modes of punishing treason known to the Constitution; and if the Government may enlarge the suffrage in Georgia because it deems such a measure essential to the 'public safety,' why may it not do the same thing, on the same grounds, in Massachusetts and New York?"

Now, it may or may not be a good thing to allow negroes to vote; but its expediency or inexpediency does not in the least affect President Johnson's power in the matter. There is not a shadow of warrant for the assertion that while he has power to restrict the suffrage, he has no power to enlarge it. There is neither in the Constitution, nor in any act of Congress, a particle of authority expressly granted to him either for the enlargement or restriction of the franchise. His prohibiting persons who have taken part in the rebellion from voting rests simply on the "war power," or is, in other words, revolutionary, done in virtue of the necessity of the case, and in defence of the national existence. He has no more constitutional authority to disfranchise men for offences of which they have not been convicted before a court of justice, than to enfranchise others for services which they have never rendered; and, we may add, he has just as much authority to do the one as the other. The distinction which it is sought to create between his enfranchising and disfranchising power is purely imaginary.

Congress, in chapter 195 of 1862, fixed the punishment of persons taking part in the rebellion. It consisted in the confiscation of their property, the liberation of their slaves, and imprisonment not exceeding ten years, with a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and disqualification for office. But it is to be observed that the infliction of any of these penalties, except the liberation of their slaves, is dependent on conviction before a court of law. Disfranchisement is no doubt a consequence of the commission of treason, but only when the offence has been proved before a jury, and the sentence has been pronounced by a judge.

Therefore, when President Johnson decides who shall be allowed to vote in the disloyal States, at the election of either a convention or legislature, he does so, not in virtue of express constitutional provision, or under an act of Congress, but in the exercise of his power as commander-in-chief of the national armies. In other words, he is regulating the process of construction by martial law, which, in our opinion, he is perfectly justified in doing. But to contend that a general who, in virtue of his military authority, decides who shall not come to the polls, may not, also, in virtue of the same authority, decide who *shall* come, is absurd on its face.

For our part we should gladly see him go a little further than he has yet done, and exclude everybody from the polls who can neither read nor write, inasmuch as the voting in the South of that class of persons has already nearly ruined the country. We regard any process which arms them with their old power with the utmost apprehension.

POLITICAL CASUISTRY.

The opinion of Mr. Reverdy Johnson of Maryland concerning the moral and political obligation of the oath required of the citizens of that State, as the condition of being allowed to vote upon the constitution framed in convention, has attracted no little attention in various quarters. We ought not to be surprised at this. For the doctrine is not only in itself utterly atrocious in principle, but it becomes portentous of uncomputed evil, if viewed in its possible applications and consequences. Whether considered as an indication or an effect of a widespread demoralization of the public or, so to speak, of the political conscience, or regarded in its purely ethical relations, the enunciation of such an opinion by such a personage is an event of very grave significance.

The circumstances which occasioned the letter of Mr. Johnson were briefly as follows: The Legislature of Maryland ordered a convention of the representatives of the people to frame a new constitution for the State. This constitution when framed, as is provided in the sixth section of the law calling the convention, was "to be submitted to the legal and qualified voters of the State for their adoption or rejection." It was still further provided that it should be submitted "at such time, in such manner, and subject to such regulations as said convention might prescribe." The convention assumed to itself the right of defining who were to be considered as "legal and qualified voters," by requiring an oath in which, with other matter, there was a solemn disclaimer of having aided or sympathized with the rebellion.

The burden of Senator Johnson's letter is to show that the convention had neither authority nor discretion to prescribe any conditions of the kind, least of all conditions so grave and severe as this. His argument to this conclusion takes up nearly the whole of the letter, which purports to give his opinion upon "the constitutionality, legal and binding effect and bearing of the oath." The "constitutionality" of this oath is the only point which he condescends to argue. The "legal and binding effect," as we shall see, is disposed of with most untimely haste and with amazing recklessness of argument and truth.

Having finished his argument and accomplished his chief or sole object, he proceeds to enquire, "But is there any remedy for the wrong done and now about to be consummated?" "Cannot the Governor veto the ordinance?" To this he despairingly replies: he cannot or will not. "But cannot the courts interpose?" Alas! there is no hope from that quarter. Then follow these memorable words: "But the wrong is not without remedy. The people possess the power to reject it. *They can take the oath and vote upon the adoption or rejection of the constitution.* Because the convention transcended its power, as I am satisfied it has, that is no reason why the people should succumb; on the contrary, it should lead them to adopt the only course left to redress the wrong. The taking of the oath under such circumstances argues no willingness to surrender their rights. It is, indeed, the only way in which they can protect them; no moral injunction will be violated by such a course, because the exaction of the oath was beyond the authority of the convention, and as a law is therefore void."

This is all which is suggested concerning "the legal and binding effect and bearing of the oath." Our sole concern is with the opinion expressed or implied in these words. We do not care to discuss the question whether the author is right or wrong in the opinion given and defended so elaborately in regard to the constitutionality of requiring the oath, or any other condition. We will concede that he is right in his view of that point, for it is only on this assumption that the falsehood and evil of the remedy which he suggests can be made to appear. We do not care to imitate the method of argumentation which he adopts—to distract or confuse the minds of our readers by considering two questions when in reality there is only one before us and them.

The remedy "suggested" by Mr. Johnson is, that conceding or assuming that the law requiring the oath is a usurpation and void, the citizen may take it—and "no moral injunction will be violated by such

a course." Or in other words, it is suggested that he may swear falsely, may perjure his soul, may rightfully and innocently declare before God that which is not true. That is, because a man is unlawfully required to swear to something, therefore it is of no consequence to what he swears.

This is a fair interpretation of the remedy which Mr. Johnson suggests. It is true he is very far from using this language. He is far too wily to make the issue in a form so distinct. He phrases the alternative thus: "Because the convention transcended its power, as I am satisfied it has, that is no reason why the people should succumb." Mark the words which he employs. He does not speak of oaths, or of false swearing, or of perjury—but simply says "there is no reason why the people should succumb." He proceeds in the same strain: "On the contrary, it should lead them to adopt the only course left to redress the wrong." Not a word thus far of whether it may be lawful to do the act which he remotely "suggests," but the only question entertained is whether it is possible to assert and defend their invaded rights.

Gathering courage as he proceeds, he ventures to name the act which he has been preparing more distinctly to suggest. "*The taking the oath under such circumstances* argues"—what? No criminal indifference to right doing—no insensibility to commonly acknowledged obligations? Not in the least. This consideration it is not yet time to touch: "but no willingness to surrender their rights." How such a question could come up, except very indirectly, it is not easy to imagine.

But our skilful advocate still will have it that the only question at issue for these distinguished citizens of Maryland is not whether they shall do right, but whether they shall surrender "a right" or "rights," for he adds, "It is indeed the only way to protect them." Having said this, there appears to dawn upon his mind the possible suggestion that "moral" considerations may be involved—that the question may be one of duty and conscience and truth, as well as of expediency and of the surrendering of rights. That suggestion is responded to by a passing homage—by a phrase interposed in the middle of the sentence thus: "*And no moral injunction will be violated by such a course*, because the exaction of the oath was beyond the authority of the convention, and as a law is therefore void." Having delivered himself of this part of a sentence, which is all the recognition which he gives to the rightfulness of the procedure, he seems in haste to have done with this very disagreeable and inconvenient side of the subject, signs himself "with regard, your obedient servant," seals his letter in haste, as we can very easily believe, posts it without delay, and, as it is not uncharitable to suppose, tries to dismiss it from his thoughts.

A special pleader might reply, that Mr. Johnson in no way advises the voters of Maryland to take the oath if they could not honestly swear it truly; that he simply "suggests" that those who can swear to its import with a safe conscience, should waive their protest against the imposition of any oath, and thus reclaim their rights. But if this were his meaning, he should and would have said this precisely. That this was not his meaning, and that his language will not bear this construction, is evident from what he says and from what he "suggests." He says explicitly, "The people possess the power to reject it," etc., the wrong. "They can take the oath and vote upon the adoption and rejection of the constitution." The plain import of this advice is this—the convention have endeavored wrongfully to deprive many of you of your rights by interposing an oath as the condition of your voting, viz., such an oath as many of you, as was thought, could not honestly and therefore would not willingly take. The requirements of an oath as a form which presented no difficulty as to its matter, was surely no such invasion of rights as to occasion the slightest difficulty to a practical people in times of high political excitement. Least of all, the difficulty could not be so serious as to require the dexterous advice of an eminent political casuist to relieve.

That this was not his meaning is obvious still further from the fact that he is very distinctly aware, more so than he likes to think very long upon, that there are "moral injunctions" to be considered, to remove which he writes a long letter. The circumstance that these moral considerations are treated and disposed of under another title, "the recovery and defence of rights," illustrates the skilful sophistry of the adviser, but does not in the least obscure the meaning and import of the advice which he "suggests." We must confess that the real doctrine of the author is so covertly phrased, and the argument is so daintily handled, that we are at a loss to decide which is the most offensive, the advice which is given or the manner in which it is suggested and enforced. But the doctrine of Mr. Johnson, when expressed in brave and honest English, is this—it being assumed that "the exaction of the oath was beyond the authority of the convention, and as a law is therefore void:" "no moral injunction will be violated" if all the otherwise legal and qualified voters of Maryland should take the oath—whether they can swear to its matter truly or not. The oath is an imposition, the law is a nullity—therefore to obey the one by taking the other by all the people, *i. e.*, the voters of Maryland, is not only not morally wrong, but under the circumstances becomes a sacred duty as the only practicable method of defending their rights. The convention wrongs me, therefore I may wrong my own soul. The exaction of the oath is unauthorized, and therefore I may call God to witness that I have not done what I know that I have done, or that I intend to avoid what I know that I intend to do!

If this reasoning is valid, it follows not only that I may take a false oath, but may commit any other act commonly called a crime, which may be essential, by the act of a usurping government, to the redress of my political wrongs or the recovery of my political rights. I may blaspheme the Creator; may commit adultery or incest or any other "abhorred deed." I may take the life of the provost marshal or the president of the usurping government, provided only that it is the sole remedy against the usurpation, or the only possible means for the recovery or defence of my rights. The end sanctifies the means. It is the old doctrine, with this difference, that it is not "*in gloriam Dei majorem*," but it is simply for the recovery of the rights of a "legal and qualified voter" of the State of Maryland.

But is there no shadow of truth in the doctrine which all right-minded men must instinctively reject? How was it possible that such advice should be given or received? These questions it is always wise in such cases to ask. There is a great principle in political ethics of which Mr. Johnson has availed himself, and has dexterously turned to his ends—whether consciously or unconsciously, it is no concern of ours to decide. Every sophism is the caricature of a valid argument. Every false maxim is the distortion of some sound principle. The axiom which in the present instance is caricatured and turned to the most dangerous use, is the generally received doctrine that a *usurping* government, so long as the government is not yet established *de facto*, cannot hold the conscience of the citizen or subject to obedience. So long as the protest of non-compliance is likely to be of any advantage, or open resistance may be attended with any prospect of success, the conscience is not only released from obedience, but it may justify open revolt and resistance. If, however, the government is fully established and becomes the government *de facto*, then it binds the conscience *de jure* to peaceable conformity, and to entire abstinence even from all revolutionary agitation. If such a government, or one whose authority has never been questioned, commits usurpation in a single unlawful or unconstitutional act, and the conscience is offended, the subject may disobey, but must suffer the loss or penalty which that disobedience involves.

These are all the cases supposable of rightful resistance to a usurping government. None of these justify in the least the inference drawn by Mr. Johnson, that against a government which usurps authority by requiring an unlawful oath, the citizen may take the oath to a falsehood or with a mental reservation, least of all when the oath is prescribed for the very purpose of making an appeal to the conscience, under sanctions the most solemn conceivable. The universal practice of imposing such oaths in times of change and agitation, as a security against any possible evasion, conclusively proves that the oath is supposed to bind all who take it to the faithful assertion of what is true in fact and the honest avowal of what is purposed in intention. The circumstance that the government is regarded and detested as a usurper has never before been held by any casuist to release from the extra-political obligation to swear to the truth, which is absolute and beyond all release or modification.

Whewell, in his "Elements of Morality," divides oaths into two

classes—"oaths of testimony or assertion, and oaths of promise or engagement for the future." Oaths of assertion impose the duty of "entire sincerity in asserting, without reserve, equivocation, or straining of the truth." Oaths of promise are "inconsistent with a contemplation of the cases of exception, as prominent or frequent." "A person cannot, without the guilt of perjury, take an oath to administer the laws faithfully and justly, if he believe that to administer the laws faithfully will be to commit habitual injustice. A subject cannot swear allegiance to the reigning sovereign if he not only believe him to be a usurper, but if he also be ready to join in a scheme for opposing him if a favorable occasion should arise." "Besides the general moral engagements contained in oaths of office, such oaths often include some specification of a particular subject with a prescribed course of action relative to it." "If a man has entered upon an office engaging himself to a certain course of conduct, and afterwards thinks such conduct wrong, he is bound by justice and truth to give up his office, and cannot honestly pursue any other course. The oath of office is the expression of a contract between the body and the individual. If he breaks the contract, and keeps his share of the advantage which it gave, he is guilty of fraud and falsehood, aggravated by perjury." That most liberal of all casuists, St. Alphonsus Maria de Ligorio, in his "Moral Theology," finds a few cases in which it is lawful for a person to use equivocation in taking an oath when not lawfully administered; but these are always when the person is brought into court as a respondent or witness. He does not contemplate the case as possible or even conceivable that a man should rush before a magistrate and volunteer to take an oath unlawfully prescribed as a means of defending his political rights. Even Bresenbaum himself, of whom it has been said that if a man desired to commit any crime whatever, he could find some pretext, excuse, or authority for it in his two folio volumes of convenient casuistry, does not suggest the advice of Senator Johnson.

Against the enormity of this doctrine, the whole army of political and religious non-jurors in all ages unite in a protest of scorn and horror. They were men who disdained to take the oath of allegiance to the government which they abhorred, and would scorn still more the convenient and detestable casuistry which would teach that it is lawful to take the oath to a falsehood in order to further their political supremacy, or to defeat the designs of a dominant political party.

We cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to the practical demoralization in respect to all political duties and relations which has been at once the cause and the consequent of the late rebellion. A young lieutenant, who had served in the United States Navy, had committed himself to the cause of the insurgents before resigning his commission. Landing at Boston, he was on his way to the South when he was intercepted at New York and brought to the Navy Yard. It was very early in the war, when neither the malignity of the South nor the authority of the lawful Government had as yet been distinctly revealed or asserted. He entreated that he might be allowed to go Southward, as other officers in his condition had done, and affirmed on his honor as a gentleman and an officer that he would make no revelations whatever to the detriment of the Government or the advantage of the rebels. He was ready to take any oath to confirm his word. A veteran commodore, touching the shoulder-strap which he still dared to wear, quietly observed, "You have broken one oath already." The lieutenant was too young in years and too much of a novice in crime not to blush under the deserved reproof.

It was only by the discipline of years that the Southern people were schooled into a practical rejection of their moral obligation to the national Government. It was only by the reiteration by political leaders and spiritual guides of the words "usurpation, tyranny, breach of contract, disregard of Southern rights, violation of the Constitution," etc., that they were ready to break old oaths and to swear new ones to State sovereignty and the inalienable right of secession.

If now the doctrine of Mr. Johnson is received, that usurpation or unlawfulness on the part of the Government, in whole or in part, releases the citizen not only *from* the common obligation and import of the oath, but *to* the commission of what, under other circumstances, would be rank perjury concerning truth of fact and honesty of intention,—if this doctrine is even generally suggested and not disowned, the national Government will do well for a time to dispense with all oaths and all projects of amnesty and reconstruction till the felt necessity of order, protection, and civil liberty shall invest the Government itself with the attribute of sacredness, and render the oath of allegiance too sacred to be a vulgar tool of party warfare.

Correspondence.

THE LOSSES OF THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In calculating the severe losses which "the South" has sustained during the rebellion, it is an almost universal error to include the enfranchisement of the slaves. Four millions of slaves have been or will be liberated; each slave was worth so much before the rebellion; therefore we are told "the South" has lost so many millions of capital. A greater mistake cannot be committed. It is intrinsically the same error, although its application is the reverse, which was committed at the time when the Southern journals and speakers were bent on proving the superior wealth possessed by the South compared to that distributed over the North. The whole slave population was valued at the market price, and thus entered as an item of Southern wealth. The writer of these few lines, then living at the South, endeavored in vain to convince his friends that either they must leave out the slave population as an item of Southern wealth, or else they must value the corresponding free laborers at the North, according to their productive power and skill, and enter them as an item of Northern wealth.

The "loss of the South" took place when capital was invested in the first negroes; that is, money paid for the immigration of productive labor, which the North obtained gratis by the immigration of free white labor. In both portions there was an abundance of land; labor and stock were necessary to make it productive. The South required capital to buy horses, mules, and negroes; the North stood in need of capital to buy the same stock, minus the negro. Here the emigrant offered himself and worked for wages.

In the reverse case—the emancipation of the slave—how does the South lose the value of the slaves? Had we extirpated the whole colored population, then, indeed, the whole capital would have been lost; but why was the field hand worth $500, or a good black worth $1,000 or $1,500? Simply because his productive labor was worth so much. Economically speaking, there is nothing worth any money in a slave, except his productive labor, and this productive labor is not destroyed. Those two arms which wielded the hoe are as live after President Lincoln's proclamation as before. The name of the owner of the living reaping or sowing machine has changed, but the machine is there uninjured. How then can "the South" be said to have lost the whole slave capital? What is "the South?" A community; and the source of wealth, consisting in the productive capacity of the colored population, remains in that community as much so as the productive labor of the serfs remained in Russia after their emancipation by the present Emperor. There were many persons who decried Russian emancipation, but not a single one ever maintained that Russia impoverished herself, in freeing the millions of serfs, by the whole amount of the value of all the serfs. Did the whole of Europe impoverish herself by the abolition of serfdom in the Middle Ages and in modern times? Serfdom, or something much resembling it, existed in Mecklenburg, one of the most productive portions of Germany, down to comparatively recent times, but Mecklenburg, so far from becoming poorer by complete emancipation, has greatly profited by it.

It is not the intention to enter here into the questions, whether the negro, being freed, will labor as much as in slavery; or whether the transition period will not of itself create great loss; or whether individual planters will not be injured. This would require a discussion far beyond the limits of this article, which may be concluded with the simple remark, that whichever way the answers to these questions would turn out, one truth is above all others: political economy, however important, is not the only or the most important of things. Economy alone does not save empires, or raise them. Ruinous slavery was to be abolished, and must be abolished, all wincing of single planters or the trade at large to the contrary notwithstanding.

F. L.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

Senator Sherman, in a recent speech, alluded somewhat indistinctly to one or two probable, or perhaps we should rather say possible, consequences of the national debt, which are worthy of more attention than they have received. There is very little doubt that the effect upon society in this country of the means which it supplies of making sure investments will, in the

course of a generation, should the members of the *Herald's* "Roll of Honor" not have paid it off by that time, be very marked.

The difficulty with which, as every observer of American society knows, large or even small fortunes are kept together for any great length of time in the hands of one family, is usually ascribed to the influence of our laws of descent and distribution, or of the democratic atmosphere in which everybody lives upon the minds of testators. The fact is, however, that the liberty of bequest is as great in England as it is here, and the power of entail in many of the States—that of New York for one—is almost as great.

In England the law of primogeniture, which is popularly supposed to be the foundation on which the aristocracy rests, in reality only operates in case of intestacy. In the absence of a family settlement, a testator might cut his estate up into as many parts as he had children. What really gives the eldest son the preference in the transmission of landed property, is not the law, but the feeling of the class. Almost every marriage settlement entails the estate strictly on the eldest son to be born of the union, and when he comes of age he almost invariably joins his father in executing another entail, handing it down to his own eldest son, and so on from generation to generation, the younger children acquiescing in the arrangement with a cheerfulness which is a wonderful illustration of the strength of aristocratic feeling, and the solid satisfaction which people bred in an aristocratic society take in belonging to a great house.

There is nothing in the law to prevent a man desirous of "founding a family" here from doing the same thing. The obstacles to it are to be found not in the statutes but in the public sentiment, which would visit anything of the kind with reprobation, and in the feeling of the children, who would consider any such display of preference for the eldest son a piece of injustice to themselves. The cases in which a man dies intestate, and leaves it to the law to distribute his estate, are too few in number to exercise much influence on the general distribution of property. Nor can the facility and rapidity with which the accumulations of one generation are usually scattered in the next, be ascribed altogether to the practice of dividing fortunes among one's children. This practice prevails in many countries, Holland and France for instance, without causing them to pass out of the hands of the families. There are various ways well known to lovers of money of keeping a fortune amongst persons of the same blood, for many generations in succession, without marking out any one individual for an undue share of it, such as intermarriage, business partnerships, etc. In Holland and in Switzerland large properties have in this way been transmitted in the same line for two or three hundred years without much, if any diminution, often with considerable increase.

In the United States, however, the cases, as everybody knows, are rare in which the grandson of a wealthy man is found in possession of much of the ancestral fortune. The largest properties are generally dissipated inside fifty years, leaving the descendants of those who built them up to begin life as they did, and go through the tug and struggle over again. How few families who in any of the States were rich at the beginning of the present century can now show much evidence of their former splendor! In fact, there are probably more vicissitudes of fortune crowded into half a century in the history of any prominent American family, than into that of any great house in Europe in a century and a half.

Now there is very little question that though much of this is doubtless due to the practice, enforced by public opinion as well as by family feeling, of dividing properties on the death of the owners, a still larger portion of it is due to the uncertain and precarious character of the modes of investment to which executors, administrators, and heirs have hitherto been compelled to resort. Not only does it require great skill and shrewdness, greater than most men possess, to invest money in such a way as to secure any return, but even in such a way as to prevent total loss. This is a difficulty which is of course encountered in every country; but there is in this country an additional and very formidable difficulty created by the rapidity of its growth, the sudden and wonderful changes which take place in the distribution of population, in the nature and location of particular branches of industry, and of the great seats of commerce. Many of the great seaports of thirty or forty years ago are now well-nigh deserted. Regions that at the same period were wholly agricultural are now wholly manufacturing; places that then were forest-covered are now the sites of great cities; lines of travel then much frequented are now totally abandoned; inventions that were then very valuable have since been superseded by others and are now worthless. And this process is constantly going on all over the Union. Even in the same city the value of property in particular quarters changes greatly inside ten or even five years. Capital, too, deserts one locality to settle in another, as it is attracted by the discovery of peculiar natural advantages.

The effect of these changes on investments could be readily imagined, even if it were not seen. Investments which to-day seem most prudent and fortunate, may turn out in ten years fatal mistakes, owing to causes which the shrewdest calculator could neither foresee nor provide against. And this is a danger against which no provisions, however stringent, in a will can furnish any adequate precaution; for unless money can be invested in landed estates rented to farmers, or in government stocks, as in England, much must be left to the judgment of trustees, or even, if nothing is left to their judgment, much must be left to the course of events.

Our national debt, if it remains in existence long enough, will furnish a means of investment which will not be affected either by the fluctuations in the value of property or in the course of trade, let them be ever so violent. The interest on it will be paid in coin, no matter what convulsions may occur in the commercial world or what changes may occur in the distribution of population or capital. So that a family which was determined to keep what it had got, and was not anxious to get more, would find in it an easy means of transmitting a large estate from generation to generation with little or no risk, trouble, or anxiety.

Some of the consequences of this might be very important, socially if not politically. It might create and perpetuate a class, possessing secured wealth and fixed social tastes and habits, which would gradually grow in influence and size as the wealth of the country increased by gathering to itself the sons of all the "new men," and might at last form in each State a sort of aristocracy. Whether such a class could under our institutions secure any political influence is doubtful; but that it would secure a large amount of social influence there is little question; and though in many ways class feeling is highly objectionable, there are some ways in which a class of this kind would render considerable service to American society. It would create and keep up a more correct taste in art and literature by giving large numbers of educated persons time and means for its cultivation; and it would communicate greater fixity to habits, modes of thought, and social usages, by transmitting them from generation to generation.

But to calculate all the consequences that might flow from its existence would force us on a wider field of speculation than we have time or space to enter upon. The subject is an interesting one, and well worthy of discussion.

THE PARADISE OF MEDIOCRITIES.

THE wits of every age complain of the mediocrity of their times—and always with good reason. It is the vice of France and the Imperial court not less than of England and her aristocracy. What dull mediocrity rules at Berlin, Dresden, and Munich! The progress of civilization seems, indeed, to tend to develop that special combination of defects and of virtues which results in mediocrity, as it certainly tends to promote equality of condition, and to give to the average and undistinguished individual an importance and a position because of his worth as one of the species, utterly without reference to his personal merit. Nowhere is mediocrity more successful, however, than in America; and were it the fashion to erect temples, after the Roman manner, to personified qualities, the shrines erected by her grateful votaries to the goddess *Mediocritas* would be not less numerous than those of *Fortuna Virilis* or *Conservatrix*. Mediocrity has, no doubt, a good side. It would not be hard to show its advantages. But on a large scale it is bad, and has bad results. It leads in England, for example, to the vice of vices—snobbery. It shows itself here in a low standard of taste, of morals, and of intellectual performance. It leads to shallowness of thought and life, to want of thoroughness in work, to a content with the second-rate, destructive alike of high ambition and of purity of conscience.

It is hard to say it—but there are very few first-rate things in America, and scarcely any first-rate work done here. This is the land of promise; but the phrase becomes ironical when we draw the contrast between the mediocrity that marks the present stage of our national development in so many fields and that superiority to which we look forward, and in which we believe as the genuine and inevitable result of the unimpeded development of democratic society and institutions.

It is a slow process to educate a nation. The good Bostonian who when he dies goes to Paris, will be surprised to find how long he had been contented with the commonplace and dull excellence of the great-hearted little city. But dullness is far more tolerable than shallowness; and shallowness in thought, certainly, and in expression is the marked characteristic of our society. To be agreeably frivolous, to be shallow without emptiness, to have a light touch, is no doubt one of the fine social arts. But there are other arts of society which are unknown, or at least unpractised, here; and to understand their charm and refining influences, one must seek them abroad. Is it that our women are without the ambition to hold a salon? or our men

without sense and spirit? Or is not rather that both the men and the women who, by fortune, by position, by opportunity, might do something to rescue society in our cities from its present base condition, are without that cultivation, do not possess that breeding, which would put them at ease with themselves, and raise them out of the expanding circle of the mediocrities?

So, too, in our scholarship and literature. Three or four years ago, in a number of one of our leading reviews, there were notices of some thirty recently published books. In seventeen of these notices, the epithet "profound" was applied to the work under review. To a reader of judgment, it was plain that this was merely evidence of the shallowness of the books and the shallowness of the critic. There are a few good scholars in America; there are two or three hundred men whose scholarship is of second-rate quality—neither thorough nor extensive—but who have credit for more learning than they possess. Every year the low standard of learning among us is shown by the publication of crude speculations, of second-hand ideas, of cheap acquisitions, which are sure to pass muster with the majority of our self-constituted and half-educated critics. It is our misfortune to have no body of educated men competent to pass correct judgment, and forming a court of final appeal in matters of learning; not an academy, not an organized body, but a scattered band of men of learning and cultivated critics who would leaven the whole mass of popular ignorance. Criticism as a fine art has indeed hardly been practised among us, and yet there is no country where genuine criticism would be of more use, or is more needed. We are quick to learn, we are willing to be instructed, we desire to know. There is little of the slowness or cramp of the Old World in our veins. Our public is neither *bourgeois* nor *philistine*. But alas! shallow critics match shallow authors and shallow scholars, and men who know little are flattered and misled by men who know still less.

Or take our artists. Out of a hundred painters of landscape, who has studied nature so as to paint her in truth? Our pictures, even the best of them, are pretty ornaments for the parlor, or decorations for the dining-room, and not much more. In our exhibitions, how many pieces are there that show either mastery in technical execution, or the deeper power of imagination, or even much sincere and simple feeling? Is it in vain that we ask for better things?

In all branches of work, except in some of the mechanical and manufacturing arts, the same want of thoroughness, the same second-rateness, are obvious. How few of our buildings, for instance, are good either in design or construction? From one end of the United States to the other, we look in vain for specimens of noble building. There are many costly structures, many splendid and showy private houses and public edifices—not one grand piece of architecture, not one work which exhibits the higher moods of a great nation, conscious of its force, desirous to give expression to its sense of its own perpetuity, and to bequeath to future generations the inspiring evidences of its magnanimous designs and successful achievements. We build for the present only, not for the future, and our work has no value as the symbol of our better thoughts, or as a token of our forecasting imagination. We are contented, or if not contented, at least we put up with mediocrity in this as in other things.

New York has, indeed, within the few last years shown the capacity to accomplish works against which no charge of inferiority, want of thoroughness, or want of accomplished skill can be brought, and in so doing has done a service to the whole nation which goes far to redeem the disgrace she has brought on republican institutions by her miserable failure in self-government. The Croton Water Works, the Central Park, the new building for the Academy of Design, are each in its way worthy of any community, and satisfactory examples of thorough and beautiful work. Each is not only the expression of the large and generous spirit of the people, but also of the fidelity and competence of the agents whom it has employed. The Water Works and the Park are truly popular works, such as are befitting and honorable to an enlightened people. They suit the spirit of the times, and are monuments of our modern civilization. They are as characteristic of our age as the cathedrals were of the centuries in which they rose. "There is as much conscience in the making of one of our roads," said Mr. Olmsted, the architect of the Park, "as there ever was in the building of a cathedral."

Such works as these are full of promise. They are not mere offsets to the prevalent vulgarities of "shoddyism," and to the showy pretences of fashionable mediocrity, but they are among the most effective instructors of the public. They educate taste and feeling; they create a demand for similar work, and set a model for future emulation.

But, serviceable as they may be in this way, the instruction they convey is of small moment and amount compared with the lessons on thoroughness which the whole nation has been receiving during the last four years of war. We began war thinking it might be carried on with the same carelessness as the works of peace. It was a costly and terrible mistake, out of which we have been drilled by defeat, disappointment, and debt. At length we have learned the meaning of *thorough* in war. The lesson will not be wholly forgotten in peace.

Much of the want of thoroughness and the shallowness of thought and work which have been and still are characteristic of the prevalence of mediocrity among us, is due to certain general conditions of our society, and to a temporary but, for the time general, tendency of our institutions. It is to be accounted for in great measure by our newness, by the largeness of the country, and the opportunities and temptations it holds out to rapidity and carelessness of performance. We have had too much work to do in a given time to do it well. We are still in the era of rail fences. Our cities have grown so fast that we have had no time to build them for posterity. We have built cabins of brick, and marble, and granite. We have no right to expect on this continent of day before yesterday the finished solidity of the results of two or three thousand years of civilization. The land of railroads, common schools, and an instructed democracy must for a time be, by the mere force of things, the happy home of flourishing mediocrity. Railroads and common schools are enemies of all feeble originalities. Where education and property are universally diffused, where there is no hereditary lower class, there must be a larger proportion of intelligent mediocrities than in any other country. The average man in America is not up to an appreciation of the best things; he does not want them; but he does want better things than the average man in any other country, and he has an appreciation of good things which is constantly becoming keener.

But though all this is true, and explains in great part the defects which are so conspicuous in our thoughts and life, yet it does not cover the whole ground. Our democracy is not to end in the development of a grand community of mediocrities. This is but its first stage. It is already entering on its second. A nation of mediocrities will not long remain so. A nation where men start on a level, where "every man has a right to be equal with every other man," where every man has "a chance," is not likely to remain for ever the "Paradise of Mediocrities."

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

ONE of the finest possible illustrations of American profuseness has been the liberal endowment during the recent war of the higher institutions of learning. We do not know the whole amount of such contributions, but every statement we have seen regarding them has fallen short of what we know to be the truth. If great emergencies reveal the character of nations as well as of individuals, our reputation as a people for liberality may be regarded as established. Free institutions have not been upheld in this time of conflict by our arms alone. Patriotic men, who could not go with our armies to the fight, have been toiling at home to plant, to build, and to adorn those establishments of learning and education which, in every free country, are the permanent centres of light and influence.

Of all these recent munificent gifts, the most princely is that of Ezra Cornell, a citizen of Ithaca, who has offered to the State of New York more than half a million dollars, and about two hundred acres of land, to aid in the establishment of a university. Such generosity in the lifetime of the giver is almost unexampled. It surpasses the bequests of Astor and Smithson, and if it falls below the endowment of Girard, the terms of the gift are wiser and more liberal.

Happily the only conditions imposed by Mr. Cornell are such as the State can well accede to. Indeed, they are already accepted. It was the requirement of the generous donor that the income from the public lands appropriated to New York by act of Congress for the maintenance of scientific schools, should all be bestowed on an institution to be located in Ithaca, which should also be the recipient of the Cornell gift. These terms have been deliberately considered and approved by the Legislature of the State, a charter has been granted, the trustees are appointed, and already we hear of enquiries which are making and of plans which are forming for the new University of the Empire State.

This great benefaction has fallen into the lap of the commonwealth almost unheeded. In the hour of national triumph, a foundation full of promise for generations yet to come, has been laid as quietly as if a bank had been chartered, or the Metropolitan Washing-house had been specially incorporated. We trust that our educated men will watch the structure which is about to be built up on this liberal basis, removing what is ill advised, and strengthening what is well contrived, by all the influence which it is legitimate to exert.

As a contribution to the discussions which this new enterprise is likely

to call out, we lay before our readers an outline of what has now occurred.

Congress, by an act approved in July, 1862, appropriated to every State in the Union a large amount of the public domain, to be devoted to the maintenance of schools of theoretical and practical science. The terms of the bill are vague and comprehensive enough to permit the establishment in every State of such a school or college as will best meet the wants of that particular community, and best fit in with the existing systems of public instruction. The amount of land bestowed on each State is proportioned to the number of its representatives and senators in Congress—thirty thousand acres for every delegate. Thus Connecticut, having four representatives and two senators, receives six times thirty thousand acres. The New York delegation, senators included, numbers thirty-three members, and the State is consequently entitled to nine hundred and ninety thousand acres of land. The scrip for this land must be sold, and the proceeds securely invested, as the capital of the school or schools which may be founded. No portion of principal or income can be expended for buildings. The leading object of the foundation is declared to be "to provide instruction in such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts;" but lest this should seem to be too restricted a course, it is expressly provided that other scientific and classical studies shall not necessarily be excluded. Indeed, the schools may teach whatever will promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life.

In each State special legislation is necessary, of course, for the acceptance of the trust. In Massachusetts the fund was divided between the Institute of Technology, established in Boston, and an agricultural school to be opened in Amherst. Rhode Island gave her fund to Brown University. Connecticut appropriated hers to the Sheffield Scientific School, connected with Yale College. Rutgers College was the recipient of the New Jersey portion. In New York the problem was complicated. It is our misfortune or good fortune to have in this State about a score of colleges and incipient universities. The tradition is that, in the early days of the State, some one travelled through it with a classical dictionary in his hand, and gave a classical name to every region which he found nameless. Whether the seeds of liberal culture were thus sown or not, every thriving town in the interior either has a college or expects to have one at an early day. Consequently, when it was evident that the Legislature would have the appropriation of a million of dollars, received from the public lands, every institution *in esse* or *in posse* was ready for its share. Two institutions, the People's College in Havana and the Agricultural College at Ovid, made special claim to the bounty of the State, for the object of their foundation was said to be identical with the purpose of the grant from Congress. The appropriation was made in 1863 to the school at Ovid, but eager as it was to receive the grant, it was not strong enough to comply with the conditions, and, consequently, after two years' delay, no progress was made in the establishment of the new industrial college. The State was thus seriously embarrassed.

Just here came forward Mr. Cornell. He was known to be a man of enlightened views, unquestioned integrity, and most ample resources. He offered his half million dollars and his two hundred acres of land to the State if the proposed school should be located in Ithaca. The Assembly deliberated. Fortunately the chairman of the Committee on Education in the Senate, before which the business came, was a man wise in suggestions as skilful in negotiations, Senator White of Onondaga. A thorough investigation was made, all parties concerned were heard, there were rogues to be thwarted and honest men to be convinced—but at length a conclusion was reached, the problem was solved, and the Cornell University was established at Ithaca and endowed by public and private gifts with a capital of a million and a half dollars in unencumbered and well invested property.

We will not repeat here the provisions of the bill. They are simple and judicious. A competent board of trustees has the responsibility of devising and executing the right methods of administering the trust. As yet they have not spoken to the public. It is fair to presume that they have not themselves decided the many intricate questions which the very beginning of their work involves.

The amount of money at their control seems large, but it is not adequate to the maintenance of all departments of a thorough university. We trust that no attempt will be made to cover too wide a field. Let the new establishment have a specific aim and character. In one direction let it excel. If necessary, leave other colleges to provide for other wants in the community. Let this be restricted in scope, but perfect in its operation.

We take it for granted that the ancient languages are not to be the principal means of discipline. The shade of Homer may hover with indignation over the modern Ithaca—but it will be in vain. The new university we presume will not be fettered by precedents, but will mark out for itself a new path, enlightened by the past but adapted to the present. In such a course there are great dangers, but also great advantages. The question is yet to be determined whether, in a higher seminary, the study of natural science, of modern languages, of history, and of political philosophy, may not lead to high intellectual culture, peculiarly fitted for American life.

The question often arises whether the city or the country is the place for the university. Experience shows that learning flourishes alike in the mart and in the field. In a metropolis like New York or Philadelphia or Boston, libraries and scientific collections, and art and eloquence, abound. A country town like Ithaca can offer no such attractions. But quiet hours of study and reflection, simple modes of life, the wholesome and refreshing influences of good scenery, and moderate expenses, seem to be more than a balance for the advantages of a city.

It may be intrusive for us to offer a suggestion to the managers of the new university, but we cannot refrain from doing so when we reflect how constantly in this country one error is repeated. It is not bricks and mortar, but men and books, which constitute a university. We delight in appropriate and decorated architecture. We hope the day has gone by when a row of brick factories will be deemed good enough for college buildings. But we trust that a desire for suitable edifices will not prevent the supply of higher wants. Let first-rate teachers be first secured. Let no expense be spared to secure the highest educational ability which the country will afford. Then, as the scholars assemble, as the courses and plans of the university are developed, let such buildings go up as will best provide for the wants which have been created.

When Prussia had been devastated by the Napoleon wars, Frederick William III. reinstated his capital in all its former glory, and raised it to higher renown by founding the University of Berlin. The building was a plain structure, with enough ill-ventilated lecture rooms for many hundred students. The attraction was the fame of the professors. Stein, and William von Humboldt, and Wolf, and Schleiermacher took part in the foundation, and a host of men not less distinguished have followed in their steps. We trust that at Ithaca an equally good representation of American scholarship will be found, with equally great results.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE numerous readers in America of Miss Muloch's novels and other books may feel interested in learning that their old favorite will no longer entertain them under the same name, owing to her recent marriage. Her husband is Mr. Craik, eldest son of Prof. Craik, of Queen's College, Belfast, well-known by his co-operation in the literary enterprises of Mr. Charles Knight, and his "History of English Literature," presented in such handsome style to the American public by Mr. C. Scribner. Mr. Craik is a gentleman of talent and culture, but has led a retired life, apart from general society, in consequence of being crippled by a railroad accident a few years since. He is several years younger than his bride, who is yet on the sunny side of forty, though the list of her works and the wide extent of fame she has acquired show how the labor of a life can be crowded into the space of a few years, when the will and the ability coincide.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields entitle their new and elegant complete impression of Tennyson's poems the "Farringford Edition," from the poet's home of that name in the Isle of Wight. They may now add the cabalistic letters, F.R.S., to his former title of poet-laureate, as he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the last meeting of that body, in company with a goodly band of fourteen associates, who are thus analyzed: two physicians, one mathematician, three astronomers, three natural historians, two engineers, one chemist, one geologist, one traveler (Sir L. McClintock), and one poet—the laureate. The composition of this body, which may be called the scientific parliament of England, is carefully guarded from unworthy intrusion, no persons being recommended for election unless they possess some degree of pretension, founded on the cultivation of science, that adapts them for the honor. It would be interesting to know in what branch of philosophical enquiry the tastes of Alfred Tennyson have developed themselves, but as well as we remember, his poetry affords no clue to the question. The Royal Society embraces all science within its domain. There is a fashion, however, in philosophy as well as in more frivolous things, and

its Transactions take their pervading color from the taste of the day. At one time pure mathematics were in the ascendant; to them succeeded researches in physiology and anatomy. At present the most absorbing topics are unquestionably those connected with the operations of the great cosmical agents, as light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc.—investigations that by their grandeur may well kindle and excite the imagination of the most prosaic of mortals, and add fresh fire to a poet's inspirations.

—Noble authors increase so rapidly in number that a new Horace Walpole is required to chronicle them. The last one in the field is Viscount Milton, the heir of the title and colossal fortune (embracing the domains of the Straffords and Rockinghams of old) now centred in the earldom of Fitzwilliam. The quotation about "scorning delights, and living laborious days" is, perhaps, too hackneyed for longer use, but it aptly expresses the manly vigor of purpose that led a young man thus situated to engage in the search for what is called, in the title-page of his book, "the North-West Passage by land," in reality an expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through British territory, by one of the northern passes in the Rocky Mountains, at a much higher latitude than had ever before been traversed in that region. Lord Milton's companion was a Cambridge B.A., Mr. W. B. Cheadle. The hardships suffered by them were very great, in spite of all the appliances that civilization could command in a district so desolate and untrodden. Though some stress is laid on the commercial utility of the discovery, it is probably most memorable as solving a problem in physical geography and bringing out prominently the good qualities of "pluck" and endurance, the common property of the Anglo-Saxon race. The narrative of the expedition forms a handsome volume, well illustrated with sketches and maps of the route.

—The great event of the present season, in London, to book collectors is undoubtedly the sale of the library of Mr. George Offor—as that of the dramatic and literary collections of Mr. Daniel was of the previous year. Mr. Offor was famous in England and America for the extent and variety of his collection of rare and curious editions of the Bible in all languages, but principally of the English versions from the days of Tyndale and Coverdale downward. The entire sale comprises nearly four thousand lots, and will occupy eleven days in their disposal; of this number twelve hundred lots relate alone to the Bible. They form an assemblage perfectly unique, embracing undescribed or little known editions of the Bibles of Cranmer, Coverdale, Mathewes, etc., the Testaments of Tyndale, Geneva, etc., and hundreds of similar black-letter relics that testify to the untiring energy of the early Reformers, while their scarcity proves how sharply the contest was maintained by the dominant Church party, who sought to destroy every vestige that told of free enquiry while they had the power to do so. It is well known that the vote of one executor only prevented the sale in one lot of Mr. Daniel's library to a wealthy and spirited American amateur, at an expense considerably exceeding (in the existing state of the currency) one hundred thousand dollars. It is equally certain that many of Mr. Offor's choicest treasures are destined to find a resting-place in the United States. Recently Dr. Henry Cotton, the accomplished bibliographer, speaks, in one of his works, of "the steady and strong tide which is fast carrying many of our rarest and most curious books to the western shores of the Atlantic, and depositing them at New York and Boston." This tide is now flowing more vigorously than ever, and Biblical collectors, as Mr. Lenox, of New York, and Mr. Geo. Livermore, of Boston, are pretty certain to avail themselves of so rare an opportunity. Another *specialité* of Mr. Offor's was the Works of John Bunyan. No less than five hundred and sixteen lots of editions of his writings, or books illustrative of them, occur on the catalogue. Among them is Bunyan's own Bible, given to his son Joseph, and another book with his autograph, written during his unlettered days, in primitive fashion—"John Bunyan is Boock." Mr. Offor was the editor of the best edition of Bunyan's works, and had made a diligent use of these rare volumes. Another unique book is the study and pulpit Bible of the famous Nonconformist divine, Richard Baxter, with autographic memoranda and list of the births and deaths of his family. The catalogue, made out with great care, forms an attractive book of over three hundred pages. The sale is now progressing, and we shall give the prices brought by some of the rarer articles in a future number.

—The literature of the rebellion in England culminates, and in all probability ends, in "Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison," a narrative recently published, to which the indefatigable George A. Sala, moved apparently by motives of gallantry, contributes an introduction. He entreats the public favor for her as "a warm-hearted, impulsive, and brave woman of the South," who dashed into the field, maddened by the wrongs and cruelties inflicted on her people, etc., etc. Though sufficiently bitter against the North, Miss B. B. (or Mrs. Hardinge) is hardly so foolish as her advocate, and confesses that both her deeds and her sufferings have been overrated. Her heroic career began with shooting a Federal soldier who had insulted her mother, a story that, *if true* (for particulars are carefully avoided), was a strange act for a sensitive, refined girl at the age of seventeen. Her principal achievement after this was the conveyance of contraband information to Stonewall Jackson on a critical occasion that enabled him to surprise the United States troops in the Shenandoah Valley. The account of the Belle's imprisonment in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington affords unwilling testimony to the clemency exercised by the Government in its dealings with one who gloried in the functions of a spy. Scarcely a grain of historical truth can be winnowed from the heap of ill-tempered and untrustworthy gossip of which the work consists. It is valueless except as a means of practising on the credulity of John Bull, and is not worth a reprint.

—The genius of M. Doré, the French artist, is now fully appreciated in England, where the impression from the original wood-cuts of his illustrated edition of Don Quixote, issued in monthly numbers, has met with immense success, and we believe counts a very large number of subscribers in the United States. Though the acquaintance with Spanish life, scenery, costume, manners, etc., displayed in these illustrations is something wonderful, the conception of the hero is unsatisfactory, and few will rank the "Don Quichotte" highest among M. Doré's productions. We are glad to see that an edition of his far superior "Dante" illustrations, accompanied by Cary's translation of the "Divina Commedia," is announced in London by the same publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., who are stimulated to the effort by the extensive patronage awarded to the Don Quixote. Though still a very young man (born in 1833), M. Doré has displayed already a fertility of invention and execution such as the world has never before seen, and in fact such as it is difficult for the mind to comprehend. In an essay on his characteristics as an author written by a friend and fellow painter, Mr. Hamerton, last year, the number of his published designs was estimated at more than *forty thousand*, and these, many of them, among the largest and most elaborate drawings ever made for book illustrations. His easel pictures are also numerous. M. Doré is now engaged in illustrating the Bible for a publishing firm who intend to excel in its production every previous embellished book.

—The earliest of our private printing associations, "The Bradford Club," has just brought out, in limited number for its members only, a volume that should possess special attractions for every Knickerbocker. It is "Anthology of New Netherland, or Translations from the Early Dutch Poets of New York (Steendam, Selyns, De Sille), with Memoirs of their Lives, by Henry C. Murphy." How completely the memory of these classics of a country "that knew of none" had faded away from the recollection of their ungrateful posterity, it is needless to say. To the researches of Mr. Murphy, our best scholar in all that relates to the literature of Holland, while Minister at the Hague their rehabilitation is due; and their second lease of fame bids fair to be more lasting than the first. The Bradford Club have in hand, we learn, a work that will be a proper tribute to the worthy from whom they derive their name—William Bradford, the first printer of the Province of New York. It is a catalogue *raisonné* of all the known productions of his press yet extant, with fac-similes, and got up in a manner worthy of the subject and its undertakers.

—Though something more than a mere literary man, Sir Joseph Paxton had sufficient connection with books to insure a place for the record of his recent death among the losses sustained by literature, art, and science. He was physically and mentally a fine specimen of the working classes from whence he rose, and, as far as their peculiar attribute of labor is concerned, to which he continued to belong during his busy and well occupied life. When working as laborer for a few shillings a week in the Horticultural Society's Gardens at Chiswick, his intelligence and civility attracted the notice of the Duke of Devonshire, who appointed him head gardener at Chatsworth. Here he gradually succeeded to the stewardship and entire management of the Duke's large Derbyshire estates. The exigencies of the ducal conservatories finally led to the erection of the great iron and glass structure for the accommodation of the "Victoria Regia" that gave the hint for Paxton's design for the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and ensured its reception and the consequent rejection of 233 other plans. He was knighted after this great success, practised as an architect, and sat in Parliament as member for Coventry, still continuing his honorable connection with the Duke of Devonshire, who presented him shortly before his own death with a life policy for £20,000. His "Magazine of Botany" in 15 volumes, and "Flower Garden," are among the most beautiful illustrated works of the kind, and his other contributions to the literature of his favorite science were numerous

and valuable. Sir J. Paxton was born in 1803, and died on the 8th of June last.

—The obituary of the month includes also the name of another man of science intimately connected with the annals of Polar exploration, whose theatre has been this continent. Sir John Richardson commenced his career as a surgeon in the navy. The spirit and energy displayed by him when in the service pointed him out as a proper companion for Sir John Franklin, whom he accompanied in two Arctic expeditions; and he subsequently undertook the charge of one of the parties despatched in the vain search for traces of his former comrade, spending altogether seven years in these regions. Few accounts of human endurance equal in interest Sir J. Richardson's narrative of the sufferings sustained by himself and companions from the failure of the means of sustenance during his first overland journey. The striking account he gives of the shooting of the Indian guide who had played them false, and was only waiting the gradual exhaustion of the survivors to appropriate to himself their property, etc., is a situation of more than dramatic interest, simply and earnestly told, that must live in the memories of all who have once read it. Sir J. Richardson's labors, in illustration of the Polar natural history, were important. They are summed up in his large work, "Fauna Borealis Americani." Sir John married a niece of Franklin's, and died in a pleasant retirement in the Lake country, at Grassmere, after a life of energetic labor.

—Sir Lascelles Wraxall, whose death is also chronicled in June, at the age of thirty-seven, inherited the baronetcy conferred on his grandfather of memoir-writing fame with but little to support it. He commenced life in the army, but latterly took up the career of a *littérateur*, and displayed at this vocation a commendable industry in the absence of higher qualities. His books, produced within a few years, are numerous enough to fill the shelf of a circulating library; and, with the possible exception of his "Memoirs of Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark," can scarcely aspire to a more lengthened existence. The sole connection of his literary ancestor with public affairs was derived from his participation in an attempt to rescue from imprisonment this ill-fated sister of George III., and some original materials derived from this source give permanent value to the work.

—Among recently published scientific works in England is an elaborate monograph by Mr. R. A. Proctor of the planet "Saturn and its System." His attention was called to the subject by the anomalies presented by the physical conditions of that body, and after years of study and observation he propounds a hypothesis that explains more fully than any other the phenomena of its unique rings. He believes they are not continuous bodies, either solid or fluid, but a multitude of loose, disconnected secondary planets, grouped like a bead necklace round its equatorial regions, just as if we were furnished, not with one moon, but as many moons as would span the whole earth. Whether or not a scientific truth, this is a fine poetical idea, illustrating in a striking manner our conceptions of the lavish opulence of nature's plan. Mr. Proctor is of St. John's College, Cambridge, the institution which produced Mr. Adams, the co-discoverer of the planet Neptune, and famous for the eminence of its mathematicians and astronomers in a community where all are scientific.

—The interest attaching to bibliography, not in regard to the fantastic fopperies that usually pass under that name, but as a study of the sources of knowledge, is increased by the impossibility of a subject being exhausted by the labors of any one individual, and the constant opportunities afforded by its pursuit for fresh discoveries. Thus Mr. Henry G. Bohn, who probably has more active working knowledge of books than any other man alive, had published only a year or two since a bibliography of Shakespeare, in his own words, "elaborated up to an extreme point," when Mr. Thimm, an intelligent foreign bookseller of London, brings out "Shakesperiana from 1564 to 1864," which adds at least one hundred and twenty English works to Mr. Bohn's list, and nearly three hundred in the German and French departments. Mr. Thimm's book also contains interesting sketches of the progress of Shakespearian criticism in England, Germany, and France, embracing many facts new to English readers. It appears certain that even in the lifetime of Shakespeare his plays were represented in Germany by English strolling actors, and were speedily adapted to the German popular stage. Critics, however, lived in a higher sphere, and ignored the existence of these favorites of the people. Morhof, writing in 1682, said that John Dryden had written with much erudition on "Dramatica Poesi," but of Shakespeare he confesses he knows nothing. Fifty years later Bodmer, a German critic of great celebrity, was acquainted only with the name (and not rightly that) of an English poet, "Saspar" or "Sasper." Even his first translator, Wieland, pronounces his plays to be "full of chaff and empty straw." Intelligent criticism commences with Lessing and Nicolai about 1760. In France Voltaire was the first person who spoke of Shakespeare's "barbarous genius" with a warmth that offended the literary public of the day, that could bear no approach to rivalry of its established faith in Racine and Corneille. Since that time about twelve different French versions evince a more liberal estimate of literary merit.

—The new work of Mr. Grote, "Plato, and the other companions of Sokrates," proves to be a book well justifying the labor of years bestowed upon it, and second only in importance to the same writer's "History ot Greece." Though a reprint is promised, the sight of the three bulky volumes makes us fear that an American edition may be postponed till a more convenient season, when paper is cheaper and printers' wages lower than at present. The writer's purpose is to exhibit, at its full height, the activity of Greek speculative thought, as contrasting and supplementing the political and social manifestations that form the matter of history proper. Two chapters sketch the pre-Sokratic philosophy, preparatory to the full and exhaustive review and analysis of the life, writings, and opinions of Plato that form the body of the work. As Sokrates wrote nothing, it is to Plato that recourse must be had for the full scope and purpose of his philosophy, rather than to Xenophon, who, though a faithful reporter, presents us with the practical side of the sage, and "never soars high in the regions of ideality, or grasps at ethereal visions, like Plato." Another book, of which Aristotle is the hero, is promised by Mr. Grote, should his health permit its execution. He will then have accomplished the purpose he has set before him, to delineate the originality and grandeur of Greek philosophy, as exemplified in its two principal heroes, while yet it was purely Hellenic, unmixed by any amalgamation with Oriental veins of thought—"before (in the happy language of the writer) the Orontes and the Jordan had yet begun to flow westward and impart their own color to the waters of Attica and Latium."

—The reprint of Mr. Collier's "Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," alluded to last week, has been undertaken by Mr. David G. Francis, of 506 Broadway, who is now receiving the names of subscribers to the limited edition that he purposes to issue. The work will be executed at the Cambridge Riverside Press, forming four handsome volumes of the size well known by its adoption for the standard works proceeding from the same establishment. It will not be stereotyped, and only a sufficient number will be printed to supply the probable demand. All students of Shakespeare will find in this book the fullest exhibition of the literature contemporary with the great dramatist—from whence the only satisfactory illustrations of his writings can be drawn—that has ever been brought together by unequalled opportunities for research and untiring vigor in the pursuit. It is the last and most important offering of a literary veteran in elucidation of the studies that his life has been too brief to exhaust.

—After the sale of four editions of Lord Derby's translation of "The Iliad" without alteration, he has submitted the fifth impression to revision, profiting, no doubt, by the critical opinions called forth by his work. The alterations are said to be very slight and unimportant, so that the book may now be presumed to take its permanent and acknowledged place in English literature. Its reception in the United States has been so cordial that we understand an edition in the popular "blue and gold," or small pocket size, is in preparation by the American publisher, in addition to the handsome library copy already issued.

FORSYTH'S CICERO.*

In these volumes, which are elegantly reprinted from the London edition, Mr. Forsyth, well known as author of "Hortensius," "Napoleon at St. Helena and Sir Hudson Lowe," "History of Trial by Jury," presents a new biography of Cicero, not only as an orator and politician, but as a private man, speaking and acting like other men in the ordinary affairs of life. The work is faithfully done according to the author's capacity. The letters of Cicero have been diligently studied, and the labors of the most recent scholars, English and German, have been carefully used. The style is easy, natural, occasionally piquant, never florid or highly adorned, but business-like rather, and with a certain raciness as of actual life which holds the attention. An extensive acquaintance with the history of legal usages enables Mr. Forsyth to explain the Roman customs in a way that makes them intelligible to the ordinary reader, and places him in the midst of the political and social world of the great city as no other writer has done. His book, however, is gravely deficient in literary art. While it is composed without affectation, it is composed entirely without elegance. There

* "Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By William Forsyth, M.A., Q.C." Two Vols. With Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

is not a flash of brilliancy in both the volumes. The writer of a biography like this may not only be permitted to indulge in an occasional play of imagination or fancy, it is expected and demanded of him that he shall light up his picture with all the glory he can legitimately command. The actual scenery of Cicero's life was attractive, often gorgeous, and it was exceedingly diversified. His working time was spent in the city of Rome; his months of leisure were passed at his different villas, which were placed amid the loveliest landscapes of Southern Italy. But we have in these pages no picture of Rome, or of any part of it, not even of the Forum or the Capitol; and the reader's fancy tries in vain to bring up any one of those delicious residences among the mountains or by the sea whose names are associated for ever with philosophy, letters, and elegant hospitality. Merivale's history is level almost to monotony. We read his calm judicial pages, thirsting as we go along for the sparkling fountain of poetic feeling. But Merivale is a splendid artist compared with Forsyth. His descriptions of Cicero's villa, overlooking the Campagna, of the retreat of Tiberius at Capri, of Cæsar's triumphal procession into Rome, would together, or even singly, make Mr. Forsyth's literary fortune. To write about a famous Italian and leave out Italy is unpardonable.

The author's legal accomplishments are a disadvantage to him as well as an advantage. He gives undue space to the law cases which Cicero undertook, and dwells with tedious and pedantic minuteness on points as little calculated to interest the reader in Mr. Forsyth as in Cicero. The "profession" crops out with a prominence that is needless, and not seldom impertinent, as when it seems to assume that none but lawyers are capable of making ethical discriminations in the simplest questions.

A graver fault than either of those we have mentioned is, in our judgment, the absence of a suitable historical background for the display of his main figure. A great historical personage should be surrounded by the historical personages and scenes whereof he made a part, if he is to be fairly seen in his just proportions. There must be something like a *mise en scène* skilfully arranged. Mr. Forsyth should have given us a condensed, but firm and vivid sketch of the Empire as it was when Cicero lived, of the men who were passing off the stage on one side and of the men who were coming on to the stage from the other. He does nothing of the kind. He is content with adverting, in a cursory way, to the passages in which his hero played a part, leaving wide spaces of the story unfilled with record or comment, so that we are obliged to take a succession of leaps from one episode to another, very disagreeably conscious that we are losing a great many things that we ought to know before we can intelligently proceed. The reader who is unfortunately ignorant of Roman history, as most readers are, will find himself in the condition of a man picking his way across a marsh, wondering how he reached his actual footing, and wondering yet more how he is to leave it for another.

In treating the character of Cicero himself, Mr. Forsyth exhibits a fairness and candor which we can hardly praise more than they deserve. He is no eulogist; he is not even an apologist. He has no passion, and probably finds it easy to hold the scales of an impartial judgment. He speaks more severely of Middleton, the fulsome panegyrist, than of Drumann or Mommsen, the steady depreciators of the man he celebrates. He has clearly studied for himself; and he judges for himself; and he would rather his readers should follow his example than accept his criticism. He dilates on Cicero's vanity—smiles at his eagerness to perpetuate the memory of his great consulship by a Greek and a Latin history, and by a poem, all from his own hand—calls attention to the absurdity of his figure, as he wanders about with his troublesome lictors, cherishing "his idle and silly dream" of a triumph he did not deserve—and laughs a little grimly at his declining the perilous embassy to Antony on the ground that his life was too precious to the state to be sacrificed. He reports some of his jokes with due apology for their worthlessness and due rebuke of their indecency. He details several cases of insincerity—amounting to dishonor and false hood—and does not spare his condemnation. He mentions the ora tor's cool proposal to deny the authorship of a speech which was making him unpopular—refers to his letter to the historian whom he pressed to write a history of the famous consulship, and to write it without regard to literal facts, but with such a latitude of panegyric as would go beyond his private estimate of the actor's merit —and narrates fairly the defence of Gabinius, in the course of which he came forward "as a witness to the character of a man whom he had branded with every term of opprobrium and contempt." He quotes with astonishment the orator's flattering letter to Appius, whom, in another letter to his friend Atticus, he had charged with every kind of outrage as a governor, with every form of vice as a man. He characterizes as "abject flattery" a short oration delivered to Cæsar, the man whom of all others he hated, and whose assassination later was a cause of rejoicing to him. He expresses manly disgust at his complimentary letter to Antony, complying with a request which, as he wrote to Atticus, "showed such disgraceful baseness on Antony's part, that he sometimes almost wished to have Cæsar back;" and he is astonished at finding Cicero on the most intimate terms with the infamous Dolabella, cracking jokes at his table, and doing his best to ingratiate himself with the victorious party of Cæsar, justifying his course at the same time by the plea that he must march with the time. He makes no attempt to extenuate Cicero's conduct in the case of *Scaptius vs. Inhabitants of Salamis*, in which case he connived at an atrocious swindle of the Salaminians, in order to gratify the "impudent request" of a personal friend. Nor does he expect us to be other than shocked that the great man should have selected as a husband for his daughter "a profligate young nobleman, one of the worst men of that bad age," who was, moreover, married when he first set his heart on him. That Cicero, seeing through Pompey, as he showed that he did at last, discovering that he was in all respects as ambitious as Cæsar himself, having full revelation of his horrible purpose to invade Italy with legions of foreign barbarians and lay it waste with fire and sword,—that Cicero, understanding this, and feeling all the atrocity of it, should still cling to his former idol, and give as a reason for his allegiance that it would be ungrateful to abandon the man who had conferred so many favors on him, strikes Mr. Forsyth, as it must strike everybody, with wonder at the great moralist who could so interpret his duty, with amazement at the patriot who could thus put his personal feeling before his country's safety, with scorn of the man whose personal honor could hesitate in such an emergency to choose between principle and prejudice.

And to counterbalance these terrible defects, as he himself diplays and pronounces them, Mr. Forsyth puts forward—what? Cicero's amiability and kindness of disposition, his conscientiousness in the discharge of the routine of his duty, his exemplary, generous, even noble conduct as quæstor in Sicily and as proconsul in Asia Minor, his courage on the occasion of the Catilinian conspiracy, and his magnificent audacity as the deliverer of the philippics against Antony. His military exploits he passes lightly over, hardly awarding to them their merited praise, under the circumstances; and his real grandeur as a man of thought scarcely attracts his attention. Surely this leaves the argument weak in favor of Cicero. And yet, our author records his judgment that "Cicero loved his country with a passionate affection;" that "he never could act boldly unless his conscience was at ease;" that "in the civil war between Cæsar and Pompey he was always haunted with the idea that he might be deciding wrong;" that "his moral instinct was too strong to allow him to resort to means of which his conscience disapproved;" that "his constant aim was to do right;" that "his standard of morality was as high as it was perhaps possible to elevate it by the mere light of nature, and to fall below that standard made him feel dissatisfied with himself and ashamed."

We submit that this verdict does not accord with the evidence as laid before us by Mr. Forsyth himself. It is very easy to say that Cicero's vanity "was after all a harmless failing;" but was it a harmless failing that kept him on two occasions from going on important embassies because in his conceit the state could not spare him? Was it a harmless failing that led him to desire that history might be falsified for the glorification of his consul ship? Was it a harmless failing that kept him dawdling about in the vain expectation of a military triumph when urgent public affairs required his attention?

"The chief fault of Cicero's moral character was a want of sincerity," says Mr. Forsyth, in a careless tone, as if he were speaking of some slight foible. But, in the course ofhis narrative, that "want of sincerity" betrays Cicero into actions which, in such a man, must be characterized as crimes and turpitudes that can neither be justified nor pardoned.

"He was one of the most forgiving of men,and it was in perfect sincerity that he uttered the noble sentiment that he was not ashamed to confess that his enmities were mortal and his friendships eternal." But that "noble sentiment" was uttered in a speech wherein he undertook to justify his unprincipled defence of Gabinius—of which speech, at that particular passage, Mr. Forsyth remarks, "Brave words, but, after all we know of the circumstances, they cannot be accepted as true." Nor must it be forgotten, in speaking of the "forgiveness," that Cicero spoke with disgusting levity of Cæsar's assassination, and prayed that the gods would damn his soul.

Cicero was a trimmer. Mr. Forsyth quotes from Macrobius the story that Laberius, a knight, when looking for a seat at the theatre, was accosted by the orator, who said, "I would take you in here if I had room," on which Laberius replied, "What! you have no room! I am surprised at that, for you commonly sit on two stools." Our author rebuts the charge of irresolu-

tion by an appeal to the decision exhibited in the contest with Catiline, and in the final struggle with Antony. But the resolution in these cases was spasmodic rather than constitutional. In the conflict with Catiline, Cicero was nerved to the utmost by personal ambition, which seized this open opportunity for aggrandizement; and in the contest with Antony he was strung up to the highest pitch by personal ambition, which could not bear to forfeit a fame so dearly won. In the first instance he had a reputation to make; in the second a reputation to save. Cicero had no steadfastness. He could not be trusted either to counsel, to lead, or to follow. The conspirators against Cæsar did not sound him, because they were not sure of him. He could not forget himself either his personal safety or his personal fame. Each party wanted him, and each party thought it could have him; but no party could hold him, for success was fluctuating, and his allegiance wavered with fortune.

As compared with other great men of his age, Cicero was certainly a man of extraordinary private virtue. He was not cruel; he was not rapacious; he was not licentious; he was not intemperate in meat and drink; he was not a tyrant in his family; he was capable of at least one constant friendship, that with Atticus. His private and domestic life are, on the whole, rather lovely to contemplate in that hideous age. But when we seek the real greatness of Cicero, we find ourselves instinctively turning away from the actor in human affairs to the thinker on themes that concern all mankind; from the vacillating politician to the patriot whose love of country was certainly purer than was common in his time; from the jealous competitor for the paltry distinctions of the Roman populace to the sage whose comprehensive mind could in the day of trouble breathe the atmosphere of serene ideas and sweep the whole horizon of speculative thought; from the vain courtier of the powerful and the base to the noble moralist whose conceptions of human dignity and duty are worthy of an advanced Christian age.

We complain of Mr. Forsyth that he does his hero less than justice by trying to vindicate him on grounds of ordinary morality, instead of throwing about his person the glory of his illuminated and illuminating mind. He rates him too high as an individual; he rates him too low as an intelligence. Merivale is more just, and more generous, too, though less indulgent. Merivale's verdict is terribly severe, but his tribute is magnificent. Cicero, he says, "is convicted from his own mouth of vanity, inconstancy, sordidness, jealousy, malice, selfishness, and timidity." "From his pages there flows an incessant stream of abuse of all the great masters of political power in his time." "He certainly left on his contemporaries an unfavorable impression of the qualities of his heart." "To the pursuit of fame he sacrificed many interests and friendships." "He had no nice sense of honor, and was controlled by no delicacy of sentiment, where public opinion was silent, or a transaction strictly private." But Merivale does not forget that Cicero is his own most cruel accuser, and has unconsciously submitted his character to a test under which none but saintly characters could stand. Those letters to Atticus, in which he speaks to his bosom friend with a frankness which few people indulge in even in their secret closets, furnish the material for his condemnation. The generous mind is half inclined to overlook faults thus disclosed. There is something mean in bringing against a man the secrets of the confessional; and while we cannot help noting the confession, we let the frankness that uttered them dim the impression they make.

And while Cicero's avowal of his moral weaknesses is a palliation of his weaknesses, it is positively and grandly to his credit that we find ourselves judging him by a higher moral standard than we apply to other distinguished men of antiquity. There is that in him that demands this at our hands. We feel after all that his was a great intellect and a great soul. We bear testimony to something lovely in his character, high in his aspiration, noble in his precept, beyond all ancient example. To use the language of Merivale, "Cicero lived and died in faith. He made converts to the belief in virtue, and had disciples in the wisdom of love." We feel no compunction in applying to the man what Quintilian says of the orator: "You may be sure that you are in the way of improvement if Cicero is your favorite."

MISS MACKENZIE.*

We have long entertained for Mr. Trollope a partiality of which we have yet been somewhat ashamed. Perhaps, indeed, we do wrong to say that we have entertained it. It has rather usurped our hospitality, and has resisted several attempts at forcible expulsion. If it remains, therefore, in however diminished vigor, we confess that it will be through our weakness.

Miss Mackenzie is a worthy gentlewoman, who, coming at the age of thirty-six into a comfortable little fortune, retires to enjoy it at a quiet watering-place, where, in the course of time, she is beset by a brace of mercenary suitors. After the lapse of a year she discovers that she holds her property by a wrongful title, and is compelled to transfer it to her cousin, a widowed baronet, with several children, who, however, gallantly repairs the injury thus judicially inflicted, by making her his wife. The work may be qualified, therefore, in strictness, as the history of the pecuniary embarrassments of a middle-aged spinster. The subject has, at least, the charm of novelty, a merit of which the author has wisely appreciated the force. We had had heroines of many kinds, maidens in their teens, yea, even in their units, and matrons in their twenties, but as yet we had had no maidens in their thirties. We, for our part, have often been called upon to protest against the inveterate and excessive immaturity of the ladies in whose fortunes we are expected to interest ourselves, and we are sincerely grateful to Mr. Trollope for having practically recognized the truth that a woman is potentially a heroine as long as she lives. To many persons a middle-aged woman in love trenches upon the ridiculous. Such persons may be assured, however, that although there is considerable talk about this passion in "Miss Mackenzie," there is very little of its substance. Mr. Trollope has evidently been conscious of the precarious nature of his heroine's dignity, and in attempting to cancel the peril to which it is exposed, he has diminished the real elements of passion. This is apt to be the case in Mr. Trollope's stories. Passion has to await the convenience of so many other claimants that in the end she is but scantily served. As for action, we all know what we are to expect of Mr. Trollope in this direction; and the admirers of "quiet novels," as they are somewhat euphuistically termed, will not be disappointed here. Miss Mackenzie loses her brother, and assumes his property: she then adopts her little niece, takes lodgings at Littlebath, returns a few visits, procures a seat at church, puts her niece at school, receives a few awkward visits from a couple of vulgar bachelors, quarrels with her pastor's wife, goes to stay with some dull old relatives, loses her money, falls out with the dull relatives, is taken up by a fashionable cousin and made to serve in a fancy fair, and finally receives and accepts an offer from another cousin. Except the acquisition and loss of her property, which events are detailed at great length, she has no adventures. Her life could not well be more peaceful. She certainly suffers and enjoys less than most women. Granting, however, that the adventures entailed upon her by her luckless £800 a year are such as may properly mark her for our observation and compensate for the lack of incidents more dramatic, Mr. Trollope may consider that he has hit the average of the experience of unmarried English ladies. It is perhaps impossible to overstate the habitual monotony of such lives; and at all events, as far as the chronicler of domestic events has courage to go in this direction, so far will a certain proportion of facts bear him out. Literally, then, Mr. Trollope accomplishes his purpose of being true to common life. But in reading his pages, we were constantly induced to ask ourselves whether he is equally true to nature; that is, whether in the midst of this multitude of real things, of uncompromisingly real circumstances, the persons put before us are equally real. Mr. Trollope has proposed to himself to describe those facts which are so close under every one's nose that no one notices them. Life is vulgar, but we know not how vulgar it is till we see it set down in his pages. It may be said therefore that the emotions which depend upon such facts as these cannot be too prosaic; that as prison discipline makes men idiots, an approach, however slight, to this kind of influence perceptibly weakens the mind. We are yet compelled to doubt whether men and women of healthy intellect take life, even in its smallest manifestation, as *stupidly* as Miss Mackenzie and her friends. Mr. Trollope has, we conceive, simply wished to interest us in ordinary mortals: it has not been his intention to introduce us to a company of imbeciles. But, seriously, we do not consider these people to be much better. Detach them from their circumstances, reduce them to their essences, and what do they amount to? They are but the halves of men and women. The accumulation of minute and felicitous circumstances which constitutes the modern novel sheds such a glamour of reality over the figures which sustain the action that we forbear to scrutinize them separately. The figures are the generals in the argument; the facts are the particulars. The persons should accordingly reflect life upon the details, and not borrow it from them. To do so is only to borrow the contagion of death. This latter part is the part they play, and with this result, as it seems to us, in "Miss Mackenzie." It is possible that this result is Mr. Trollope's misfortune rather than his fault. He has encountered it in trying to avoid an error which he doubtless considers more pernicious still, that of overcharging nature. He has doubtless done his best to give us the happy middle truth. But ah, if the truth is not so black as she is sometimes painted, neither is she so pale!

* "Miss Mackenzie. A novel. By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

We do not expect from the writers of Mr. Trollope's school (and this we esteem already a great concession) that they shall contribute to the glory of human nature; but we may at least exact that they do not wantonly detract from it. Mr. Trollope's offence is, after all, deliberate. He has deliberately selected vulgar illustrations. His choice may indeed be explained by an infirmity for which he is not responsible: we mean his lack of imagination. But when a novelist's imagination is weak, his judgment should be strong. Such was the case with Thackeray. Mr. Trollope is of course wise, in view of the infirmity in question, in devoting himself to those subjects which least expose it. He is an excellent, an admirable observer; and such an one may accomplish much. But why does he not observe great things as well as little ones? It was by doing so that Thackeray wrote "Henry Esmond." Mr. Trollope's devotion to little things, inveterate, self-sufficient as it is, begets upon the reader the very disagreeable impression that not only no imagination was required for the work before him, but that a man of imagination could not possibly have written it. This impression is fostered by many of Mr. Trollope's very excellences. A more richly-gifted writer would miss many of his small (that is, his great) effects. It must be admitted, however, that he would obtain on the other hand a number of truly great ones. Yet, as great effects are generally produced at present by small means, Mr. Trollope is master of a wide field. He deals wholly in small effects. His manner, like most of the literary manners of the day, is a small manner. And what a strange phenomenon, when we reflect upon it, is this same small manner! What an anomaly in a work of imagination is such a chapter as that in which our author describes Mrs. Tom Mackenzie's shabby dinner party. It is as well described as it possibly could be. Nothing is omitted. It is almost as good as certain similar scenes in the "Book of Snobs." It makes the reader's ear tingle and his cheeks to redden with shame. Nothing, we say, is omitted; but, alas! nothing is infused. The scene possesses no interest but such as resides in the crude facts: and as this is null, the picture is clever, it is faithful, it is even horrible, but it is not interesting. There we touch upon the difference between the great manner and the small manner; herein lies the reason why in such scenes Mr. Trollope is only *almost* as good as Thackeray. It can generally be said of this small manner that it succeeds; cleverness is certain of success; it never has the vertigo; it is only genius and folly that fail. But in what does it succeed? That is the test question: the question which it behooves us to impose now-a-days with ever growing stringency upon works of art; for it is the answer to this question that should approve or condemn them. It is small praise to say of a novelist that he succeeds in mortifying the reader. Yet Mr. Trollope is master of but two effects: he renders his reader comfortable or the reverse. As long as he restricts himself to this scale of emotion, of course he has no need of imagination, for imagination speaks to the heart. In the scene here mentioned, Mr. Trollope, as we have said, mortifies the reader; in other scenes he fosters his equanimity, and his plan, indeed, is generally to leave him in a pleasant frame of mind.

This is all very well; and we are perhaps ill advised to expect sympathy for any harsh strictures upon a writer who renders such excellent service. Let us, however, plainly disavow a harsh intention. Let us, in the interest of our argument, heartily recognize his merits. His merits, indeed! he has only too many. His manner is literally freckled with virtues. We use this term advisedly, because its virtues are all virtues of detail: the virtues of the photograph. The photograph lacks the supreme virtue of possessing a character. It is the detail alone that distinguishes one photograph from another. What but the details distinguishes one of Mr. Trollope's novels from another, and, if we may use the expression, consigns it to itself? Of course the details are charming, some of them ineffably charming. The ingenuous loves, the innocent flirtations, of Young England, have been described by Mr. Trollope in such a way as to secure him the universal public good-will; described minutely, sympathetically, accurately; if it were not that an indefinable instinct bade us to keep the word in reserve, we should say truthfully. The story of Miss Mackenzie lacks this element of vernal love-making. The most that can be said of the affairs of this lady's heart is that they are not ridiculous. They are assuredly not interesting; and they are involved in much that is absolutely repulsive. When you draw on the grand scale, a certain amount of coarseness in your lines is excusable; but when you work with such short and cautious strokes as Mr. Trollope, it behooves you, above all things, to be delicate. Still, taking the book in its best points, the development of Miss Mackenzie's affections would not, in actual life, be a phenomenon worthy of an intelligent spectator. What rights, then, accrue to it in print? Miss Mackenzie is an utterly commonplace person, and her lover is almost a fool. He is apparently unsusceptible of the smallest inspiration from the events of his life. Why should we follow the fortunes of such people? They vulgarize experience and all the other heavenly gifts. Why should we stoop to gather nettles when there are roses blooming under our hands? Why should we batten upon overcooked prose while the air is redolent with undistilled poetry? It is perhaps well that we should learn how superficial, how spiritless, how literal human feeling may become; but is a novel here our proper lesson-book? Clever novels may be manufactured of such material as this; but to outweigh a thousand merits they will have the one defect, that they are *monstrous*. They will be anomalies. Mr. Matthew Arnold, however, has recently told us that a large class of Englishmen consider it no objection to a thing that it is an anomaly. Mr. Trollope is doubtless one of the number.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.*

This publication of Praed's poetical works forms the fifth collection of them that has been made in America, and is much more complete and accurate than any of its predecessors. It is an exact reprint of the recent English edition, prepared by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, and issued under direction of the poet's daughters. A very excellent memoir is prefixed to the poems; the editor has every aid that could be rendered him by the author's surviving friends and relatives; and in these volumes Praed's claim to poetic honors is finally submitted to the world for judgment. The editor's labor has been well performed, and deficiency can be imputed to him in respect of one thing only. Necessarily an important part of his duty consisted in rejection and selection. How difficult a task this may have been we have no means of knowing, but to us it seems that if more had been rejected, even if these two volumes had been compressed into one, the ends which the editor had in view would perhaps have been more surely attained.

Much that Praed wrote was written hastily; much of it was written while he was yet very young. Of much, then, the intrinsic value is small. Some of his verses were not printed in his lifetime, but copied in manuscript, and handed about by admiring friends; others were printed, indeed, but printed in publications so ephemeral that a man who wrote for them might, without impropriety, again make use of contributions which, if not used a second time, would have seemed to be material wasted and thrown away. But when an editor collects these repetitions and the reader collates them, the fame of the author is to a certain slight extent injured. Praed when living may have used the same witticisms more than once, for all wits are supposed to do that. But if they do employ the same joke five or six times, they take care to have five or six different audiences. The jest upon a politician's love for his place would hardly have been of so frequent recurrence in these pages had Praed himself prepared them for the press. And as repetition hurts his fame as a wit, so also it is of no especial advantage to his fame as a poet to give us fifty poems, of not very diverse character, and of about equal poetic merit, when ten would have satisfied the reader as fully and tired him somewhat less. This fault is, however, the only one that can be charged upon the editor, and it is a slight one. For if in rearing this commemorative column every stone is used, and some that add nothing to its beauty, we must recollect that something is to be pardoned to filial love and to the zeal of friendship.

Traces of carelessness on the part of printer and proof-reader are numerous, but on the whole the elegant outward appearance of these volumes is not unworthy of the pleasant reading to be found within.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, but the memory of Praed is still green in the hearts of his many friends. He was born in 1802. His life ended just as the achievements of early manhood were redeeming the high promise of his youth. A witty and singularly facile writer; an accomplished scholar; a rising statesman; of manners so attractive that he was a pet in society; of a kindly disposition that won the love of all who knew him well; possessed of talents so brilliant as to command universal and admiring respect; of perfect purity and integrity of character,—it is not wonderful that high expectations were formed of him, and that he was perhaps the most noted young Englishman of his day.

His literary reputation was doubtless higher in his lifetime than it has ever been since; for in his lifetime his other claims to respect heightened the opinion that was entertained of his literary abilities; and we are further to consider that if what he has left behind him may not seem great when regarded as a performance, yet to his contemporaries, as the promise of future excellence given by the lad at school and the youth at college, the prose of the "Etonian" and the sparkling verse of "Knight's Quarterly Magazine" seemed worthy of very high praise.

Whatever distinction might have awaited him in his parliamentary

* "The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed. With Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge." New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1865. 2 vols. 12mo.

career, we are of opinion that, in his character of poet, in which alone it is necessary for this generation to consider him, he had already, at the time of his death, reached as high a place as his talents would have ever enabled him to attain.

This place cannot be pronounced a high one. Praed was not without a certain measure of the poetic faculty. But, aside from that, but two things seem to have made him a writer of verse: his imitative ability, of which the reader is made aware by being often reminded of other writers, as Byron, Scott, Hood, while never arrested by any strong marks of originality; and, secondly, the persistent cultivation given to such poetic ability as he had by his father at home, by his tutors at school and college, and at the university by the competition for prizes, of which honors he bore off many. He thus acquired all the arts of versification. The precocity of his parts was, perhaps, their most distinguishing feature, and his early productions are characterized by that neat finish which appears rarely in the first essays of genius but is often found in the works of youthful talent. His father and his tutors subjected all he wrote to severe pruning, and his own taste and judgment, thus refined and educated, preserved him from any obscurity or turgidity of language, as well as from any affectation in sentiment. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any writer of English verse since Swift who is so habitually clear, simple, and correct as Praed. But these things do not make a poet. Style, we are truly told, depends as much upon what we say as upon how it is said. The praise that must be accorded to Praed will be found to apply mainly to his manner—to his phraseology rather than to his style. For example, we may say of him that he is witty. Now true wit, says Coleridge, in general difference sees partial resemblance, and finds unsuspected links connecting objects apparently diverse. Praed's wit finds these connecting links not between the things themselves so often as between the signs signifying the things. His wit is the wit of words. Paranomasia and fun abound in him.

And so of the other qualities of his style. Yet it would be wrong to say that Praed is a mere versifier. If he is tried by his thoughts, if we enquire what, amidst much that is temporary and trivial, we may find that is noble, beautiful, and enduring, we shall discover here and there amid the prose some gleams of golden poetry. He is the possessor of a fancy not powerful and capable of sustained flights, but very quick and fertile in details. It can create for us the nymph of a single tree, but if we would wander in enchanted forests we must commit ourselves to some mightier master of the spell than he.

When we watch the flames that consume the heart of a Byron or a Heine, we often see looking out upon us, as in the magical fires of romantic legend, the eyes of some sardonic fiend, or the face of an imp, mocking and jeering. The nature of Praed was not intense or powerful, and the delicacy of feeling which made him shrink from displaying to the world the deepest feelings of his soul, caused him to hide his earnestness and sadness under light trifling rather than under the bitter jests that conceal a stronger spirit's pain. But underneath many of his lightest strains there runs a current of gentle melancholy. The divine discontent of the soul with the life that now is, which in religion looks forward to the life that is to come, takes in his poetry the form of a pensive regret for time past that is irrecoverably vanished away. This dissatisfaction is as old as humanity. It is an everlasting and universal sentiment, and when it finds adequate expression, the result may truly be called poetry. Never forcibly expressed, but often present in his verse, this sentiment gives Praed his best title to the abused name of poet.

HOW SHALL WE RECOGNIZE THE MESSIAHS?*

A PRUDENT man will not always give his reasons, though they be plenty as blackberries and there be no compulsion. Doubtless it is an event sufficiently rare for a throned monarch to turn author and deal with type-setters and booksellers, and rarer still to turn biographer for one of his kind, of greater or less antiquity. But because the motive for such a step would be enquired by everybody, it does not follow that the Emperor of the French was bound to satisfy the world's curiosity. We esteem it a weakness, therefore, that he indulged in a preface, and did not leave his aim to be discovered from the book itself. He would certainly have been more likely to obtain believers, and, what is of prime consequence, readers for his doctrines. For while it is unquestionably true, as Labienus says, that one cannot debate with the master of thirty legions, in his own domain at least, it is a remarkable fact that the immediate criticisms of the "History of Cæsar" have been almost wholly expended upon the preface. M. Rogeard, indeed, went back to the title-page, and asserted that the king who attempted history before abdicating, proclaimed *ipso facto* his incapacity. Besides, there are some books of which it is enough to know the author, and especially the intent, to condemn them outright, without a perusal or so much as a glance even. The very notoriety of Napoleon, in connection with his "History," is the most serious impediment to his success. Not only, because he is an absolute despot, is he deprived of honest criticism in France, and compelled to listen to praises which are to him only self-adulation in a very gauzy disguise; he has not the advantage of the obscurest writer, the anonymous aspirant for a popular hearing. His arguments will not be weighed, his statements examined, his opinions considered, on their own merits, for never is the reader permitted to forget that they issue from the Tuileries, and that not Cæsar, not Charlemagne, not the Corsican Bonaparte, is the object of his vindication, but himself, the hero of the 2d December, the inventor of the *coup d'état* and of political deportations to Cayenne.

A composition of which every line is thus stamped with the *timbre impérial* is provocative of caution and mistrust. The mind, once put upon its guard, challenges every appearance, however innocent. The initial sentence becomes a stumbling-block: "Historic truth ought to be no less sacred than religion." One straightway asks: "Why historic truth alone, and not all truth?" And again: "Who is this stickler for veracity? It is he whose history cannot bear to be truly spoken of. It is he who erected his dynasty on a lie, and has maintained it by a gag upon free expression. Who is it that pretends to measure the sanctity of religion? The man who broke his oath to Liberty, and slew her at the altar of which she had made him priest." And so the commentary proceeds with the reading, a judgment being formed at every step instead of being held in solution, as is commonly the case with ordinary books which are written by indifferent men.

The value of a preface consists in procuring favor for that which succeeds it. In the present instance it is a perfect discouragement. Whereas it should seem like a wicket to a lawn, it is here like the door of a dungeon which we are assured is unlocked—while we remain on the outside. We repeat that the Emperor was not constrained to betray his aim in whitewashing Cæsar. Decency apart, to which he may have fancied that something was due, his policy evidently lay in keeping silent. Had his aim been noble, the case might have been different; but a sophism which appears unheralded and is diffused through eleven chapters, runs a much less risk of detection than when tersely stated in as many lines. And the purpose of this work is to defend the morality of temporal success—to trace the hand of the Almighty in the elevation, and claim His sanction for the career, of the world's rulers. It is not exactly the doctrine of the *status quo*, nor yet of the divine right of kings, though it partakes of both. It is not that the end justifies the means—for your Alexanders and Napoleons are only the instruments of Providence—but the result does. And the logic which is vaunted as the key to historic verity cannot fail, from this premiss, to arrive at a complete justification of these instruments against every imputation of littleness or personal defect. So that the author is not ashamed to ask: "When extraordinary facts attest an eminent genius, what is more contrary to good sense than to ascribe to him all the passions and sentiments of mediocrity?"

Celebrity alone will not invariably ensure an audience. The most famous orators are careful to select an attractive theme, or title at least. No such shrewdness is exhibited in the announcement of an office-holder that he will harangue against rotation in office: the "outs" will not come to hear him. It is so at this epoch with all civilized peoples. They choose to listen to other discourses than those which uphold the régimes under which they groan. It is clear, too, that the nations are not tending to Cæsarism, but to constitutional government; and clearer still, that this tendency has been irresistibly heightened by the triumph of democracy in America. When our literary despot insists that "we must recognize in the long duration of an institution the proof of its goodness," a twofold rejoinder is possible for the republicans of Europe. They can deny the proposition by pointing to the character and fate of slavery; or confirm it by the example of the free society which has asserted its right, determination, and power to monopolize the Union. Above all, there is one question that will surely be asked, and which it is of the utmost importance should receive a categorical answer. It relates to the Messiahs, of whom the Emperor exclaims: "Happy the peoples who comprehend and follow them! woe to those who misunderstand and combat them!" As if anticipating the difficulty, he remarks: "But by what sign are we to recognize a man's greatness? By the empire of his ideas, when his principles and his system triumph in spite of his death or defeat." This may do well enough for posterity, but is evidently no help at all for the contemporaries of the Messiahs. These predestined saviours of mankind so uniformly preserve by destroying, and resort to the most violent means to authenticate their commissions, that it is scarcely strange that they

* "Histoire de Jules César. Par S. M. I. Napoléon III." Tome premier. New York: D. Appleton & Cie.—"History of Julius Cæsar." Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

are misunderstood and combated. It would be an inestimable relief to both parties if they could agree at once upon the marks of a Messiah, and there make an end of resistance on the one hand and of butchery on the other We have in these times, moreover, a conflict of charters purporting to emanate from the same source, the people having somehow got the notion that they are divinely appointed to govern themselves; and something like the old Russian custom which Doré depicts, would be a decided convenience. For when, by the law establishing a scale of fines for mayhem and mutilation, the capacity for crime was regulated by the means of every one; if two pleasure-seeking Muscovites had confronted each other with felonious intent, a comparison of purses decided which should fear and flee from the other without unsheathing his sword. But unless the Messiah has something to show, how can such an arrangement be effected?

It is an old regret that the men of any given generation cannot live in the succeeding, and thus have the benefit of their own experience. How much smoother would have been the course of that Messiah who was misunderstood at Strasburg in 1836, and again at Boulogne in 1840, and even as late as 1851, when he made himself understood with a vengeance! He might have been spared exile and incarceration, had his aureola shone as it does now about his saintly head. But they who crucified him in that early day were pardonably blind. For the Emperor does not present the other side of the picture: "Woe to the people who follow a false Messiah!" And, success being the standard, where does history furnish so plausible a candidate for canonization as was Jefferson Davis before his downfall? Not only was he hailed as the Messiah of independence by the South, but by almost the united world, and all those powers which itched for our national dismemberment would fain have persuaded the North, as they had persuaded themselves, that he was a divine commissioner, to be respected accordingly. All the world now confesses its mistake, but very illogically, if we may trust Napoleon, who is himself at fault, however. For in the light of the hereafter the baffled convict may be converted into the triumphant martyr, "by the empire of his ideas." Perhaps some of us will outlive the suspense of this agonizing doubt.

We are far from warning anybody against reading the "History" beyond the preface, in which we have preferred to linger. It is well to observe how skilfully the author carries out the aim he professes, and much is doubtless to be learned from his archæological researches, conducted, by-the-bye, at the expense of the people for whose enslavement he argues. We would grant that none knows better than he what manner of bridge Cæsar stretched across the Rhine, or the equipment of a Roman trireme, or the very location of the Roman camps in Gaul. But when it comes to reproducing the spirit of the age with which he deals, he must yield the palm to his painter Gérome, who is more concerned to be graphic than logical. Of the two American editions much praise can be honestly spoken. The Harpers have spared no pains to make their authorized version the handsomest volume they have ever published, while the Messrs. Appleton have reprinted the original in a style of rare accuracy and finish. Particularly is Mr. Smith's engraving of the Imperator commendable in the latter edition.

A PHILOLOGIST AMONGST THE TURKOMANS.*

This is one of the most curious and interesting books of travel which has been published for many years. It is the story of a young Hungarian scholar, highly educated in the languages of the East, who penetrated in the tattered garb of a Mohammedan beggar to the heart of Turkistan, to Bokhara, and Samarkand, the famous capital of Tamerlane. The region which he traversed is almost unknown to Europeans, and death would have been the penalty of his boldness in visiting it, if his rare linguistic attainments, complete familiarity with the Koran and with Mohammedan usages, and his never-failing wit, had not enabled him to elude the scrutiny of those suspicious barbarians among whom his lot was cast.

He tells us in his modest preface that his attention was early directed to the affinities and the origin of the Hungarian language, his own mother tongue, and that a desire to determine whether it should be referred to the Finnish or the Tartaric branch of the stock called Altaic led him to undertake his perilous journey. It was philological enthusiasm therefore which carried him on step by step through his long and wearisome course, and the results of his philological enquiries he naturally regards as the principal fruits of his labor. The publication of these researches he leaves for a later volume, and now only gives us the general observations which he made on the country through which he passed.

Before we dwell upon the particulars of his story, the reader may be interested in knowing something of the previous life of this remarkable scholar. An interesting sketch from the pen of the Hungarian biographer Kertbeny enables us to supply the desired information.

Arminius Vámbéry was born in 1832, at Gutta, a village in the Island Schütt in Hungary. His mother, early left a widow, could with difficulty provide an education for him. By a boyish acquaintance with Hungarian, Slovakian, and German, he was prepared to go forward to other linguistic attainments, and while yet a youth he showed great proficiency in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, English, Serbian, and Croatian. Soon after he became of age he went to Constantinople, in great poverty; and in order to gain admission to the schools of the Mohammedan clergy, he conformed to Islamism; then he became thoroughly acquainted with the Mohammedan faith and practice. He learned to write Turkish like a native. He directed his attention to some twenty Oriental tongues, and finally became well known in the East for his various contributions to philological literature. In 1860, the Hungarian Academy furnished him with 1,000 gulden to enable him to make a journey to Samarkand for the purposes already stated—and in July, 1862, we find him at Teheran, ready to enter the unknown region beyond. It is here that his own narrative begins.

The difficulties of travel in Turkistan, which are always serious, were then greater than usual on account of a prevailing war, and Vámbéry could not make any satisfactory arrangements for his trip until several months had passed. The account of his stay in Teheran is an interesting but less important portion of his story. At length, in January, 1863, by good management, after many efforts, he succeeded in attaching himself to a band of twenty-three persons returning to Bokhara from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He passed himself off for a Turkish dervish, pretending that he desired to visit the fountain of pure Islamism and to pay his homage to certain saints of the country. Finding that the good dresses of his companions were not to be worn on the journey, he put on the appropriate costume of Bokhara, "a thousand rags fastened around the loins with a cord." In this wretched dress, surmounted by a wearisome turban, to Mohammedans the ever-present memento of death, he set out on his journey. Wretched food and scanty water were his constant grievances. Great risk of detection at almost every stage of his journey imperilled his life—but skilfully extricating himself from each entanglement, he crossed the south-east extremity of the Caspian Sea, at the limit of the Russian dominion, passing northward between the Little and the Great Balkan, and across the fiery desert, over the former bed of the Oxus, and so forward to the city of Khiva, south of the Aral Sea. After a short sojourn here, the band of returning pilgrims followed the right bank of the Oxus upward till it was necessary to quit it in order to reach Bokhara. Here Vámbéry remained a month, and then pursued his journey to Samarkand.

The account which Mr. Vámbéry gives us of these two places is highly entertaining. In Bokhara he was closely watched, but his disguise was not penetrated. "What extreme piety," he overheard some one say, "to come all the way from Constantinople to Bokhara alone, in order to visit our Baha-ed-din" (that being the name of a celebrated saint renowned through Islam, who died in 1388). The duties of a dervish, rigorously performed in order to keep up appearances, and the investigations of a shrewd and learned traveller, were amusingly combined in his every-day routine.

Bokhara he describes as a city four miles in circumference, having eleven gates, and divided into two principal parts, the inner and the outer city. It is said to contain 365 mosques, and also 365 colleges — this number apparently being a favorite figure, perhaps we should say, a figure of speech. Vámbéry could find but half that number of churches, and only eighty colleges. These latter institutions are seminaries not of learning but fanaticism; the chief instruction being in the Koran and religious casuistry, with a little logic and philosophy. The number of students is represented at 5,000, gathered not only from Central Asia but from India, Cashmere, Afghanistan, Russia, and China. The emir, or chief magistrate, is said to govern by justice, and to do all in his power to discourage luxury and maintain among the people their primitive simplicity.

The traffic of Bokhara appears to be but moderate, consisting chiefly in the sale of such articles of Asiatic or Russian manufacture as the people of the town require. Printed books are rarities—but many precious manuscripts are offered for sale in the twenty-six shops of the book-bazaar.

Bokhara appeared to Vámbéry to be noteworthy for its strict maintenance of Mohammedanism. He terms it the Romé of Islam, as Mecca and Medina are the Jerusalem. Bokhara plumes herself on this superiority, even in the face of the Sultan who is charged with corrupting religion by the influence of the "Frenghis" (Franks).

Samarkand, so celebrated in the past as the home of Timour, disappointed our traveller. Several hundred places of pilgrimage were pointed out to

* "Travels in Central Asia, performed in the year 1863. By Arminius Vámbéry." London: John Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865. 8vo, pp. 493.

him, one of the most remarkable of which is the sepulchre of the great Timour—a neat chapel surmounted by a splendid dome—beneath which are the graves of Timour and Mir Seid Berke, the teacher at whose side the mighty emir desired to be buried.

Many colleges or medresses are also found in Samarkand, but Vámbéry could find no trace of the once famous Armenian-Greek library which is said to have been carried thither to ornament the capital.

Our limits will not allow us to give even a résumé of all that is fresh and entertaining in this volume. The author returned by way of Herat to Teheran, and soon afterwards found his way to London, where his story was told to the Geographical Society, and awakened great interest, not only for its own sake, but because the region which he traversed is the border between the Russian empire and the British possessions in India. So inhospitable, however, are the inhabitants, that rarely, if ever, since the days of Marco Polo, has a European traveller seen so much as Vámbéry. Clavijo, a Spanish ambassador from Henry III. of Castile to Timour, reached Samarkand in the year 1404, and the narrative of his visit has lately been printed by the Hakluyt Society. In 1620, a Russian envoy named Chochlow, and in 1780 another Russian traveller named Jefremow, are believed to have reached Samarkand. In 1841, the Chevalier Khanikoff, a distinguished Russian explorer, visited the same city, in company with other scientific men, and a volume containing his observations on that city and on the Khanat of Bokhara was published soon afterwards and translated into English. The eccentric Dr. Wolff also gave to the public an account of his observations in Bokhara. With these qualifications, Mr. Vámbéry may be regarded as having opened to us a region almost unknown. In doing so he has shown a degree of sagacity and intrepidity rarely equalled in the annals of discovery.

TWO RECENT NOVELS.*

To persons of correct taste, it is usually a great pleasure to read a good novel of well-bred domestic life. "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease" were really good novels of well-bred domestic life; and, accordingly, it is with great expectations that we see, from time to time, the advertisement of a new novel by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" and "Heartsease."

To say, however, that our satisfaction in reading it always equals our interest in opening it, might be saying a little too much. Those two above mentioned admirable tales have been, so far as we have seen, equalled by none of their successors. "The Heir of Redclyffe" was, indeed, such a piece of good luck and good conduct combined as falls to few novelists twice in a lifetime; but to reach the height of "Heartsease" again would not appear to demand any tiptoe stretch of the author's uniformly admirable powers.

Her materials are usually rich, but the structures into which, of late, she rears them look poor from the artistic point of view. Her characters are generally lifelike; her ladies and gentlemen ladylike and gentlemanlike. But having brought before us one or more fine creatures, she beats them; she binds them; she lets her other inferior creatures make butts of them; she sticks pins into them; she impales them; she makes them declare it is "so comfortable" to be impaled; she calls upon us to congratulate them; then, in triumph, she bears them out of our sight.

Now we expect to be "harrowed." In fact, we like it, as Mawworm did to be despised. But we also expect our tears to be dried afterward by the same skilful hand that wrung them from us. In these novels, however, even when, at the close, they offer us what professes to be compensation for sufferings, salutary, as we do not undertake to deny, the *dénouement* is invariably too incomplete or too improbable for our acceptance.

"Beechcroft" and "Hopes and Fears" might be admitted to a share in the *alias* of "The Young Stepmother," "A Chronicle of Mistakes"—mistakes, moreover, very deplorable if not irreparable. "The Daisy Chain" was too long and complex, and linked together at least two most dismal catastrophes. Its continuation—"The Trial"—tried almost to annihilation two interesting characters—Ethel and Leonard. "Dynevor Terrace" attempted to make a good end; but, though it is always encouraging to virtuous minds to see virtue rewarded, we would rather, if Louis is to be the sacrifice, see him bestowed upon virtue in the person of his "most dear she-younger-brother," Clara, than that of the commonplace and ponderous Mary.

And now comes in "The Clever Woman of the Family," the dreariest story by our author that we have ever read—the dreariest one by her, we hope, that any one will ever have a chance to read. It is able; but it is disagree-able! It is not high tragedy; it is low tragedy—not sublime, but miserable.

The would-be heroine, Rachel, is a personage too radically unpleasant for even *her* sufferings to render her interesting, or for any amount of reformation to render her engaging. We pity her, notwithstanding, to such a degree that, in spite of our regard for Alick, it would be a relief to us if we could receive in faith their biographer's report, of her being sheltered by and married to him; but we *cannot* receive it on any other ground than that of the devotee, who exclaimed with pious fervor, "I believe—for it is impossible!"

Rachel is a foeman scarcely worthy of so much of such steel as that of the pen employed upon her. She is not even, in fact, a clever woman—out of the study. She has neither wit, eloquence, logic, penetration, nor invention. Indeed, as the author hints at the end of the book, the first part of the title belongs rather, of right, to Ermine; and we are inclined to wish the whole to run, "The Clever Woman of the *Neighborhood*," that it might be made over to her entire.

Such attractions as the story has we will not take away from our present, and its future, readers, by telling ill what the story-teller tells well. It has two morals, however, which we see little danger of making duller than morals usually are; and we dwell upon the second, the rather that it is, from the plan of the book, therein necessarily subordinated to the first. The one is a timely and most impressive warning against that particular form of weakness of mind, which—as the good word nervousness has been perverted to signify the bad quality, want of nerve—has come to be called strong-mindedness; and the other, a no less timely suggestion that some other elements are wanted toward the fulfilment of any fine woman beside what is often cantingly apotheosized as "*the* feminine element."

We object to the term altogether. We have old and excellent authority for calling elements, taken by themselves, "beggarly." Useful and indispensable as they are in combination, they are useless or deadly apart. Moreover, this very misnamed element in question is not an element at all. It is a compound which Bon Gaultier, speaking for Leigh Hunt, might happily characterize as a *sweety limpidness*. It is made up of tenderness and innocence—sugar and distilled water—and neither sugar nor distilled water is an element.

Some human people, notwithstanding, have a blind partiality for human *eau sucrée*—and they have a right to their taste. We do not grudge it to them. We own that there are some things to be truly said in behalf of *eau sucrée*. For example, it is probably much nicer than *aquafortis*, and indisputably much more wholesome. If that were the only alternative presented to us, we should certainly say, Take away your *aquafortis* directly, and we will never call for anything more piquant than your *eau sucrée*. But then that is not the only alternative.

It must not be forgotten—as it seems to have been by most who have written upon, for, or against them—that women are human, and neither naiads, sylphs, or gnomes, nor any other sort of unearthly and unmeaning phantasms, unintelligible and unnatural. Tenderness and innocence are ingredients, not only desirable but indispensable, but not *the* only indispensable ingredients, in the making up of any pure, noble, symmetrical human nature; and feminine intellect, spirit, and wit are too interesting, entertaining, and, if rightly used, valuable things to be turned over—as Wesley said all the best tunes were—to Satan.

Many feminine—and no unfeminine—women are charming; but too many *feminine-elementary* women are, like rudimentary fins or pinions, mere unworthy appendages, not to say encumbrances, to finer and better developed frames. Further, the natural reaction from feminine-elementary women like Mrs. Curtis is to masculine-elementary girls like Miss Rachel. We need say no more.

Whenever Rachel's Cousin Fanny found occasion to administer a bitter pill to Conny, Francie, Leo, Hubert, Wilfrid, Cyril, or "Stephana, the baby," we have no doubt that *her* feminine element suggested a sweet successive sugar-plum. We wish that her example herein might move her chronicler to follow up the dose which she has now administered to the spirit of the age with its fitting complement—the story of one high-minded woman—there have lived such—whose generous enthusiasm, unlike that of Honora, Albinia, and their compeers, shall be guided by judgment and crowned by success. We could consent, of course, to her being placed in circumstances sometimes painful and perplexing, but never undignified nor humiliating. Such a theme would be worthy of our author's abilities, and we think her abilities worthy of such a theme.

Let her plot, at all events, once more deserve the expenditure upon it of her rare wealth in the invention of characters, her healthy feeling, sound if somewhat timid good sense, and Christian spirit. Let her henceforward—unless she determines to write throughout in German or Irish—forbid her

* "The Clever Woman of the Family," by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," "The Young Stepmother," etc., etc., etc.
"Beatrice," by Julia Kavanagh, author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," etc., etc. D. Appleton & Company, 443 and 445 Broadway, New York. 1865.

ideal young ladies to call their mother "*the* mother;" and the lovers of genius consecrated to the noblest ends will have much to thank her for, besides the much for which we would fain beg leave to thank her already, and little better to ask.

Almost too dissimilar for a comparison is the next book on our critical table. The history of "Beatrice" scarcely makes one think enough to enable him to say what he thinks of it. Still, we believe we shall scarcely perjure ourselves in affirming that one might easily find much worse reading for a summer's day, as it is spirited, not very mischievous, full of incident, written with correctness and grace, and ornamented with tasteful pen-and-ink sketches of lovely scenery.

The plot is somewhat complex, yet has a certain simplicity in its variety. Through the usual *quantum suff.* of love and woe, expanded in the present case into a thick volume, it walks to a happy conclusion on these two feet, put forth alternately: the villain does villainously,—somebody dies suddenly.

We can further encourage the admirers of Miss Kavanagh's previous novels by informing them that the present bears a certain family likeness to "Grace Lee" and "Zaidee"—which were, if we recollect right, attributed to the same author—in the unexpected inheritance of a fortune by the heroine in her childhood, and the migratory nature of the adventures, and that we have some reason for supposing "Beatrice" may be better than "Nathalie," for the former we could read, and the latter we—did not.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MARY, THE HANDMAID OF THE LORD. By the Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family." M. W. Dodd, New York.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. By Napoleon III.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."—A SMALLER HISTORY OF ROME. By William Smith, LL.D.—CULTURE OF THE OBSERVING FACULTIES. By Warren Burton.—KATE KENNEDY. By the Author of "Wondrous Strange."—MISS MACKENZIE. By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Bros., New York.

OUR GREAT CAPTAINS. Chas. B. Richardson, New York.

WOMAN AND THE WAR. A Poem. By George W. Birdseye. Jas. Dickson, New York.

SONG OF THE SHIRT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Hood.—HOME BALLADS BY OUR HOME POETS. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

LETTERS TO THE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX. The Paper Question: The Iron Question: The Farmer's Question. By H. C. Carey. Collins, Philadelphia.

LIFE OF HORACE MANN. By his Wife.—THE PRESIDENT'S WORDS. From the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston.

BOOKS ADVERTISED.

Rebellion Record—Song of the Shirt, and other Poems—Home Ballads by our Home Poets—Under Green Leaves—Favorite English Poems—Belial—Denis Donne—Theo Leigh—On Guard—Miss Mackenzie—Kate Kennedy—A Son of the Soil—Christian's Mistake—Luttrell of Arran—Uncle Silas—Tony Butler—Our Mutual Friend—My Brother's Wife—The Perpetual Curate—Under the Ban—Lindisfarn Chase—Cousin Philis—Mattie: A Stray—Quite Alone—Margaret Denzil's History—Not Dead Yet—Maurice Dering—Captain Brand, of the "Centipede"—A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language—Life of Horace Mann—The President's Words—The Church of the First Three Centuries—Martineau's History of England—Reason in Religion—Anti-Slavery Measures of 37th and 38th U. S. Congress—Martin's History of Louis XIV.—Speeches, Lectures, and Addresses of Wendell Phillips—Sermons by Rev. James F. Clarke—Cochin's Results of Slavery—Cochin's Results of Emancipation—Hebrew Men and Times—Religious Demands of the Age—Philosophy as an Absolute Science.

Fine Arts.

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

[Second Notice.]

THIS exhibition is stronger in landscape painting than in any other department of art. The exhibition is not, on the whole, a creditable one, but it is perhaps as strong in landscape painting as any that have preceded it. It is true that several of those painters who have, in former years, sent the best landscapes, are either unrepresented or badly represented this year. Were it otherwise, this exhibition would be far better than any former one in this department, for there are pictures here of great worth and greater promise signed by new names, and the work of some artists whose names are well known is better than it has ever been.

There is a marked disposition on the part of some of the best landscapists we have to paint small pictures of simple but not hackneyed subjects, and to paint them very well—*nearly* as well as they can. There are very few painters who give their whole strength to their pictures—we shall presently name one who has done so this year—but there are those who give nearly their whole strength, and who do well, and will do well, but never excellently. This disposition to paint small pictures we are very glad to see. It takes more power of invention than most painters have to rightly fill a large canvass with minute incident, and it takes more power of drawing than most painters have to draw rightly on a larger scale.

Consider, for instance, Mr. McEntee's picture, No. 291, "Last of October." It has been a surprise to observers of this and of former exhibitions, because of the really good tree-drawing in it, showing a knowledge of tree form and growth which few had supposed the painter to possess. The color is so far true that it is really and not superficially autumnal. It is almost a good picture. Now, it is prevented from being a good picture by inexcusable coarseness of detail, and therefore by untruth of detail; for that painting is not true to the autumn woods which looks like rough and crumbly paint at whatever distance from it one may stand. But imagine this canvass apparently diminished, by a concave lens, to one-half its length and height, that is, to quarter of its superficies, and it will seem a better picture. There will be nothing more in it; but we can accept less. Turner, by working more minutely, would often put as much incident into a small picture as he was accustomed to put into a large one; but it seemed that *large* and *small* had no absolute meaning to Turner any more than in nature. With most of our painters we are willing to accept less detail in a smaller picture; and, if Mr. McEntee will not give us more detail or better detail than he has given us in this, it would be better if he would paint smaller pictures. The worst faults of this picture, however, would remain very visible even through a very powerful diminishing lens. The vaporous, palely-tinted, almost homogeneous substance that clings around each tree has really no right to pass itself off for foliage, and hide what would otherwise have been visible, the much better drawn branches.

Mr. George B. Wood's little picture, No. 584, "Clearing off Cold," is an instance of the tendency we spoke of above. Two years ago Mr. Wood exhibited a small painting of Mulleins, and these two pictures are all we know of his work. We think it wisely done to limit himself to small cabinet pictures, not because of any discreditable weakness in either of the two good works named, but because of what seems to us his as yet immature strength as an artist. "Clearing off Cold" is very good and true, as can be seen through an opera-glass; it cannot be seen without, for it is at the end of the gallery and high, so that an annoying flash of light from its surface makes a near look impossible. The pale sky with horizontal bars of cloud, and the cedar tree which shows sharply against it, are seen from afar to be good. A careful look with the necessary appliances shows the foreground to be nearly as good, and very original in treatment.

Mr. Hotchkiss' picture, No. 570, "Cypresses at the Convent of San Miniato, Florence," is a good portrait of the trees, and the sunset light falling on the trees and hillside in bars alternated with bars of shadow from other trees unseen, is warm and real. The picture is therefore very interesting, for the cypress is a strange tree to us in America, and of strongly individual character, and these are noble specimens of their kind. The monks are not successful, but are not to be wished away, only to be wished better. "Torre de Schiava," No. 262, seems to be good, but is perched up above a large picture, and half hidden by the frame thereof, and is altogether too high to be judged aright, even with the useful opera-glass.

This cataloguing of painters and their works is wearying, now the exhibition is closed, and is generally foreign to our purpose. But the names we are calling over are the names of men who hold the future of our landscape art in their hands. Let us go on, therefore—there are not many more.

Mr. Wyant, we think, is one of these. "The Ohio Valley," No. 264, has been carefully studied. There is good work and a real striving for excellence in the near hill-top and rocks. The distance, moreover, is distant, and well down below the spectator's lofty stand. "Cooper's Bottom, Ohio River," is a much better picture, and is capable of giving real pleasure and rewarding a careful examination. The color of either is not very good. There is no evident feeling for color. The green of summer woods is not given here in its true quality and brilliancy.

Mr. Farrer is certainly one of those landscape painters from whom we hope the most, although this year he has only one little picture of any great merit, besides two drawings. "Mt. Washington under Three Feet of Snow," No. 361, is a very beautiful picture. It is very small, and evidently a study of color, mainly, probably an accurate transcript of some individual autumn sunset. The sun has set beyond the mountain, whose sides toward the spectator being in shade are nearly as blue as the reality—and no one can know how blue snow shadows are until he tries to match them with color, but the right-hand edge is reddened by the sun, which still touches it. The sky is yellow and pure behind the mountain, with only two clouds floating, and those beautifully rosy. The foreground has that strange bronze green which we remember in only one other picture, also by Mr. Farrer, a sunset piece, Mr. Farrer's "Pro Patria," at the great fair in New York for the Sanitary Commission. It is successful as a rendering of the phenomenon represented,

and powerful in the picture. Our impression that this picture represents an actual scene is confirmed by the beautiful mass of the mountain. A picture rapidly painted, as this seems to have been, would hardly have been so successful both in color and in form without the direct dictation of nature. The two little pencil drawings, No. 133, "Study of Pumpkin Vine," and No. 154, "Study of Dandelion," are work of a class which would have been thought peculiar to Mr. Farrer but that Mr. Moore has one quite similar in this exhibition. The delicate beauty of the drawing of the large leaves of the pumpkin vine is hardly to be surpassed. It is cause for regret that Mr. Farrer has no large and important landscape this year. His picture, called, if we remember aright, "White Mountain Brook," is more needed in this exhibition than it was in the Artists' Fund Exhibition last fall. Mr. Farrer has some very unfortunate figure pictures on these walls, and should have shown his full strength in landscape.

Mr. Colman must be classed among the more able landscape painters on the unsupported testimony of his little "Tuscan Cottage," No. 527. It is very charming; but we have to speak of Mr. Colman in another place, where he will command even greater respect than here.

There is one picture, we have said, to which the painter gave his whole strength. It is Mr. Charles H. Moore's "Study in the Catskill Valley," No. 60. It is a representation on a very small scale of a very wide range of country. The spectator stands on a slightly rising ground, and looks across perhaps ten miles of low-lying country to the Catskill Mountains beyond. There is, in this small picture, the material for a very large one; it is so minutely painted throughout that it *is*, in amount of incident, a very large one. Now, the minuteness is nothing of itself. Microscopic fineness of workmanship is not to be sought for its own sake. The true line may be drawn with a crumbly bit of charcoal as well as with the point of a needle on steel. It is, indeed, well to have the power of drawing minutely, for, even if objects are represented in foreground of the size of nature, the detail of nature will be too minute to be entirely represented, and it is always well to be able to represent all that art can of what is visible. But a painter's eye-sight might render him incapable of such execution as this, and he might yet be a better painter even than Mr. Moore. The merit of this picture is in its almost perfect truth of drawing, and in the love of nature so evident in it, and the evident purpose to get perfect truth. Consider the apple tree on the extreme right—it is well and completely drawn. Look at the corn, see how perfectly its form is rendered, the broad leaves sheathing the undeveloped stalk, each leaf rippled along its edges by the fullness of its growth: in drawing at least it is wonderfully real. The drawing is not only noticeably good in these prominent objects of accented form; the old road which passes near the corn-field and dips out of sight over the brow of the hill is excellent, overgrown with grass and seeding plantains, and watched by a sentry mullein here and there; the middle distance, too, dotted with farm-houses and barns, and varied by grove and field, miles of country visible at once, is admirably rendered in a narrow belt of canvass, which, as one looks too close, is merely mottled with color, but resolves itself into broad tracts of land as the eye is withdrawn. This middle distance is the best part of the picture, and hardly to be surpassed.

Mr. Moore's drawing is already so good that but few observers will see that it grows better in the future. But his color may be greatly improved; it is pale and not strong, and we ask all those interested in art to watch it hereafter and see it improve. The artist is not deficient in feeling for color or love of color. His effort seems to have been to get truth of gradation, both in light and shade and in local color, and the strength of tone has been partly lost in the resolute striving to reach all nature's delicacy. Nature is delicate and strong. Mr. Moore would like his work to be delicate and strong, but seems to be fixed in his purpose that it shall, at all hazards, be delicate. The delicacy he loves is not, observe, smoothness of surface, or absence of brush marks, or even microscopic elaboration, but it is that wonderful subtlety of gradation in nature of which the closest observer sees the most, and at which the oldest observer wonders the most—a subtlety only partially imitable by art, but which this painter closely copies.

This painter's work is to us full of promise for the future, because we expect a refined strength to grow out of his now somewhat weak refinement. That there are admirers of his patience and carefulness who do not fully share our hopes, we can well believe. But we confidently look to the next exhibition to show unmistakable advance, and to confirm every hope for the future.

Mr. Moore has, also, a very beautiful little pencil drawing, "Mandrakes," No. 143. The drawing is very small, and is a careful study of foreground detail; a little patch of ground covered thick with dry leaves, the trunks of half a dozen trees seen for a few feet from the ground, and a cluster of May apple or mandrake plants in front of them.

We have noticed two or three very interesting studies from foreign lands; Mr. Colman's "Tuscan Cottage," which is the best of them, and two good ones by Mr. Hotchkiss. There ought to be more such than there are, for our painters should remember that there are beautiful things in Europe of a very different character from anything American, and that the subtle charm of historical association and ancient date gives them an additional beauty. There are two others, by Mr. Edward L. Henry. The picture No. 568, "Via St. (Sta?) Catarina, Naples," has not great artistic merit, but will give a really accurate idea of a thing utterly foreign to the experiences or the ideas of untravelled Americans—a narrow, crowded Naples street, no thoroughfare for wheeled vehicles, fifteen feet wide between the walls of the five-story white houses, filled with jostling pedestrians and ringing with shrill cries of itinerant merchants and whines of importunate beggars, the whole street startled into unwonted excitement by some church festival, which brings a procession of monks and a great display of flags and drapery into the scene. No. 552, "A Canal Scene, Venice," is less pleasing. It is of a better subject, and it is really a portrait of it, for the *sotto-portico* and the *riva* (words untranslatable except by circumlocutory paraphrases), the canal and bridge and house-fronts, are all drawn from the reality. But the architectural detail of the palace is spoiled, is false both in drawing and in color—the cusped arches and window-shafts wholly wrong.

There is no city whose outside Americans ought to study so carefully as Venice, and this on many accounts. There is no city so unlike anything in America. There is no city having its early architecture of all the great schools generally in such good repair. There is no city which it is so easy to study, thanks to the delicious gondola. There is no city from which the New York of the future might so well be copied, for the two great commercial cities are somewhat alike in sentiment, and the magnificence ruled by true feeling in art of mediæval Venice our would-be grandiose city might be made to appreciate, when it would not be impressed by the simpler and purer art of Verona or Ferrara. Venice, therefore, should be studied, and rightly painted or drawn. But it has not been by Americans. A single Prout drawing, even one of Ponte's photographs at one Austrian gulden each, will give the untravelled man a better idea of Venice than all the pictures together that our painters have made. Mr. Henry's canal scene is only good in comparison with the dreadful libels upon the Sea City by which our galleries are often disfigured.

Of such libels, the worst are probably those exhibited by Mr. C. P. Cranch. Without alluding to those of former years, there are a few words to be said of the three in this exhibition. "Venice: View from the Giardino Publico," No. 379, is the most daring, for a part of a Gothic palace is in the near foreground, and close to the spectator, and some of the best known and most important buildings of the city are not far away, and in full daylight. The palace nearest the beholder presents a wall such as Venice does not hold, built of large squared blocks of stone of a purplish hue, with quoins of white marble. It will not pass to say that these seeming blocks are thin slabs of marble, veneering a brick wall, as often in Venice. Such slabs are never set so as to look like blocks of stone, breaking joints, but are always used as a sort of armor, held in their places often by visible contrivances, and generally having their greatest length vertical; moreover, there is no material of the color shown of which slabs are used in Venice. The use of quoins of one material or color, with a wall surface of another, is a fashion foreign to Gothic art, and certainly unknown in Venetian Gothic, nor is there any building in Venice of any age, so far as we know, that is so decorated. The archivolts of the two-light window are of another color still, and an unknown material, certainly unknown to Venice, and are altogether impossible in their shape and seeming construction. The window-shaft is as bad as the arches that spring from its capital, for it has no less than three peculiarities which separate it from all Venetian Gothic architecture. The shaft tapers instead of being cylindrical. The capital is of an impossible form, and the base is on a level with the top of the parapet of the window balcony. All this technicality is uninteresting, except as it establishes the fact that the right-hand corner of this picture gives an utterly false report about a thing which is well worth describing truly. Why the description is so false is evident. The balcony is nearly copied from the lower story balconies of the famous Ca' d'Oro, on the Grand Canal, the parapet consisting of a large white marble slab, with quatrefoils of uniform size pierced in it at equal distances. No one could begin to draw this without a certain knowledge that these distances are equal, and the size uniform. But the painted parapet here follows no such laws; its quatrefoils are pierced with entire freedom from restraint, in such irregular order, and at such accidental distances, as carelessness has pleased. It is a small matter, and a minor fault, but it gives the key to the whole of the bad work.

Remember that Venetian architecture of every great school was formal,

severe, and observant of rules beyond the architecture of other lands. Remember that delicate mouldings and carved foliage in white marble or in whitish Istrian stone are universal in all the Gothic palaces; the stone work built into rough brick walls, which are afterwards faced with thin slabs of marble or alabaster, or else stuccoed. The painter has represented the lower part of his palace wall as stuccoed; perhaps he would urge this in his defense, that the palace is one of those which have been modernized, and that the purplish blocks are an imitation of stone on a surface of stucco. This position, however, cannot be assumed, for its assumption would argue incredible bad taste in the choice of subjects, and, moreover, it would involve an anachronism. Such destructive repairs have, indeed, been made in Venice, but only within a few years; while the costume of the figures in this picture, especially of the gondolier taking his orders, and of the gentleman under the awning of the gondola, is very ancient indeed, certainly not more recent than a couple of centuries ago. The view is not that from the Giardino Publico. It is an abstract of it, indeed, but with its essential features left out. The name of the picture is but a small matter. If the picture could give any knowledge of Venice, or if it could give any pleasure, or excite any admiration for noble architecture and splendid color, even though neither were truly Venetian, we would not ask for the name. A painter who disregarded his reputation for accuracy of statement might paint Veronese architecture and call it Venice unchallenged; but no one has a right to paint an ugly and uninteresting city, of meaningless architecture, and of no beauty of color, and call that—Venice.

No. 12, "Moonlight on the Giudecca, Venice," is not a view on the Giudecca, but a view on that open water off the Riva de' Schiavoni which is sometimes called the Grand Canal, as if a continuance of that channel itself, sometimes the sea, as Mr. Ruskin calls it, and sometimes the Canal of St. Mark. But it is evident that we must allow the painter to miscall at his pleasure. The picture is painted to get the glaring red and yellow lights from the windows and vessels, and there is no pleasure apparent in any other fact or "effect," even the Doges' palace being made to serve this vulgar purpose of a colored lantern. The palace is sadly misused; the decorated central window of the sea front is turned into a sort of turret, and the window itself has vanished, is evidently built up, for it opens into the same hall with the three windows to the left, and they are brilliantly lighted up. Other important buildings visible are misrepresented as badly as the palace, especially the Campanile of San Marco, which is entirely false in drawing.

No. 393, "The Dogana, Venice," is less bad than the other two, because the Dogana building itself is somewhat like the real building in shape. It is not at all well drawn, however, and is coarsely painted; and the rest of the picture is not better than its companions.

There is a seemingly irreconcilable difference of opinion, embodied in difference of practice, between landscape painters, on this question of the representation of the actual features of landscape. There are those who seem to believe that all created things are given to them for a prey and for a spoil; that they are to represent these enough to get ideas and suggestions, and to distort and alter enough to leave their own fancies free play. These words are not intended for ridicule, but for a strictly accurate expression of the avowed principle of some painters, and the seeming purpose of others. Now, without discussing here the general question, we would make one suggestion, and put it in the form of a parable. When school-boys ask their teacher, as school-boys often do, "Shall we learn it so as to give the words of the book?" they often get the wise answer, "Not if you can give better words." That is, you must give the exact meaning; and if you can do that better than the book has done it, well. But the conclusion follows, unstated. Give the book's words, unless you can give better. *De te fabula narratur*, his better judgment will say to every painter. Paint nature as you see it, unless you can improve upon it. Perhaps you can. Turner sometimes did, sometimes, we think, failed to. When it is *human* nature, you often can. So to the painters of Venice this is to be said, If you can give a better idea of the real beauty of Venice than by exactly copying any one building or scene, do so, but be sure you are not spoiling what you would concentrate and develop. You must understand Venetian architecture better than any painter America yet owns, before you can paint its essence regardless of the special embodiments of it.

We have alluded to Mr. Farrer's figure pictures, which are so harmful to his reputation this year, and so astounding to most of those who have seen the evident conscientiousness of his work in former years and the real power of drawing he possesses. To us they are only thus far surprising, that we thought Mr. Farrer would have steadily improved from year to year, overcoming his difficulties and enlarging his powers. Thus he has never yet handled oil color very skilfully;—this year it should have been better managed than ever, but it is worse. No figure drawing of his has yet been exhibited which is faultless, though much has which is full of merit; this year his figure drawing should have approached real excellence, but it has fallen far below what it has formerly been. Speculations as to causes of failure are, of course, useless and unprofitable, as they must from their very nature be generally untraceable. But there is one point worthy of a moment's consideration. These pictures illustrate a not uncommon inability or neglect, the inability or neglect to conceive a subject thoroughly before painting it.

To illustrate: In the picture No. 161, "April, 1861," the spectator is within a room, and looks towards one of its corners, in which corner is placed a small table with books and a statuette; a large window is in the wall on the right hand, and no opening whatever in the wall on the left hand, of which only a small part is seen. Now, the carpet on the floor is of a strongly marked pattern, large squares, the breadths being easily definable one from another. The converging lines which represent in perspective the seams between these breadths of carpet converge nearly in the direction of the corner of the room. That is, if we may trust the statements of this picture, there is a square room somewhere, with a carpet laid down diagonally, one breadth running from corner to opposite corner, and the others parallel to it. We have nothing to do now with the bad drawing of this carpet; it is the lack of power to combine facts that is the question. It is evident that the carpet was painted in another room than that of which the walls and window are represented, and that the artist was unable or neglected to fit one to the other. In the picture No. 526, "Home Scenes—Morning," a similar and even more fatal error occurs. A round table occupies the middle of the picture, and obscures the junction of the wall and floor. But from the wall and window seen above the table we learn this—that only one wall is visible, that this is seen at a considerable angle, and that the window is in that wall, the cross-bar of the window-sash proving this latter to be true. Now, looking at the junction of this wall and the floor, we find an entirely different condition of things: we find that there is not one wall visible, but that two walls meet nearly at the window-trimming, and that we look toward a corner in this picture as in No. 161. In this case no explanation is possible. The fault must be classed with the fault in the drawing of the easel in this same picture, where the leg seen above the painting upon it does not continue in the direction of the same leg seen below the painting. It is incredible that any painter should begin an important picture without a perfectly clear perception in his mind of the place of every line and the meaning of every line. It is proved possible for even a painter who would be thought from his work a declared realist to paint a picture without knowing what he intends to represent.

Mr. C. C. Coleman paints better than ever this year, and better than any one who chooses the same kind of subjects. His largest picture, "The Antiquary," No. 518, is certainly a great triumph for him, for he has painted in it difficult things as well as he has painted easy things before. The books and the carved wood are wonderfully successful. But the subject is so entirely unpicturesque, so devoid of interest, so unpoetical, that it puts the careful and elaborate painting out of the pale of art meant for the world, and classes it with such study of ugly things, for practice' sake, as Mr. Ruskin recommends in "The Elements of Drawing." New Yorkers all know "Gibson's Building," at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street. This picture is at once recognizable as a view in the large show-room in that building for stained glass and decorative materials. Of course nine-tenths of the individual articles for sale are dreadfully ugly, as the stained glass especially is. Of course a bric-a-brac shop is not a good subject for a painter. Capital practice, though, and next year Mr. Coleman is sure to paint something really lovely, for he is quite strong enough now to do so, as this picture proves.

Mr. Winslow Homer has found a class of subjects worthy of his most careful painting, and is, in this, wiser or more fortunate than most of his contemporaries. He paints the scenes and incidents of our great war, and paints them well, with a true perception of their character and meaning, and with unusual technical skill. "Pitching Quoits," No. 460, is a large picture of Zouaves, apparently of the Fifth New York Volunteers, some in the foreground engaged in the standard amusement which gives name to the picture, with horse-shoes for their missiles, others looking on, keeping tally of the game, smoking, and, in the background, cooking and lounging. The improvement in the technical skill and force in Mr. Homer's work is, from year to year, very noticeable. He promises to retain the position, which we think he has already won, of our first painter of the human figure in action. An honorable position! Let the claims be well examined which the painters urge for any such rank as that. But as we have no space now for such examination, and as no one in this exhibition can dispute Mr. Homer's claim, we may let our award above given remain unexplained, in the belief that the future will approve it.

The small picture No. 190, "The Bright Side," seems to us even better

than "Pitching Quoits." It represents a group of negro teamsters lounging and dozing under the sunny wall of a Sibley tent; another teamster's black head, broad hat, and pipe are thrust out from between the tent folds; wagons and mules are in the background. No improvement could be suggested that would make this picture a more expressive work or more effective as a representation of the scene. The nearest man and the most distant mule are equally good, and both as true and full of expression as if Mr. Homer could paint like Gérome.

Mr. Vedder has seven pictures this year on the walls, of which the smaller and the less pretentious are the better. The aim of this painter seems to be not representation of anything or record of anything, or skill in painting or in drawing, but the excitement in the beholder's nature of sympathy with solemn, terrible, or jocular fancies of his own. In this his chosen walk he does not advance as we ought to expect from one who seems so strong and abundant in his peculiar natural gifts. The Sphynx of two years ago was his best work, we then thought, and remains his best work, we think. The "Lost Mind," this year, No. 601, seems to us his weakest large picture, as devoid of any real meaning, or of any meaning which can be gathered from the work itself, as a picture by a man of brains and heart can be made. It is a matter of serious doubt if the painter knew what he meant to represent. It is a matter of doubt if the name have any connection with the picture. The landscape is the best part of the picture, and is vastly more efficacious in making the spectator uncomfortable and in sympathy with the wretched woman in the foreground,—which we take to be the object of the picture, if it have any object,—than anything in the face or action of the woman herself. This woman is taken out of the sphere of humanity, and made a myth, by her incredible dress, certainly not the dress of any nation under heaven. Nor does it seem the fancy of a madwoman this strange apparel, for the careful arrangement of the broad white scarf, a capital bit of composition, is a more studied "effect" in costume than most women in their senses attain to.

No. 76, "Girl feeding Chickens," is very charming in sentiment, a very real and pathetic little picture. What it lacks is good painting, delicate painting; so small a picture must be carried further into detail or it is coarse and repulsive. This picture on the walls of the gallery will pass, and seems even well painted after a look at its neighbors, but its unrefined, unfinished manner of painting soon makes itself felt. One cannot but look close at a little picture; one takes it in hand, if he own it and love it, or hangs it low and in a strong light.

Of one thing there is no doubt, Mr. Vedder needs great technical skill to be all he aspires to be. He needs the power of powerful and delicate drawing and a complete mastery of color. We cannot wish him a kinder wish than this, that he may learn to join French science to his own daring and originality. And so, with sincere regret that we have not space to give his work, past and present, the careful examination it deserves, we hope for him a better exhibition next year.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

THE establishment of THE NATION dates with the beginning of a new fiscal year of the Government. All the official Treasury reports of customs, finance, and commerce run from July 1 to June 30, in place of January to December with the calendar year. The fiscal year 1865 ended on the 30th ult., under much happier auspices, financial as well as political, than the circumstances which attended its inauguration in July, 1864. The trade and commerce of the country, as well as the currency and public credit, were then supposed to be menaced with disaster by the rapid and enormous rise in gold, the embittered excitement of a pending Presidential canvass, and the partisan use which was industriously made in the money market and on the exchange of the bloody but inconclusive results of the war then going on. The prospects of a foreign trade equal to the customs revenue in gold which the interest on the public debt would require through the year, were deemed gloomy by many of the timid friends of the War Administration of Mr. Lincoln, and pronounced desperate by its enemies in Wall Street and in and around the Gold Room. If we rejected such fears as unworthy the great cause to which our country had pledged its resources, it was not without apprehension that the extravagant premium to which gold was running up might seriously enhance the cost of the war, which it really did for six or eight months. But beyond this effect on the public credit we felt sure the danger could not go, without a radical change in the temper of the nation in respect to the prosecution of the war, and *this* contingency the fall elections soon proved to be wholly out of the question.

We begin the new year with gold at 140 in place of 280 per cent. The Treasury alone holds over thirty millions in gold, as the surplus derived last year from customs over the sum required in gold for interest on the public debt; the New York banks hold about sixteen millions additional, and over sixty millions legal tender greenbacks. Above all, the country is at peace, and trade and commerce freed from the embarrassments on land and piracies at sea which for four years had been the incidents of war. The money market is equal to all the demands of legitimate trade and adventure at very cheap rates, and the unemployed balances in Wall Street are at the moment tempting fresh speculations on the stock exchange. We record the changes of the week as follows:

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The long 6 per cents. of 1881, of which the total issue is $282,570,650, gold interest January and July, have advanced from 106 to 106¾ per cent. *ex* July dividend, and are in good request.

The 6 per cents., 5-20s running 20 years to the year 1882, but redeemable at the option of the Government after five years, the original issue being $514,780,500, gold interest May and November, have advanced from 103¾ to 105⅜, chiefly on orders to buy for English and Continental account.

The 6 per cents., 5-20s running to 1884, but redeemable after 1869, issue of 1864, $90,789,000, gold interest May and November, have advanced from 103½ and 103¾ to 104⅞ and 105 per cent. on domestic demand, some of the holders of the first issue making the exchange at ⅛ to ¼ per cent. difference.

The 5 per cents., 10-40s, the issue $172,770,100, gold interest March and September, running to 1904, but redeemable after 1874, are in steady demand at 97¾ to 98 per cent.

All the foregoing quotations include the accumulated interest since the last dividend.

The 7-30 per cents., running on currency interest for three years from the date of issue, and then convertible into 5-20 years 6 per cent. gold-bearing bonds, are divided into three series. The first, of $300,000,000, August, 1864, interest February 15 and August 15, are selling at par and interest, which interest is easily calculated at two cents a day on each $100. The second, June, 1865, interest June 15 and December 15, $300,000,000, are selling in large sums at 99⅞ and interest. The third, July, 1865, interest July 15 and January 15, authorized for $230,000,000, are now being rapidly taken up by popular subscription at the rate of $3,000,000 to $5,000,000 per day at par, and a commission of ⅜ and ½ per cent. to large dealers and subscribers. There remains of this loan about $120,000,000 to be absorbed.

Treasury certificates of indebtedness, running twelve months from date, on 6 per cent. currency interest, are selling at 99¾ and interest for the issue of 1864, of which about $104,000,000 were outstanding on July 1, and 98½ and interest for the recent series, dating in June and July, 1865. The brokers are paying a premium of ½ and 1½ per cent. for the compound interest legal tender greenbacks, of 1864 dates, but the table of interest on the back of these notes will show that they are worth from 3 to 6 per cent. to holders who are obliged to use or sell them as ordinary currency. At the end of the three years for which they were issued, each $100 note will be worth $119 50. The whole issue on June 1 was $175,143,620, of which $111,497,370 bear date from 1864. The legal tender greenbacks, bearing no interest and constituting currency, amount to $433,160,569, which has not varied for twelve months past, except as to the balances held in the Treasury.

STATE SECURITIES.

New York Bounty Loan 7 per cent. is selling at 98½ and interest from July 1. The interest is at present payable quarterly, but should the people at the next election sanction the loan as a twelve-years stock, the interest will be paid January and July. If such sanction is not given, the whole loan will be paid off by special direct taxation next spring. There is not much doing in other New York State stocks, the bulk of which is held in the Bank Department as the basis of New York free bank currency.

Missouri 6 per cents. have advanced to 73 to 74 per cent., which includes 27 per cent. arrearages of interest. An ordinance of the late convention has just been adopted by the people by a majority of 18,000, requiring the railroads to which these bonds were issued to set aside, first, 15 per cent. for two years, and then 20 per cent. a year of their gross earnings, for the redemption of the debt and its arrearages.

Tennessee bonds of the railroad issues, of which there are about $12,000,000, as a $10,000 per mile first lien upon 1,200 miles of finished railway, have also recently advanced from 55 and 60 to 72 and 75 per cent. And old North Carolinas and Georgias, both of moderate issue since the war, find buyers at from 70 to 75 per cent. The whole issues of the eleven States recently in insurrection amount to about $87,000,000 (the heaviest being by Virginia), including $7,000,000 repudiated Union and Planters' Bank bonds of the State of Mississippi, and $6,500,000 or $7,000,000 of Louisiana bonds, specially secured by real estate mortgages to the Citizens' Bank and Bank of Consolidated Planters, of New Orleans, now in liquidation.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

Most of the good railway mortgage bonds of the country have found their way to permanent holders, and scarcely any of the issues are in sufficient supply in Wall Street to induce speculation at the Stock Exchange. They are all called up for dealings every day, but business in them is confined to a few investment orders for $3,000, $5,000, or $10,000. Prices rule steady, notwithstanding the United States tax of 5 per cent. on their dividends, which leaves only 6.65 per cent. net to the holder of 7 per cent. bonds. The railway shares constitute the great staple of Stock Exchange speculation. They are classified as New York, Philadelphia & Reading, and Western lines. There is something done in the way of investment in one or two of the New England roads. Erie common shares, of which the present issue is 164,001 shares, or $16,400,100, advanced to 81 and 82 on the eve of the Fourth of July holiday, and have since ruled at 80¾ to 83 to 81⅞ per cent. New York Central, 243,860 shares, or $24,386,000, have a dividend from 94¾ to 96½ per cent.; Hudson River, 60,000 shares, from 108¾ to 110¾; Reading, about 400,000 shares of $50 each, or $20,000,000, from 97⅞ to 98¾ per cent. On the Western list, Michigan Central from 107 to 108½; Michigan Southern, 62½ to 63½; Illinois Central, 128½ to 137; Pittsburg, 69½ to 70¼; Fort Wayne, 95½ to 97½; Rock Island, 101¾ to 107½; North West, 26 to 68; and North West Preferred, 56½ to 62½.

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

Pacific Mail Steamship Shares are $280 for $100; Atlantic Mail, 156 per cent., subject to future assessment of 30 per cent. or $126 a share for $70 now paid up. Almaden Quicksilver have advanced from 53½ to 61½ per cent.; Cumberland Coal, from 41 to 43½; Canton Land Company from 37 to 42; and Mariposa shares steady at $13 50.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Bills on London are chiefly negotiated as in gold, and rate 109 per cent. on the nominal par of $4 44 and 4 mills to the pound sterling. But the actual value of the pound sterling, by weight of the gold, being $4 84 by act of our Congress, the par of exchange is 109.23 per cent., or adding the 60 days' interest on the bill on London and the expenses of transmitting gold to pay such bill, the rate here should be 109¾ to 110¼ per cent. in gold, before the export of gold is profitable to the banker. With gold at 139 to 140 the exchange on London, in currency, is now worth about 151½ to 152½. The latest advices from England quote money at 3 per cent. a year at the Bank, and our 5.20 bonds 70¾ to 71 per cent. sterling money, which, with exchange at 152 per cent., is equal to about 108 per cent. currency for the bonds here, less commissions for executing the orders, and steamers' charges and insurance across the Atlantic.

NEW YORK PRODUCE AND LIVE-STOCK MARKETS

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 8, 1865.

ASHES.—The demand has been only moderate this week. Prices have been rather unsettled, but at the close unsteady, at $7 25 to $7 50 for Pots, and $7 75 to $8 00 for Pearls.

BEESWAX has been in moderate request and steady, at 48 to 50c. for Yellow Western and Southern.

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for State and Western Flour has been less active than the week previous, and prices have fluctuated to some extent, but at the close show an advance of 10 to 15c. over last week's quotations. The following are our quotations: Superfine State, $5 15 to $5 50; Extra do., $5 90 to $6 10; Fancy do., $6 15 to $6 30; low grades Western Extra, $6 00 to $6 15; Shipping Ohio, $6 50 to $6 75; Trade and Family do., $6 80 to $7 60; St. Louis Extras at $7 80 to $11 00. Canadian Flour has been in very moderate demand, but prices are a shade better, our quotations showing an advance of from 5 to 10c. over last week. The closing prices are $5 90 to $6 15 for common to fair Extra, and $6 20 to $7 80 for Trade do. Southern Flour has been rather dull, but at the close we noticed a more active demand, and there is a slight improvement in prices. We quote common Baltimore and Country at $6 85 to $7 60, and Trade and Family do. at $7 65 to $11 50. Rye Flour is without change. The demand has been good, and prices are steady. The supply has been moderate. We quote at $5 00 to $5 30. Corn Meal has been quiet, and prices remain unchanged, viz., $4 75 for Jersey, and $5 20 for Brandywine. Wheat has been more active, and with the increased arrivals we have a better assortment in the market, and prices have declined, although at the close, with quite an active demand, prices had advanced, and closed firm at the following quotations: Chicago Spring, $1 24 to $1 29½; Milwaukee Club, $1 26 to $1 28; Amber do., $1 29 to $1 29½; Red Western, $1 40 to $1 42; Amber do., $1 45 to $1 50; White Michigan, $1 65, and very choice lots at $1 80 to $1 85. Barley Malt has been dull and scarce and prices nominal, the very small supply restricting business. We quote at $1 60 to $1 65. Oats have been quite active, and prices have fluctuated, Western having advanced to 77c. during the week, but with more liberal arrivals prices declined, and closed at the following quotations: Canadian, 60 to 62c.; State, 65 to 66c.; and Western at 69 to 70c. Rye has been quiet, but with the small supply prices have not materially changed. We quote Western at 85c. and State at 95c. Corn has been in active demand, both for export and home use, and prices have advanced, and closed firm at 68 to 70c. for Unsound; 78c. for Western Mixed; 78 to 80c. for Kiln Dried; and 80c. for Western White.

CANDLES.—Have been moderately active and steady at 21 to 24c. for Adamantine, 35c. for Sperm, and 45c. for Patent.

COPPER.—American ingot has been in less active demand, prices have declined, but at the close rather more steady. We quote at 28½ to 30c. for Lake and Baltimore. New Sheathing and Yellow Metal are steady at 35c. for the latter.

COFFEE.—Rio has been in good demand, but prices are without change to note. We quote: Prime, 21½c.; Good, 20 to 20½c.; Fair, 19 to 19½c.; Ordinary, 17½ to 18c.; and Fair to Good cargoes 19 to 20c. Other kinds are without change.

COTTON.—Our market has been much excited and very unsettled during the week; prices have fluctuated considerably, but as compared with last week show an advance of fully 6 to 7c. per lb. The market closes to-day (Thursday) very firm at 49 to 50c. for Middlings.

DYEWOODS.—Have been very dull, and as the market is well supplied, prices have ruled very heavy.

STOCK, JULY 1, 1865.

	Tons.		Tons.
Logwood, St. Domingo	210	Fustic, Cuba	120
" Jamaica	163	" Honduras	64
" Honduras	328	" Savanilla	35
Limawood	1790	Barwood	275

FISH.—Dry Cod have been in good demand and very firm at $6 75 to $7 00 for St. George's and Grand Bank. Mackerel have also met with a fair jobbing demand and high prices. We quote No. 1 Mass. at $22 50 to $23, and No. 2 at $15 25 to $15 75. Smoked Herrings are in demand, and firmer sales at from 32½ to 40c. for Scaled, and 20 to 30c. for No. 1. Picked ditto are dull and nominal.

FRUIT.—Raisins still meet with a good inquiry and improving prices. We quote at $5 50 to $5 60 for New Bunch, and $6 20 to $6 25 for do. Layers. Sicily Oranges and Lemons are scarce and wanted. Foreign Green Fruits have also ruled very firm, and a fair business was done. Domestic Dried Fruits dull, and prices nominal.

HOPS.—A very fair demand still prevails for home consumption, but in prices we have no special change to note. Choice qualities are scarce and wanted, while other grades are plenty. We quote Old and New Crops as follows: 10 to 20c. for Inferior and Common, 25 to 30c. for Fair to Choice, and 35c. for a small lot of Fancy.

IRON.—There has been but little of importance done in Pig during the week. The only sales we hear of are small jobbing lots. In prices we have no change to note, but at the close they must be regarded as nominal. We quote at $35 to $36 for No. 1 American, and $40 to $45 for No. 1 Scotch.

LEAD.—Pig has ruled dull and heavy, but prices are without particular variation, though at the close they are nominal at $9 50 for Galena, and $8 75 to $9 00 for Spanish, German, Refined, and English. Bar is quoted at 12c., and Sheet and Pipe at 16c.

MOLASSES.—There has been a good business doing in the better grades, which are firm; but Low and Medium are not in much request. We quote Porto Rico at 65 to 70c., and Trinidad at 50c.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits Turpentine has been in good demand and prices have improved. We quote at $1 40. Rosin has been in fair request at about same prices. We quote Common, $5 50 to $6 25: Strained and No. 2, $6 00 to $9 00; No. 1, $10 00 to $11 00; Pale and Extra, $12 00 to $14 00. Tar has been inactive and prices are a shade lower. We quote Domestic at $4 00 to $4 50, and Foreign at $6 00 to $6 50. Pitch is unchanged at $8 00 to $9 00.

OILS.—Whale oils have been in fair request at steady prices. We quote Crude Whale at $1 00 to $1 05, and Crude Sperm at $1 80 to $1 85. Linseed has been steady and in fair request at $1 18 to $1 20 for City. Lard Oil is steady at $1 55 to $1 65 for Prime Winter.

PETROLEUM.—The market for Crude was quite active and very firm in the fore part of the week; prices improved, and sales were made at 36c. per gallon, but ere the close the demand fell off, and, in order to effect sales, holders took off *two* cents per gallon. The market closes to-day dull at 34 to 34½c. Refined in bond has been only moderately active, but prices have ruled very firm, and closed at 54 to 55c. Free oil has been quiet, but there is no change in quotations, closing at 72 to 74c.

PROVISIONS.—We have had a very active market for Pork since our last, the enquiry being in part to cover contracts. The stock on the 1st inst. was 100,971 barrels, which is less than many anticipated, though these figures show a slight increase from last month. Prices have ruled very firm, and show a decided improvement. New Mess closes firm at $26 50 to $26 75; Western Prime Mess, $20 00 to $20 50; and Prime at $18 50. Beef has been in improved demand, and as there is a considerable reduction in the stock prices generally have ruled firm. Tierce Beef is scarce, and is held above the views of buyers. Beef Hams have been in fair demand, and prices ruled very firm, but at the close they are nominal at from $26 50 to $27 50 for Western. Bacon is in small supply and much wanted, in part for the Southern trade; prices at the close are nominal. Cut Meats have been in very good demand, the arrivals are light, and prices in consequence are well sustained. Sales of Shoulders in salt at 14 to 14½c., do. Hams at 18 to 18½c., and Pickled do. at 20 to 22c. Lard has been in active demand for the trade and for export; prices are well sustained; the stock of Prime Kettle is very moderate, closing at 15⅞ to 19c. for No. 1 and Prime Steam, and 19 to 19⅜c. for Kettle Rendered, the latter rate for Choice.

RICE.—There has a fair business been done during the week, and prices remain without change. We quote Carolina at 10 to 10⅜c., and Rangoon at 8 to 9⅛c.

SEEDS.—Grass Seeds, as usual at this season of the year, very dull, and prices nominal. Rough Flax has been in good request, and prices have advanced. We hear sales at $2 20 to $2 40 per lot of 56 lbs.

SUGAR.—Raw Sugars have been in good demand, and prices are very firm. We quote good refining Cuba at 11 to 11¾c., Porto Rico at 13 to 15c.; Refined have been firm at 19½ to 19¾c. for Hards.

SALT.—We hear of no sales, but holders, in the absence of any arrivals of moment, have advanced their prices.

TIN.—There has been only a limited enquiry for Pig since our last. Prices at the close are nominal. Small sales of Malacca at 26c., English 24c., and Banca at 27½c., all gold. Plates have been in moderate jobbing demand, and steady sales at $11 50 to $13 00 for J. C. Charcoal; $9 75 to $11 00 for J. C. Coke; $9 50 to $10 00 for Coke Fine; and $13 25 to $13 50 for Charcoal do.

TOBACCO.—The business done during the week has not been large, but prices have remained steady at the following quotations: Light Leaf, 4½ to 6c.; Lugs, 6 to 6¼c.; Common Leaf, 7 to 8c.; Medium do., 8½ to 10c.; Good do., 12 to 14c.; Fine do., 15 to 16c.; Selections, 17 to 18c.; Heavy Western Lugs, 7 to 8½c.; Common Leaf, 9 to 10¾c.; Medium do., 11 to 12c.; Good do., 13 to 15c.; Fine do., 16 to 18c.; Selections, 19 to 22c.

WOOL.—Domestic and Foreign Fleeces have not been active since our last, and prices are without change to note. The business doing has been confined to small lots.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATION.

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CATTLE OF ALL KINDS FOR THE WEEK.

According to the reports from the several market places in the city, there have been received this week:

	Beeves.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep or Lambs.	Swine.
At Allerton's	3,691	21	541	570	....
At Browning's	450	34	291	4,863	....
At O'Brien's	45	23	....	1,088	....
At Chamberlin's	46	31	361	5,764	....
Sold at Bergen, N. J.	729	....	....	....	....
Sold Direct	460	....	600	1,000	....
Hog Yards, Fortieth Street	....	....	....	....	10,739
Total	5,421	109	1,793	13,285	10,739
Total last week	5,675	106	1,977	14,529	14,640
Increase	....	3	....	....	....
Decrease	254	....	184	1,244	3,901
Average No. per week last year	5,060	145	1,755	15,388	12,676

BEEF CATTLE.

On Saturday morning the market opened quite steady with a fair demand, but later in the day, and up to Monday, a very heavy feeling prevailed, and prices gradually fell off. Our quotations as compared with last week show a large decline.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT FORTY-FOURTH STREET.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	15½ to 16	17 to 17¾
First quality	13½ to 14	14½ to 15½
Second quality	11½ to 12	13 to 14
Third quality	10½ to 11	12 to 12½
Inferior	9 to 10	10 to 11¼
Average of all sales, about	13¼ to 13½	— to 15

COWS AND CALVES.

There has been only amoderate enquiry for Milch Cows during the week, prices have ruled heavy, and show a decline, closing heavy.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$75 00 to 100 00	$75 00 to 100 00
Good	60 00 to 70 00	60 00 to 70 00
Fair	40 00 to 50 00	40 00 to 50 00
Inferior and Common	25 00 to 35 00	25 00 to 35 00

VEAL CALVES.

Veal Calves have also ruled dull, and under more liberal arrivals prices have fallen off, and at the close are nominal.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	9 to 10	11 to 12½
Good	8 to 8½	9½ to 10
Common	7 to 7½	8½ to 9
Inferior	6½ to 6¾	7 to 8

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Sheep have suffered a material decline during the week. The enquiry has been extremely light, the market closing very dull. Lambs have also ruled heavy, and prices are lower, though they have not experienced as much depression as sheep. Some prime lots were sold at full previous prices. The market closes, however, very dull and heavy.

		This week.	Last week.
Extra	per lb.	5¾ to 6	6¾ to 7
Choice	"	5¼ to 5½	6¼ to 6½
Good	"	5 to 5¼	6 to 6⅛
Fair	"	4½ to 4¾	5½ to 5¾
Common	"	4 to 4¼	5 to 5¾

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The Nation.

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JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, PUBLISHER, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

WE have this week commenced the publication of a series of letters from the South, which will constitute at least an honest attempt to describe its condition, without regard to the possible effects of what we publish on the fortunes or position of any political party. The public has had enough of correspondence in support of theories. And the faculty of generalizing correctly and rapidly is so rare, that we propose to allow our readers to perform most of the inferring process for themselves, contenting ourselves, as a general rule, with furnishing the bare facts.

SWIFT as was the collapse of armed rebellion, it has been attended with no appreciable shock to the country. War had come to be our normal condition, yet we relapse without disturbance into the ways of peace again. One by one the evidences of change accumulate: to-day the return of regiments to be mustered out; to-morrow a sale of war-vessels and transports; the unsealing of the ports followed by the removal of all restraints on inter-state traffic. To these is now added the farewell address of the managers of the Sanitary Commission to its agents throughout the land. With the fourth of this month the work of making and procuring supplies was officially directed to be brought to a close, and all that remains for the Commission is to attend to the distribution of stores on hand, to collect the pensions and back pay of the soldiers through its one hundred and twenty-seven offices, to account for its stewardship to the public, and make up its scientific record, for the advantage of every nation that is so luckless as to be involved in war. These duties, though assuredly not trifling, do not require that vast combination of charitable workers which has hitherto existed at the North, and to the members of which, especially, the Commission proffers its admiration and gratitude. It is indeed marvellous that a scheme of benevolence so extensive and so efficient as we know the Commission to have been, should have been sustained without ostentation, without bustle, and with so much certainty that, as the address says, "volunteer work has had all the regularity of paid labor," by the women of the loyal States. The phenomenon is without example in the history of this or any country, and deserves something more than applause and compliments. Honor as we may the tender sympathy, the devotion, the self-sacrifice, the faith that faltered not, the patient endurance of the wives and mothers and sisters whose toils are now ended, their harmonious co-operation and business-like punctuality —their division of labor and calculation of means, excite surprise in almost an equal degree. In thus displaying qualities which are commonly appropriated to the other sex, they suggest the permanent enlargement of their field of usefulness, since what they have accomplished in an extraordinary emergency, without previous training, is an earnest of their achievements when they shall have been regularly bred to habits of industry and self-support. Not one of them, we are sure, is grieved that the necessity for her task of love has ceased; yet thousands, we venture to believe, have found in serving the Commission a satisfaction not altogether attributable to a sense of duty fulfilled, and regret the return to a life of inactivity, from which they are forbidden to long for a second rescue similar to the first. As for the connection between our women at home and our soldiers in the field, it is enough to say that the influence of the former upon the morals, the constancy, the patriotism, and the health of the latter exceeds the power of computation. Had they, who at any time might be widows and orphans, been seduced by the peace faction of the North into joining the cry against the continuance of the war, it may be doubted whether the Government could have withstood the combination, or the army retained its discipline. That peril, however, never even threatened us, and to the women let due praise be given.

IT is impossible to see what is gained by such acts as the closing of Ford's Theatre in Washington by a military force. We can see some reasons, but they are diminishing very rapidly in number, why the Government should wish to keep the "war power" in their hands at Washington for a while longer; but why they should exercise it unnecessarily and in cases involving the violation of private rights, we do not see. It may be in bad taste for Mr. Ford to reopen his theatre; it may show a want of proper sensibility; but we have not reached such a pass in the United States that bad taste needs to be punished by martial law. If the theatre ought not to be reopened, the nation ought to buy it. To mulct a private individual of everything he has in the world, and suspend the conduct of his business, by the mere fiat of the Secretary of War, simply because the President happened to be murdered on his premises, is a very extraordinary proceeding, and has a very unpleasant savor of Vienna about it.

Now that the arrival of the *Great Eastern* with its precious freight is daily expected, it is almost superfluous to record the latest items indicative of the probable efficiency of the cable if laid. These are that, under conditions as nearly as practicable like those to which it will be subjected in ocean, the connected wire exhibited almost perfect insulation and conductivity, and with rude instruments a despatch of four words was made to traverse the 2,500 miles in a minute and a quarter. The Company believe that this interval can be shortened one half by their improved appliances. But even if it should not be, twenty thousand dollars per diem is a pretty revenue, and ought to content the stockholders and managers.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the fact that the *Boston Transcript* pronounces the word "chiefest," used by a writer in the last number of THE NATION, "not English, even if it can be said to belong to any language used by human beings." Our correspondent adds:

"The person who wrote this, had he been in the habit of reading his Bible, and remembering what he read, would have found the word *chiefest* four times in the Old and three times in the New Testament."

As a philological point, the above is hardly worth notice. We mention it as another illustration of the current style of "criticism," which consists mainly in sweeping and violent assertions by persons possessing very little acquaintance with their subject.

What Kennedy failed to accomplish, accident, or, as some insist, the design of a fellow incendiary, has brought about for Barnum's Museum. Seldom has a fire made quicker progress than that by which this famous building was consumed last week. In the present disorganization of our Fire Department, and the compactness of the city at this point, it is a wonder that the ruin was stayed within its actual limits. A high wind would have ensured a much more disastrous result. As it is, the loss is sufficiently great. Various are the regrets expressed on all sides at the destruction of the Museum. Some deplore the cabinets of geology and natural history, which it must be confessed were not attractively arranged; others the aquaria, which were tolerably well stocked and preserved; others the coins, engravings, paintings, etc., valuable for their antiquity or their contributions to history, chiefly American; others, again, the menagerie, which, truth to tell, affected unpleasantly the atmosphere of the establishment, and created an impression of uncleanliness perhaps ill-founded but certainly strong. For the proprietor, Mr. Barnum, there is but one feeling, that of sympathy. Whatever his reputation as a showman, as a citizen he is without reproach, and his services as a legislator in the State of Connecticut are too recent to be forgotten by the friends of human equality. Mr. Barnum has met reverses before, and refuses to be troubled by this the latest. He thanks the public, in a card, for their good-will, and promises to erect a nobler museum immediately, with surpassing collections. To this end he has despatched his agents forthwith to Europe, and announces his own departure after no great delay. Judging of his undertaking in advance, we cannot err in saying that it will not satisfy the highest wants of two such cities as New York and Brooklyn, and that there is need as well as room for a genuine Museum, which the student and the man of science may frequent with profit, and the public with unalloyed delight.

The President's plainness of speech seems to increase with each fresh delegation that attacks him. The Virginia gentlemen who professed ignorance that "men had aided the rebellion according to the extent of their pecuniary means," were told very flatly that they knew better. In the latitude of Richmond this impeachment of their intelligence or their veracity, it would make little difference which, would have called for a murderous display of chivalry. At Washington, while the graves of the assassins were still new, discretion was the better part of valor. Nor did the supplicants fare better by suggesting that they did not happen to have been leaders in rebellion, but joined it at the last reluctantly. Mr. Johnson had a counter-suggestion, that the last too frequently became the first and the worst of traitors. Finally, he told them he did not credit their assertion that his amnesty obstructed the revival of business and bore heavily upon the poor, and dismissed them with a pretty positive intimation that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rebel, who was worth more than $20,000, to crawl under the Executive pardon.

Judge William Marvin has been appointed Provisional Governor of Florida; so that if there are as many States as heads thereof, the Union is restored to its original fulness. The President has had his way without hindrance, and protest against the extension of his policy must resolve into criticism of its workings from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

The Richmond *Whig*, of which we spoke in our last as having changed neither its name nor proprietor, has been suppressed by General Terry for stigmatizing the President's amnesty as "heathenish," and a duly approved law of Congress as "mean, brutal, and cowardly, revoltingly absurd and atrociously unjust." We presume that nobody will criticize this procedure who objects to a reversal of all that has been gained by the war, by the identical means which were employed to excite and foster the rebellion. Nor is it surprising that martial law should overtake a newspaper, after having been required for a city like Norfolk. But do the authorities at Washington understand the lesson of their own intervention in both these cases? There never could have been a rebel mayor chosen in Norfolk, nor a treasonable journal perpetuated in Richmond, if there had been nothing in either community to correspond with these disgraceful facts. The immediate officers in command necessarily act upon emergencies as they arise; but it behooves the Executive to deal, not with isolated symptoms, but with the disease itself. There is no mistaking its nature. The signs are legion that the whole State of Virginia, and, it may be safely averred, every other State late in arms, is unfit to be trusted with self-control. So long as the materials are unchanged, it is folly to expect to alter the character of the edifice. "Brick I found it, and marble I left it," is not destined to be said of the South by our Augustus at the end of a reconstruction with bricks alone: clay will be clay—not limestone nor granite.

Two good illustrations of carrying coals to Newcastle were afforded by the British authorities when, in 1812, they sent out water-casks to their fresh-water squadron on the Lakes, and, later, a flagstaff to Canada of dressed Canadian pine! A third would seem to be, in this country, sending "negro minstrels" to the South. Yet we know that they flourished there before the war, and now one reads of their performances in Charleston. We do not share the surprise of a writer in the *Courier* of that city at certain "ungenteel interruptions" which marred a late exhibition, nor agree that the presence of the improper persons who caused them had no connection with the character of the entertainment. It would be idle to deny that negro minstrelsy is attractive to people of cultivation as well as to the rabble, since a disposition to laugh and a sensibility to music are common to all ranks of society. Mixed, however, with these legitimate appeals to human nature is much that is coarse and offensive, while the object of the caricature itself is degrading both to participants and spectators, and increases the popular contempt for a race which is under the ban. Neither humor nor melody would be exhausted if plantation manners, costumes, and complexions were banished from the stage of minstrelsy. On the other hand, the negro will never be fully recognized as a man so long as decent folks are willing to patronize the buffoons who make their mock of him.

One George W. L. Bickley, M.D., who styles himself "President of the Golden Circle," issues from his present lodgings in Fort Warren an order and a circular. The order suspends the operations of the Circle till 1870. The circular purports to be a defence of that organization and a partial exposition of its designs. Dr. Bickley says he is a Southern-born man, and thinks he knows the people of the South, though he asserts that "they have no superiors in the higher and nobler qualities of human nature." Furthermore, he is a white man, and therefore prefers white society—say of the sentinel who guards his cell, to that of a negro servant in the days when he could command one. The particular aversion of the Golden Circle was radicalism of every sort, and hence no lodges were erected in South Carolina or Massachusetts, and Wendell Phillips and Barnwell Rhett are relieved from the suspicion of being "K. G. C.s." The guiding precept of Dr. Bickley's followers was the Golden Rule, and an applicant for membership was only required to admit his faith in the tenets and principles of the Bible, his determination to obey the laws of the United States, and to take especial care of the "honor, glory, and interest" of the national Government, "*or* of the State in which he lived." Beyond this no questions were asked concerning a man's political opinions or his views touching slavery. To be sure, no Knight with an "honest, unbiassed judgment," having declared his belief in the Bible, could deny that "slavery was recognized by the expressed letter of the Old and New Testaments;" and this being the case, it is difficult to credit the Doctor's statement that the order contained thousands of the supporters of Garrison, Beecher, Giddings, Chase, Wade, and Winter Davis. Foreseeing civil war from the assaults upon slavery which the North was for ever making, the Golden Circle hit upon a most ingenious plan—shall we call it Bickley's patent preventive?—for avoiding the dire calamity. This was by fortifying the South politically, which could only be done by expanding her territory; the grand object being to "allay her morbid apprehensions," and make her "so strong *in* the Union that there could no longer be a pretext for separating from the North." The way to settle the Kansas difficulty was clearly to surrender Kansas to slavery, and the Doctor regards Missouri and Texas as irreproachable peace plasters, of blessed memory. A good

deal of rebellious denunciation of the war, and lamentation for liberties lost in the great overthrow of the South; a charge, which the Abolition Knights of the Circle could readily substantiate, that the weapons which preceded the bayonet in the fight with the South on the slavery issue were *not* "the pulpit, the rostrum, and the press;" and a vindication of fillibustering under the Christian motto before mentioned, compose the remaining substance of the long-winded document. The imprisoned physician who has been unable to heal his country and himself announces his resolve to retire to the pursuits of private life,—we presume with a pass from Secretary Stanton. Thus obscured, he will pray "for the final triumph of Saxon liberty [to wallop niggers] over Latin monarchism on this continent," and await the assembling of the Decennial Congress of the Golden Circle at Washington on the 1st of July, 1870.

Fort Laramie is situated at the junction of the Nebraska and Laramie Rivers, in almost the exact latitude of Boston, but about thirty-five degrees nearer to the Pacific. Some estimate of Western emigration may be formed from the passage of trains through this point in the last two months. In May, over 5,000 teams and 40,000 head of stock. In June, about 4,000 emigrants and 30,000 head of stock. This monstrous tide is pouring over the Rocky Mountains, while the plains they have traversed are lined with the trains of their immediate successors. Our subjugated brethren at the South find any portion of their prospect more agreeable than the inevitable invasion of Northern settlers. One great secret of their eagerness to resume the political control of their respective States is—let President Johnson heed!—their determination to bar out these pestilent intruders, these fellows who come to renew their wasted soil, to raise unheard-of crops, to clear the forest and drain the swamp, to impress the water-power into their service, to set up the cotton-mill alongside of the cotton-field, to build highways, to explore mines, and in short to turn the slothful, shiftless Southern world upside down—the fanatics! The Yankee may be bothered, but he cannot be baulked, nor shut out from the territory which he has enriched with his blood. What foothold he has already secured cannot be stated accurately. It is too early to look, as we reasonably may, for the migrations of families and individuals whom the war has directly acquainted with the advantages of the South. To a large extent it is probable our military campaigns have been surveying excursions, in which a goodly share of the land has been mentally appropriated, in lots to suit, by the enterprising lads in army blue. The most unruly districts will naturally be avoided, and the plan of the chivalry is clearly to make their visitors uncomfortable at all points. The emigration to Maryland is described as very large, though the lower counties, which have been most cursed by slave labor, are less favored by the new comers than the others. Many fine farms, however, are for sale in Talbot and Kent, the best of these, at prices ranging from forty to eighty dollars an acre. Some need to be subdivided, and all to be fertilized artificially.

Everybody remembers Gen. Sherman's liberal estimate of the number of men required to put down the rebellion, at the very outset. The story has been somewhat distorted, and the General gave the true version at a recent festival at Columbus, Ohio. While he was in command in Kentucky, he represented to Secretary Cameron, who was there in person, the smallness of the force with which he would be compelled to march by divergent lines towards Nashville and East Tennessee. When asked how many troops would suffice for the present campaign, he replied: "Sixty thousand; and two hundred thousand before you can subjugate the South." This was the "something as black, sir, as a crow," which was exaggerated into the remark of a madman.

French manufacturers have actually made contracts with an English railroad for the supply of railroad iron and locomotives at lower rates as well as of better workmanship than the English. This, coming in the same week with the winning of the Derby, has caused a sensation. In casting about for the reason why, one wiseacre has lighted on the existence of patents in England. But there are issued in France two huudred and sixty patents to every million of population, to one hundred in England There can be little doubt that the cause is moral and not economical. Continental workmen are gaining on the English every year in character, and intelligence, and education.

Apropos of the disorderly speeches of Emerson Etheridge and others, and the recent arrest of the former in Tennessee, Gov. Brownlow has issued an address to the people, and especially to that portion of it which shows an ugly disposition toward its present rulers and the new Constitution. He argues with great moderation and at some length the nature of the government now existing in the State. He says rebellion usurped the former legitimate authority, and constrained the United States to establish there a republican form of government according to the guaranty of the Constitution. This establishment, being in the nature of a gift, was not conditional with the donor, who might have copied the model of Kentucky or of Maine indifferently. The convention which framed the new Constitution of Tennessee was appointed as an act of grace, not of necessity. Its submission to the people for ratification or rejection was equally optional with the Executive at Washington. As for its being forced upon the disloyal majority without their being permitted to vote upon it, "so," says the Governor, "was the authority of the United States forced upon them, and at the point of the bayonet." Besides, the convention was empowered to determine the qualifications of suffrage, and the people confirmed its action. The law is lenient rather than harsh, as it substitutes temporary disfranchisement for the graver penalties of treason—death and confiscation of property. The Governor gives warning that no attempt to evade the statutes or to excite a hostile reaction will be tolerated by the civil or military officials, who understand each other perfectly and will work harmoniously. All illegal elections will be nullified, and the State shall go unrepresented in Congress rather than be represented by rebels.

Art does not take kindly to bronze in Boston. The statue of Webster in the State House yard was mated on the Fourth with one of Horace Mann, though the living subjects of these monuments were wont—to borrow a jest from Sidney Smith—to argue from different premises. Mr. Powers, the sculptor of the former, did not succeed in overawing criticism by the weight of his reputation. Tailors, even, in their advertisements to the public, disavowed being responsible for the cut of the Webster costume. Now, if we may trust a Boston paper, the adverse opinion which has hitherto prevailed is softening into approbation, since Miss Stebbins has evidently studied the Philosophy ot Clothes with much less insight than her rival artist. He took the modern garb and made the most of it. She attempted to mitigate its stiffness with drapery, and the resulting impression "is of a Salem or Palmer leg, booted and trowsered, sewed on to the front of a sail-cloth."

Forty-three miles of the Central Pacific Railroad have been completed, from Sacramento to Clipper Gap, an elevation of 1,800 feet in the Snowy Mountains. The summit to be overcome is 7,000 feet high, and, this once achieved, the rest of the route to Salt Lake City, up the Humboldt Valley, presents no serious obstacles. With commensurate diligence on the part of those constructing the eastern portion, the perfection of the entire line is warranted within five years. The mountain grades are trifling when contrasted with those of Mont Cenis, upon which an experimental railway has just been successfully built and tested. The mean gradient is one in thirteen, the maximum one in twelve; the distance from base to summit a mile and a quarter. The transit is pronounced even safer than by the ordinary road.

The great "servant gal" question is dividing with the general elections the attention of London society. The interest in it has become so intense that a lady recently "read a paper on it" at St. James's Hall. The English servants, it seems, are displaying all the faults of the age—individualism, independence, love of money, love of dress, and love of "company." Why they should be expected to escape the weaknesses of their contemporaries in other walks of life we cannot well see; and we confess we do not hope for improvement either in their manners or morals by means of a "reform agitation." Their ways, like those of New York aldermen, will hardly be mended, except by the general progress of society.

Perhaps the ablest argument on reconstruction now before the country is the Faneuil Hall address, bearing date of June 21, and signed by the officers of the meeting from which it emanated, as well as by the committee who drew it up. After tersely exhibiting the tendency and final posture of Southern society, in opposition to that of the North, the conclusion is reached that it was controlled by three ideas: Slavery, Aristocracy, State Supremacy. These regulated its political warfare in 1860, were the foundation of its empire in 1861, and sustained it during four years of battle. No surrender has taken place from political considerations. The Southern States were broken down by force, and must be held by force. "The right of this republic to be a sovereign, amongst the sovereignties of the earth, must be put beyond future dispute, abroad as well as at home." The object of the rebellious communities is to resume the exercise of State functions with the least delay and the least change of institutions. The dangers of immediate restoration are imminent, for slavery is the law of every rebel State, and the free colored man is disabled from testimony, education, the franchise, and even from residence. The spirit of the people will be hostile to the introduction of schools, of colonies, of Northern capital and enterprise, and of all philanthropic undertakings. They will oppose being taxed to pay the national debt. It is a fallacy to contend that States are rehabilitated by the mere cessation of war. The rebel country is in military occupation, and the nation has something to say before this is yielded up. "It is our right and duty to secure whatever the public safety and the public faith may require." For instance, that the republic has a permanent claim on the allegiance of every citizen; that the public faith be pledged to every person of color at the South for his complete and veritable freedom for ever, and that of his posterity; that slavery be abolished and prohibited by irreversible law; that the system of the States be truly republican. Most of these ends can be attained only while the States are still under military control. The gentlemen who met in Faneuil Hall do not ask for unconditional, universal suffrage:

"We declare it to be our belief that if the nation admits a rebel State to its full functions with a constitution which does not secure to the freedmen the right of suffrage in such manner as to be impartial, and not based in principle upon color, and as to be reasonably attainable by intelligence and character, and which does not place in their hands a substantial power to defend their rights as citizens at the ballot-box, with the right to be educated, to acquire homesteads, and to testify in courts, the nation will be recreant to its duty to itself and to them, and will incur and deserve to incur danger and reproach proportioned to the magnitude of its responsibility."

Political justice and safety, not social equality, is in question. The South gains two-fifths in the next apportionment of representatives. We have to choose between four millions of ignorant, indolent, disfranchised, degraded, helpless beings, and the reverse. The return of the States is desirable only so fast and so far as they come back "with constitutions in which the public safety and public faith shall be secured."

It appears, now that the plan of reconstruction or reconciliation, or whatever it may be called, has been settled on, the Government begins to think of trying to get some information as to whether it is a good plan or not—in other words, they are making preparations to lock the stable-door after the steed is stolen. We are told that Carl Schurz has been sent on a commission of enquiry through the Southern States to report upon the condition of feeling of both blacks and whites, and still another commission composed of several members is talked of. We still think, as we said a fortnight ago, that the Cabinet ought to have been made through some channel thoroughly familiar with the state of Southern society before setting to work to reorganize it. The off-hand way in which the task is disposed of in *talk*, both in Washington and New York, has, to us, always been alarming.

Slavery in Kentucky is like a man in the article of death, whose quietus depends not so much on the course of nature as on the verdict of a physician. The wrangle is as to who shall pronounce the fact, and incur the claim of damages which the disappointed creditors of the bankrupt are prepared to set up. Certain owners of what was lately property and had an appreciable value, are hoping that the State will inform them that their proprietorship is a delusion. Certain others, who are none the less eager for indemnification, prefer that the United States should speak the fatal word. To this latter class Gov. Bramlette belongs, and he therefore urges the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment as the surest mode of obtaining compensation. This policy smacks of shrewdness, but we think the event will show that a claim which the people of Kentucky would assuredly reject, and which the slaveholding oligarchy dare not even present to them, will scarcely be allowed by the nation at large. Great indeed is the impudence of men who, having scouted an overture of compensation in the days of President Lincoln, when it was worth while, perhaps, to buy out the institution, now send up their bill as if it were still optional with them whether to sell or to keep the subject of the former bargain.

Considering the number and political weight of the Germans in this country, too little is known of their sentiments and doings by native-born citizens. Almost as numerous as our Irish population, they are far less subject to the control of demagogues, and have a greater natural adaptation to our democratic society. Their interest in the late struggle has been deep, and their concern for the proper use of the victory which has been gained is proportionately earnest. The "Unionbund" of this city has just prepared an address to the German-Americans of every locality, the sum of which we shall endeavor to reproduce. The President's plan of reconstruction is criticized, first because it is undertaken hastily, by the Executive alone, without consulting Congress—contrary to the spirit of our institutions. The sphere of the Executive has been liberally enlarged in war time, of necessity; now we ought to be jealous of its exceeding its usual limits. The failure to call Congress together has tended to occasion a breach between the Administration and the leaders of the loyal party, which may be seriously widened when the former body shall reject the States which the President, perhaps, will insist have been legally re-established. The dogma of State sovereignty, which has just been battled down, reappears in the concession to the rebel States of the right of reconstruction, by which they are enabled to affect the welfare of the Union according to their own pernicious ideas; and in recognizing the actual validity of their former constitutions, with the single exception of bondage. Against this it is asserted that these instruments were abrogated along with the State governments themselves by the act and consequences of rebellion, and that only territories are left to be managed by the victorious nation. What is wanted is guardianship for the security of the loyal whites in life, property, and political power, and for the similar protection of the blacks—an armed hand that shall mould deliberately the new society of the South—a firm system, rather than an experiment or a trial. The duty of the United States is to impose a complete, not partial, republican form of government for all the inhabitants, and not for a class alone. The Northern States are striving, such of them as perceive their deficiency, to conform their practice more nearly to the basis of equal rights. The Southern States should be made to obey the universal tendency. The mischievous results of the President's policy are pointed out in Tennessee, North Carolina, and Mississippi. While the unrepentant rebels are everywhere boasting of a speedy return to power, pardons which precede judgment are plentifully distributed, and the peril is imminent of losing both the conviction of traitors and the confiscation of their estates. The Unionbund warns the President and the people to see that the republic sustain no detriment.

The subject of prison discipline is attracting renewed attention all over the world. The "Irish System" is modifying the views of men most versed in such matters as to the best modes of penal discipline. At one time our prisons were almost as much vaunted as our schools, but recent facts show that in some of the most noted among them there are terrible abuses. There is need of a general reform and revision of our system. In Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, the modes of improvement are being discussed with vigor. In Canada there is great interest in the subject, and the need of reform is strongly urged. No one who examines the subject seriously can doubt that the Irish system is vastly more humane and humanizing than those which are followed in this country. It will not answer for us to fall behind in a matter in which we ought to keep the advance.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

THE LATEST BUGBEAR.

It is beginning to be whispered about that if the agitation in favor of negro suffrage should make such progress as to create a strong probability of its success, a panic would ensue in the foreign money market as to its possible effects on the national credit, and we should witness a rapid return of United States bonds held abroad, and the withdrawal of large amounts of gold in exchange, thus causing a further depreciation of the currency. No matter what the capacity of the negroes for self-government may be, it is said, foreigners will not place much faith in it, and will not be persuaded that a large body of voters so grossly ignorant as the most of them must be, will not be used by demagogues in a crusade against the public credit. Nothing is easier than to make the uneducated and unenlightened restive under taxation, and the advantage of keeping faith with public creditors is, even to those who see it at all, rather remote, while the individual advantage of *not* keeping it, is immediate, and apparent to everybody. Considerations of honor or duty, or of patriotism, which influence most good citizens in bearing cheerfully their share of the public burdens, and which serve to counterbalance the inconvenience it may occasion, can, it is said, hardly be expected to have much weight in the eyes of men who have only within the last year come into possession of their own persons.

It is hardly necessary to say that this vision of the possible consequence of pushing the triumph of Northern principles to its legitimate consequences, has been conjured up in England. The Confederate sympathizers there were momentarily stunned by the collapse of the Confederacy and the utter falsification of all their prophecies with regard to the course of the military struggle; but they have recovered, and are now assuring the world that they always knew that the South would have to succumb in the field; what they always said was—and its truth was now about to be made apparent—that the real difficulties of the North would only begin when the fighting was over; that foremost amongst these is the determination of the political status of the negro; that he must be made a voter, and that if he is, he will pull down the pillars of the state, and bury himself and the whites in a common ruin. We believe on the whole there is nearly as much pity affected for Americans in Belgravia at this moment as there was in 1862.

Happily, not only is there no country in Europe in which there is less confidence in human nature and in really popular government felt than in England, but the quantity of United States bonds in English hands is very small. Nine-tenths at least of those which are held abroad are held on the Continent, principally in Germany, and there, strange as it may seem, there is really far stronger belief in the soundness of the democratic principle, and the strength of democratic institutions, than in England, where the government is professedly popular. That persons who have never acknowledged that any government could be carried on where all white men voted, and who were confident only six months ago that ours had failed for that reason, should now be confident that the voting of black men will prove our ruin, is nothing wonderful.

We believe there is no great difference of opinion, in this country, as to the necessity for popular education as the only sound basis of democratic government. But when we ask for an application of this principle, we are apt to find that those who urge it most strongly just now really think it only good for blacks, and care very little, if a voter's skin is white, whether he can tell his right hand from his left. The forebodings which many excellent people feel as to the probable effects of negro suffrage on our Government, they have really seen all realized in the case of the Southern whites, and yet they propose to commit the management of the affairs of half the continent, at once, to the hands of these very same men, without a particle of question or misgiving. The negroes can neither read nor write; no more can nine-tenths of the Southern whites. The negroes are lazy and shiftless; so are the whites. The negroes are incapable of forming an intelligent opinion on any public question; but who does not know that public opinion at the South has always been formed by a few leaders—that the mass of the population took no part whatever in the work? What does a poor white know of finance, or credit, or constitution, or international law? What argument could any demagogue address to a negro in favor of repudiation that would not produce just as much effect on the common mass of Caucasians? What worse could a convention of "degraded blacks" do in the matter of the public debt than was done in Mississippi by the members of the "superior race," led on by that model Caucasian, Jefferson Davis? And if the blacks get complete possession of the South, what scurvier trick could they play us, or the public creditors, than seize our forts, arsenals, sub-treasuries, post-offices, refuse to pay taxes, block up the rivers, tear up the railroads, and finally declare war on us?

They may, if they are armed with the franchise, be led by Southern demagogues into an assault on the public credit. Black as well as white men are mighty uncertain; but we do not well see how this would make the case worse than it stands at present. We may be pretty sure that every Southern voter and member of Congress will do everything he can to get rid of taxation imposed for the express purpose of putting down the rebellion. We have not the slightest doubt that we shall see parliamentary tactics exhausted by them for some years to come in the effort to evade the liabilities with which their revolt has saddled the country. But the number of Southern representatives, as was recently pointed out by the *New York Times*, cannot be increased before 1870, and even then the liberation of the negroes will only add two-fifths to the basis. That is to say, of 4,000,000 of blacks, 2,400,000 have been already represented; in 1870, 1,600,000 will be added—a matter certainly of no great importance at present, even if they possessed the franchise and used it under the dictation of their late masters.

For if they did use it under the dictation of the planters, we should be no worse off than we are now. The poor whites who will vote under the present régime will be as much under their influence as ever they were, and are as ignorant and degraded as any planter could desire; and the negro will be hereafter represented in Congress whether we allow him to vote or not. So that, so far from gaining any security against repudiating demagogues, by shutting him out from the citizenship, we lose *the chance* of his refusing to do their bidding. And that this chance is not small we may fairly infer from all that has occurred during the war. If the slaveholder's influence was not sufficient to convert the negro into a rebel, why should the employer's influence be sufficient to convert him into the political enemy of the party to which he knows he owes his freedom?

We repeat, that the proper course for those who are alarmed at the prospect of seeing the negroes allowed to share in the work of reorganizing and governing the South, on the ground of their ignorance, is to agitate not for his exclusion, but for the abolition of the color test and the substitution of that of intelligence or education. In the existing social condition of the South they gain nothing by merely shutting out the blacks, for they leave within the pale about the same number of stupid, ignorant, and degraded white people. Not a single danger is got rid of in this way, while a distinction is perpetuated by it which is repugnant to the spirit of democratic institutions, and keeps society in a state of constant agitation. And we know of no matter which is more deeply affected by the manner in which we now settle the question of Southern suffrage, than that of the national credit.

THOSE BELLIGERENT RIGHTS.

The old question as to the concession of belligerent rights to the Southern Confederates has been brought to the surface again, and a new hearing got for it on both sides of the ocean. Should the only effect of this be to keep open a blister that ought now to be healed, it might be regretted. If the controversy will bring some permanent principle to light, it will in the end make for peace; if not, it were better to drop it. If it were to continue, little could be gained by a captious and splenetic style of argument.

In March last Mr. Bright, in a characteristic speech, made a fresh attack on the course taken by England in regard to American affairs. His remarks on belligerent rights called out Earl Russell in the other House, and afterwards in the *Times* the distinguished writer who signs himself "Historicus." Some weeks later Mr. Bemis, of Boston, the

author of a pamphlet on "Precedents of American Neutrality," which attracted attention in this country and in England, published in one of the journals of that city an elaborate bill of charges against the English Government, mainly in reply to the defence set up by Lord Russell and Historicus. This paper has since been reprinted in pamphlet form with additions, under the title of "Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency, and Our Right to Complain of It." Mr. Bemis's positions have been opposed with temper and ability by a member of the Boston bar and by Mr. Lyulph Stanley, son of the Postmaster-General of England, whom many Americans will remember as a young traveller of great intelligence.

The longest and most elaborate of these productions is that of Mr. Bemis. His purpose is frankly announced in his title. The first word is an indictment. Like a man who is sure that he "does well to be angry," he has no doubt of his "right to complain." And he complains throughout. There is not, we believe, a page of his pamphlet that is not in that strain. It is not necessary to complain of him for complaining. He had to deal with advocates, whose case he sought to demolish. And he has given a most vehement exhibition of the weak side, as it appears to him, of the policy of the English Government. He has used his industry as an explorer and his ability as a commentator to prove the folly and the injustice of the concession of belligerent rights, as it was made. If some points are over-emphasized, and some small differences magnified; if there is occasionally a rather loose mixture of ethical opinion and historical fact, it is what an open assailant can hardly be expected wholly to avoid.

So far as the mere date of the Queen's proclamation is concerned, it may be doubted whether any good end will be reached by re-arguing the point of discourtesy. To us it may be difficult to see how England could have suffered much by a few days' delay. She certainly would have avoided the appearance of casting a slight on an embarrassed friend, and she would not have roused the resentment of a susceptible nation. In diplomacy surprises are always dangerous tools. And yet, on the other hand, it was probably thought that what must soon be done might as well be done at once. A definite line of conduct seemed better than the chances of international debate, which might in the end cause more irritation than a decisive act. A government, as trustee for the people, must first look to the interest of the people; and that might well appear in this case to demand a neutral position. And it may be that the risk of deranging the politics of the country was not left out of sight. To take either side might provoke others to take the opposite side, and the American question might become the foremost English question—a thing for English interests not to be desired. Discourtesy lies in the needlessness of an ungracious act, or in the ungracious manner of a necessary act. The proclamation is in itself free from any offensive phrase. And mere absence of cordiality, even at a critical time, is not necessarily discourtesy. Doubtless, we were grievously disappointed; we shall learn to expect less hereafter, and perhaps to give less. But a controversy that turns on past mortifications is seldom fruitful or wholesome. It might, indeed, be worth while to bring up for rebuke Lord John Russell's gratuitous tartness of phrase, if at this advanced day such expressions as "the northern portion of the late Union" were not rather to be laughed at, or if the world had not become used to the taste of his vinegar.

Nor is much to be gained by convicting the English Ministry and its supporters of inconsistency in the different grounds assigned, at different times, for the concession of belligerent rights. The crew of a ship that reefed her sails under the threat of a tremendous tempest, and ran for the nearest port, would not all agree as to the particular sign that most moved them; nay, in relating the affair, they would naturally draw on the effects of the storm for proofs of the wisdom of avoiding it. That the concession sprang from some sort of conviction that the insurrection, if not speedily successful, would have to be crushed out by a vast war, seems to be too clear to need argument. It matters little whether this or that sign was really the one that had most weight in producing the conviction. That the English Government overrated the inconveniences that might come upon English commerce may be granted. And yet, in their general estimate of the signs of the times, as to the breadth and violence of the conflict, though not as to the will and might of our people, the English Ministers were, to say the least, as nearly right as we ourselves. And looking, as they were bound first to do, to home interests, they were unwilling to run what did not seem to them to be so very slight a risk. Mr. Bemis, in one of his keenest and most telling hits, speaking of Mr. Davis's offer to grant letters of marque, ridicules the idea of guarding againt unrecognized privateers by recognizing the privateers; and asks whether Captain Kidd might not as well have claimed the honors of war by granting commissions to other freebooters. An Englishman might possibly reply that the Confederates seemed as likely to find cruisers as the old Government to find ships enough to shut them up, that it would be more troublesome to call them pirates than privateers, and that, after all, a fire set in the headquarters of property is not to be likened to a fire in an out-of-the-way barn.

Waiving, then, these less important matters, it may safely be assumed that no one will deny a foreign nation the right, when war is actually flagrant, to take a neutral attitude between an established and an insurgent government. Mr. Clay is reported to have said in debate, in 1817, whenever a war exists, whether between two independent states or between two parts of a common empire, he knew of but two relations in which other powers could stand towards the belligerents: the one was that of neutrality, the other that of a belligerent. Did war exist when the neutrality proclamation was issued? Something like it certainly. After long preparation in the framing of a government and the organizing of an army, the Confederate authorities at Montgomery, acting not as a local but as a central power, the North looking on all the while in amazement or apathy, ordered the blow to be struck at Sumter. This was followed up in quick succession by the President's call for militia-men, and by his proclamation of a blockade. Then came Mr. Davis's invitation to take out letters of marque. The four acts hung well together. And all of them were known in England before the Queen's proclamation. Of the first two the English Ministers had full information before they decided on neutrality; and of the other two a considerable inkling. But the first two might be regarded as the opening of a war, the brewing of which had been slow but perfectly obvious. The proclamation of neutrality, issued after the four acts were fully understood, might well speak of "hostilities." The President, to be sure, was bound to describe the movement at first as an insurrection; only in that way could he legally call out the militia. Foreign nations, however, were not obliged to limit themselves to that municipal view. The blockade, it has been argued, was prospective and in intent, and, till it went into actual force, could give no color to a declaration of neutrality. Prospective in what way, and for how long? Evidently, only until the necessary arrangements could be made to carry it into effect. When Mr. Seward wrote that "the proclamation was a mere notice of an intention to carry the blockade into effect, and that the existence of the blockade would be made known in proper form by the blockading vessels" (Bemis, p. 24), his object probably was to inform foreign powers how and when the liability of their subjects would begin. The President was at full liberty to put the blockade into operation the next day. No intelligent foreigner could doubt that it would take effect as soon as possible. The President's proclamation was evidence of the actual continuance and of the expected continuance of hostilities; indeed, of downright war, if foreign powers chose to take that view. For the language of the proclamation was very strong. He "deemed it advisable to set on foot a blockade . . . . . in pursuance of the laws of the United States and of the law of nations," and declared that for this purpose a competent force would be posted to prevent entrance and exit of vessels. The English Government accepted the blockade in the ordinary sense, submitted to the established penalties, and adhered, in spite of cavil and exception at home, to a frank and liberal interpretation of our right. What ground there can be for regarding the concession of belligerent rights by England and France as a "virtual announcement" of the fact that they "cared more for procuring cotton than for the integrity of the American Union," involving as that concession did their submission to the blockade, it is not easy to perceive. It may be well to quote a passage from the opinion of the Court in the often-cited prize cases in 2 Black's Reports: "When the party (p. 266) in rebellion occupy and hold in a hostile manner a certain portion of territory; have declared their independence; have cast

off their allegiance; have organized armies; have commenced hostilities against their former sovereign—the world acknowledges them as belligerents, and the contest a *war*." Mr. R. H. Dana, speaking of course as counsel, but not lightly, said (2d, p. 261): "The proclamations make the blockades belligerent acts and not municipal surveillance. They are declared to be 'in pursuance of the law of nations,' and guaranteed to be made effective and actual, and provision is made for warning." President Lincoln himself in his supplementary proclamation says, in reference to the former one, that "a blockade was ordered to be established;" and President Johnson, in rescinding the blockade, expressly declares that "the blockade thus rescinded was an international measure for the purpose of protecting the sovereign rights of the United States." "International" seems here to mean something more than exclusively municipal. Nor does it appear to point to what has been called the doctrine of "pacific blockade," which, indeed, is of weight in the discussion only as an *argumentum ad hominem* to silence England and France, who had sometimes acted on that doctrine, without, perhaps, being aware of the name of the thing they were doing.

In these remarks on the question so forcibly handled by Mr. Bemis and the other writers referred to, no account has been taken of the moral aspects of the case. For, however odious the institution that furnished the fuel to the rebellion, the object of the Government of the United States, *at the time of the Queen's proclamation*, was professedly not to demolish that institution, but to recover the national status. Time and again had our Government declared that the question of slavery in the States was local and not national. To an Englishman—and he is on trial—it might matter little whether slavery was protected by an old or a new power. And some may agree with Mr. Stanley, who does not "see that the justice or injustice, the legality or illegality, of a war can affect the rights and duties of neutrals." As to the "incalculable lift" given to the Confederate cause by the concession of belligerent rights, it was probably quite offset by the incalculable disappointment occasioned by the stiff denial of all further recognition. Had the concession been postponed—and it would seem that postponement was the utmost that was possible—the heresy that cotton was king would still for the time have kept up the hopes of the Confederates, and blockade-running been more or less active. The dissatisfaction of the South with England, as everybody knows, grew to be as keen as that of the North. The cry against half-faced fellowship was as bitter at one end of the line as at the other. Each party found that it had a cold shoulder to itself. But to be mocked with a fraction of recognition was an "unseemly fall," that left the subject of it in a worse plight than if he had never received the *lift*.

But for the recent renewal of the controversy on this question, it would be proper to apologize for so many words on a subject so threadbare that it threatens to fall to tatters at the touch. The topic is trite, and it is difficult not to treat it tritely. One's mercury scarcely works up, in dealing with it, to "temperate." A four-years-old blunder, if blunder it was, is very old in times like these; and there are more real and living questions, relating to England's use of her neutral rights, to give occasion to the crossing of diplomatic and legal pens. The stale anathemas, true or false, of the temper of the English ministers and of the English aristocracy need not be revived here. The story is too old, and the lash has lost, or ought to have lost, the sharpness of its crack. Mr. Bemis might, perhaps, have foregone the comparison of England (p. 45) to a "blustering bystander," who asks for fair play between the owner of a hat and the ruffian who has knocked off the hat; especially as England fancied that she too had interests at stake. And it might be asked, whether in this particular business she did bluster at all? Something of the same excess of eagerness appears in the repulsive language with which he stigmatizes a proposition in the letter of Historicus as "an attempt to force a lie down the American throat, and then to palm off upon the British people the notion that the American throat has swallowed it" (p. 45). This is the less happy, as Historicus does not appear to make the assertion with which he is charged. He is not denying a fact; he simply expresses astonishment at its existence. Another of the writer's pages would have been quite as fair without the poor epithet of "slave-clutching." These, however, are matters of taste, and every man must follow his own canons. It would be ungrateful to take leave of Mr. Bemis's pamphlet without an acknowledgment of indebtedness to him for his careful array of facts and dates, and for the honorable way in which he has appended the entire letter of Historicus to his own essay.

ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION FROM JAMAICA.

We spoke a fortnight ago of the effect of class legislation on the condition of the colored population in Jamaica in the matter of education. The system of taxation in force there furnishes illustrations of it which are still more apposite.

In Jamaica the public institutions are supported solely at the expense of the colony, and the revenue is raised partly by direct and partly by indirect taxation, but principally by the latter, which bears a proportion to the former of about twenty-five to one; in other words, for every hundred dollars of indirect taxes only four dollars are raised by direct taxation. By far the larger portion of the indirect taxes is derived from import duties on articles of food and clothing, these duties amounting in the aggregate to nearly two-thirds of the entire revenue of the island, or fully $900,000 per annum. The direct taxation is levied on land, dwelling houses, riding and draught horses, and breeding stock. There are also export duties upon nearly all native productions shipped to other countries. The tax on land is one penny per acre, but the law provides for the redemption of this tax by any land-holder on a seven years' purchase. It will be seen from these particulars that, in Jamaica, taxation bears very lightly on real estate. In no part of the world—at least, in no portion of the tropical regions—is the land more fertile; but perhaps in no settled country does the land contribute so little as it does there to the public treasury.

In Jamaica there are two classes of land-holders—the one the owners of large properties, consisting of several hundreds of acres each; the others the proprietors of "small settlements," as they are called, ranging from five acres to ten acres. In a few instances "small settlers" own farms of twenty, thirty, and forty acres. The large plantations in cultivation are divided into "sugar estates," "coffee properties," and grazing farms; but most of the small men raise either coffee or sugar on their settlements, and many of them are owners of brood-mares and horses. Let us see how taxation bears on these two classes of agriculturists respectively. We will suppose the case of a sugar estate making one hundred and fifty or two hundred hogsheads of sugar and one hundred or one hundred and fifty puncheons of rum a year. For carrying on its agricultural and manufacturing operations, such an estate requires sixty or eighty head of horned stock, besides mules and horses. Upon all these one shilling per head per annum taxes is paid. Then there is the land tax of a penny per acre; and the planter pays, besides, the export duty on his produce of so much for every hogshead of sugar and so much for every puncheon of rum. He must have wagons, too; but if these are used exclusively within the limits of his property he pays no tax for them, even though—as often happens—they are used on the public road intersecting his plantation. Now, how does his ten-acre neighbor fare? He, too, we will suppose, is engaged in raising sugar. Upon his land he pays the same acreage tax as the wealthy proprietor; if he export his sugar, the same export duty; or if he sell his sugar to the merchant, the export duty is so much deducted from the value of the article. He requires agricultural animals. Should he use a small plough in preparing the land for the plant, he must have a couple of horses or mules to draw the plough; but, in any case, he must have them to convey the canes from the field to the mill after they have been cut down, and to turn the mill which grinds the canes. Upon these animals he is required to pay a tax of ten shillings—or two dollars and a half—per head, being ten times what the large planter has to pay for his working stock; and if he employ asses instead of horses or mules, he must pay three shillings and sixpence a head for them; while upon his cart or dray a tax of nine shillings for each wheel is levied.

We will suppose that the large planter presses improved machinery into his service; that he has, for instance, a steam engine on his estate to assist in the manufacturing operations, or he has railway trucks, or uses pipes for conveying fluids, or pumps, or other appliances of like description. The duty on these is charged at the rate of 4 per cent.;

but on the rude hoe or bill, or the rough iron boiler—the only appliances within reach of the humble means of the poor agriculturist—your small settler must pay a duty of 12½ per cent. *ad valorem*. And all this difference, avowedly, because he is a small settler, because he is a poor and struggling man; for the law expressly provides that as soon as he manufactures forty barrels of sugar a year—equivalent to five hogsheads—his property is to take rank as a sugar estate, and he is to be then entitled to all the fiscal privileges and immunities appertaining to the large proprietor! We see the same inequality and injustice with respect to breeding farms. The dwelling-houses on these, as well as on the sugar estates, pay no house-tax; but a man must swear that he has at least forty head of cattle or horse on his farm before he can claim the exemption. The man who has only three or four, or any number less than forty, must pay the tax, should his house be of an annual value of not less than sixty dollars.

The object of all this, we are told, is to stimulate industry, to compel the small settler to aspire after a higher industrial and social position; but experience brings us to the same conclusion at which we should arrive *à priori*, that it is eminently calculated to have the very opposite effect. It is notorious that since this system of taxation has been in operation, now nearly ten years, not one man in five hundred has raised himself from the position of a "small settler" to the rank of a planter, properly so called, in Jamaica parlance.

If we turn to indirect taxation, we shall see the same gross inequality, followed by equally pernicious results. In the first place, food is heavily taxed. On every barrel of flour imported into the island there is a duty of two dollars; on every barrel of meal half a dollar; on every barrel of salted pork three dollars; on every quintal of salted cod nearly one dollar; on every barrel of pickled mackerel one dollar; on every hundred weight of rice one dollar; and so forth. It is bad enough that these articles of primary necessity to the people should be taxed at all; but the injustice of the thing becomes more apparent when we compare the duties levied on such articles with those charged on what may be fairly denominated luxuries. Take flour, for example: calculating the duty on this article on the *ad valorem* principle, it will be found to amount to nearly thirty per cent. on the original price of the flour; but sweet tea-biscuits of the finest quality pay only twelve and a half per cent. duty. In the same way, salted cod, largely consumed by the peasantry, pays over thirty per cent.; while potted meats and dainty preserves, which only the rich can purchase, pay twelve and a half per cent. Inferior rum, the common drink of the poorer classes, pays an excise duty of nearly four times the duty charged on the finest brandy; and the poorest Teneriffe wine is taxed at the same rate as claret of the choicest vintage, or the finest champagne and hock. If we look at dry goods, we see the same principle in operation. There is no distinction made between the superfine broadcloth of which the gentleman's coat is made, or the rich silks in which the fine lady clothes herself, and the coarse osnaburg or the humble cotton print, which constitute chiefly the peasant's dress: all alike are charged with the duty of twelve and a half per cent. *ad valorem;* and the bandanna kerchief in which the negress envelopes her head, turban fashion, pays precisely the same tax as the silk bonnet fresh from Paris or London with which the fashionable belle adorns hers.

But if this system of taxation is adverse to the agricultural progress and prosperity of the freed people, it is hardly less inimical to the development of native industry and enterprise in the direction of manufactures. Imported machinery, for example, pays a duty, as we have stated, of only four per cent. *ad valorem*, but the raw materials, such as iron, copper, and lead, etc., pay twelve and a half per cent. Ready-made clothing of all kinds is admitted at the former rate, but cloth of every description is taxed at the latter. Ready-made saddles and harness, and boots and shoes, are all charged the lesser sum, while leather is placed in the higher category; and so also are all kinds of tradesmen's and mechanics' tools. Plain printing paper is subject to the twelve and a half per cent. duty, while printed matter, such as books and magazines, are, with the exception of American reprints of English copyright works, entirely exempt from duty. The result of all this is not only to give to a few importers of manufactured goods a virtual monopoly of trade in certain articles, but to crush out manufacturing industry among the people. It is now a matter of extreme difficulty to find a competent tradesman or mechanic of any kind in Jamaica; and it is no wonder: for such are the disadvantages under which they labor in consequence of the high price of raw materials, caused by an excessive duty, that they cannot possibly compete with the sellers of imported manufactures.

POLITICAL EQUALITY.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." To this Declaration are attached the names of Hancock, Adams, Wollcott, Jefferson. What these men declared to be self-evident must have a meaning, and one, too, corresponding in seriousness and importance to the character of the time in which it was uttered. So was it held then, and for many years afterwards. Its influence went beyond our own land. It revolutionized political ideas in the mightiest kingdoms of the earth. But a reaction came. It was felt among ourselves. The famous Declaration was called in question, treated as a sophism, declared to be a self-evident falsehood. We had among us an institution whose spirit was in direct antagonism. But this was not the only nor the main cause of the political change. Men get tired of truisms, though such are oftenest the most valuable of truths. Plain republicanism began to look homely. All this, however, might have been withstood. Even slavery might have been righteously surmounted, as our fathers hoped, had there not arisen among us a sham conservatism and a sham democracy. Powerful writers arose in England who became the idolized authorities of our young men. These had themselves been the offspring of a similar reaction. Coleridge, Southey, and others had come from the extreme of French revolutionism to the opposite extreme, which they were fond of styling by this name conservatism. The extensive reading of Scott's novels tended powerfully in the same direction. Then high toryism was rendered all the more intense and effective for the unthinking by its occasional liberalism, or their apparent appreciation of the power of the opposite ideas both in church and state. It cannot be doubted that Coleridge and Scott have done more to change the literary and philosophical opinion in this respect that our national pride will permit us to allow. Conservatism began to have a look of greater profundity than the old-fashioned notions of liberty and equality. These were surface ideas. Conservatism was intellectual; it was scholarly; it represented, or was supposed to represent, a higher order of thinking. It became the pet phrase; it was more respectable than radicalism. Any mind could be radical, but the very term conservatism seemed to carry with it an air of thought and learning. Our readers, of course, will understand us as speaking of the abuse and not in condemnation of this noble word.

Hence there arose among us a sort of literary dandyism, whose principal badge of distinction was nothing more than the frequent utterance of this shibboleth. There was a great deal of this among the Whigs; the Federalists before them had been much better republicans and more true to the Declaration of Independence; but, at last, even the party calling itself the Democratic began to talk "conservatively," and in the end to claim the Protean word as their peculiar property. We have known men whose exceedingly high Churchism was offset by a very low democracy; and so here: an ultra radical tendency in one direction was sought to be balanced by high claims to conservatism in another. Slavery greatly aided this monstrous obliquity in our politics, and introduced the most heterogeneous solecisms in our political language. Kansas raids upon the ballot-box took the name of "law and order;" fillibustering became conservative; the right of a slave State to declare a man *property*, and then to make him property in all the Territories of the nation, this also was conservatism and sound States' rights democracy; the right of a free State to make a man a *citizen*, and the claim that, by virtue of such citizenship and according to the express letter of the Constitution, he was a citizen everywhere, this was radicalism—yea, worse than this, it was downright fanaticism. Property, the most questionable kind of property, was placed above citizenship. The lower thing was made the special charge of conservatism; the assertion of the highest of all State rights, and of its title to respect in every other State, this was branded with the odious name. No wonder that

our ideas, as well as practices, became terribly mixed up. Men began to call themselves "democratic conservative," or "conservative democratic"—phrases which would have been incomprehensible to Jefferson; and so, on the other hand, adherence to the fundamental ideas of the founders of the republic—a course which, in any other part of the world, would have been regarded as the soundest conservatism—was stigmatized as radical, until it became difficult to tell where we were, since words supposed to be the most fixed in political language seemed to have lost all meaning. What was worse than all, the famous Declaration of human right to which our fathers attached so much importance, came at last to be regarded as a mere rhetorical flourish, or a downright contradiction in terms. It was radicals and fanatics who quoted the fathers—it was the conservative, the "democratic conservative," who turned away from our national antiquity and poured contempt upon our heroic age.

"Men were not created equal; the assertion is in the face of the most obvious facts." Such kind of talk became a favorite with a certain class of flash lecturers. They had got hold of something original and profound. One man is stronger than another, they very gravely told us, one man is wiser than another. All this was said with an air of great wisdom, as though such an idea had never occurred to Jefferson or to John Adams, or any other of the clear, sober, reflecting men who sent forth that Declaration to the world.

It is truly astonishing that these reactionists should fail to see that such assertions did not touch the great truth—did not even come in sight of it. What is political equality before the law? It is that each human being unconvicted of crime, is equally a member of the State; equally sharing in its political life; equal in his claim to representation in its organic action; equally a citizen; and, as such, equally entitled to the attainment of, or to be unhindered in the attainment of, every right, privilege, or franchise that is made attainable by or to any other member. We have made the declaration as sweeping as possible, though at the same time guarded at every point, that our "conservative" may have the fairest chance to enter his protest. It will probably be after this fashion: You are then for universal suffrage, or you claim it as a *natural right;* you make no distinction between suffrage and citizenship; you are also for individual office-holding; each man having an equal right to be legislator, governor, judge, or president. You must also claim equality of property—the right of each man to have as many acres of the common soil as any other man—equality of social condition, equality in education—in every respect, in short, in which it is possible for one man to differ from another. Now the doctrine implies no such nonsense as this, it is all on the other side; the attempted *argumentum ad absurdum* only proves its own absurdity. Political equality is not the equal right of every man, or of any man, immediately to all or even to any of the political franchises or privileges of the state. In this sense none of them are by nature. They do not exist in what is called the state of nature. They are the product of political society, and must be regulated by it, receiving from it their form as well as their being. They are all subjects of probation, condition, desert. What then is the idea of that equality which this Declaration calls self-evident? It is the equal right of all to attain that which is made attainable to any. In fitter language, it is the equal right of every man that the law should lay nothing in his way to the becoming possessed of such franchises, suffrages, or political privileges of any kind that is not also laid in the way of every other man, or that there should be nothing removed from the path of any other man that is not, so far as the law is concerned, also taken out of his. Let them be prizes, conditions, rewards. There is no more difficulty in supposing them thus to exist in a republican state than in any other; they are conditions that a wise state should improve; and there is no inconsistency in regarding them, in the start, as representing its unanimity, or the consent of all to what, in the long run, is just for all.

Let them, then, be precious as they ought to be; let them be attained with difficulty, so as to secure, however imperfectly, some personal merit in their attainment. The lower the social condition from which they are reached, the higher is such evidence of merit. Make all political privileges dear, make them valuable; but let this principle ever be preserved: Nothing *for* or *against any* that is not *equally* for or against *all*. We mean, of course, nothing *by law*, either in its positive or its negative actions—every man left to the free and hopeful use of all the powers, bodily and mental, that God has given, with the unchecked striving for corresponding attainment. An open road to all humanity. The true idea needs only to be simply stated to make it "self-evident," as it is characterized by its renowned and most intelligent authors. Two children are born in different parts of the same national territory; they draw their first breath as members of the same political organization; but the one first opens his eyes in a Fifth Avenue palace, the other in the hut of a negro or of a sandhiller in Georgia. Nature, or Providence, or God, as we may choose to call it, has started them in very different and very unequal circumstances. But the law knows nothing of this. If it were right to make any difference, it should be in favor of the weaker. The principle, however, to be universal, must be unbending. Nothing which the law requires, nothing which the law permits, to prevent the one from attaining to any political position for which his natural powers, in their unhindered exercise, may qualify him, nothing to prevent the other from losing any such position for which the want of such natural powers, or the abuse of them, may disqualify him. This is political equality.

There is no evading the remarkable fact, that whilst such political equalization is a theoretical and, ultimately, a practical reality among nations whom we have been accustomed to regard as destitute of political freedom, its total negation in respect to a large class is a peculiar characteristic of our own institutions. England has had it, France has had it, Prussia has had it; but in the land of Fourth of July orations, the assertion of such political equality has been, and is yet, a world-insulting lie.

We cannot defend ourselves on the ground that, in other respects, there is more flexibility in our political and social life, and, therefore (with the strange exception aforesaid), the greater amount of freedom. The rigidity of aristocratic politics, it may be said, checks the descent of the high-born base, and, to that extent, keeps down the upward flow. But even this does not prevent, in the long run, the constant tendency to a political equilibrium. The disorganizing and reorganizing process goes on in families as well as among individuals. In time the lofty hills bow down, the valleys rise—ancient houses sink, and others emerge from obscurity. And thus, even here, political equality asserts itself; since there are no *absolute* bars (and this is the great point) which the institutions of those countries place in the way of such a progress.

With us, indeed, there is more freedom in the one aspect. Our society is very flexible and fluctuating until we come down to a plane where all is stagnant as the marsh, or as rigid as the grave. Here are no living waters. Here is no flow at all. Beneath this there is no true political life. The icebergs of aristocracy may melt; they are constantly melting; but caste can undergo no change of form until the mould into which it has been fixed by law or prejudice is utterly broken in pieces. Such caste has existed, still exists, among us in its worst form. Since the change that has taken place in Russia, we are now the only civilized nation in which it appears. There is one class among us, as fixed by the present order of our institutions, *that can never* rise. Unless something more is done, this is as true now as it was four years ago. The shackles have been removed from their limbs but they are yet kept in their prison-house; the iron doors have not yet been thrown open. In other words, *ownership* has been abolished, but slavery, political slavery, still exists.

Now, for such a caste, the very flexibility that exists in all above them becomes the cause of the greater depression and the greater hopelessness. They are worse off than they would be among the aristocracies of Europe. The greater crowding, the wider cry for rights, the deeper fluctuations of the social life, that are ever surging above their hopeless level, only make it a condition of deeper outlawry and degradation. They are mute spectators of a strife that only drives them still lower down; for there can be no stand-still here; that which cannot rise must sink. It is thus that servitude and caste demand an aristocracy to make them the more endurable. It would be better for these outcasts to have immediately above them the old plantation society than the meaner elements that our social upheavings may bring in its place. Better for the colliers of England the rule of the baron and the squire, than the contempt of that snobbish middle-class whose sup-

posed dignity demands the depression, rather than the elevation, of those who may seem barely inferior to themselves in the social scale. And so, among ourselves, we believe that no fact is better established than that the degree of this mean negro hatred among us is in exact proportion to the low social value of those who most strongly entertain it. On this account, it would be far better for the colored man, if he is to remain a political outcast, to be the dependent of his former master (who may, in some sense, be said to give him a representation in the state) than to be the defenceless scoff and victim of the "mean white," or the mercenary Yankee, or the negro-hating, negro-burning Celt.

Better, too, for the state. If the colored man is not to vote, and to vote soon, on the same conditions that are attached to other men's voting, better for the nation that he had continued in a humanely regulated servitude. "Voting is not a natural right," it is often said, with an air of logical triumph, as though it settled this great matter of suffrage without further argument. It does not touch it. The question involved in this dogmatic assertion may be the subject of discussion by itself. But here the proposition may be admitted. There is a sense in which it is true. No man, white or black, has *a natural right* to vote (the state may demand conditions—a wise state *should* demand conditions); but every man, as a man, born a member of the state, has a natural right to become a voter by the unhindered attainment of the qualifications prescribed, and then the unhindered exercise of the franchise thus conditioned. This is inherent in the idea of political equality. It comes from the simple fact of a living membership in a living organic body. Without this it is hard to recognize the one to whom it is denied as a member of the state at all. He is either a chattel, and, as such, beneath the knowledge of the law, or he is an alien, wholly outside of its jurisdiction, though seeming territorially to lie within it. There is no middle ground to which we can give the name of citizenship, or membership, that does not involve this ultimate equality in the possible attaining by any one man of whatever is possible or attainable for any other member of an organic whole. It inheres in the very idea of our common political life. How can a man be a sharer in this without some mode of representation or participation? Deprived of it, he must be regarded as something cast loose—by itself—out of social harmony—like a foreign substance having no chemical affinities with the system in which he is unnaturally placed. Now, if there be that analogy, which all experience shows there is, between physical and political organisms, such a state of things must produce great mischief. This loose matter must be expelled, or it must be, in some way, incorporated. Human beings thus *in* the state, yet not *of* the state, present a political anomaly. In this uncombined, inorganic condition, they can be, to the body politic, only a source of irritating pain or of dangerous malignant disease. Thus the colored man, in his former servile relation, may be said to have had, politically, an organic place; he had a representation in the state; he voted, too, strange as the assertion may appear; he was a power in Congress. Now that he is cut off from all civil and social relations, he is in danger of becoming a floating pest, having less affinity, and more morbific, than the noxious entozoa that infest the animal system. He cannot be supposed to remain in this unnatural position. He will breed a greater pestilence than the old one from which we think ourselves delivered. What *shall* be done with him? To this question there is only one answer: Make a man of him. To drop all metaphor, we must either drive him out to the society of the beasts, or we must elevate him—permit him, rather, to elevate himself—to a true manhood, with the possible attainment of all that belongs to membership in the *one* common humanity.

EMANCIPATION IN CUBA.

Colonel Francis Montaos, of Havana, has proposed a plan for the extinction of slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico, which, through his personal influence and his official position, is likely to command much attention. Colonel Montaos is commandante of the prisons in the island, and is also private secretary to the Captain-General, to whom he has submitted the plan which, with his permission, we now lay before the public:

"The important matter of the extinction of slavery in this island keeps the mind of everybody in the greatest anxiety. Every one feels that the hour is come to strike that great blow which the progress of ideas and the pressure of events make already indispensable.

"It is an idea which lies in the conscience of all, yet before the realization of which those most zealously interested in it are apprehensive, in view of the difficulties that all violent transitions affecting social interests offer in their execution.

"Every project suggested until now has had in itself great inconveniences, which very likely would arrest the progress of our agriculture, producing a sensible decline of all property. But a plan has now been submitted to the Captain-General, which offers many probabilities of a happy issue, having already been accepted by as many as know of it. The two principles on which the plan rests are the obligation to fix a certain amount as the value of the slave, with no right to alter it, and the ransom or redemption to be paid out of the work of the slaves. These would be divided into three different classes, according to age, fixing an estimate of their value on the proportion of $600, $400, and $200.

"As soon as the law is promulgated, the owners would assign a salary of three or four dollars per month to each slave, leaving it to their choice to have the whole kept for them as a fund for their ransom, or else to dispose of a part of their wages, but never allow them to take more than a half. With the same end, every other sum that the slave may acquire will be received from him and placed to his credit, such as the profit of a small piece of ground worked on his own account, and with his master's consent, in hours of leisure or holidays, or the selling of poultry, etc. All such sums shall be credited on a book, which will undergo a monthly examination from the local judge, the slave keeping also a memorandum of the same.

"The children of slave mothers born after the promulgation of the law will be free after twenty years, but they can then remain on the plantation if agreeable to the planter, and under a contract. In this way they would make return for the sacrifices and cares of their childhood. So a universal emancipation would be gradually accomplished. Slaves from 21 to 40 would be free after fifteen years; those from 40 to 60 after eleven; and finally, those from 60 to 70 after five.

"If those more than sixty years old, when ransomed, should not like to leave the plantation, they could remain on it, but with no salary; however, in such a case the master would have to make the necessary allowance for food, clothes, illness, etc. Concerning the rest, an agreement would be made with the masters, so as to ascertain the wages they might require.

"Supposing 100 to be the number of negroes on a plantation, under this plan the monetary sacrifice imposed on the owners would not exceed 150 dollars. The Government indirectly indemnifies the planters, without imposing new taxes on the public wealth, by making a reasonable allowance or reduction on the exportations of sugar, *i. e.*, so much less on each box from what is now paid, or else exempting the planters from the *tithe*, or three per cent. tax.

"This project, before being realized, should be submitted to the judgment of the first planters of the island, and, after that, a discussion should be held on the subject at the court, with the view of having it promulgated as a law. The main features of the plan are, that it would represent 'the redemption of slaves by their own masters, as a reward for their work and zeal,' without any trouble at all to the planters, nor a sensible loss to their interests; they being in a certain manner indirectly indemnified by the Government as aforesaid.

"The emancipation once accomplished in this way, an African immigration could be established, abolishing that of coolies, which has so much contributed to increase the number of criminals on the island."

A Cuban planter, in communicating the outline of this scheme, writes: "Thanks to Col. Montaos, we have now a feasible plan to begin with."

Col. Montaos has been a sturdy champion of the United States during the war, and recently incurred a duel with a leading editor of Havana by resenting his denunciations of the North as false and insulting. Col. M., who has already travelled extensively in this country, purposes visiting it soon again, and it is to be hoped that his enlightened zeal for emancipation will be quickened to more prompt and thorough measures. The experience of England in her West India Islands proves that immediate emancipation is practicable, economical, and safe, while a scheme of gradual emancipation, with an intermediate state of apprenticeship, is burdensome to all parties.

THE POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN THE NEW WORLD.

From Labrador to Patagonia, the American continent is active beyond precedent in social and political changes. Some concern the form, others the essence of government. Some relate to boundaries and the freedom of great rivers. There are questions of labor, of foreign and domestic policy, of independence and confederation, of religion, and of races. In the general broil enter emperors, dictators, insurrectionists, priests, and peoples.

Beginning at the south, we witness a war between Brazil, the Bande Orientale, and the Argentine Republic, on the one hand, and Paraguay on the other. The only novelty in this quarrel is the combination of parties. The stake, which does not appear upon the surface, is the control of the Plate River, and the consequent supremacy of the Hispano- or Lusitano-Americans. There are besides internal revolutions, which the war may temporarily suspend but will not smother. Such in Brazil is the tendency toward the abolition of negro slavery, involving the overthrow of a landed aristocracy possessed of immense domains, and the cultivation of cereals to an extent sufficient to render the country self-sustaining. When grain shall have thus far encroached upon the tropical products of slave labor, Brazil will be independent of Uruguay, will have less reason to covet her territory, and will retain the colonists whom she now forces to seek sustenance and prosperity in the neighborhood of the little republic. Neither the Argentine Republic nor Paraguay is a government of the people, in a strict sense, but each is controlled by a single man, though with democratic show. The former is almost wholly subjected to one of its constituent provinces, Buenos Ayres, and there is discernible in the future a conflict for separation or complete subordination.

Next in order, or *dis*order, is Bolivia, where a self-elected President has been deposed by a popular movement; Peru, which is divided between two parties—the authorities, who are accused of misconduct in their negotiations with Spain, and a professedly patriotic body of insurgents, who have made some headway; and finally Ecuador, where an Ex-President leads a sudden attempt against a government whose offence is conservatism. Chili and the states to the north of those mentioned are at present tranquil, having had their epochs of commotion and bloodshed, but are not on that account secure from a repetition of them while the circumjacent lands are heaving as if with volcanic throes. It is impossible to predict the definitive results of all these dissensions, but the drift seems pretty clearly to be toward a higher application of the republican principle, and a broader recognition of the rights of man. Certain problems, which are more than matter for curious speculation, are being solved among the mountains and upon the plains of South America: whether, for example, the Monroe Doctrine finds its justification in a law of nature, forbidding monarchy to thrive in this hemisphere; and whether the mercurial temper of Castile is capable of the self-imposed restraints of constitutional government.

Still coming north, we hear of a rising in Panama, insignificant, perhaps, but in keeping with what we have observed elsewhere. Mexico is the empire of a year, but an empire which has not meant "peace," and is not likely to mean it—any more than his whose bayonets erected and now sustain the throne of Maximilian. Here are grave questions of Latin and Saxon, of autonomy and interference from abroad, of state religion and religious liberty. All these cannot be settled in a day, nor settled at all unless aright.

It is needless to speak of the transformations that are at work within the limits of the Union; yet it is worth while to note the great diversity of the processes and stages of reconstruction. Comprehensively, the entire South is undergoing a radical change in regard to labor and the social gradations based upon it. Individually, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, and Virginia represent quite different phases of the passage from slavery to freedom; Kentucky still another, since it cherishes the moribund institution as long as it can, though not without very vigorous opposition from a growing minority of its own citizens. The free States are not exempt from the progressive impulse of the times, and are daily correcting their notions of democracy by the experience which every year increases in value. New Jersey is divided on the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. Other States are considering the duty of freeing their charters from the stains of caste and color-prejudice, and Connecticut is presently "to go before the country" on precisely this issue. Then, in connection with negro suffrage, arises the broader question of universal suffrage, upon which the advocates of the freedman, the foreign immigrant, the native-born citizen, and the female sex, are to be heard, along with those who would restrict the ballot to the intelligent or educated. Not too trivial for mention are those experiments of which this State has now made so many, because the metropolis cannot be trusted to take care of itself. And if we have our Metropolitan Police, our Central Park Commissioners, and our Metropolitan Fire organization, Massachusetts now has her Constable of the Commonwealth, whose special function, with the aid of proper subordinates, is to execute the laws of the State, which have hitherto given to the municipal police their chief employment.

Last but not least in our review is Canada, of which, speaking more at length in another place, we shall say little here. Her part in the continental agitation is an effort to bind the provinces into a confederacy, and what this has of prophecy in regard to her future separation from the mother country, and what in regard to her ultimate absorption in the American Union, we leave for others to determine.

LIFTED OVER.

As tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones, in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

MARAH.

ANOTHER CRITICISM.

"A VERSE-WRITER in THE NATION calls the sword the 'High Bride of Justice.' We had until now supposed Justice to be properly represented by the feminine gender, whatever the sword might be; but we live and learn." —*N. Y. Times, July* 8.

All this reminds me of an ancient doubt,
Which, now such kindly critics are about,
I will confess: Why has it ever been
Forbidden to the lordly race of men,
And counted woman's province, to present
The typic shape of Justice? Courteous meant,
Perhaps, in days of chivalry, and yet
Satire and falsehood in the figure met.
Justice, forsooth! When was a woman just?
Or when, to Justice, might a woman trust?
Methinks the poet had too keen an eye
And taste for truth to use the ancient lie;
And though, till times are mended, critics sneer,
We'll hail him in the right, Aubrey De Vere!

JUSTITIA.

JULY 8.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

I.

RICHMOND, Va., July 8.

IT was a very pleasant change from the roar and heat of a June day in New York City to the cool breeze and the plash of the waves that greeted us sailing down the harbor on our way to Richmond. The voyage from wharf to wharf occupied three days, for a day was added to its length by our picking up at sea a disabled steamer, which we towed into Hampton Roads. The three days, however, were agreeably spent. In the little things, as well as in the great, one may perceive that the country has returned from war to peace. In the treatment which he receives in one of these private steamers the traveller finds a pleasing contrast to that indifference or insolence which he was forced to put up with in the days of army transports, when contracting owners were paid the same whether their vessels were full or empty, and when every official on board, from captain to steward, resented as an unnecessary evil the presence of every passenger.

Our cabin passengers on the *Creole* were perhaps fifty in number. There were officers returning to their regiments; officers' wives going down with children and waiting-maids to join their husbands; half a dozen excursionists intending to see Petersburg and to spend the Fourth of July in Richmond; a party of German Jews, ill-mannered and dirty, who fraternized closely with each other, and were profuse of attentions to the German nurses

and waiting-maids. "Look at those fellows now!" said a young man from Connecticut to me; "a'n't they a 'penny-ante' lookin' lot? But they'll make more money in the Southern country in this next year than you or I will." I afterwards saw one of them in the street at Portsmouth with two or three hoop-skirts under his arm, and a box of paper-collars in his hand, trudging along, as I suppose, to his shop; and another I saw and heard playing the harp on the boat between Norfolk and Richmond.

Besides these we had also some of the vanguard of that army of immigrants which is to occupy the South. My acquaintance from Connecticut was travelling with a friend of his, and they hoped to find somewhere in North Carolina an opportunity to establish themselves in business. The Southern climate would be better for him, he thought, than that of his native State. He wasn't particular what sort of business he engaged in, but he'd a little prefer to bring down a good lot of goods and sell them. There were eight or ten other men aboard going South with similar plans. None of them, so far as I could learn, had any intention of becoming farmers. They all looked forward to trading. Most of them were young men, and seemed to me imbued with all the love of change as well as all the acuteness that is said to characterize the Yankee. Of quite a different class was a German family going out to be laborers on the estate of a gentleman who owns a plantation not far from City Point. Neither the man nor the woman could speak a word of English, and I was told that they had been but a few days in this country. The woman wore a thick stuff dress and heavy shoes, and was without shawl or bonnet. She seemed home-sick, and spent a good part of her time in tears or in gazing out upon the water. The man was more cheerful. Both seemed robust and healthy, and their employer expected the substitution of their labor for that of negroes to prove a great success. Certainly, they looked as if they might be depended upon for steady, stolid industry for some years to come. What wages he proposed to pay them I could not learn.

We had on board, among the other passengers and not easily distinguishable from them, several rebels. Rebels I suppose they may fairly be called, for those with whom I have talked, while ready enough to admit themselves conquered, still declare that it is only because their country has been subjugated that they now pay obedience to the United States. With one of these Confederate soldiers I entered into conversation. He was a youth apparently not more than twenty-two years old, intelligent and of pleasing manners. He said he had been up to New York to look round a little and to get himself some clothes. Everybody South was pretty hard up for clothes, and he reckoned they would be for some time if they had to pay New York prices for them. I noticed that he wore a full suit of black broadcloth, and said to him that if a man bought that of course he had to pay high for it. "Yes," he replied, "but look at those boots. I paid a hundred and seventy-five dollars for them in Richmond a while ago, but I reckon it's just as bad to charge me sixteen dollars for boots in New York and make me pay in greenbacks." I asked him if the Northerners seemed to him friendly and well disposed. "Well, yes," he said; "they did so. Well, anyhow, the war was all a d——d foolish piece of business, he supposed. Still his State went out, and if she was to go again he'd go with her. He liked the Northerners better, now that he'd fought against them. He reckoned that a thousand Southern soldiers would whip a thousand Northern, because half the Northern army was made up of foreigners and bought men, to say nothing of the niggers. If the thousand men on each side were picked, of course that would be a different thing. All he knew about that was that he didn't want to be there." "What troops did you call the poorest in your army?" I told him that not having served, I did not know the army opinion. "Well, we always used to say in the army that your meanest troops were from Massachusetts, and ours were from South Carolina. But I reckon they only said so." The grand mistake of the Southerners, he thought, the mistake which cost them their independence, was in not having built a navy in the very first of the war. "Where would you have got seamen?" I inquired. "Seamen? we had Buchanan; you can't find better seamen than he is. The Merrimac whipped the Monitor pretty badly, and it would have been so right along if the Confederate government had turned their attention to naval matters instead of just keeping afloat a vessel here and a vessel there."

He denied strenuously that there had ever been any ill usage of Union soldiers in the rebel prisons. If there had been any such bad treatment, the President did not know of it, nor did General Lee. Of course President Davis didn't believe what he read in the Northern newspapers. No, sir, I might depend on it, Union soldiers in Libby and Belle Isle, or any other rebel prison, were just as well treated as rebel soldiers were in Federal prisons. His denial, though emphatic, was not at all indignant, as if the question was purely one of fact, and had no concern with morality. He seemed as much beyond the reach of argument as people in general, so we changed the subject, and I listened to some reminiscences of the battle of Manassas, and to a detailed account of the plot and incidents of the "Willow Copse"—"the very best play that ever was written, *he* believed."

This young man was quite frank and bold in his conversation, and his manners and language were gentlemanly. His opinions, I suppose, were the same, and his sentiments and feelings somewhat better, than those of his Confederate companions on board, whose appearance and language certainly were inferior to his.

A little after noon of a very hot day we arrived at the city of Norfolk. On the pier was a motley assemblage of whites and blacks, vociferous in their offers of pies, June apples, lemonade, and carriages to the hotels. The negroes and whites were seemingly on very good terms with each other, though for a week we had been reading of the murderous riots that had taken place between them. But strolling through the streets of the town, it was not difficult to see marks of past violence as well as indications of future trouble. Now and then I would meet a soldier with a black eye, or a negro with his head bound up; and the negroes, though here and there one would touch his hat as he met a well-dressed white man, seemed generally to wear a lowering and sullen aspect. Parties of sailors were frequent in the streets, and as one of these passed a drinking shop a sailor did or said something to a man lounging by the door. What the offense was I do not know; my attention was first attracted by seeing the citizen hurl a brick. The missile struck the sailor in the head and knocked him down. He rose, his head and face streaming with blood, and clamored to be let loose on his assailant. His friends, after a good deal of pulling and hauling, induced him to move on. The disturbance lasted for ten minutes, occurred in the main street of Norfolk, and attracted a large crowd, but no policeman made his appearance.

In the evening I had a long conversation with a gentleman resident in the city. The picture which he gives of its condition is not pleasing.

"Sir," said he, "there is no town in Virginia more violently secessionist than Norfolk. For all practical purposes, I mean. To be sure, we Union men cast over two hundred votes the other day at the election, and the Tabb men did not cast much over eight hundred, and some of our men voted the Tabb ticket because Mr. Tabb is a gentleman, and very well liked. But the secessionists are in the majority; then we've got between one and two hundred returned Confederate soldiers in the city; we've got the Navy Yard right handy, and that gives us a good many disorderly men; the city is full of low drinking saloons, and what these men wouldn't do sober they will do when they're drunk, and our secesh folks know it; and I tell you, sir, Norfolk isn't a very safe place for a Union man unless he's a very mild sort of a Union man. There are two men in Norfolk that are very strong Republicans. One of them is in favor of allowing the niggers to vote immediately. Well, sir, they'd better both of them leave the city at once. I wouldn't be in either of those men's shoes for half Norfolk. They'll be shot some night—some one 'll hear a cry, and that 'll be all any one 'll ever know about it."

"I suppose everybody goes armed."

"Of course. I wouldn't think of walking two blocks at night without my revolver. The Tabb government have increased the police force, and perhaps for the sake of its own reputation it may keep order in the city, or, at any rate, try to do so. But if a vote of the Union men could be taken to-morrow, I'm not afraid to say that there would be a unanimous vote to bring back the military government that has just left us. There never was a worse mistake made than giving back a civil government to a place like Norfolk, where all the power at once gets into the hands of the rebels. The loyal men right through the South ought to be protected by the Government for some time to come."

The negro, this Norfolk gentleman thought, must necessarily sink lower and lower in the social scale when working under a system of free labor. Slavery he believed to have been a curse to the white man, and to all the industrial interests of the country, but the negro freed would be a greater curse to it than he ever had been as a slave. Unless the colored people were removed to Texas, or some South American country, they would surely die out by reason of their laziness and shiftlessness.

A day or two after this conversation, looking over the *Old Dominion*, a newspaper published at Norfolk, my curiosity was excited by seeing at the head of a column the name of one of the two men whose lives I had been told were in danger if they remained in the city. "A card (somewhat lengthy) from Calvin Pepper," was the caption of the article. This card, it seemed to me as I read it, might fairly be taken as evidence corroborative of that given by my informant, although in it Mr. Pepper states that he intends to absent himself from the city for six weeks, and leaves the reader to

imply that he means to return. He appends to the card two letters, showing that he fought bravely in beating back the New York rioters in the summer of 1863, and that he was ready and eager to fight at Washington in 1861. "The annexed certificates are published," he says, "in order that there may be no mistake in regard, at least, to my courage, and that it may not be said that I left Norfolk, or any other place, from fear."

Mr. Pepper says that both his health and business demand that he should absent himself from the city, and he prints his card to notify his debtors and his creditors of his intention to go away. He then goes on as follows:

"And now I would say to my personal friends who are so apprehensive, without just cause, it seems to me, for my personal safety, on account of my radical, so-called, and outspoken views of the right of suffrage to colored citizens, and the *rumored threats* that have been so industriously and from sinister motives spread abroad, that since I have been in Norfolk I have not received, *to my face*, from man, woman, or child, a personal insult or threat, or disrespectful treatment of any kind, and that I verily believe that liberty of speech is freer and safer to-day in the city of Norfolk than in the city of New York."

Mr. Pepper sets forth his political views at some length. "The simple, just, and effectual remedy 'for preventing another rebellion' is equal rights of suffrage to all, and with loyal men in a majority nothing more is to be hoped or desired." These views he declares that he will always advocate—

"And in the exercise of this right of a freeman I shall not be deterred by any threats of violence, or persecution, or prosecution without law, or the perversion of its form and spirit. Free speech without licentiousness, or its abuse, I will exercise while life last, and if need be in the face of death."

At City Point the steamer from New York transfers its passengers to a small river boat. The trip thence to Richmond is made in about four hours, and the traveller is taken past many points that have become the property of history. The river is very winding, the banks are green and hilly, and as one approaches the city are filled with earthworks. We passed but little land under cultivation. Here and there could be seen a field in which the wheat sheaves were piled in stacks, and there were a few fields of Indian corn, but it was low and must have been planted late. In Norfolk I saw stalks nine and ten feet high, but on the James none that was more than three feet, and the greater part of the crop was somewhat less. The water in the river was rather higher than is usual at this time of year, I was told, but however that may be, our pilot took the vessel through the Dutch Gap Canal, thus shortening the voyage by about seven miles. Our boat was a small one, and she thumped on the bottom at the entrance, but in the Richmond papers I saw it stated that a steamer of forty-three feet beam had made the passage a week before. We passed the famous Fort Darling and several ruined bridges, and every now and then saw, just showing above the russet-colored water, the ribs of some sunken vessel. At last we could discern the three spires of Richmond on a distant hill, and the square bulk of the Capitol. The wharves at Rocket's were not so busy as those of Norfolk, and there were, perhaps, not more than twenty small craft in the port.

A little way from the landing stood a "Broadway and Ninth Avenue" omnibus, which rattled us over the ill paved streets to the hotel. Two rudely painted wooden signs, projecting from the corners of two ugly brick warehouses, told us where stood "Castle Thunder" and "Libby." Of these buildings the former is used as a city prison; the latter is set apart for the use of soldiers waiting for their regiments, and for the families of negro laborers working for the United States Quartermaster. Cannon balls can be seen lying about in the streets, which are little used by any vehicles but army wagons and public.

Traversing the main street, going up the hill, on which the Capitol is situated, in the centre of what was formerly the business part of the city, is the burnt district. For a quarter of a mile one passes nothing but toppling walls, forlorn-looking chimneys, heaps of bricks, with here and there a ruined safe lying in the midst, warped and red from the effects of intense heat. Some Virginia agent of a Hudson Street firm has painted and pasted in half a dozen places the advertisement of "Hubbell's Golden Bitters," but besides this evidence of enterprise, there is very little sign of business activity.

In the shops that still stand there seem to be plentiful stocks of goods, but no customers for anything except the bare necessaries of life. One readily believes the often-repeated statement, "Our people haven't any money, sir." I went into two stores this morning to make some purchases, and perceived illustrations of this truth. In the first of the two I stood waiting to be served, while the shopman and a respectable-looking man talked about a tobacco transaction. The two men seemed to have been acquaintances. One, addressed as "Captain," urged the other to buy of him fifty pounds of hand tobacco. "I haven't got a cent, and I must get home. Pay what you think is right for it. There's only fifty pounds, and if I can't sell it I'll have to pawn my watch. Must get home, you know." The tobacco was such as would command a dollar a pound at the North, and it was offered at fifty cents. At the second store which I entered, the article I wanted was a tobacco-pouch. I noticed among the new ones a pouch of better workmanship than they, but which had evidently been in use. I asked the price of it. "Sam, what do you want for that bag of yours?" said the man to the attendant. "We'll, I don't know; it was given to me; I reckon fifty cents will be about right."

In almost all the Richmond shopkeepers there is an eagerness to sell which, to one accustomed to Northern traders, seems strange, and, when one considers the reasons for it, quite touching. As might be expected, goods are cheap. Just after the evacuation the city was filled full of merchandize of all kinds by the Northern dealers. The people could not purchase; and the result is that many articles can be bought cheaper in Richmond to-day than in Baltimore or New York. "Flour," says the *Whig*, "that sold in New York on Saturday for $7 and $8, sold here for $5, and meats that were selling here for 15 to 20c., there stood on their dignity at 25 to 35c." A market with so little money was easily overstocked.

The Fourth of July may be said to have been celebrated in Richmond this year. Cannon were fired at morning, noon, and night. A few Chinese crackers were fired off by the vagabond boys, white and black, at the corners of the streets in the early morning and in the evening, their pyrotechnic resources, I take it, being too scanty not to make it advisable to husband them closely. In the morning a flag was hoisted at the Spottiswood Hotel, and a short speech made from the roof of the building by General Osgood. Somewhat later in the day a small crowd, made up mainly of negroes and Union soldiers, with a sprinkling of citizens and children, congregated in the Capitol Square. A lady was introduced to the assembly and read the Declaration of Independence, but in so low a tone and amid such noise of talking and walking about as made it quite impossible for any one to hear her. The conclusion of her reading was marked by music from a military band which was in attendence. Speeches were then made by a surgeon and two chaplains, and after a benediction the company dispersed. No applause was elicited by any of the speakers. The soldiers evidently were there in the character of onlookers; the negroes were doubtful if they were expected to applaud or would be allowed to do so (they were carefully removed by the soldiers detailed as police from the crowded steps near the speakers' stand); and as for the citizens—to ask any men, Union or secessionist, to hear such speeches and applaud them, would be asking too much. All places of business were closed throughout the day, but the city wore no holiday aspect. That part of the rebel population which appeared in the streets were seemingly indifferent spectators of what went on around them. The boys and the negroes, and the Union soldiers in a graver way, alone seemed to enjoy the occasion.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 1, 1865.

Before this day week the title of M.P. will be in temporary abeyance. On Thursday next Parliament will be prorogued; on the following day the dissolution will be announced; and on Saturday the writs for the election will be posted to the different boroughs and shires of the United Kingdom. Such, at least, are the present arrangements; and there is no reason to expect they will be materially altered. The harvest is getting on with such unusual rapidity, owing to the long continued and unwonted heat of our early summer, that it has become a matter of national importance to get the elections over as soon as possible. The business of the House of Commons is entirely finished; most of the members whose seats are likely to be contested are away canvassing; and on Thursday night the House was almost being counted out while Sir Charles Wood was delivering his speech on the Indian Budget. Parliament would have been prorogued before now if the House of Lords had not stopped the way. The truth is, there is such a vast accumulation of private bill legislation, and the peers are so behindhand with their work, that the session could not have been abruptly terminated without serious injury to very influential interests. On Saturday the House of Lords held its first morning sitting. Three peers met and sat for a quarter of an hour; and during that period read and passed some five-and-twenty bills concerning railways, harbors, enclosures, and other local matters—a feat of legislative rapidity which even in your backwoods States would, I fancy, be considered remarkable. Each day during the present week similar sittings have been held; and by Thursday next it is hoped the arrears will be cleared off. I can see that before very long the subject of Parliamentary private business will occupy a good deal of attention. Every year the amount of local legislation enacted by Parliament increases with a portentous growth. The questions thus submitted to the legislature are not

subjects of any general interest; the metropolitan press, naturally enough, pays no attention to them; and the passing or rejection of a local act depends increasingly on private influences. The terms lobbying, wire-pulling, log-rolling, and plate-laying are not yet recorded in our political dictionaries, but I fancy the processes which these terms represent are getting to be as much in use at Westminster as at Washington. This session we had an example of lobbying in the House of Commons which excited considerable scandal. The Great Eastern Railroad applied for a bill authorizing them to run a line into the coal districts, by which they declared they should be able to supply the metropolis with coal three shillings a ton—or some fifteen per cent.—below the ordinary selling price. The scheme was naturally opposed by the Great Northern Railroad, which has a virtual monopoly of the North-Eastern traffic. A tremendous whip was made on the occasion of the second reading of the bill in question. Almost the largest house of the session assembled on this occasion. No discussion on the merits of the bill was even listened to; and the measure was thrown out, almost without a hearing, by a large majority.

However, at the present moment, no political subject is thought of except the approaching election. It is not that the people are particularly eager about the result. I can never recall an election which stirred up so little of popular passion. Still, the event is big enough in itself to obscure all other home questions for the time. The general impression of electioneering authorities is that the issue of the poll will be to leave the relations of the Whigs and Tories very much where they are at present. Mr. Brand, the Ministerial whipper-in, is said to reckon on a majority of some forty votes. The Liberals, from local and accidental causes, will lose several of the small boroughs. But then, from causes relating to the accidental relations of the great landed gentry, they will gain several of the counties. South Northamptonshire, for instance, with a population of about 60,000, and with upwards of 5,000 electors, is in reality in the hands of a dozen families. Hitherto it has been a stronghold of Conservatism; but Lord Frederick Fitzroy, who is now contesting the constituency on Palmerstonian principles, is closely connected with the territorial aristocracy, and will, probably, be returned in consequence. The opposition which Lord Derby and his party have offered to the bill for relieving Roman Catholic members of Parliament from the oaths they have now to take, will doubtless improve the prospects of the Government candidates in Ireland. In fact, if politics were a mere game, as Charles Dickens once declared, between Lord Toodle and Lord Boodle, I should say the issue of the present election was certain enough. Of the members returned to Parliament, a majority will be pledged to vote for Lord Palmerston in preference to Lord Derby. Persons, however, who know that real principles are involved, however confusedly, in this contest—who are aware that Ministerialist, Whig, Radical, and Liberal are by no means convertible terms, are still very much at sea as to the true net product of this appeal to the country. Let me try and indicate what appear to me to be the characteristic features of the contest.

No party goes to the country with any distinct cry or definite programme. The Liberals raise the old watch-word of reform, but they know themselves that they have no intention of acting in the matter; and, what is more, they know that the electors do not believe in their professed enthusiasm. The Tories, on the other hand, call out, according to time-honored fashion, that the Constitution and the Church are in danger from Liberal innovations; but they know perfectly well that the danger is an imaginary one, and that their bugbear frightens nobody. The sincere men of either party assuredly believe in the realization of their hope and fear at some period more or less distant, but they are convinced that period is not yet arrived; and with this conviction they cannot appeal with any heart to the principles or prejudices of the electoral body. Moreover, to speak the plain truth, the cry for reform has fallen dead. With a rare exception here and there, no election will turn upon the degree to which any candidate is prepared to advocate any extension of the suffrage. I do not attribute this fact to any permanent change of opinion amongst the masses; but simply to the fact that this is a transition period, during which all great issues of home policy are in a state of suspended animation. As long as Lord Palmerston remains at the head of affairs, no active reforms are possible. The extreme personal popularity of the Premier is a fact very difficult even for an Englishman to understand, and I should think quite impossible for a foreigner. For all that it is an undeniable fact. Even his bitterest political opponents have a sneaking fondness, of which they are half ashamed, for the brave old man who bears his years so gallantly. As Bute Crawley, in "Vanity Fair," observed of Rawdon, "He is a man, and be ——— to him." Something, I think, of the same feeling pervades even those who must dislike the Premier on account of his half-hearted Liberalism. This odd personal popularity will weigh immensely with the electors, and if the Premier can meet his new Parliament, he will, I think, retain the sway that he holds over the now expiring one. But it is extremely doubtful whether this contingency will come to pass. His last attack of gout has aged the Premier visibly. The old brightness of air and gait, so strange in a man past eighty, has almost completely disappeared, and the clear, ringing voice is about the only remaining vestige of his prolonged vigor. I happened the other night to catch sight of him just as he passed out of view of the House in leaving his seat. While he was behind the footlights, to use a stage phrase, he kept up some sort of semblance of his old brisk step and movement; but the moment the spectators had lost sight of him, the attempt was laid aside, and he hobbled on, a feeble, broken old man. The annual Fish Dinner was not held by the Ministers this session, nominally on account of the state of public business; but really because the Premier was in too weak health to preside, and he was unwilling for the sake of appearances it should be held without his presence. The odds, I should say, were against Lord Palmerston's retaining office till the next meeting of Parliament; but the elections will be held during his Premiership, and will be materially influenced by the circumstance.

In the absence, therefore, of any popular cry the contest will be mainly decided by local and private considerations. The agents of the Reform and Carlton Clubs say that in their experience there never were so many contests the result of which was still doubtful on the very eve of the elections. My own impression is that the next Parliament, taken as a whole, will be even less progressive and less prepared to undertake any real work of reform than its predecessor. Elected, in reality, on the question whether Lord Palmerston shall retain office or not, it will be Palmerstonian or nothing, and will not long survive the termination of the Premier's political career. But it will, I trust, possess two characteristics which will distinguish it favorably from the present legislature. The obstructive power of the genuine Tory party will be less; and the sincere Liberal element will be increased—possibly in numbers, most assuredly in influence. On the other hand, it will contain a still larger infusion of members who aspire to the honor of M.P.ship from other than political motives. Every year, as the country grows richer and the struggle for wealth more keen, the commercial value of a seat in the House rises in price. A successful barrister, who wants to reach the higher steps of his profession, knows that the cost of entering Parliament is a capital investment. Joint-stock companies, with large interests to protect, find it well worth their while to have one of their board a representative at Westminster. Thus, if a member has a certain amount of shrewdness, and is not troubled with exaggerated delicacy, he can command any number almost of well-paid directorships and free shares in solvent companies. With good management, a seat in Parliament may now be reckoned worth a clear thousand a year, to say nothing of the prestige and social position still attaching to the distinction. If there was any deep political feeling on the part of the constituencies, the men I have sought to describe, who make a trade of politics, would have very little chance at the hustings. But at a time when political principles are momentarily at a discount, the trader element is sure to be largely represented.

It is a signal misfortune to the Tories that they could not force on the elections before the overthrow of the Confederacy. I dare say you have often seen in our papers a great deal of talk about the conservative reaction. A great amount of nonsense was talked concerning this movement but in spite of all, it did represent a positive fact. It was not that the nation, as represented—and, in that respect, fairly represented—by the constituencies, was seized with any sudden affection for Lord Derby in preference to Lord Palmerston, but that a general disheartenment—I know of no fitter term—fell upon the great Liberal majority. The governing and educated classes were, as a body, in favor of the South. The masses, to do them justice, sympathized with the cause of the free States, and they hoped against hope, and wished to believe in your success, rather than actually believed in it. No reasonable person can, I think, blame them for the weakness of their faith. The press and the body of public men, with few though honorable exceptions, preached perpetually from the text, that democratic institutions had proved a failure, and that the sympathy of Englishmen should be with the upholders of slavery against the partisans of freedom. This doctrine was preached with tolerable impartiality by Liberals as well as Tories, and could not fail in producing an effect. At each contested election the conservatives carried the day. The rough popular instinct came—inarticulately, if you like—to some conclusion of this nature: "If democracy is a failure across the Atlantic, as Liberals tell us, why should we support men who propose virtually, though not nominally, to assimilate our institutions to those of America?" Against this argument there was no appeal. With the grand success, however, of the Northern cause, there is a genuine reaction towards

Liberalism. Political movements are slow in this country, and the fulness of the Northern triumph is hardly yet sufficiently appreciated by the masses to produce its complete influence. But already the back-ebb, if I may so call it, of the downfall of the slave power has hindered the conservatives from attaining office in England, and will, in all likelihood, cause a marked advance, before many years are over, in a democratic direction. It is a significant fact that not one of the members of Parliament who upheld the cause of the Union is thought to be in any danger of losing his seat. Two years ago, I think, scarcely one of them could have contested an election without running the greatest risk of defeat. Now, all that is changed; and I see that several members, who maintained a religious silence throughout the whole of the American struggle, announce that they have been persistent supporters of the free States. In the next Parliament a very considerable number of men who were distinguished for their advocacy of the North during the contest, will be counted amongst the members. Mr. Mill, Professor Fawcett, Jacob Bright, the Honorable Lyulph Stanley, Mr. Leatham, and others, will swell the small and obscure "minority," as it was once called, that had the courage to support Mr. Bright in his championship of the Federal cause.

The individual elections possess very few features of general interest. If Mr. Gladstone is returned for the University of Oxford—a fact about which there is grave doubt—it will be owing rather to his half-and-half sympathies with conservative prejudices than to his merits as a great Liberal leader. It is said he will also be proposed for South Lancashire, in order to secure him a seat in the event of his rejection by the graduates of Oxford. By the way, talking of Oxford, it is a curious fact that Professor Goldwin Smith, so well known in the States, has been mobbed and hooted by the working-men of the university town. Some few weeks ago an engagement was made between the corporation of the town and the Great Western Railway, by which the factories of the company were to be transferred to Oxford. The scheme was very popular in the town, on account of the impetus these large machine-works were expected to give to the trade of the city. Everything was settled, when the Professor, who had always been regarded as the champion of the town against the university, came forward with his usual vigor and eloquence, and stirred up such an agitation against the project, on the ground that it would destroy the local character of the university, that there is some prospect of the scheme being finally abandoned. As a matter of taste, I quite agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith in thinking it little short of profanity to disturb the classic beauty of the academy on the Isis by the introduction of factories. But it is a fact that labor is very badly paid in a town that is deserted for half the year by the employers of labor, and that the proposed works would have conferred a great boon on the resident working class. It is a question about which there is a good deal to be said on both sides; but I wish somehow that Professor Goldwin Smith had not been the man to espouse the anti-popular side. However, if the mob hissed him, the young undergraduates at commemoration forgave his Northern proclivities in consideration of his defence of the privileged seclusion of the university, and cheered his name and that of Jefferson Davis with equal enthusiasm.

The only other election contests which are much heeded out of the locality where they take place, are those of Mr. Mill for Westminster and Mr. Hughes for Lambeth. The chances of "the great English thinker," as his friends call him somewhat affectedly, are not as good as I could desire. The mass of the metropolitan electors know very little about political economy, and still less about logic; and have no very distinct idea who Mr. Mill is. His opponents, on the other hand, are perfectly well known. Mr. Smith, the Tory candidate, is the leviathan of news agents, and the greatest customer of every London newspaper. All the railroad and country sale of our town newspapers passes through his hands, and leaves a very large per centage in the process of passing. Some two or three years ago the *Times* made a vigorous and determined effort to sell the paper without the aid of news agents; but the firm of "Smith & Co." proved too strong for the leading journal. Captain Grosvenor, the Whig candidate, is a near relative of the Marquis of Westminster, who owns half the borough, and whose income, chiefly derived from house property in Westminster, is said to be near a million sterling a year. Either of these rivals is a formidable one, and Mr. Mill has injured his chances by not coming forward himself, and leaving his friends and admirers to canvass for him while he remained at his villa near Avignon. However, he has at last returned to England, and is to appear next week before the electors. The readers of "Tom Brown" in America will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Mr. Hughes has a very fair chance of getting into Parliament as member for Lambeth. He has no local interest; but he is so popular with the working-men of London that they are canvassing for him with extraordinary zeal.

The public is so busy with electioneering matters that the great Bethell scandal has passed by comparatively unnoticed. The great object of the Government has been to tide the matter over till after the elections, as the discredit of an investigation into the conduct of the Lord Chancellor would have told most severely against the Ministerial party at the polling booths. The story is a very ugly one, but I have not time to go into its details now, and I shall be able to give you a clearer impression of its merits, or rather demerits, after the debate on the report of the committee of enquiry, which is to take place next Monday. It is certain from the disclosures already elicited that our administration of justice has not been as blameless and free from suspicion as we were wont to imagine. But whether the Lord Chancellor himself was directly implicated in the discreditable transactions of his son and his underlings is a point not yet established.

We are just beginning to get excited about the Atlantic cable. If I was to judge by the money test of the share list alone, I should say there was no great financial confidence in the success of the undertaking. All persons, however, connected with the company are, I know, very sanguine about its prospects. The *Great Eastern* is now anchored off the Nore, with the cable on board, and is taking in coal. She sails for Valentia about Saturday next, and her work is expected to be completed, if successful, by the 28th. Dr. Russell goes out with her as correspondent for the *Times*, and will pay a short visit to New York after the cable is laid. Mr. O'Neill will accompany the expedition as artist-chronicler of the great undertaking.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

ITS HISTORY.

THE most eminent masters of the art of war recognize the superiority of the power of moral influences to that of sheer physical forces as a means of successful warfare. They hold in their authoritative teachings, and demonstrate by their mighty performances, that patriotism and the consciousness of a righteous cause, with the concomitants of enthusiasm, intelligence, fortitude, perseverance, and sacrifice of the individual to the public interest, balance the weight of numerical preponderance, greater wealth, warlike experience, and other more material advantages.

In a republican polity like ours, with its full play of free thought and speech, the press performs the part of a great generator of moral force. The outbreak of the pro-slavery rebellion, and its rapid development into a vast civil war, intensified this natural function into a most powerful element of impulsion, of vital bearing upon the course of events. In the days of peace, the great body of the public was but too willing, from lethargy, indifference, or absorption in business pursuits, to accept the reasonings and conclusions of the press upon public questions. In the days of civil strife, the deeper and more general interest in national affairs, in conjunction with the perplexity of judgment arising from the rush and whirl of events, produced a still greater readiness on its part to be instructed and guided concerning the merits of public men, and the condition of public matters, by those who made thinking and judging for others a profession. The press, indeed, created, shaped, and controlled opinion during the civil war in a greater measure than ever before, and through it exercised an all but decisive influence on the conduct of public affairs.

The moral ascendancy of the press resting mainly upon the belief in the abundance and clearness of its sources of intelligence, it became necessary for it, in order to maintain its firm hold upon the public mind, pending the continuance of the internal conflict, to gratify the highly stimulated appetite of the public for a regular and plentiful supply of current news. This was done by the employment of extraordinary means of information, and the profession of "army correspondents" sprang into existence. They were to be to the abstract entities in whose service they enlisted what the feelers are to a certain class of animals. They were, by their presence upon the scenes of action, by careful observation, close investigation, and impartial recordings, to provide their employers with material for reflection and judgment upon the will, capacity, and performance of those entrusted with the direction of the loyal armies. It must be obvious that, in the pursuit of these ends, they were to become the mainsprings from which the press was to derive its influence upon the civil war. It would be difficult to point out any intellectual calling in which the responsibility was graver, the necessity of capacity and rectitude of purpose higher, the opportunity for good or evil greater, than in that of the army correspondents. With the close of the war their occupation is gone. Their ephemeral profession has already passed out of existence. The sum of their professional labors is before the public. Hence, a brief historical review of their curious career, together

with a critical enquiry into the merits and demerits of their performances, cannot be considered premature.

The conductors of that portion of the Northern press able and willing to bear the expense of being represented upon the theatre of war by special reporters, in making provision for army correspondence, at first labored under the same difficulty that perplexed the conductors of public affairs in the loyal North in the early stages of the rebellion, viz., the lack of practical experience. There were no precedents, no models for imitation. There had been achievements creditable enough in themselves in the way of special correspondence during the Mexican war, and by European journals during the invasion of the Crimea, the last war in Northern Italy, and the India insurrection. But with war raging at the very doors of a fast, impatient, excitable, news-greedy public, accustomed to the most rapid spreading of intelligence, greater successes were evidently required. To insure these, the first thing to be done was to select men of good natural parts and journalistic attainments, and the next to provide for the speediest possible transmission of the intelligence collected and put into proper form by them.

In the opening act of our great national drama—the introductory campaigns of the summer of '61—these requirements were met without much difficulty. With the general impression then prevailing that the war would be of brief duration, and fought out upon the confines of the seceded States, men of good capacity and professional standing were found ready enough, willing, and even anxious to enjoy the romance of a short war, and attain distinction as chroniclers of its glories. And the comparative narrowness of the scenes of warlike operations, and their proximity to the great centres of journalistic activity, made it likewise comparatively easy to transmit the fruits of their labors to those who paid for them.

At that time already, as almost uninterruptedly during the whole of the struggle, the attention of the public was principally fixed upon the army that gathered for the first invasive movement into Virginia on the banks of the Upper Potomac, and to it the main efforts of the managing editors of the leading papers of the country were directed. The two other fields of military activity at that period, viz., Missouri and West Virginia, were of much less importance. To the former, the presence of John C. Fremont, of whom the greatest expectations were then entertained as commanding general, attracted a larger share of attention than was bestowed upon the latter, and nearly all the prominent journals of both the East and West were represented at his headquarters. The spirit of competition—greater among newspapers than any other outgrowths of human genius and industry—as in all rival enterprises, was at no later time more lively and demonstrative than at this initial period. The New York press strove hard to maintain the prestige it had so well earned in the past, of the ability to bear extraordinary outlay and command the best journalistic talent in the country, by outstripping all its contemporaries both in the quality and quantity of its war reports. But neither the daily papers of the other great Atlantic, nor those of the leading Western, cities were willing to yield the palm to their metropolitan rivals, and resign themselves to drawing upon their columns; and hence the correspondents of the several great New York dailies had to compete not only among themselves, but also with those of Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis papers. In the outset of this race for news, the former had the apparent advantage of numbers; but, notwithstanding, the "provincial" journals proved themselves formidable competitors.

The first campaigns of the war were the heydays of army correspondents. The managing editors not having had an opportunity to test the competence of their respective representatives in similar duties, and being without the light of experience themselves, did not attempt to prescribe a course of duty to them, but let them have their own way. Again, in those days of overweening confidence in speedy success, and of easy-going, loose management, the reporters found that the gathering of intelligence was a light task. What had later in the war to be sought after at the expense of great hardships and personal risks, was then almost brought to them. In the East and West the commanding generals were easily accessible, affable, ready to grant to the press any favors solicited. Secresy as to plans of campaigns, and the numbers and organization of armies, was by no means so well observed as it should have been. What could not be ascertained at headquarters, subordinate commanders, indiscreet from inexperience, or vain enough to secure the printing of their names at the risk of indiscretions, were disposed to communicate.

The duties of army correspondents in 1861 were not very onerous. In Missouri and West Virginia they had a few weeks of field-service. On the Potomac they had to devote themselves, from want of more warlike subjects, during the long period of preparation preceding the brief and inglorious first Bull Run campaign, principally to sketches of camp-life and descriptions of the appearance of the three months' soldiery on parade. And when the army finally advanced on Manassas, all but the last of the six days they then spent in the field were like time spent upon a pleasure excursion. In the many months of re-organization and preparation for war on the grandest scale, following the deep national disgrace and humiliation of the memorable twenty-fourth of June, all but absolute idleness was their welcome or unwelcome lot. The public was tired of the stale food of camp pictures, but the inactivity of the armies placed it beyond their power to furnish any other. Like the Government, the conductors of the press prepared during that long interval of rest for the days of activity to come. They had been taught some lessons by which they were not slow to profit. The qualifications of their correspondents had been more or less developed. They had become satisfied that their efficiency could be greatly promoted by adding to their professional competency the advantages of certain material auxiliaries. They had learned that an army correspondent should be as *mobile* as possible, and as independent of the hospitality of others as circumstances permitted. Accordingly, they furnished them with complete campaigning outfits, and made them allowances for current expenses. Previously, the correspondents were almost compelled to surrender part of their independence of judgment from the necessity of relying for means of locomotion and physical sustenance upon officers, and making return for such favors by taking often undeserved notice of those extending them.

The vastness of the proportions which the Northern armies assumed in the fall of '61, induced the most prominent journals to make a corresponding increase in the number of their correspondents. The New York papers above all multiplied their representatives with the immense host under General McClellan. The wisdom of the employment of many correspondents was then fully believed in. Subsequent experience proved, however, that harmonious co-operation among the several reporters of one journal was all but impossible, and that the desired conformity of conception and expression was unattainable under this system. One energetic, vigilant, experienced reporter in each army was in the end found far preferable by the most judicious managers.

From July, '61, until the Army of the Potomac got into motion in the early spring of '62, the reporters attached to the Eastern armies enjoyed a leisure broken only at long intervals by the Ball's Bluff, Drainsville, and other less consequential affairs, none of which compelled protracted exertions or hardships. In the West the correspondents were also kept busy only during part of the summer, fall, and winter by the fruitless movement of General Fremont into Southwestern Missouri, the *coup de main* of General Grant upon Belmont, and General Thomas's brilliant action at Mill Spring. The protracted inaction of the armies during this period was most trying to the patience of managing editors and proprietors, on account of the heavy expense without adequate returns which the necessity of keeping correspondents in the field, work or no work, involved. For weeks and months they were obliged to lay out hundreds and thousands of dollars, often without receiving as many lines of news worth publishing. But these inevitable losses they were to undergo more than once in the course of the war.

In the Army of the Potomac a sort of organization of reporters, corresponding to that of the army, was attempted by the New York journals. The several correspondents of each paper were attached to the different subdivisions of the army, and placed under the direction of one of their number as a chief. This plan was followed by nearly all for a long time, but adhered to until the close of the war by only one. It had its advantages and drawbacks. The latter have already been alluded to.

At last the time came for continuous, arduous efforts on the part of correspondents, first in the West by the attacks upon Forts Henry and Donelson, and the advance of the army under General Buell from Southern Kentucky into Tennessee; in the East, some weeks later, by the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from around Washington to the Peninsula. A sudden, most trying transition was then experienced by them. Feeling perfectly sure of timely forewarning as to the commencement of active operations, most of them had not subjected themselves to the rigorous discomforts of camp life in winter, but taken luxurious quarters at the hotels in various cities close to the lines of the armies. From comfortable rooms and sumptuous tables they were now hurried to the field, and plunged at once amidst hardships that tested the power of endurance even of old campaigners to the utmost. Upon steamboats crowded to suffocation, and rendered foul and filthy with overloads of soldiers; worrying in the saddle with aching limbs through the seas of mire to which the Peninsula and the banks of the Mississippi, Tennessee, and Cumberland became reduced in that extraordinarily wet

season; exposed for live-long days to wet and cold; sleeping in leaky tents upon soaked ground and moist blankets; subsisting upon soldiers' rations—they had the amplest opportunity for an immediate realization of the dark side of their newly adopted profession.

Apace with the enlargement of the theatre of war in the spring, summer, and early fall of '62, the range of activity of correspondents kept continually widening. It embraced not only the main armies of the East and West, but likewise all minor operations of smaller bodies. On the Peninsula, and subsequently in Northern Virginia and Maryland, in the East; and successively in Tennessee, Northern Mississippi, and Alabama and Kentucky, in the West, they displayed the greatest industry. But they were also busy in Western Virginia, on the coasts of North and South Carolina, in Louisiana and Arkansas, as well as in Missouri and Kansas. At no later stage of the war was there so much endured; so much labor required and performed; so much ambition, energy, and enterprise shown; so many successes achieved by correspondents, as during the universal clash of arms and constant fluctuations of the tide of fortune that make up the history of that eventful year.

The epoch just described may, indeed, be called the golden age, if the expression be admissible, of army correspondents. In it their achievements reached the zenith of merit. In the following years, creditable feats of a few illustrated the press from time to time. But their average performance never again attained the degree of merit that marked it in '62. From the fall of that year a steady decline became perceptible, and continued to the end of the war. This arose from various causes. In the first place, the strain on the mind and body imposed by many months of field service was more than the constitutions of many of the correspondents could bear. They had to endure far more than any member of the army, high or low. They suffered bodily as much from exposure, fatigue, and scanty sustenance. Their nerves were as strongly tried by the excitement of battles. And when rest came to officers and men, their chief labors commenced. Then long hours, so much needed for repose, had to be devoted, with an over-taxed body and weary mind, to the task of preparing for publication the material the collection of which had already exhausted them. And this work being completed, they had to undergo new anxieties, new exertions, in putting their reports on a safe way to their destination. All this required efforts that could not be repeated almost daily for weeks—as was, for instance, the case on the Peninsula and in General Pope's and the Antietam campaign—without bringing on, sooner or later, a complete physical and intellectual prostration. And so it happened that, one after another, the correspondents who set out with the armies in the spring were compelled from sheer exhaustion to leave the field and seek recuperation in the North.

Again, besides heavy toils and hardships, other circumstances conspired to make their stay with the armies, by degrees, more and more disagreeable. The absolute toleration, including freedom of movement and facilities for information at headquarters, conceded to correspondents by the commanding generals in '61, was no longer enjoyed by them. In the Army of the Potomac, favoritism in the extension of privileges was exercised according to the political predilections of the General-in-chief and several of his lieutenants, which greatly hampered the reporters of the so-called radical journals. In the West, the restrictions placed upon the pursuit of their profession by the formal orders of Generals Halleck and Buell caused them much personal embarrassment and even indignity. To avoid this, several preferred to quit their work.

Lastly, they had been taught by experience that the ill feelings created by free comments upon the causes and bearings of events coming under their immediate notice, in the officers thus reflected upon, became a source of petty persecution from which they could not protect themselves. They found that to suppress or disguise the truth was more advantageous, both in a personal and professional way, than to tell it unreservedly, and hence those with whom the sense of duty and manhood was stronger than the love of their wages, threw up their position.

As previously stated, among the journalists first enlisted as army correspondents there was a fair proportion of men of real talent, well skilled as writers, and ambitious to excel in their new calling; of sound, independent judgment, bold expression, and practised observation. Of these, most withdrew from the field, for the reasons mentioned, before the close of '62. The vacancies left by them could not be filled with equally competent men. A tribe succeeded them who possessed neither intelligence, nor education, nor character in a degree which fitted them to represent journalism. With them a deterioration commenced in the quality of special reports for the press from the field, that continued and became more unmistakable from campaign to campaign. But of this hereafter.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Mr. Marsh in his recent work on "Man and Nature" has made a most instructive survey of the changes, beneficial and disastrous, accomplished by the human race on the face of the material world. When we stop to reflect on the union of waters hundreds of miles apart, by artificial channels, which serve the purposes of navigation even better than the natural currents; when we see the locomotives drawing heavy transportation trains over mountain ranges like the Semmering Alps, nearly three thousand feet high; when we remember that the masses of mountain rock and the subaqueous river beds can be pierced by tunnels; and especially when we think of the ocean as threaded by an electric wire flashing messages from Europe to America, it seems as if man had been almost omnipotent in executing the primeval command, Subdue the earth, and replenish it.

On the other hand, when we take a map of the world, and trace upon it the principal routes of traffic, observing how the great commercial nations are to this day compelled to double the distant capes on the southern extremities of Africa and America in order to reach by water the gold-bearing lands of Australia and California, and the still more attractive marts of India and China, and reflecting that two narrow strips of land, one fifty and the other seventy-five miles across, are barriers which human ingenuity and enterprise have not yet overcome, it seems as if the earth had been enjoined by the Omnipotent to frustrate the powers of man. But in the end we believe it will appear that Suez and Panama, narrow isthmuses, which a little more or less of geological dynamics might have left in repose beneath the Silurian waters, have been upheaved in accordance with a great design, first to delay, then to excite and invigorate, and finally to reward with victory the enterprise of science, capital, and labor.

Within the last ten years, and especially within the last few months, public attention has been directed to the Isthmus of Suez by an enthusiastic and indefatigable Frenchman named De Lesseps, who subscribes himself with a charming brevity and simplicity "Minister Plenipotentiary." If ever man had "a mission," he has. People call him visionary, as they do Cyrus Field, as they did Charles Goodyear, as they did Robert Fulton, as they have all the great reformers and discoverers and inventors of the world, as they will every one who presses with the fervor of faith and singleness of purpose an idea which is not in accordance with established notions. He has published by himself and his supporters innumerable maps and circulars and reports and books to prove the possibility of piercing the Isthmus. He has encountered ridicule and opposition in abundance, but his ardor has not been checked. He has secured the testimony of scientific engineers; he has gained from the Viceroy of Egypt a charter or firman to go forward; he has attracted capital; he has hired the workmen and begun the work; and at length he has had the satisfaction of announcing to the commercial world that the preliminary *rigole* or lesser canal is complete, water communication is opened from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and the question of a permanent ship canal is demonstrated to be a simple matter of time and money. In short, Mr. Lesseps has compelled the whole world to give him a hearing, for the solution of the problem on which he is so intently bent will affect every portion of the globe. If he opens a channel for ships across that little isthmus, no one can foretell the consequences. As the discovery of the passage round the Cape by Vasco de Gama transferred the seat of eastern commerce from the harbors of the Mediterranean to the Atlantic seaboard, it may be that the rising kingdom of Italy, with the celerity of the nineteenth century, will hasten to reclaim the prize of which she was robbed five centuries ago.

We shall not at present undertake to answer all the numerous enquiries which intelligent persons are now asking respecting the canal. We can only allude to a few of the most interesting points.

A canal on the Isthmus of Suez is by no means a novel idea. Indeed, hardly any problem of modern engineering goes back so far into antiquity. Whether the builders of the Pyramids included in their number any enterprising Mr. Lesseps, we leave the chronologists to decide with all the other vexed questions of Egyptian archæology; but if we are to believe the authority of Aristotle and Strabo, the well-known King Sesostris proposed a canal on the Isthmus somewhat more than three thousand years ago. Even those who question this are willing, we believe, to admit that the Persian Darius, some five hundred years B.C., and Ptolemy Philadelphus, two or three centuries later, did actually construct canals which united the waters of the Nile with those of the Red Sea. An account of their work, and of that of other rulers in Egypt, has been well put together in a volume by Mr. Schleiden on the Isthmus of Suez.

Nothing more than local advantages were considered by the ancients. International benefits were not even dreamed of. Consequently, as Egypt decayed, all interest in Egyptian canals perished likewise. The discoveries

of the fifteenth century opened the ocean to commerce, and Europe was satisfied with the maritime routes to India. It was not till the keen eye of Napoleon, intent on damaging England, rested on the deserted lands of Egypt, and enquired into their capabilities, that a project was formed for opening a passage from one sea to the other. In 1799 the Imperial engineers made a survey of the Isthmus, but, oddly enough, their incompetency or their haste was so great that they made a blunder which delayed for more than half a century all further progress. Strabo tells us that Archimedes asserted all the waters of the globe to be of one level. Eratosthenes disputed this opinion. Napoleon's levellers confirmed Eratosthenes, and stated with mathematical definiteness that the waters of the Red Sea stood on an average thirty and a half Parisian feet above those of the Mediterranean at Petusium. What sane man would think then of uniting these great seas? It was not till 1847 that the French surveys of 1799 were proved to be inaccurate. Repeated measurements since that time have demonstrated beyond a doubt that the level of the two seas is the same, excepting the slight differences which varying winds and tides may at times produce. On these new data, confirming the old theory of Archimedes, Mr. Lesseps has gone forward. Having the *pou sto*, he has tried to move the world.

An interview in 1854 with Mohammed Said, the Viceroy of Egypt, secured to Lesseps the right to form a company for piercing the Isthmus of Suez. An association was formed and a plan of operations was matured, involving a shallow temporary canal from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Suez, and having as an arm or branch a fresh water canal or aqueduct supplied with the waters of the Nile. The latter was to furnish drink for the laborers and fertility to the soil. The former was to demonstrate the practicability of uniting by water the two great seas. These ends are now accomplished. On the 1st of January last, a daily boat service was established between Port Said and Suez and between Ismailia and Zagazig. A large bark, carrying twenty-five or thirty persons, and drawn by a steam-tug, accomplished the distance of ninety miles from sea to sea in twenty-four hours. Goods and passengers, Mr. Lesseps announces, can now be transported "between the seas on a continuous line of water at least one metre and twenty inches in depth and fifteen metres in breadth." These facts were demonstrated in April last to the representatives from the Chambers of Commerce in different cities of the world. So much at least is accomplished. It certainly promises well for the still greater undertaking of a ship canal. England, it is true, looks with apprehension and distrust on these projects; not so France, Italy, and Southern Germany. A short time more is needed to determine who is right.

PURE INTEREST.

In the year 1697 a curious publication made its appearance in Paris, entitled "The Epistles of Père Daniel," and in the following year portions of it were translated into English and embodied in a pamphlet published in London. This pamphlet contains the particulars of a singular case of conflict between duty and interest.

We are informed that as long ago as the middle of the sixteenth century the rate of interest allowed by law in China was thirty per cent. per annum, and the Roman Catholic missionaries in that country being sorely perplexed between their desire for investing their savings on such profitable terms, and the dread of committing the crime of usury, endeavored to satisfy their consciences by submitting a question to the then Pope Vincent X., who thereupon ordered the Sacred Congregation de Propagandâ Fide to be convened for the purpose of considering and determining it. This was in the year 1645. The question, as put by the enterprising monks in China, was as follows:

"In the kingdom of China it is settled by law that thirty per cent. may be taken for money lent, without any regard of *ceasing lucre* or *emerging damage* to him that lends. 'Tis demanded, whether it be lawful to receive the said thirty per cent. as established by law of the kingdom, though no *cessation of lucre* intervene or *emergent damage?* The motive for doubting is the danger which occurs that he that received the principal may be absent or fly, or that he may be backward in paying, or that the creditor may be forced to go to law, or the like."

And the answer, as rendered by the Sacred Congregation, was as follows:

"The Congregation judges that for money immediately and PURELY lent, nothing is to be taken above the principal; but if anything be received by reason of a *probably intervening* danger, as in the case, they are not to be disquieted, so that regard be had to the quality and probability of the danger, and proportion be kept between danger and interest."

What benefit this decision proved to the members—whether they "shaved" the greenbacks of the Flowery Kingdom at a profitable discount, and begged for more on the ground that a national debt is a blessing—whether they "did" commercial bills on the "Street" of Pekin at a lower rate for "prime endorsers"—or whether they finally made their fortunes and retired to brownstone palaces on the romantic banks of the Tung-pui, history does not mention. Let it suffice us that in the answer of the Sacred Congregation are contained the elements of a profound economical truth.

Herein for the first time in ecclesiastical history do we meet with that well-defined distinction between interest and insurance which was familiar enough to the ancients, but which in mediæval and modern times has been entirely overlooked, in a too literal construction of the texts of Leviticus xxv. and Deuteronomy xxiii.; and we reproduce this remarkable answer of the Sacred Congregation less on account of its curious nature than with the object of bringing the principle upon which it is founded to the attention of modern legislators.

In Mrs. Speir's "Life in India" (London, 456, pp. 162-163) it is related that in the Hindoo code of Menu, which, if our memory is correct, Colebrook ascribed to the thirteenth or fourteenth century B.C., the subjects of insurance and interest, considered apart, are treated on with the most remarkable elaboration. But besides this, other evidence exists that the word in the Bible translated into English as "usury," signified to the ancient races of Asia what the Sacred Congregation terms "pure" interest. The code of Menu allows *pure interest* to be taken as follows:

"A lender of money may take in addition to his capital:

From certain classes	1½ per cent. monthly.
From a Brahman	2 per cent. monthly.
From a Kohatriya or soldier	3 per cent. monthly.
From a Vaisya or husbandman	4 per cent. monthly.
From a Sudra or mechanic	5 per cent. monthly.

The lender may accept less but can never demand more than these rates. Taking the period of time to which this singular ordinance relates (1300 or 1400 years B.C.) into consideration, and remembering that the rate of interest invariably falls with increased wealth, just as the price of labor falls with increased supplies of labor, it is seen to be impossible that these rates in those days could have included the element of insurance. So that besides the direct evidence afforded by the distinction made in this ancient code between interest and insurance, we derive an additional proof that this distinction was peculiar to the ancients, from the low rate of interest for the loan of his capital which the law compelled the Hindoo money-lender to accept.

Hume, the English historian, speaks of the word interest as "a lucky accident in language which has great effect on men's ideas." We desire to see a further step taken in the same direction, and the terms *pure interest* and *mixed interest* adopted in our codes of law in the place of interest, for we are convinced that such a plan as this will do more than anything else to modify the ill effects of our present usury statute. Were it once commonly understood that what is now termed *interest* is a mixture not only of interest and insurance but sometimes of wages also, it would not be long before the usury laws would be so amended that the word *pure* would be placed before every occurrence of the word *interest*.

That the term interest, as commonly employed, possesses altogether too comprehensive a meaning for the important part which it plays in our statute-books, must be evident to the most casual observer. It would therefore seem desirable that a definite meaning should be attached to it without loss of time, and, if necessary, that it should be divided and subdivided into other words.

The Government of the United States is to-day borrowing money in this city at seven-thirty per cent. interest, and yet the rate in Wall Street is but four per cent. The pawn-broker receives twenty-four per cent., while the savings-bank allows but five, at the same time that wealthy brokers pay each other one-fourth of one per cent. for a single day's loan of gold. Prime endorsed notes are quoted at six per cent., and single signatures pass at ten or twelve. And yet the law ignorantly confounds all these incongruous transactions with one another, and condemns them all under heavy penalties to be measured by one standard—that of seven per cent. per annum.

If I borrow $10,000 on call (*i. e.*, subject to the instant demand of the lender), and pledge for the security of the sum 100 shares of stock worth in the open market to-day $13,000, it is evident that the lender runs little or no risk of the loss either of the principal or the interest, and that he performs no further labor than to draw his check for the amount. He is therefore ready to make the loan at a very low rate. The result is a transaction at 4 per cent. per annum. But when the Government comes forward for a loan to run for twenty-three years, yet making it optional with itself whether it will take it up in eight years or not, and furnishing no specific and immediately controllable and realizable security to the lender, it is evident that although no labor is required of the latter, yet that something of the "cessation of lucre" and "emergent damage" enters into the bargain, and that the same should be paid for. In other words, *risk* attaches itself to

the transaction, and its extent is exactly measured by the difference between the rate at which the first instanced transaction was consummated and the rate at which the par bonds of the Government are now selling—we mean those without any accrued interest upon them. This difference is three-thirty per cent., the interest on the bonds being seven-thirty per cent.

Again, when an indulgent "uncle" of Chatham Street is appealed to for a further supply of the "rhino," though usually lent upon tolerably safe security both for principal and interest, yet it should not be forgotten that out of the twenty-four per cent. which we promise to pay him, twenty per cent. of it is hardly more than a fair compensation—first, for the labor which he is compelled to devote to the examination of the frequently disgusting looking collaterals which are presented for hypothecation; next, for the odium connected with the business, and which he is obliged to labor under; and lastly, for the risk (not a very great one, to be sure, but much greater than is commonly supposed) of being cheated in the value of the goods upon which the loan is demanded, as well as their being stolen, in which latter case he may be called upon to disgorge the collateral and lose the loan besides.

Thus we perceive that in every transaction of money-lending, what is usually denominated interest is really composed of three elements. These elements are—*pure interest*, insurance, and labor of superintendence. The value of the first is determined by the competition of loanable capital for employment; the value of the second is determined by the degree of risk which enters into the transaction; and the value of the third is determined by the amount of the personal labor required to conduct the transaction—the element of insurance, however, generally forming the chief item in the price of loans of capital.

Why then shall the law, which it is plain enough only intends to limit the rate of pure interest, be applied to limit insurance and to limit wages? Is it not clearly beyond the province of any lawgiver, at least in this country, to limit the price of labor? Is it not as clearly beyond his lawful power to limit the price of insurance risks? And do not both labor and insurance, when left to their own free action and to the natural law of competition, settle down to the lowest rate at which they can profitably be undertaken, so that no fear can possibly exist that they will be overrated and the necessitous poor made to suffer?

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE publishers' announcements of forthcoming original works continue to be excessively meagre, except in one direction, which threatens to absorb all the book-making interest for some time to come. The war we have just emerged from has passed through its newspaper phases, and is already fast becoming historical. The pen has already replaced the sword in the hands of many of our most accomplished officers, and though there is a danger that the thing may be overdone, war stock is at present at a premium among literary wares. Among other enterprises of the kind, Messrs. Harpers have in press "History of the United States Cavalry," by Major Brackett; "The Story of the Great March;" "Diary of General Sherman's Campaign through Georgia," by an anonymous author; and their great "Pictorial History of the Rebellion." Mr. C. B. Richardson, who is brought in contact with the army by his "United Service Magazine," is naturally deeply engaged in the preparation of books of this class. He will publish "History of the Army of the Potomac," by William Swinton; "Sherman and his Campaigns," by Cols. Bowman and Irwin; "Grant and his Campaigns, a Military Biography," by H. Coppie. These will probably be the classic works on their respective subjects. Mr. Swinton's powers as a writer are well known, and he has enjoyed an unequalled command of official materials. Colonel Bowman's book is written with a fullness of information that places it as a history above all competitors. These are only a portion of Mr. Richardson's undertakings; other works of equal importance and still greater personal interest are in agitation that will take the public by surprise. Mr. Van Nostrand announces the completion of "The Rebellion Record" in eight volumes. This invaluable repertory of contemporary information heads a long list of publications on military subjects, that from their intrinsic merit and superior style of getting up would do credit to any publishing house in the world. The first English translations of Jomini's standard works, "Life of Napoleon" and "Review of Grand Military Operations," are conspicuous among them. They are enterprises that no English publisher has ever dared to venture on. Amidst this din of war must not be overlooked a work by Dr. J. W. Draper, whose "Intellectual Development of Europe" is highly praised by foreign critics. It is entitled "Thoughts on American Civil Polity," and will be brought out by Messrs. Harpers.

—The publication of Dr. Livingstone's new book of "African Travel and Exploration on the Zambesi River and its Tributaries" is postponed until the autumn season, ostensibly on account of the time required for the preparation of the map. Meanwhile the author has started on a fresh expedition, with ample means, furnished by both public and private liberality—the scene of which will lie to the north of his former journeys. His purpose is to unravel the mysteries connected with the great fresh-water lakes—Nyassa, Tanganizka, and Nyanza, and to set at rest the conflicting theories on their situation, position, connection, etc., broached by Captain Burton and others. The "secret of Africa" cannot long be preserved from so ardent an explorer.

—Literary men are coming forward with unusual force at the general election now imminent in England, and it is pleasant to see intellectual work gradually elevated in public estimation, and regarded as a claim to distinction. In the suburban borough of Lambeth, Mr. Thomas Hughes, the Chancery barrister and world-renowned "Tom Brown of Rugby," is the prominent candidate. The amalgamated laboring men of the district have put forth an address reminding their fellow-workmen that he has written much and nobly in their cause, as well as supported it with his purse. At Manchester, Mr. Walter Bagehot, editor of the *Economist*, and a chief writer in "The National Review" on literary and historical subjects, will probably be chosen. At Edinburgh, Mr. Maclaren, formerly editor of the *Scotsman*, will be brought forward. In Westminster, Mr. Mill's friends are busy defending him from the bigoted and unfounded attacks made on his presumed religious principles, and he may well be gratified with the faults that have caused men like Dr. Thirwall (Bishop of St. David's), Rev. F. D. Maurice, and George Grote to spring forward with the most earnest assurance of sympathy and confidence.

—The prevalent taste for small editions of books, printed in the most luxurious style, and restricted by their limited number from general circulation, so that each owner of a copy may indulge a feeling of pride in its possession, receives illustration in a "Memorial of Edward Everett" now about to be issued at Boston. It contains a memoir by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, eulogies by most of the distinguished men of Massachusetts, two fine portraits, etc. An edition of only 100 copies will be offered for sale, at five dollars each. It is to be hoped that it is only the forerunner of a life of Everett, and collection of his correspondence, etc., worthy of the subject, and for which ample material exists.

—Mr. George Wingrove Cooke, whose decease is recorded in the obituary of the week, was a type of a class of literary men in England brought into existence by the power of the periodical press. He was, originally, a barrister of fair standing, and known by some professional works, a Life of Bolingbroke, and his "History of Italy," in three volumes—a book that there is yet no substitute for in the library of English history and politics. A fluent pen and a lively style led to his connection with the *Times* newspaper, and from thenceforward the titles and subjects of his works show that a special correspondent or "commissioner" is expected "to put a girdle round the earth" almost as quickly as Shakespeare's Puck. His "China and Lower Bengal," "Inside Sebastopol," and "Conquest and Colonization in North Africa," mark different stages of his professional progresses, and are works of authority. He was a much more finished writer than Dr. Russell, and, by many, was preferred as a narrator at once picturesque and trustworthy. He died prematurely at 51 years of age.

—A critical notice in the last number of the "North American Review" does good service by exposing the wholesale plagiarism committed by the nominal compiler of a very pretentious new Dictionary of Quotations from English classical literature published in London, entitled "Familiar Words." The "Dictionary of Quotations" by Mr. Bartlett, of Cambridge, Mass., now published in an enlarged form by Messrs. Little & Brown, has won the commendations of all who are acquainted with it. Its capacity for appropriation seems to have struck Mr. Hain Friswell, the English editor. The two books are about the same size, and *every quotation* traced to its source and verified by the labor of Mr. Bartlett, with the exception of thirty-four (some of which were probably overlooked from occurring in the notes), are copied bodily into "Familiar Words," while the additions are of the most trifling description. The fact of the literal copying from one volume to another is proved by various local errors and misplacements, which betray the awkward transference, and the meanness of the action is heightened by a disingenuous notice in the preface of Mr. Bartlett's book. An act like this in the present state of intimate literary intercourse between the two countries is worse than a crime, because a blunder, while literary detectives exist to expose such shameless pillage of another's work.

—The Cavaliere de Rossi, the great living authority on Christian art at Rome, has just brought out from the pontifical press the first volume of a grand "Illustrated History and Description of the Catacombs." It promises to supply the want of an authentic guide to these deeply interesting remains, which the colossal French work of Perret failed to satisfy, from the licence given to his pencil in improving and beautifying the often rude originals of his drawings. The antiquarian research of de Rossi has produced full documentary evidence of the continual attention the catacombs received, and the care bestowed on their adornments, such as we now see them, by pious Christians and pilgrims up to about the time of the destruction of the Roman empire. The consequent confusion of the state and upheaval of social life led to their gradually falling into neglect, until after a century or two the very existence of these remarkable monuments had perished out of memory, and re-discovery in the seventeenth century revealed a perfectly fresh world of wonders to ecclesiastical archæologists whose treasures have hitherto been only explored in part. De Rossi's work is in quarto, fully illustrated with chromo-lithographs of the several paintings, etc., that do credit to the present state of Italian art.

—Few will suppose that the busy life of our late President allowed him time to become a student of "Bacon's Works," yet how curiously a general observation of the great statesman, derived from his observation of life, was realized in the practice of Abraham Lincoln, the following note from his "Essays" (p. 94, Cambridge, 1863), will show: "Some have in readinesse so many Tales and Stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate but they can wrap it into a Tale: which serveth both to keepe themselves more in Guard, and to make others carry it with more pleasure."

—A valuable addition to the small stock of English musical literature is made by the appearance of "Carl Maria von Weber: the Life of an Artist. From the German of his Son, Baron Max von Weber." The original work has been subjected to some trifling condensation by the translator, Mr. J. P. Simpson, but the main features, derived from Weber's own diaries and letters, are fully given. They afford one of the most interesting pictures ever put on record of the true artistic spirit, the sufferings and triumphs of an enthusiastic temperament conjoined with a body so frail as to make his

life one long disease, that finally succumbed under the extra exertions and discouraging incidents of a visit to England, undertaken in the hope of securing a provision for his family. The translator well says that the relative position of wealth and genius remained until a recent date a blot upon the civilization of the country. The details of Weber's treatment in England, except by a few who could sympathize with him, are of painful interest, and reveal a state of feeling that certainly could not exist at the present day in the higher classes of society.

—It is said that Prince Napoleon, while under his present exclusion from political functions, owing to the tenor of his famous speech at Ajaccio, is solacing himself with literary composition, and is engaged on a "History of the Bonaparte Family." The contributions to science and letters of this remarkable race—since the year 1530, when one of its ancestors wrote the vivid account of the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, which has been translated by the Emperor—are important, and would alone serve to stamp it with individuality. The beautiful works on natural history by the Prince de Canino (Charles Lucien Bonaparte) are found in all our great libraries, and entitle him to rank high among scientific naturalists. His brother Lucien, now residing in England, is equally devoted to philological studies, and has spent immense sums in collecting and printing materials for illustrating the most obscure dialects of Europe. They amount to nearly one hundred separate publications. One of the most curious among them is "The Song of Solomon" in twenty-four English dialects (a labor certainly beyond the powers of any native antiquary), and perhaps the most valuable a translation of the Bible into the ancient Basque or Euskarian language, which is just completed. Prince Lucien is said to prefer his favorite pursuit to political distinction, and to have refused to leave his library for any position in the state his Imperial cousin could bestow. The Emperor himself is, independently of his Life of Cæsar, a voluminous author. There is no question that his researches on artillery have helped materially to bring about the improvements in that arm that promise to change the whole art of war. But strange as it may seem, it is his uncle, Napoleon I., that stands forth as perhaps the most copious writer of the century. The great collection of his letters now publishing by an Imperial commission has already reached its seventeenth volume in quarto, though running down no later than 1804. It contains 1,400 letters, so that the whole number is something immense—and to this must be added his youthful writings, the works dictated at St. Helena, etc. The readiest parallel to this industry (in a minor degree, however) may be found in the Duke of Wellington. About thirty large and closely printed volumes of his "Despatches," "General Orders," etc., have appeared, and it is understood that much matter remains behind that perhaps the present generation may not see. These thirty volumes contain probably twice as much matter as the hundred volumes of Sir Walter Scott's writings. It is certainly worthy of remark that the two busiest men in Europe should, in mere bulk of composition, exceed those who were engaged in that pursuit alone, and affords a noticeable instance of the power to *make time* that concentration of will and energy command.

—Among the scientific investigations that claim the largest share of attention at this moment, the research after evidence attesting an occupancy of the earth by races of men earlier in time than was formerly held to be consistent with historic analysis or the records of revelation, is undoubtedly pre-eminent. The transactions of learned societies all over Europe are occupied with accounts of new discoveries of bone caverns, lake dwellings, stone implements, and other traces of the primeval inhabitants of the northern hemisphere. So ample indeed is the testimony, when once people's eyes are opened to a sense of its value, that a digest of the various discoveries now in progress, archæological, anatomical, geological, etc., all bearing on the great question—the antiquity of man on the earth—becomes more than ever necessary. Fortunately it has been performed intelligently and trustworthily by two English books published during the present season: "Researches into the Early History of Mankind and the Development of Civilization," by E. B. Tyler (J. Murray), and "Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," by John Lubbock, F.R.S. (Williams & Norgate). The latter gentleman has been long engaged in investigating the question by personally visiting and carefully examining all the localities famous in the history of discovery, as the bone caves of Central France, where remains of men, and even rude works of imitative art, are found in juxtaposition with the relics of the rein-deer, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and long extinct animals; the lake habitations of Switzerland; the shell mounds of Denmark and Scotland; the gravel pits in the drift of the Valley of the Somme, where the position of the flint implements disinterred by M. Boucher de Perthes first gave rise to the enquiries now pointing to scientific certainties. Very numerous illustrations of the different classes of remains are given, and the whole evidence is lucidly summed up in the concluding chapters, where the usages and habits of savage tribes now existing are drawn upon for the analogies that throw light on the condition of the prehistoric races of the earth. The great problem of all—from whence the power to rise in the scale of civilization was derived: whether it was merely the continued and progressive application of forces, that we see in their first contest with animate and inanimate nature, struggling for the assurance of a rude animal existence, or whether the necessary energy was imparted by outward pressure—is yet a mystery. The slow and painful steps that the self-evolution of our present civilization would require make a demand upon the chronology of history that its most accepted systems are by no means equal to meet.

—When the study of old English literature was confined to a few persons and regarded rather as a learned luxury than as a branch of enquiry interesting to any person of cultivation, and essential for a proper understanding of his native language, it is not surprising that the publications connected with it should be few in number and weighty in price, and consequently entirely beyond the reach of those now most interested in such pursuits. A better day has since dawned for literary antiquaries, and among the symptoms of it may be noted the establishment of "The Early English Text Society," for the purpose of printing in a correct, but cheap and unostentatious form, original or imperfectly edited works illustrative of the growth of the language and its literature. Five or six volumes are already issued, and progress has been made in accomplishing one object of the Society, which is to render accessible all the metrical romances connected with the Cycle of King Arthur in their earliest existing form, previous to the compilation of the well known prose digest of them, the "Morte d'Arthur." Sir Gawain is already published, and Sir Lancelot du Lake in preparation. The Society also proposes to print the remaining unedited Pre-Wycliffite versions of the Scripture, particularly one from a MS. of the thirteenth century in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which has some characteristics in common with that philological treasure, "The Ormulum," whose value and significance in English linguistics was first prominently brought out by our countryman, George P. Marsh, in his "Lectures on Early English Literature." Mr. Morris, one of the secretaries of the Society, has also in preparation a Reading Book intended to facilitate the study of early English. It will be not only the first work of the kind, but it will mark an advanced stage in the treatment of its subject, being far more critical in its strictures on the various old dialectic forms of the language than any previous work.

—The accidental discovery of the remains of Dante twelve days after the great national celebration of the anniversary of his birth seems to bear every mark of verisimilitude, and must be accepted as one of those coincidences that defy calculation, though most of us can parallel them with instances as inexplicable. Nearly two hundred years have passed since those hallowed ashes were stealthily removed from their resting place to shield them from fanatical outrage or (on this authorities differ) misjudging honors that would have deprived Ravenna of their custody. The place of the deposit continued unknown till the time above mentioned, when some workmen, engaged in repairing a building adjacent to the cathedral, met with a hollow space in the wall rudely excavated, and containing what an inscription by the depositor, F. Sarti, proved to be the bones of the great poet. The skeleton was complete, with the exception of the lower jaw and some of the finger-joints. A subsequent examination of the tomb of Dante showed that it was empty, with the exception of these missing portions—so that the identification was perfect. The erection of a monument worthy of the poet's fame now agitates artistic Italy. Its locality, style, etc., offer an immense field for discussion that promises to be amply filled.

—The new "Life of Jesus," by Dr. David Strauss, has been translated into English, but as yet no publisher has ventured to announce its appearance. Though it is of a much more popular character than his former work of the same name, so admirably translated by Miss Evans, presenting rather a historical summary of the results of criticism than an exposition of its progress, there is little enquiry for Continental speculation in England. The work of Renan, which convulsed the rest of Europe, has barely met with demand enough to clear off a single edition. The tacit censorship of the press, exercised by the general theological conservative spirit, is so strong that every publisher is anxious to avoid the possible charge of being accessory to the circulation of infidel books.

—The extraordinary rise in the value of articles of virtu, paintings, etc., in France since the establishment of the Second Empire, is well known to all who have occasion to become acquainted with the commercial side of the fine arts. Rare books have long experienced the same increased valuation,

and the bibliophiles of Paris have just noticed that at the recent sale of the reserved portion of the stock of M. Techauer (who may be called the "Pickering" of the French book trade) a larger sum was realized for a single day's sale—147,000 francs—than had ever before been known Two years since, one day's sale of the library of M. Solur amounted to 116,000 francs, and one day's sale of the books of his son-in-law, M. Leopold Double, brought 113,000 francs, which were the largest amounts previously reached.

RUSSELL'S "CANADA."*

Mr. Russell's style in that part of the book before us descriptive of his own travel, is not materially different from that in which his "diary" was written, and perhaps most of those who read this volume will wish that it had been entirely devoted to such description, rather than in considerable part to a treatise on provincial politics. His accounts of railroad journeys, interviews with living men, and the impressions made on his mind by them, are always lively and interesting; his colloquial forms of expression interspersed with rather too many Latin and French quotations, his anecdotes and exclamations give a zest to his words not unlike the pleasure derived from the conversation of an active-minded traveller. The first ten chapters on Canada are full of vivid pictures of personal suffering in hotel and car, the beauty of Niagara, the falls of Montmorency, sleigh rides, local stories, and the thousand other amusing and characteristic novelties (novel at least in connection with the narrator) which lend their charm to writing of this kind. The remainder of the book, however, is given entirely to the discussion of the politics, history, military and industrial position of Canada, and here we miss the light touch and easy flow of the *Times'* correspondent; nor do we find in their place the broad and enlightened views of a philosophical writer; we miss the little bits of French and the negro and Irish anecdotes, and we have not much to compensate us for the loss.

Although our English friends appear to entertain an idea that all our thoughts, magnetized by Canadian attraction, turn like the needle to the north, our real ignorance of facts in connection with the British possessions in America would somewhat surprise them. This ignorance it is as well to dispel.

Canada, with an area of 357,000 square miles, numbers 2,500,000 inhabitants. The greater portion of this vast colony has little or no population; the names with which the map is covered being those of wide rivers, wooded townships, and railroads spanning the wastes between young settlements and the one or two old cities. Stretching on one side far to the north, it reaches the cold and desolate plains of Labrador; on the southwest a fertile peninsula is bounded by Huron and Ontario, Lake Erie, Georgian Bay, and the Niagara. Lower Canada, with its old French families and feudal law of descent, has never flourished, though its military history, with the sieges of Montreal and Quebec, have given it greater fame than has been acquired by the quieter but more thriving province to the west, with its commercial capital at Toronto, its long lines of railway, and immense lake coast. Every one buys relics at Montreal and Quebec; few reflect on the vastly superior importance of peninsular Canada in the future of America. Upper Canada is Protestant; Lower Canada is Catholic; Upper Canada has a temperate climate, Lower Canada is comparatively cold—one preserving in its institutions a remnant of the feudal system, is shut out from intercourse with the States to the South; while the other, freer in its institutions, surrounded on every side by the enterprise and activity of a kindred race, feels their influence. The difference in the increase of inhabitants between the two is remarkable. In 1770 two hundred people were living in Canada West; in 1791, the number had swelled to 50,000; in 1841, to 465,000; ten years later, this number was more than doubled. The population of the eastern colony, however, which contained 8,000 souls nearly a century before the time when her neighbor could only boast of two hundred, only numbered 890,000 in 1851, when 952,000 was the number claimed by Canada West. Mr. Russell gives the following table to show the relative progress in the cultivation of land of the two provinces:

Year.	UPPER CANADA. No. acres cultivated.	LOWER CANADA. No. acres cultivated.
1831	2,065,913	818,432
1844	2,802,317	2,166,101
1851	3,605,376	3,695,763

Notwithstanding the essential differences of temperature, however, the whole country is productive. The author of a pamphlet, published by authority of the Bureau of Agriculture, observes:

"The climate of Canada is in some measure exceptional, especially that of the peninsular portion. The influence of the great lakes is very strikingly felt in the elevation of winter temperatures, and in the reduction of summer heats. East and west of Canada, beyond the influence of the lakes, as in the middle of the States of New York and Iowa, the greatest extremes prevail—intense cold in winter, intense heat in summer, and to these features may be added their usual attendant, drought.

"'Perhaps the popular standard of the adaptation of climate to the purposes of agriculture is more suitable for the present occasion than a reference to monthly and annual means of temperature. Much information is conveyed in the simple narration of facts bearing upon fruit culture. From the head of Lake Ontario round by the Niagara frontier, and all along the Canadian shores of Lake Erie, the grape and peach grow with luxuriance, and ripen to perfection in the open air, without the slightest artificial aid. The island of Montreal is distinguished everywhere for the fine quality of its apples, and the island of Orleans, below Quebec, is equally celebrated for its plums. Over the whole of Canada the melon and tomato acquire large dimensions, and ripen fully in the open air, the seeds being planted in the soil toward the latter end of April, and the fruit gathered in September. Pumpkins and squashes attain gigantic dimensions; they have exceeded 300 pounds in weight in the neighborhood of Toronto. Indian corn, hops, and tobacco are common crops, and yield fair returns. Hemp and flax are indigenous plants, and can be cultivated to any extent in many parts of the province. With a proper expenditure of capital, England could be made quite independent of Russia, or any other country, for her supply of these valuable products.'"

Apropos of the growth of population, Mr. Russell falls into a curious and rather common fallacy: it is that of comparing two countries by their increase *per cent.* and not by the actual numbers. Quoting Mr. Sheridan Hogan, "the writer of a prize essay on Canada of no ordinary excellence," he says (p. 213): "In 1800 the population of the United States was 5,305,925. In 1850 it was 20,250,000. The increase was therefore 300 per cent. nearly. In 1811 the population of Upper Canada was 77,000, and in 1851 it was 952,000, an increase of over 1,100 per cent. in forty years." Some other statistics to the same effect are collected. But adopting this basis of calculation, what results do we arrive at? According to Mr. Russell and Mr. Hogan, if the Canadians had numbered two hundred in 1811, and in forty years their number had grown to be 2,200, they would have shown as great progress as is manifested in the difference between 77,000 and 952,000! or if, starting with a population of *two*, the census at the end of forty years had proved that *twenty-two* were living in their stead, the result would have been much more surprising than the development of the United States. The statement of the proposition lays bare its absurdity; but it is appeals to "facts" such as these which throw a cloud over the value of figures, and cause men to sneer at the worth of statistical tables.

The provincial and colonial character of the Canadians, the influence of their neighbors' and their own democratic tendencies, of England's and their own aristocratic prejudices, their sentiment of loyalty to the home Government, their mixed population, are so complicated in their effects upon the natural development of character and institutions as to make a prediction of Canada's future no easy task. That school of English politicians of which Mr. Russell is a disciple, which, acknowledging that some time Canada must become independent, is unwilling that any steps should be taken either to impede or retard her progress, is now represented by the existing British Ministry. It prefers to let her *drift* into independence rather than assist her to freedom and nationality. Unwilling that a precedent so fatal to the imperial sway as the concession of sovereign rights to a colony should be authorized by the imperial Government, it chooses rather to let time settle the question than with ready generosity to anticipate its subjects' needs. It will not, in short, do anything. It says, "Our industrious daughter is not aware when females reach the age of majority; for heaven's sake, let us be the last to impart that dangerous knowledge; let us wait at least till she has determined to leave her maternal threshold." "At some day," says Mr. Russell, "near or remote, Canada must become either independent in whole or in part, or a portion of a foreign State. It will be of no small moment for those then living in Great Britain whether they have alienated the affection or have won the hearts of the newly-created power." Mr. Russell wishes that all may be done at home that is possible to help the Canadians, if they will help themselves; that every means may be used to stimulate their loyalty and make the country what, in his opinion, it should be—a rich, flourishing, but dependent child of the imperial parent. The intentions of the Government are plainly shown in the recent interview between the Duke of Somerset, Earl de Grey, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Cardwell, M.P., on behalf of the Ministry, and a delegation sent by Governor-General Lord Monck, at a recommendation of the Committee of the Executive Council, for the purpose of conferring on subjects of importance to Canada. The conference was to embrace the consideration of five points: "1. The proposed confederation of the British North American provinces, and the means whereby it can be most speedily effected. 2. The arrangements

* "Canada: its Defences, Condition, and Resources. Being a second and concluding volume of 'My Diary, North and South.' By W. Howard Russell, LL.D." 12mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: O. S. Felt. 1865.

necessary for the defense of Canada in the event of war arising with the United States, and the extent to which the same should be shared between Great Britain and Canada. 3. The steps to be taken with reference to the reciprocity treaty, and the rights conferred by it upon the United States. 4. The arrangements necessary for the settlement of the North-west Territory and Hudson's Bay Company's claims. 5. And generally, upon the existing critical state of affairs, by which Canada is most seriously affected." As to the first subject the commissioners could obtain only a vague assurance that "every proper means of influence" would be used to carry into effect without delay the proposed confederation. On the second point the Ministry promise, in case Canada undertakes the primary liability for the defensive works recommended and offers sufficient security, to apply to Parliament for a guarantee for the amount required, and that the armaments for the works should be furnished by England; but as to naval force on Lake Ontario, nothing could be done in time of peace further than the maintenance of a specified number of ships; in time of war England would do her duty. As to the reciprocity treaty, Sir Frederick Bruce has received instructions to negotiate for its renewal. On the subject of the Northwestern Territory, the Cabinet agree to apply to the imperial Parliament for a guarantee for a loan to be raised by Canada for the purpose of purchasing from the Hudson's Bay Company, on being satisfied that the indemnity offered them was reasonable. The "existing critical state of affairs" was referred to in a very gentlemanly way, and the delegation was told that England fully acknowledged the obligation of defending every portion of the empire with all the resources at her command.

It was a sorry day for England when, having planted her civilization and religion in the four quarters of the globe, she became an "empire." Thirteen colonies demanded some semblance of self-government; it was denied them, and the "empire" was shorn of its fairest part. Now another colony, just struggling into manhood, hardly knowing its own powers, wishing to be independent, yet loyal to the mother country with all the loyalty of Englishmen, is neither assisted to become free nor protected as a dependent. Canadian institutions are on the whole democratic, notwithstanding the feudal tenures of the lower province; no Canadian aristocracy sits in a Canadian House of Lords; the Canadians, while they sincerely desire to be faithful subjects of Great Britain, desire still more deeply to govern themselves in accordance with their own interests; and however much they may admire the beauties of the trans-Atlantic social system, which Mr. Russell thinks it was a great mistake not to have imported, still it is distance which lends enchantment to the view; and we must be permitted to doubt, however great the enthusiasm on the arrival of the Prince of Wales, whether the appearance among them of an Earl of Montreal or Duke of Quebec would be congenial to the feelings of the colonists. The soldiers which Britain sends to defend her possessions in America treat the Canadians with such contempt that they can hardly expect much love for themselves or their government in return. Mr. Russell tells us of a young lady who remarked to him at a party, on his noticing that the English officers held themselves aloof and did not dance, that it was their custom to stand up against the wall and criticize the natives. The feeling of the natives towards their defenders is probably in great measure that of Mayor Beaudry of Montreal, who, at a public dinner given by the inhabitants to the Governor-General, said "that Canada might esteem herself a most fortunate community in being protected by one of the most powerful nations of the world, which sent them as many soldiers as might be required without rendering them liable in purse or person; that no matter how many red-coats might be required—and the more there might be, the better pleased they would be to see them—it would not take one single sous out of their pockets." This sentiment was greeted with vociferous applause. To be sure this was in Lower Canada, but that such sordid expressions should have been received with applause in one of the most populous cities in the country, shows a vital defect in the old colonial system. Mr. Beaudry has found by this time that he was mistaken; the mother country no longer intends to provide defence for her colony without "one single sous" coming from their own pockets; they must provide, and provide largely, if they would be defended. Mr. Russell quotes a speech of the Hon. Joseph Howe, a Canadian, in which the divergence of interest between the two countries and the want of a proper system of representation is pointedly shown.

"Our columns of gold," he exclaims, "and our pyramids of timber may rise in your Crystal Palaces, but our statesmen in the great council of the empire, never. Saxony or Wirtemberg are treated with a deference never accorded to Canada, though they are peopled by foreigners. The war of 1812–15 was neither sought nor provoked by the British Americans. It grew out of the Continental wars, with which we certainly had as little to do. Whether a Bourbon or a Bonaparte sat upon the throne of France, was a matter of perfect indifference to us. We were pursuing our lawful avocations —clearing up our country, opening roads into the wilderness, bridging the streams, and organizing society as we best could, trading with our neighbors, and wishing them no harm. In the meantime British cruisers were visiting and searching American vessels on the sea. Then shots were fired, and, before we had time to recall our vessels engaged in foreign commerce, or to make the slightest preparation for defence, our coasts were infested by American cruisers and privateers, and our whole frontier was in a blaze."

One great difficulty has always been want of emigrants. The French of the lower province, with their hatred of innovation, their stubborn attachment to antique customs, and their anti-republican laws, and the loyalists who settled there at the close of our Revolutionary War, were not classes well qualified to improve a country, and Canada needed an infusion of new blood to quicken the stagnant circulation in the arteries of commercial and social life. But unfortunately the superior inducements offered to foreigners by the United States—the Colonial Office acting, as Mr. Russell says, as a sort of buffer between Parliament and the shocks of colonial agitation and demands—the importance to the Irish of getting to a free country rather than a British dependency, these causes have prevented the tide of migration from setting towards the shores of England's American possessions. The magnificent country to the northwest, the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, is unknown, and year after year Canada creeps slowly along, and hardly understands the cause of her inadequate progress.

What then does the English Government do for Canada, and what does she do for herself? England sends out a Governor-General, she prevents emigration, she reserves the power of vetoing the acts of the Canadian Legislature, a power which she dare not exercise, she may guarantee a loan and send out some guns for the defence of her territory, she promises to do her duty in case of war. Canada, on the other hand, has her own legislature, her own taxes, duties, and franchise, she must raise troops for her own defence, has her own courts of law, is in fact in all but the name an independent state. Mr. Fox said, in 1791, "I am convinced that the only means of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves." The experiment has been tried and succeeded; it has succeeded so well that Englishmen admit the uselessness of holding Canada should she desire to assume entire sovereignty. Will she make use of her opportunities and ensure for herself a glorious future?

We have not spoken of *annexation;* it would have been to no purpose—Americans do not wish to "annex" Canada forcibly, and events stronger than words are proving it to the world. Mr. Russell was imbued with the idea that it was a settled principle of our policy to make war on Canada. A great many of his ideas about this country have their origin in the columns of the *Herald.* Perhaps, if he had read that paper more attentively, he would have found that the space of a nation's life would be much too short for its innumerable schemes. The *Herald* may represent the prejudices, not the principles of the United States. That all Americans desire and believe that the State of Canada will be ultimately represented in their Congressional halls, it is not too much to say; for they believe that the community of interests with them, and the want of it with England, will some time or other force itself upon the mind of Canada; that the colonists will find that a reciprocity treaty which may be repealed is not so valuable as the reciprocity which springs from union; that all the advantages which could spring from the connection with the parent state have been used; that the time has come for independent action; but that we have any desire to make war for the purpose of adding another State to our ranks, is untrue.

Mr. Russell has given a great deal of attention to the military question, and has discovered five principal lines of attack from the south; he shows Canada's weak points, and inculcates the means of defence. This is all to no purpose; we do not propose to invade England's possessions on this continent. Our brothers' blood has been shed in a holy cause; the nation which engaged in it will not sully the reputation gained in the last four years by a war of conquest. When Mr. Russell tells us of his adventures on a Mississippi steamboat, when he describes a walk behind the falls of Niagara, in fact, when he describes anything he has actually seen, we listen to him with attention, for he is an expert; but when he turns to political and national questions, our attention flags, for he has neither experience nor that enlightened judgment which is able to use wisely the experience of others.

HORACE MANN.*

THE outward career of Horace Mann is well known to all educated Americans. For many years he was one of the most conspicuous and efficient of the public men of Massachusetts. There was scarcely a town or

* "Life of Horace Mann. By his Wife." 8vo. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

village in the State which did not listen to the persuasive eloquence of his voice; and there was not a State in the Union, if there was a country in Europe, where his progressive sentiments on the subject of popular education were not vigorously discussed. His services were not restricted to the commonwealth where he was born; but in the national capital, and in a prominent position at the West, he was also for a long period engaged in the promotion of great social interests.

At length, after an interval of seven years from the time of his death, his inner life has been revealed to us by one who stood near him in the most intimate of relations. His thoughts, his motives, his private letters, and, above all, his long continued private diary, are now laid open with so much freedom, and at the same time with so much delicacy and appreciation, that the veil which often covers the secret springs of a public career seems in his case completely lifted. We are permitted to know the distinguished educator at least as well as he knew himself.

The preparatory period of Mr. Mann's life is in most respects the same as that of scores and hundreds of New England lawyers. An early home in the country, where frugality and thrift predominated; a college education at Brown University, acquired with much pecuniary difficulty; a year at the famous law school of Judge Gould, in Litchfield; the varied practice of a rural attorney; and repeated elections to the lower House of the Massachusetts Assembly, prepared him, in 1833, to begin his professional practice in Boston. He was then chosen to the Massachusetts Senate, and for four years filled the office with distinction and acceptance. During all his life as a legislator he was noted for the interest which he took in political questions which have a moral bearing, and for the zeal with which he promoted various projects for social reforms. "The fifteen gallon" liquor law was one of the most famous. The establishment of the State Asylum for lunatics will always be remembered as one of the most humane and beneficent of all the enterprises with which he was identified. But this experience belonged only to the training period of his life. He was still expecting to devote himself to the profession of the law, in which he had already attained considerable success.

His real life-work began in 1837, when the Massachusets Board of Education, then organized for the first time, appointed him as Secretary. He served the State in that capacity for more than eleven years. This, in our view, was by far the most important epoch of his life. It was a period of intense toil, great self-denial, indomitable energy, and finally of great renown. Then came his election to Congress on the death of John Quincy Adams in 1848. He was elected as the representative of the anti-slavery element in his party, and during the four years and more of his Washington life he was among the foremost of those who resisted the encroachments of Southern slavery. It was a period of agitation, discouragement, and unceasing anxiety. "One thing alone," he writes, "makes it tolerable to me—the possibility of doing something to favor the right or to check the wrong." We find him next abruptly transplanted to a little village in Ohio, where the "Christians" have invited him to become the President of Antioch College. Six years of labor here formed the closing period of his life. But his college work was only begun. What he might have accomplished none can foretell; but the miserable financial basis of the college embarrassed all his efforts and defeated many of his projects.

In each of these three positions, Horace Mann was a pioneer. As such we must judge him. Nobody before had devoted himself to the *un*popular work, as it then was, of promoting popular education. The field was his own. The soil might be productive, but there were stumps to be extracted and trees to be felled before it could be ploughed and planted. So in Congress, the dawn had not appeared in the national horizon, but the night was dark and the watchmen of liberty were few and fettered. Again, at Antioch, he was the first president of an institution founded on novel and not yet vindicated principles—opposed and thwarted by foes without and within.

Whatever his success or his want of success in the halls of Congress and the walls of a college, as a promoter of public education Mr. Mann has achieved for himself lasting reputation. With an enthusiasm which sprang from a naturally glowing temperament, and from firm belief in an excellent cause, he advocated everywhere, among the educated and the ignorant, among the influential few and the assembled masses, the radical improvement and reorganization of the common schools of Massachusetts as essential to the welfare of the State. His annual reports as Secretary of the Board of Education were like broadsides in an engagement. Controversies he learned to expect and almost to enjoy. He lived to see almost all the points established which he undertook to defend, and he found that the improvements of Massachusetts were rapidly extended to the other States of New England, and finally, in a less degree, to other portions of the country.

In rightly estimating his services, however, we must not forget that the times were ripe in New England for just such a movement as he was engaged in. A great many other men besides Horace Mann, in a great many other spheres, were working for the intellectual and moral regeneration of society. The circumstances of the day greatly favored his career. The history of common schools in this country, whenever it is written, will reveal a great amount of now forgotten labor in the field where the laurels of Mann were won.

It can hardly be said that Horace Mann was a thoroughly enlightened educator. To this view we are forced by the biography before us. He had not studied with any profoundness the philosophy of education, or even the principles of the human mind. There is no evidence that he was acquainted with the history of educational institutions and the influence which they have exerted in moulding human society. He was therefore far from comprehending all that was involved in a public system of instruction. He was unequal to the task of introducing or of defending the ideas of intellectual discipline and culture which belong to the higher departments of education and are essential to the perfection of a public educational establishment. The perusal of his biography and of his reports will show that it was the outward concerns and not the inner theories with which he was occupied. He roused the attention of the public, he collected the statistics, he overcame opposition, he devised new school-houses, he contrived good systems of ventilation, he called for better school-books, he pointed out better methods of teaching and governing classes of scholars. In all this he did nobly. He has earned the gratitude of generations. But he has not done everything. Much remains to be done for the improvement of American common schools. There is, therefore, need of caution in reading and in admiring the labors of Horace Mann, lest we concede too much to their influence and estimate too highly the work he performed. He was a man for the period of 1840 rather than of 1865.

His biography points out one book which seems almost to have been the guide of his life. It is Combe's "Constitution of Man." With the well known author of this little treatise he was on terms of great intimacy. The book itself he continually refers to. To those who are familiar with its pages, it is curious to trace their influence on the life of Mann. It may be questioned whether he would not have been a wiser man if he had chosen some other guide than this distinguished phrenologist.

As a biography this volume is very attractive. It is like a mirror of the subject. Occasionally a more precise statement of facts would seem to us desirable, and perhaps a more thorough analysis of the reports and other writings of Mr. Mann would have been acceptable to the reader. But Horace Mann speaks for himself in these pages. He stands before us a self-denying, public-spirited, eloquent, and indefatigable advocate of popular education. As such we believe he will be honored and remembered long after the bronze statue has perished which now does him honor at the State House in Boston.

THE ENGLISH "BROAD CHURCH" AND AMERICA.*

THERE is one phase of English theological thought almost outside of general American knowledge, and certainly outside of American use. This is that of the "Broad Church," so called, one of the three large internal divisions or "schools" in the English Establishment—the first, "Platitudinarians," being the "Low Church" party; the second, "Latitudinarians," being the "Broad Church" party; and the last, "Attitudinarians," being the "High Church" party. *Punch* deserves credit for establishing such a convenient nomenclature, symbolic as it is in more ways than one. We have in America the first and the last shades of opinion, but, strangely enough, have no equivalent to the "Broad Church," nor anything that possesses the right to be classed with it. We should have known more about it, and might very possibly have had something to represent it, if American publishers had brought out more of its philosophy and theology than they have. As it is, no interest has been excited in it among us, and the impressions prevalent concerning it throughout the country have been of the vaguest and most unsatisfactory kind. Its enemies have said a good deal about it, and have been very economical of fair expressions in regard to it. Again, we have sometimes heard of an American "Broad Church," of which, among others, Dr. Bellows is a representative apostle. Some have connected these two; but nothing could be more incorrect. For no protest made by the English

* "Theological Essays." By Frederick Denison Maurice, A.M., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. 12mo. Redfield, New York. 1854.
"Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament." By the same. 12mo. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. 1853.
"The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity." By the same. 18mo. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. 1854.
"The Kingdom of Christ." By the same. 8vo. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
"Learning and Working," etc. By the same. 12mo. Macmillan & Co., Cambridge. 1855.

"Broad Church" is more earnest or fuller than that against any who deny the doctrine of the Trinity, and this our unfledged American "Broad Church" does. It is enough, in proof of this, as well as to note many other points of difference between it and both the New and the Old Unitarians, to read the volume of "Theological Essays" by Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, probably the truest representative of "Broad Church" sentiment in England. These essays were delivered in the chapel of Lincoln's Inn in London in 1852, and excited a great deal of comment from every quarter. Though republished here in 1854, comparatively little attention was paid to them. Following the order of confession in the Apostle's Creed, the entire book being written solely with reference to Unitarians, Mr. Maurice discusses in a singularly plain, simple, and untechnical manner the great subjects that necessarily come under review, always with the unvarying purpose "not to unsettle men in their opinions, or to bring them to mine, but to show that God has laid a foundation for them and for me upon which we may stand together." It would be impossible to find anywhere a book which so fairly states opinions differing from the writer's, and which disdains not to find instruction, benefit, and good in the most opposite and apparently conflicting sentiments of men.

It would be very wrong indeed for Americans to attempt to conceal from themselves, or gloss over for others, the fact that, for some reasons, theological controversies and discussions are neither as a general thing high enough in character to interest more than a very few of little authority or position among us, nor again, even when the case is different, at all likely to be settled on any ground more stable or trustworthy than the decisions of a council or synod. A church like the English Establishment, containing within it such variety of "tolerated sentiment," is an anomaly to an American. If it comes to pass, and it very often does, that he cannot continue to like the church he belongs to, he has a very simple remedy. He *makes* another. And so there are scores of divisions of churches, and scores of subdivisions again of these among us, enough to make us almost doubt the truth of the promises and prophecies concerning the unity of the Church. Possibly our plan has its advantages: and nothing first so much puzzles an American and then makes him laugh as that Colenso's arithmetical calculations and Brother Ignatius's beads and penances and prayers are all alike beneath the shade and protection of the Thirty-nine Articles. The idea of a church within whose pale diverse sentiments and opinions might be tolerated, has been foreign to our national tendencies. It is amusing, as an instance of this, to notice that attempts made to unite two churches, no matter how nearly related, have invariably terminated in the establishment of *three*—one being the union church, and the other two being the unwilling members of the old churches.

If we ask for a reason for all this, we shall easily find it, primarily, in the want of homogeneousness of our people. Not to refer to the sects of the various nationalities—not speaking English—who have peopled our soil, we may discover that only two great theologic influences have been of sufficient power in moulding minds and modes of thoughts to be considered—the Puritan and the Covenanter, including in this latter term the entire Scotch and North Irish influence. Other beliefs have had various powers; all have had, however, much less power than, and been ever subordinate to, these.

This is to pass away in our country, as in all countries, just as truly and thoroughly as ever have unbrotherliness and darkness gone away into untrodden wildernesses when the true light shone. There are not wanting very decided evidences of this. A great church forgets, or remembers with regret, ungracious deeds to Roger Williams, and unappreciated sectaries, and horrible witches; and putting in place of these the memory of a freedom believed in and testified of by the fathers—though it was only for themselves at first, and excluded, except in the opinions of a few, all the rest of mankind—and, indeed, how many have ever begun better than this?—witnesses to-day a better Gospel and a larger Christianity. And though the Covenanters are slower, and have got back but the dimmest idea yet of what was once meant when men believed in a king, a prophet, and a priest for the nations and the Church, still they are ridding themselves of the old world ways, and as they become more Americans, and less Scotchmen and Irishmen, as the proper homogeneousness of the American people is thus developed, they too will learn how much they have been hurting themselves in hurting and quarrelling with those who did not think exactly as they did.

And we must not make a mistake here and suppose that this progress will be one towards a mere uniformity—a mere homogeneousness with nothing beyond. But it will be, just as many discords may be made to make together the most perfect harmony, just as numberless winds and storms and the bright sun, different from them all, make together the earth to be beautifully fair as a garden of the Lord.

We did not overlook, when we spoke of Puritanism and the Covenanters' influence, the fact that we allowed nothing to represent the theological influence of the Southern States, as both of those named are properly confined to and developed in the North. But a little reflection will suggest the natural question whether anything can be so allowed. Is it not a fact that while Southern political influence has been tremendous, overshadowing all things else, to reduce which to proper place has cost a million lost and ruined lives, Southern theological influence has been absolutely nothing? Nay, to get back of theological facts merely, that religion with the whites of the South has been a void, intangible thing, most sorrowful to think of beyond anything else in history or in the darkest places of the earth to-day? Who ever reckoned its power? What did Southern doctors of divinity talk of when they came to conference and assembly? And because of what did they cleave the churches in twain, as if they had been angry iconoclasts in a temple of God? This whole matter has been little considered in political and ecclesiastical plans for the regeneration of the South. It is not that truths have been perverted only—they have been perverted and then forgotten.

Possibly no man in England has been so unwearied and diligent in practical effort for the benefit of his countrymen as Mr. Maurice. One remarkable and eminently successful project of his has been the Working-men's College in London, which, under his faithful instructions and advice, has since its establishment, twelve years ago, become a very successful institution. When the plan on which it is conducted is understood and made use of by Americans—as it ought to be, and without delay—we shall understand what a debt of gratitude English working-men owe to Mr. Maurice's faithful, unselfish, and intensely earnest labors. It is a question needing most careful treatment how to educate and enlighten the eight or nine millions of ignorant whites and blacks of the South, so that they may be made true and intelligent citizens. It cannot be done by separating learning and working. Whatever plan is adopted must unite these two, else some will be educated to death and most worked to death. After a few unimportant changes, the plan of the Working-men's College in London will be found to be one of the most remarkable adaptability to the present condition of things in the South, and, it might be added, to the uneducated foreign people in our larger cities, who are so rapidly fermenting from the rich, good wine they might be into most miserable, useless vinegar, destined, at no great distance of time, to be an ugly question in our politics. This whole matter is worth the most serious attention of the crowd of freedmen's societies and commissions for the education of the Southern people, each with its separate plan, no doubt all very good and doing noble work, and yet not so good and not doing so noble work as they might if they were united. The plan of the Working-men's College is explained in Mr. Maurice's "Learning and Working," a volume of addresses delivered in London, with the intention of making known the plans and prospects. It would be a valuable book to republish here now when we are undertaking such an immense educational work.

Mr. Maurice's writings are very numerous, and not confined to theology and exegesis, though mainly in these directions. Our list includes all those which have been republished in this country, no one of which has met the same favor and attention as in England. His work on "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy" is, upon the entire subject, one of the best books ever written, and gives the reader a lifeful as well a deep apprehension of men and opinions. The "Doctrine of Sacrifice," a volume of sermons, contains the essence and the marrow of "Broad Church" faith. This, with the work last named, needs to be republished here.

HOSMER'S THINKING BAYONET.*

Mr. Hosmer's "Color Guard" will hold a permanent place in our literature as an interesting, truthful, and animated description of service in our army during the war of the rebellion. It is by far the best book of its kind. Its simple and genuine spirit, its manly and vigorous tone, its picturesque vivacity, its faithful representation of the principles and character of our soldiers, give to it an exceptional value and interest. It is not merely an excellent narrative, but an historic record of no slight worth. Encouraged by its merited success, the author has in the present volume given us a story of the war, in which he has embodied much of his personal experience and observation.

As a romance of love and adventure, the book will afford entertainment to the large class of mere novel readers, but its main interest springs not so much from the story of imaginary characters as from its record of actual fact

* "The Thinking Bayonet. By James K. Hosmer, author of the 'Color Guard.' Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co. 1865. 12mo, pp. 326.

and its account of real scenes. The same qualities which distinguish the "Color Guard" are found in this volume. The descriptions, if sometimes a little over-labored, are generally simple, straightforward, and truthful, while many incidental touches of character scattered through the pages show the ready sympathy of the author, and his large and generous faculty of appreciation of the varied exhibitions of human nature. Indeed, this book, like its predecessor, impresses the reader strongly with a sense of the good heart and the good principles of its author, of his purity of motive, his uprightness in action, and his devotion to duty. We owe Mr. Hosmer a debt of gratitude as a clergyman, even more than as an author, for proving by his example his understanding of the truth that patriotism is a religious duty, that love of country is one form of gratitude to God, and that a minister of Christ may have as genuine a call to serve his Master in the ranks of an army as in the pulpit of a city or a country church, and may find in the field of battle as fair an opportunity for the exercise of the highest Christian virtues as in the limits of a peaceful parish.

We cannot but regret that Mr. Hosmer has given a fictitious framework to his later book, for even if he possessed the rare genius which would fit him to write a good novel, the stage which he has chosen for his characters, and the scenes into which he has introduced them, are not now well suited for romance. The realities of the war are of too deep a quality, they are too close to our hearts, too fresh in our memories, and too intimately connected with interests far transcending any which can attach to the fortunes of an individual, to form a good foundation for a work of fiction. Only the highest genius could succeed in transferring our sympathies from the actual characters and incidents of the time to the creations of fancy and the invented personages of a story. Years must pass, this generation must disappear, the mist of time must gather around the incidents of the rebellion, before the events which have so profoundly stirred our whole natures will become fit for the purposes of the novelist. The brief biographies of our young brothers in arms, who have given their lives for the country and its great cause, touch our hearts with such tender and sacred pride, joy, and sorrow, that we are insensible to the claims of the heroes of imagination. No ideal nobleness, no invented sacrifices, no romantic adventures, equal the realities we have known. The simple truth is beyond the power of idealization.

Mr. Hosmer will not find fault with us for liking him in his "Color Guard" better than we like his hero in the "Thinking Bayonet," or for thinking that there is a deeper charm of nature in his diary than in his novel. If the first had not been published, we should think more highly of the last; but even with this drawback we cordially recommend the "Thinking Bayonet," not only to those in search of amusement and light reading, but also to those who are interested—and who is not?—in the experiences of the soldiers who have won the fight in the battle for liberty and the rights of man.

CONCERNING THE COUNTRY PARSON.*

Any literary gentleman in low spirits, by turning to the 389th page of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," Second Series (Ticknor & Fields' edition), will find relief. For "the day will come," there writes that exuberant penman, "when I shall have no more to say. I cannot always be writing essays. . . . If you do not know that what I have written is certainly true, you have not lived very long." We confess that before reading this, we saw no reason, in the nature of things, why that day should ever come, or why the "Country Parson" should not go on writing his essays for ever and for ever, but then we also confess that we have not lived very long, and do not think very deeply. We, unfortunately, see no signs of the fulfilment of this prophecy in the work we have just finished, namely: the "Second Series" of "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson." This book consists simply of a collection of sermons by Mr. Boyd, so generally known by the amiable *nom de plume* of the "Country Parson." A divine as devout as Mr. Boyd, and, perhaps, a more brilliant thinker, used daily to offer thanks to God for having placed death at the end instead of the beginning of life; our gratitude to our present author would have been excited by the contrary course of putting his finis at the beginning instead of the conclusion of his work. Not but that the book is superior to the average of books published. The matter of the volume is equal in merit to the sermons we ordinarily hear. The principles set forth are not generally objectionable. The style is very fair. It is fresh, buoyant, and perfectly transparent. The only grave offence against good taste which we remember is a passage in which the writer speaks of Christ's "taking the wind out of the sails of John the Baptist." This, however, must have been a very accidental slip, for few writers offend less against the proprieties of thought and style than Mr. Boyd.

Something more is needed, however, than ordinary merit in sermons to justify their publication. So long as the essays, or sermons, of the "Country Parson" are confined to magazines, we have nothing to say. On the contrary, we think many of his essays are much above most of our magazine articles—though perhaps that is not superlative praise. But when these ephemeral productions are gathered into a book and published, the matter becomes of public interest.

When the "Country Parson" first made his bow, his bland and calmly vivacious manner, his soda sarcasm, watered so as not to offend the most delicate stomach, gained him general favor. Men were glad to find in an author what they had heard and said themselves a thousand times, expressed in a more graceful style. The parson, also, was a man of experience, and had that calm wisdom which comes from experience. He had been through most of the passions which try the souls of men. He knew concerning love, country gossip, ambition, and the pursuits and trials of men, and could treat of them as a philosopher. He turned the calm eye of wisdom upon the enthusiasm and excitements of youth. Not that he objected to that sort of thing—on the contrary, it was rather pleasant, only he knew you would soon get over it. He himself, as a calf, was not without his antics; but now, a sedate and contemplative ox, he drew philosophic food from the calves around him. This blasé tone gave an interest to his writings, especially to young men, who affect much more than others that cheap Solomon virtue of having been through everything. Still, we must admit that at first Mr. Boyd wrote some very fair essays; but, having got a name, he seems disposed to continue his publications, which grow more and more diluted, until every lover of his race must cry "Hold, enough!"—at whatever future risk.

Mr. Boyd's book shows the influence of the peculiar mental temptations to which the ministry, like every other profession, is liable. Placed upon a social pinnacle, and thus getting a habit of talking down to people, and having a very convenient place to put all troublesome opponents, a minister is apt to lack that vigor and point which opposition and criticism beget. They have, also, perfect liberty of verbosity, and as men always seize with avidity their class privileges, it is nothing against the ministry in general, or, we may add, Mr. Boyd in particular, to say that they avail themselves of theirs.

Mr. Boyd's chief characteristic, however, is his wonderful commonplaceness, if the absence of all distinction can be considered in itself a distinction. He never seems to rise above the commonplace, nor to fall below it. He takes a commonplace idea, runs it into its common elements, surveys it from a vast number of commonplace points of view, illustrates it by a commonplace story, and ends with a moral of the same rank. He shows a great deal of skill in thus never stumbling nor climbing; but, then, it is not a kind of skill the reader particularly enjoys.

The principles which the "Country Parson" sets forth are generally very commendable, but about the book there is a morbid, sickly tone. As many persons bring their sorrows and sins to their minister, he is apt to have a certain hospital atmosphere about him, through no particular fault of his own. Thus Mr. Boyd reiterates that we are all of us poor creatures—we fail in our aims—we lose the freshness of youth, and in age gain the wisdom of disappointment. Over matter like this he suffuses a tabby godliness which is not very soul-stirring, but of which his supply seems to be unlimited.

* "The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson." By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Martyr's Monument. Being the Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln. American News Company, New York.

Trial of the Conspirators for the Murder of Abraham Lincoln. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. F. A. Brady, New York.

Rebellion Record. Part liii. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

Sybil. A Tragedy. By John Savage. James B. Kirker, New York.

History of Camp Douglas. By Rev. E. B. Tuttle. J. R. Walsh & Co., Chicago.

On Sleep and Insomnia. By William A. Hammond, M.D. [*New York Medical Journal* for May and June, 1865.]

Fine Arts.

MULTIPLIED ART.

It has seemed to the best and wisest of those who in our times have given thought to the Fine Arts, that multiplied and popular art is of as much importance to the world as art of any description whatever. They have felt the imperfection of such art as it commonly exists, and have seen the difficulties in the way of its improvement; but they have also felt its

capacity, and seen its power to be very useful. They have, therefore, seen clearly and felt strongly the need of great improvement in this department. Their efforts have been directed towards such improvement, and not in vain. In no respect is the recent advance of the fine arts more marked than in this improvement in its cheaper and more accessible forms.

Criticism in America has been occupied rather too exclusively with oil pictures in gilt frames arranged in huge annual exhibitions. The periodical press, from which criticism mainly issues, seems not to acknowledge the existence of any other kind of art. And yet it would seem that if multiplied and popular art is anywhere useful, it must be peculiarly so in America. It will be well, therefore, to discuss its capacity and its limitations, and to speak briefly of some of the most excellent works of multiplied art which are within reach of our people.

We have said "multiplied and popular." Multiplied art is not necessarily popular. The large engravings published at high prices, whether of so-called classic pictures or of works of modern artists, are in no sense of the word popular art. Chromo-lithography, like that in Mr. Owen Jones's "Alhambra" or "Grammar of Ornament," can hardly be called popular, being so expensive as to be out of reach of any but those to whom it is a necessary implement of trade. Plaster casts from statues, or "Parian" imitations of them, are not and cannot be popular except in a few instances. That any work of art should be truly popular, that is, for the people, it is essential that it should admit of being multiplied or reproduced almost indefinitely, and that the copies so reproduced should be procurable at a moderate price.

The few instances in which reproductions of sculpture answer these requirements, and so become popular art, we can only allude to. In nearly every case their intellectual and moral rank is so low that it falls beneath the notice of the student. Faithful reproductions of sculpture, even in the cheapest material and of the smallest size, can seldom be sold at a price so low as to bring them within the pale of popular art. There is little demand for any such reproductions, except bronzes, and they are necessarily very expensive. Plaster casts of antique statuary are seldom sold to the people for their delight, but are most generally the furniture of the studio and "tools of his trade" to the artist. Copies in Parian and plaster of such statuettes as those of Daniel Webster and of Henry Clay are seen in many private houses, but are too costly to be truly popular. The same difficulty does not, indeed, attend the very creditable groups by Mr. John Rogers. However, the homes of the people but seldom afford any accommodation for such works of art; these require too much space, too large pedestals, too unobstructed rooms. Such casts in sulphur and in plaster as those of the medallion heads of Henry Clay and of the late Archbishop Hughes are, indeed, in every respect fit to be popular; but the popular taste does not seem to demand such glyptic art as this.

By far the most general methods of multiplying art are these: Wood-cutting, lithography or drawing on stone, engraving on stone or metals, and, finally, photography. A few words are needed on the facilities and difficulties attending each of the four kinds of work above named.

Wood-cutting, by long usage, is the most attainable and most common of all the means of reproducing art. It is a comparatively inexpensive process, and can be easily taught. The drawing is made upon the wooden block by the artist himself, or always should be, and the cutter has this one duty to perform, to exactly follow the lines of the drawing, and produce a type which will print off these lines with perfect accuracy. The difficulty in the way of perfect wood-cutting is, therefore, simple; it is the difficulty in the way of perfection in any mechanical art, the unwillingness of workmen to give patience, attention, and care to attain excellence in their work. This unwillingness is not without excuse. Perfect work has not been asked of them or expected of them; they have had no sufficient inducement to give their whole strength and attention to the work they do. Careless and hasty workmanship has been carelessly accepted and paid for. If an ambitious artisan has done more delicate or more accurate work than usual, it has not been duly appreciated. Employers have not been willing to pay prices which would remunerate him. Speed rather than merit, quantity rather than quality, has been demanded of him. Moreover, perfect work has not often been made possible, for the drawings on the wood have been of too vague and unfinished a nature to admit of faithful rendering. The best workman will chafe under the requirement to follow exactly the drawing, when the drawing itself is not firm and decisive. Consider, for instance, the ambitious landscape and other prints in the pages of such journals as the *Illustrated London News*. The practiced wood-engraver who is required to produce one of these cuts, knows that in the drawing given him the lines of foliage, texture, and shading are dashed in by thousands, without any but a very general meaning, and he works not to the lines but to the general tint that he thinks is required. He is encouraged in this practice by the frequent use by the draughtsman on wood of a flat tint of India-ink instead of an effect produced altogether by lines. If, for instance, one takes to the wood-engraver a drawing on paper of which a wood-cut is required, the draughtsman who is employed to copy this drawing on the wood block often tones and gradates his copy to his taste with a camel's hair-pencil and a wash of gray. The cutter, expected to produce effects in imitation of those so produced, soon learns to depend upon himself, grows familiar with a stock of maxims and a great deal of tradition, and forgets to count fidelity among his workman's virtues.

Workmen so trained, long accustomed to careless drawing to be carelessly cut, are seldom ready to recognize more accurate drawing when it is laid before them, and are still more seldom ready to do it justice by more careful cutting. A printed wood-cut lies before us with the original drawing beside it, which drawing was transferred to the surface of the block by mechanical means, and is, moreover, very simple in subject, and drawn entirely with lines of an uniform thickness. A double or "S" curve of gradual and subtle curvature, on whose accuracy the value of the whole design depends, has been entirely altered from the original, and the picture, by this mistake alone, were there no others, entirely spoiled. The wood-block shows what was the process of destruction. The tool cut too far into the curve in one place: this was merely carelessnesss; but the block should have been repaired by a plug, or else thrown aside, and the work, in either case, done over again. To conceal this error the curve was altered, made more hollow than the drawing, and to conceal this again the curve has been changed in every part. In other words, a double curve having been given, the wood-cutter, both the workman and his employer, have been satisfied to produce another double curve somewhat similar.

This bad work was done in a large wood-engraving shop in New York. It was not unusually bad. In a large per-centage of the best wood-cuts made, mistakes as great are to be seen. It is not only in unartistic New York, either, that careless execution is the rule rather than the exception. Good work is done in London, and of all living men Mr. Ruskin is perhaps he who has had the largest proportion of good work done for him; hear him a moment: "Admirably cut by Miss Byfield. I use this word 'admirably' not with reference to mere delicacy of execution, which can usually be had for money, but to the perfect fidelity of fac-simile, which is in general *not* to be had for money, and by which Miss Byfield has saved me all trouble with respect to the numerous wood-cuts in the fourth volume; first, by her excellent renderings of various portions of Albert Dürer's wood-cuts; and, secondly, by reproducing, to their last dot or scratch, my own pen diagrams, drawn in general so roughly that few wood-engravers would have condescended to cut them with care, and yet always involving some points in which care was indispensable."

Now this perfect fidelity of fac-simile is the one thing required of the wood-engraver. It seems strange that it should be a thing to praise as unusual the faithful rendering of the drawing. Such faithfulness should be the universal custom. But, that this may be possible, the drawings upon the blocks must be made as they seldom are made. In the first place, they must be made altogether with clear and positive lines. This would seem to be too obvious a fact to need mention, but we have seen reason to believe that this positive law is not too often obeyed. There is one good and sufficient reason why it is not obeyed; why most drawings for reproduction by wood-cutting are handed over to the professional draughtsman for transference to the wood. This good reason is, insufficient power of drawing on the part of the artist. Hear what a professional wood-engraver says upon this subject. "An artist's knowledge of drawing is put to the test when he begins to make designs on wood; he cannot resort, as in painting, to the trick of color to help the defects of his outlines. To be efficient in the engraving, his principal figures must be distinctly made out; a drawing on the wood admits of no *scumbling;* black and white are the only means by which the subject can be represented; and if he be ignorant of the proper management of chiaro-scuro, and incorrect and feeble in his drawing, he will not be able to produce a really good design for the wood-engraver. Many persons can paint a tolerably good picture who are utterly incapable of making a passable drawing on wood."*

In the second place, drawings on the wood should be made with some reference to the difficulty of engraving them on wood. Cross-hatching, or the process of producing shade by means of crossing lines, is very difficult and troublesome to cut, and should, as far as possible, be avoided. A moment's thought of the process of wood-cutting will show to any one the reason for this. In wood-cutting the white spaces are cut out, and the black

* "A Treatise on Wood Engraving." By John Jackson. London: Henry G. Bohn, 1861. Pp. 591, 592.

lines are left, as if they were type. It is easier, of course, to cut out grooves between ridges than to gouge out little rhomboidal scraps so exactly as to leave the crossing lines perfectly continuous, and parallel, and true in direction. It is not meant that cross-hatching should never be employed, but it should be employed much more rarely than in line engraving; the drawing should be made with some reference to the future cutting of the block, and unnecessary labor avoided. And, thirdly, fineness of line is not to be sought as if it were a good in itself. A fine line in a wood-cut is, of course, the sharp edge of a little ridge of the box-wood. A few fine lines in a wood-cut, otherwise broad-lined, are effective, useful, and free from objection. But a cut made, as many cuts are, altogether of fine lines, is not fit to print many copies, from the speedy yielding of the edges under the press. Moreover, where the appearance of fineness is sought as a principal good, the temptation to use broken lines, dotted lines, sketchy and fragmentary lines, will hardly be resisted. Some of the most spirited and valuable drawings of modern times have been seriously marred, as we receive them in the form of prints from the wood-block, by an attempt to get great delicacy and fineness of line, resulting in a blurred, vague, uncertain picture.

During the past twenty years great progress has been made in the resources of the art and in the technical skill of the cutters. The most elaborate cross-hatchings and textures produced by complexities of lines and dots have been successfully executed. Imitations almost perfect of the texture of line engraving have been made. It is probable that the workmen who cut Albert Dürer's most elaborate wood-blocks would have refused to attempt such work as has, within a few years, been executed in France. But it does not follow that wood-engraving is better now than it was in the early part of the sixteenth century. On the contrary, some of the most artistic and valuable wood engravings of modern times have been made altogether in Dürer's manner. The disposition to require of the workmen minute and laborious workmanship rather than exactness of fac-simile, and to give to the workmen tasks which they will find it difficult to execute, is radically wrong, The aim of every designer should be to make the duty of the cutter as simple and natural as may be; and it is one merit in a design that it is capable of being easily prepared for engraving.

Wood-cutting is of especial importance in these days of cheap printing, because of its adaptability to be used in book-work. A wood-cut is in every respect like a type, and the impression is taken from it in the same way. Therefore a wood-block can be secured in the form with the letter-types for a page of a book or journal, and the impression taken at the same moment from the picture and the letters. Where a great many copies are to be printed, it is customary to take an electrotype copy of the whole page, from which electrotype copy the impression is taken, the wood-block itself and the types themselves not receiving ink or yielding an impression after the proofs taken from them at first before the electrotype is made.

Lithography has earned a bad name by the wretched work it has done, and the base uses to which it has lent itself. If a book were announced as illustrated with lithographs, the idea would be suggested to every one of the title-pages of popular music, and the coarse "views" of towns or buildings mounted like maps with muslin backing and rollers. And yet lithography has this great advantage over almost all other ways of multiplying art, that it admits of being easily executed by the artist or designer himself, from whose actual handiwork the impression will be taken. Moreover, if the designer make the drawing on paper and cause it to be copied on the surface of the stone, he can judge easily if the copy be correct, and almost as easily cause it to be corrected.

A drawing is made with a peculiar kind of crayon on the surface of a peculiar kind of stone. There is nothing in the process involving any unusual difficulty. It is not quite as pleasant a way of drawing as with black-lead pencil on drawing paper, but there is nothing worse about it than that. To this stone with the drawing on it printing ink is applied, which adheres to the crayon but is easily removed from the naked surface of the stone. The impression is then made upon paper in the usual way.

To illustrate the ease with which the operation is performed, and the adaptability of it to familiar uses, this fact may be mentioned. Architects employ it to multiply copies of perspective drawings of designs not yet carried out, as well as "views" of buildings erected. A perspective drawing is a thing made by the application of scientific principles, or rather by the use of rules deduced from such scientific principles. It can be made on a smooth stone as well as on a strained sheet of drawing paper, and with lithographic crayon with almost as much ease as with lead pencils.

The best use to which the process has been put has been the reproduction on a large scale of drawings from buildings and parts of buildings. Of many such we shall have future occasion to speak.

Engraving on stone is a very different process from ordinary lithography or crayon drawing on stone, but is executed with the steel point almost exactly as on a copper plate.

Engraving proper is exactly the reverse of wood-cutting, being the process of producing a picture on a surface of metal or stone by means of lines cut into it. The printing off from this plate is done by covering it with ink, which is afterwards removed from the surface of the plate, but remains in the cuts of the tool, and can be transferred to paper. An engraved surface is, however, often the thing desired, and no copy is taken from it. Engraved silver, for instance, is a favorite object for collectors. But these works of art have nothing to do with our present subject, which is the multiplication of art.

Engraving is the most expensive and troublesome form of reproducing a drawing or picture. It is almost exclusively abandoned, in modern times, to the professed engraver, who executes a copy of the outlines and light and shade of the picture, statue, or drawing of which a representation is required. The only exception is in the case of etching,* which is the best means at an artist's disposal for the publication on a small scale of his thoughts or studies executed by his own hand, and should be thoroughly familiar to all painters and draughtsmen. Chapter V. of "The Cestus of Aglaia," in the "Art Journal" for May, contains a truthful and timely hint of the dangers and temptations which await the etcher, and the great likelihood there is that he will fall into slight and slovenly ways of work. Etchings of principal and independent subjects are indeed terribly apt to be worthless. But the use of them for book illustration we can never forego, and the example of the eminent author of the essay above named is enough to show how useful and valuable in this way it may be made.

That line engraving is the best way of rendering the exact effect of delicate drawing in black and white, and that it gives the only known means of reproducing the forms and the system of light and shade in a painting, is not doubtful. Whenever any very careful and very delicate work is necessary in published art, line engraving is called for. Its heavy cost, and the unusual combination of qualities necessary to make a really thorough and excellent engraver, must always make this process less popular in its applications than other processes of which we have spoken.

*In technical language etching is, of course, not engraving any more than wood-cutting is or lithography. Logically, however, it is to be classed with the other processes which form the picture by incised and not relieved lines.

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ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS.....$414,729 18.

Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS	198,733 26

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At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the
PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,
pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby
(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)
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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

THE chief events of the week are increased receipts of the great staple of cotton, about fifteen thousand bales; increased exports of cotton, breadstuffs, and provisions, over four millions of dollars in value; continued favorable market news from Europe, where the prices of grain are stiffening, and the promises of the Continental crop are unfavorable for *that* side, but negatively good for the markets of *this;* and large gold payments into the Custom House for duties upon foreign merchandise for the summer and fall trade, which is expected to be large and generally remunerative.

The harvest advices from nearly all sections of the country continue cheering. Wheat and other small grain is yielding so abundantly as to cause the old stocks, held over from last season, to come into market freely. The Indian corn crop is looking well, though still subject, of course, to the contingency of an early frost later in the season. Of the supplies of old cotton in the States recently in insurrection, the estimates are as various and conflicting and as widely different as they well could be between a maximum of 3,500,000 bales and a minimum of 1,200,000 bales. The best information at the Treasury Office in Washington is said to indicate at least 1,000,000 bales west of the Mississippi, and nearly as much more east. But the latter is very much questioned in private letters from Georgia and Alabama. The growing crop is estimated at from 700,000 to 1,200,000 bales. After the fall of Richmond and surrender of Lee were known in Mississippi, Texas, etc., say about the 20th or 25th of April, a large breadth of land which had been planted with corn is said to have been ploughed over and cotton seed substituted.

The confidence felt in a reasonably cheap money market remains unimpaired. The signs are yet few of a return to the long credit system among merchants which prevailed before the rebellion, and which then devolved so many heavy losses in the South upon the New York wholesale houses. The system has since been in disuse in the North and West, and the disposition is general to deal for cash or on very brief credits with the Southern markets as they are generally restored to trade intercourse with New York and the other Atlantic cities. It is certainly desirable that it should be so, and above all that the large advances once so common on Southern crops not yet planted, and Southern plantations scarcely opened, should never come into practice again. The market has been free during the week of any adverse political news. This would not perhaps be so if it were in the midst of a long session of Congress. We shall begin after a few months to look to the reassembling of that body with some concern, financially; not however with reference to the public debt, to the support of which all parties profess their readiness to lend a strong and willing hand.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The long 6 per cents, gold-bearing, of 1881 have again advanced from 106¾ to 108 per cent., *ex* July dividend. The total issue is $282,570,650, nearly the whole of which is held in this country. This loan cannot be paid off, except by purchase at the market price, until after the year 1881. It begins to be more highly appreciated over all other of the gold-bearing stocks on this account.

The original 6 per cents, 5-20s, of 1882, redeemable after the year 1867, should the Government be able to command the loan of gold to do so, at a less rate, have advanced this week from 105⅜ to 106⅛ per cent. The issue is $514,780,500.

The second issue of 5-20s, 1884, redeemable after 1869, have remained steady at 105 to 105¼ per cent. The issue is $90,789,000.

The 10-40s, 5 per cent., of 1894, redeemable after 1874, are dull at 97⅜ to 98 per cent., including the accumulated gold interest since 1st March. The issue is $172,770,100. The old 5 per cents of 1871 and 1874, $27,022,000 in amount, rule at 96½ to 98 per cent., carrying the gold interest since 1st July. A few sales of the old 6 per cents, due December 31, 1867, and June 30, 1868, are selling at 112½ to 115 per cent., including interest since 1st July. They amount to $18,323,592, and will be paid off in gold at maturity.

The 7.30 per cents, currency bonds with coupons attached, the interest being exactly two cents a day on each $100 or $7 30 for 365 days, are selling at 99⅞ to 100, and interest to be added to the price for the first and second series of $300,000,000 each. The third series of $230,000,000 are being subscribed for at the rate of from $4,500,000 to $6,000,000 per day through the Government agent, Mr. Jay Cooke, at par and interest, less ⅜ to ½ per cent. allowed to large dealers and subscribers. There is now rather less than one hundred millions to be absorbed.

Treasury certificates of indebtedness, 12 months' date, carrying 6 per cent. in currency, are in demand at 99¾ for the issue of 1864, and 98⅜ for the recent issue, interest to be added to the price. The compound interest greenbacks of the 1864 dates are bought by the brokers at a premium of 1 to 3 per cent., according to the time they have run. But holders who are not compelled to part with those notes will discover by reference to the compound table of interest on their back that they are worth more. The amount of the 1864 issue is $111,497,370. Some recent issues have been made in substitution of old interest-bearing greenbacks redeemed and cancelled. They amount to about $80,000,000.

NOTE SECURITIES.

There has not been much done this week. The New York Bounty Loan, 7 per cent., is 98½, and interest from 1st of July. The Missouri 6 per cents. are dull at 73; Tennessees 72 per cent.

RAILROAD SECURITIES.

There is some improvement in the mortgages of the Toledo and Wabash Road, recently consolidated with several other Western corporations, making a continuous line from Toledo, on Lake Erie, to the Illinois River at Quincy.

The railway shares, after various fluctuations through the week, are rather less firm than on our last report on New York lines and most of the Westerns, but higher on Philadelphia and Reading, owing to the increasing coal tonnage; Erie varies from last Saturday, 81⅛ to 80⅝, after selling as low as 77½ per cent.; New York Central, 96½ to 95 per cent.; Reading, 98¾ to 100⅝; Hudson, 110¾ to 109½; Michigan Central, 108½ to 109; Michigan Southern, 63½ up to 67½ and down to 64½; Illinois Central, 137½ to 139; Pittsburg, 70¼ to 68½; Fort Wayne, 97½ to 100½ and back to 98; Rock Island, 107½ to 107; Northwest, 28 (same as last Saturday); Northwest Preferred, 62¼ to 66 and back to 62½.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Pacific Mail shares have gone up to 295 per cent.; Atlantic Mail to 158¼; Cumberland Coal, 43½ to 42; Canton, 41 to 39½; Mariposa, 13½ to 13. A speculation has been raised in the old Brunswick (Georgia) Land Company, and the shares have advanced from $6 to $11 on the prospect of the quiet repossession of the property.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

The speculation in gold during the week has worked in favor of the party operating for a rise. They have had no support from an export demand, as bills on London continue to rule 108¾ to 109 per cent. for gold, which is about 1 per cent. below a profitable shipping point for American coin. The California steamer delivered this week $793,175, part in gold bars, which were taken up for shipment. The demand to pay customs has been unusually heavy, and contributed to the immediate scarcity of gold on the Street. The price has gone up from 139 and 140 to 142 and 143 per cent.

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A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, has started on a journey through the South. His letters will appear hereafter every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

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JOHN G. WHITTIER,
SAMUEL ELIOT (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford),
PROFESSOR TORREY (Harvard),
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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE International Commercial Convention, held at Detroit from the 11th to the 14th inclusive, is thought to be the first of an annual series of such gatherings, and if so, has an importance beyond its immediate proceedings. It assembled at the invitation of the Detroit Board of Trade, and though in a measure spontaneous, was not free from suspicions of political and moneyed intrigue, and certainly exhibited no vagueness in the subjects of its discussion. Canada was largely represented, but declined to vote. The first apportionment of voices—one to every Board represented—was so manifestly unequal that it was at once resisted, and Chicago threatened secession unless some other rule were contrived. The matter was settled by allowing each State the number of votes that it would have in the Electoral College. The Committee on Transit reported in favor of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, to be built with the aid of Government. This was stoutly opposed by the entire New York influence, especially by those delegates whose cities have an interest in the Erie Canal and the Erie Railroad. The Western vote outweighed this local opposition, and the report was adopted. The narrowness of vision which could not see that what makes for the general welfare redounds to the prosperity of the individual, is akin to the popular objections to the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and the Convention did well to rebuke it. The Committee on Agriculture reported resolutions in favor of protection through its chairman, an avowed free-trader on principle, but who deemed that the exigencies of the country demanded special fostering of American productions. The Convention agreed with him almost unanimously. The Committee on Reciprocity was naturally regarded as having a manifest axe to grind, and its report excited a very earnest debate. It endorsed the action of Congress in putting an end to the old treaty, but recommended a new and a juster one for the sake of both parties. Its most distinguished opponent was the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, who urged that the question be submitted trustfully to the wisdom of the Government. The Hon. Joseph Howe, of Halifax, defended the report in behalf of the Provinces, and the vote showed a general adhesion to his views. In a separate meeting, we are told, of the American delegates, from which the Canadians were by no means excluded, Consul-General Potter argued against another treaty on the ground that it would interfere with the realization of genuine reciprocity in the shape of annexation. The Canadian newspapers scout the idea of such an occurrence as he looks forward to and calculates upon. The Convention terminated, according to the fashion, in a river excursion.

THE New Jersey Republican State Convention met at Trenton on the 20th and nominated Marcus L. Ward for Governor. Their resolutions paid tribute to the memory of Mr. Lincoln and the worth of his successor; arraigned the political party hitherto controlling the State, especially for its disgraceful rejection of the Constitutional Amendment; pledged themselves to the unanimous support of this measure; and affirmed that the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence are no longer "glittering generalities," but have been vindicated as immutable. Captain George Halstead called up a resolution in relation to the rights of colored men. This caused "excitement," and the resolution was first postponed till after the nomination, and then—till after the election. Gen. Kilpatrick came near upsetting the plans of the various partisans, and all but secured the acclamation of the Convention. He spoke in favor of the ticket immediately after it had been decided upon.

THE Ninth Allgemeine Saengerfest, which took place in this city last week, included the reception and entertainment of some fifty societies from abroad, reckoning fifteen hundred members. They came from as far South as Richmond, as far North as Montreal, and all the way from Buffalo and Harrisburg to Providence. This throng of German singers was received by thirty-four societies of this metropolis, numbering about twelve hundred members. The excursionists from the South were escorted on Saturday evening, the 15th, to the Park, immediately on their arrival, under the friendly auspices of their future hosts. They sang on the steps of the City Hall their song of welcome, and with great good order the multitude marched and finally melted away. On the Sunday evening following there was a concert in the Academy, in which less than a thousand singers participated. The weather was bad, and the audience rather thin. Lizst's Preludes were well rendered by an orchestra of a hundred performers, and the Walpurgis Nacht of Mendelssohn by the choristers. On Monday evening there was a second concert at the same place, the programme including selections, among others, from Mendelssohn and Wagner. On Tuesday morning there was a business meeting, at which the next festival was appointed to be held in Philadelphia. In the evening occurred the prize concert at the Academy. On Wednesday there was a monster picnic at Jones' Wood, and there the prizes were awarded for the performance of the night previous. Philadelphia bore off double honors—the first prize, a flag; the second, a silver cup. This ended the official doings of the Saengerfest, mingled with which was the most extensive hospitality, and numerous private attentions from citizens to strangers. The public peace suffered nothing by the temporary influx of visitors, the art of music was honored and elevated, and friendships were formed or renewed with unquestionable advantage to the German population of the States.

Two reports of the Committee on the Conduct of the War overlap the cessation of hostilities. That upon heavy ordnance describes the peculiarities and mode of manufacture of four guns, Rodman, Dahlgren, Parrott, and Ames. The first two, generally smooth bores, are purely of cast-iron, and are now both made on the principle of the former, being cooled from within by means of a hollow core about which the casting is made. The cylinder of the Parrott gun is cast in like manner, but the breech is strengthened by shrinking a wrought-iron jacket upon it. The Rodman gun is preferred in the army, the Dahlgren in the navy; while the Parrott, as a rifled gun of large calibre, supersedes all others in both branches of the service. The Committee consider the cast-iron guns as good as those of any nation, and have no fault to find with the Parrott except its liability to burst, with the most disastrous and demoralizing effects on shipboard. The

inventor professes to have discovered the cause of the shells exploding before they leave the gun, which seems to be the reason of its bursting. This is the powerful concussion upon the butt of the shell at the moment of discharge, from which a friction results between the powder and the rough interior of the shell that contains it; to obviate which Mr. Parrott applies, with perfect success, as he says, a coating of melted rosin, tallow, and brown soap. The Committee, however, not altogether convinced of the security of this preventive, recommend very strongly the adoption of the Ames wrought-iron gun, whose endurance has been wonderfully tested by a capable Board. The difference in cost is considerable. Thus, a 100-pounder Parrott is worth $1,300, a 100-pounder Ames, $15,000; 200-pounder Parrott, $2,000, Ames, $28,000. The report on the failure of the first expedition against Fort Fisher pronounces Gen. Butler justified in his conclusion not to assault that stronghold under the circumstances. Although General Grant had designed to place Gen. Weitzel in command, he knew of Gen. Butler's intention to accompany the expedition in time to have prevented it. Gen. Weitzel agrees with his superior on all points save that of declining to intrench his troops upon the cape, according to the express instructions of the Lieutenant-General. Not that he deemed this course either wise or advisable at that season of the year, but the duty of obedience was clear, and the blame, if any, would have rested with Gen. Grant. Gen. Butler's defence is, that he was ordered to remain if he should have effected a landing, which he maintains he had not done in all strictness, since only a part of his forces were landed, with scanty ammunition and precarious supplies. But his reasons for withdrawal from the undertaking are more satisfactory in a humanitarian than in a military point of view.

The Hon. B F. Perry, of South Carolina, had the misfortune to make a speech in the court house at Greenville, on the 3d, before he knew of his appointment as Provisional Governor. The speech might have gone undelivered and the appointment unmade if the President and he could have compared intentions in advance. He portrayed the dismal consequences of secession, to which he reminded his hearers he had been opposed from the outset, yet spoke as if belonging himself to the mortified and beaten host, and full of keen regret at the failure of the rebellion. One sentence concerning the freedmen was sound and humane: "They have had no agency in bringing about the change which has taken place, and we should feel no ill will toward them on that account." Nevertheless, Mr. Perry has "no doubt that in nine cases out of ten freedom will prove a curse instead of a blessing to the negro." For the rest, this Governor-in-spite-of-himself prepares the people for a return to allegiance by setting an example in this wise: "There is not now in the Southern States one who feels more bitterly the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union than I do." Repentance is encouraged by asserting that to call the late war a rebellion "is simply a misapplication of terms." Not only in the council and in the field were the greatest and best men of the Southern States "most conscientiously leading this war," but especially "in all history there is not a more perfect model of a pure and great man (save Washington) than Gen. Lee." To hang this spotless hero as a traitor would be national infamy, and quite shocking to the sensibilities of the civilized world, indeed. Still further, Mr. Perry would persuade the people whom he is coaxing back into love of the Union, "a very large proportion of them have won immortal honors" in the recent strife, and appropriated "many a bright page in history" for original illustrations. He is above the cant of urging forgiveness for Northern injuries, charity for all and malice toward none; he has a better platform of fraternization and reconstruction. "I cannot and would not ask my fellow-citizens to forget the past in this war so far as the North is concerned. There have been deeds of atrocity committed by the United States armies which never can be forgotten in the Southern States." Undisturbed by the thought of a possibly equal tenacity of recollection on the part of the North, Mr. Perry explains his grounds of confidence in the new Executive, who was just then plotting to thrust greatness upon him. He prefers President Johnson to his predecessor, and pronounces him "in every way more acceptable to the South;" first, because he is a Southern man, next a Democrat, and lastly a former slaveholder, "well acquainted with the institution," and knowing "what is proper to be done in the grand change which is taking place." Besides, he voted for Breckinridge in 1860. Since this talk with his neighbors in open court, the Governor has reached Washington, and report says has assured the President that South Carolina will be represented by her Congressmen in the month of December next.

The returns from the election for the county of Henrico, in which Richmond is situated, are to the effect that the clerks of the circuit and county courts were chosen without opposition. The late Sheriff, P. H. Hoffman, was re-elected. He is said to have joined the rebellion at the last. The office of Commonwealth Attorney was contested by two candidates, Young and Courtney, distinguished only by their activity in furthering the Confederate cause. The latter, who took the field as a captain of artillery, carried the field on this occasion; but as he is thought to have had juster grounds for being preferred than his more conspicuous disloyalty, let him and his constituents have the benefit of the doubt.

Confiscation has begun in Virginia, under the auspices of Judge Underwood, whose headquarters are at Richmond. The lessees of the Spottswood House have been notified of the seizure of that property to the benefit of the United States, which now lays claim to the rent. Similar notices have been served on the occupants of other buildings in the city, amid the perturbation of those who are so poor as to be worth more than twenty thousand dollars. The Tredegar Works of course are forfeited. Thus the South contributes her reluctant instalment towards the payment of the national debt. In North Carolina the Tax Commissioners have already opened offices in Newbern, Beaufort, and Raleigh, under the law of 1861, which provided for levying twenty millions upon the several States. Their receipts have been quite satisfactory, but many abandoned estates will have to be sold to obtain the taxes due from them. The civil organization of the State has been extended to four-fifths of its counties.

The resignation of the Lord Chancellor of England and the dissolution of Parliament are the two chief items of foreign intelligence. Lord Westbury, in a speech of no little dignity, explained that he should have resigned his office much earlier, on the ground that the Keeper of the Great Seal ought not to be an accused person, had he not been persuaded by the other members of the Cabinet to await a parliamentary examination of the charges against him. He referred to the reforms which he had been instrumental in effecting, and anticipated a more favorable verdict from a later generation. He is generally acquitted of dishonest intentions or practices. Lord Cranworth succeeds him. The Parliament which has just come to an end after its eighth session is the sixth of Queen Victoria, and the longest since the first of George IV. It is characterized by having been without character—a neutral body, to be remembered neither for its merits nor its defects. The period of its existence has been rife with wars in both hemispheres, but it has kept Great Britain free from entanglement.

In common with the whole body of the press, we were deceived by the positive statement of a Philadelphia paper in regard to the will of the late Admiral Du Pont. It is now denied that he made any legacy of his prize-money for a national asylum. An exposure of the author of the falsehood would be a wholesome service.

A very forcible plea for delay in reconstruction, addressed to the President, is circulating in Boston. The danger to the public security and to the welfare of the colored race is ably set forth in distinct and unanswerable statements, based upon a dispassionate survey of the elements which are destined to compose the new society of the South. Disfranchisement of the blacks, by increasing the political power of their white fellow-citizens, is shown to be a proportional disfranchisement of the entire population of the North; and, under a new apportionment for representatives in Congress, the three-fifths clause being

abrogated, a hundred voters in South Carolina would equal two hundred and forty in Iowa. The class to whom the ballot is refused are enthusiastically loyal, and would cheerfully share the burthen of the national debt, which they know to be the price of their freedom. The class who are summoned to the polls will have every disposition to shirk the same burthen, incurred, they can never forget, for their defeat. The expediency of justice towards the colored race is clear, while no one can demonstrate the wisdom of casting those who aided us to victory helpless and powerless into the hands of the late enemies of the Union. If the colored vote should be controlled by the white, it would also be divided with it. Capital at the North often influences the suffrages of its hired laborers, but no one thinks of disfranchising them. But, as it is, the whites will be no stronger with the entire colored vote than now, and it is certain that they will not get it *all*. Their very opposition to negro enfranchisement is a proof of this. We emancipated the slave for our own safety, rightfully, but not so for his peril and, perhaps, destruction. We perpetuate the spirit of slavery and deny him the protection of self-defence. The penalty of the nation will be as great as its wrong. The same necessity, the same justice, and the same expediency which united in the abolition of slavery, warrant and enforce the removal of disfranchisement. The President has only to take another step in his legitimate interference with the subjugated States. This done, his provisional governments should be maintained till time shall have operated desirable changes in the people, black and white, over whom they are set.

In response to the numerous daily applications for the first number of The Nation, we are obliged to announce that the whole of our large edition of the *first two* numbers is entirely exhausted. We had underestimated the probable demand for them. Subscriptions must hereafter commence with the current issue of the date at which they are received.

Mr. John Van Buren, in his letter to the Tammany Society, says that President Johnson "was no party to the meddling with State institutions and property that provoked, though it did not excuse, the rebellion." This slur on the Northern men who required, not the abolition of slavery, but that slavery should not be extended into free territory, comes with something more than a bad grace from a gentleman who figured prominently as an anti-slavery "agitator" half a dozen years before the repeal of the Missouri Compromise forced upon the country the formation of the Republican party. Mr. Van Buren was one of the ablest and most effective of the anti-slavery "agitators" of 1848, his father being then the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency, a position which he had assumed in order to prevent the election of Gen. Cass. How can a man of Mr. Van Buren's sense and knowledge repeat the charge, alike false and stale, that the rebellion was provoked by "meddling with State institutions and property?" He knows that there is not the slightest truth in this charge, and that the rebellion had as little provocation as excuse in such "meddling." If the charge were true, we know of no man who would be more guilty under it than himself, and that under circumstances very different from those which began to exhibit themselves in 1854. The encroachments of slaveholders in 1848 were trifling in comparison with what they were six years later; and yet Mr. Van Buren assailed the slaveholders fiercely in '48, while in '54 and afterwards he was their obsequious servant.

The acquittal of Miss Harris is being commented on a good deal as an illustration of the unreasonable deference with which women are treated in America. We believe, on the contrary, that it is simply another illustration of the barbarous state of public opinion with regard to a certain class of offences. There is nothing more astonishing or alarming about the acquittal of Miss Harris than about that of Sickles, or of a dozen others who have come before Washington courts charged with taking the law into their own hands. If Miss Harris's brother had done what she did, we should probably have witnessed the same performance in court, the same tomfoolery on the part of the bar, and placid impotence on the part of the bench, and savage exultation on the part of the audience. The public in Washington, or at least that portion of it which attends criminal trials and sits as jurors, is clearly in a lower stage of civilization than the law presumes it to be—a phenomenon often witnessed too in other places. The evil resulting from this state of things is, however, generally corrected by the traditional respect of lawyers and judges for the code they administer and for the traditions of their profession, checks which do not seem to exist in Washington. The enthusiastic counsellor who kissed the prisoner could hardly have taken a better way of exhibiting the contempt of a savage nature for musty precedents. The fuss about Miss Harris was created not so much by the fact that she was an injured woman, but that she had committed one of those murders which have in that part of the country always given the perpetrators a sort of claim upon popular affection.

Time was when, according to the insolent chief of the Confederacy, his Northern antagonists were only so many "hyenas." The Richmond *Bulletin* now speaks of "the lions who brought the South to bay." But this improvement is adopted to obtain a climax for certain "base and sneaking jackals," who are following "in flocks to do their congenial work." These are the correspondents of the Northern press. "They came," adds the *Bulletin* naïvely, "as soon as they could come in safety." They have no sympathy for misfortune. They refuse to see any merit in the people of the section to which they swarm. They "hunt for the dead to dishonor them, and for the wounded to tear and lacerate them." Their writings disgust and sicken "the Southern editor, whose business it is to look over his exchanges." We pity this unfortunate, but see no remedy—except in quitting his business.

An unfortunate "journalist," named J. M. Collins, came before the Bankruptcy Court in London the other day, and stated in reply to the enquiry, What expectations he had of paying his debts when he contracted them? that the "Southern Independence Association" had employed him as secretary at a salary of £300 a year, of which he never received a farthing. "Expectations of a more definite character" were held out to him. Revelations of this sort give one an idea of the nature of the process by which "the animal sympathy," as we have heard it called, of Englishmen with the South was roused.

The London *Index* has gone down to the grave of the Confederacy. Its latest pointings were as perverse as ever, but its skinny finger alarmed nobody. It might have been expected to await the fate of Jefferson Davis before suspending itself, but its means were probably not equal to its devotion. Yet what capital it might have made out of the punishment of the ex-President!

Gen. Howard directs his assistant commissioners to make monthly reports of the number of freedmen and refugees under their charge, in colonies, camps, depots, and hospitals, and full statistics of the support they receive, if any, in the way of clothing and rations, also reports of the land in their possession, and whether it was confiscated or abandoned, with descriptions of each separate piece or tract and the former owner's name. A monthly account will be rendered of the changes which may befal this property, either by acquisition or surrender. The number of schools, scholars, and teachers is another subject for reports; and, lastly, a roster of all officers and civilians employed as sub-assistant commissioners, staff officers, or agents. Mr. T. W. Conway, the assistant commissioner for Louisiana, has received from the Treasury Department eighty plantations liable to confiscation, embracing some of the finest sugar estates. He is said to have been instructed to divide them into forty-acre lots for freedmen and poor whites. Still others await a similar fate in districts newly occupied.

The Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham was lately guilty of smoking in a railway carriage of the South Western Railway, and was summoned for the offence, on the application of a station-master, before a magistrate. The outraged nobleman demands of the chairman of the company the dismissal of this faithful official for a "piece of impudence which involves a breach of the privileges of the House of Lords." This is a novel extension of the rights of the peerage.

Mr. Seward's reply to Earl Russell's withdrawal of belligerent rights from the Southern cruisers has appeared, and is sharp, though one would hardly say unnecessarily so. His renewed adhesion to the doctrine that the concession of these rights to the South by European powers was at any time "either necessary or just, or sanctioned by the law of nations," is, considering everything, singular; but his protest against the joint action of France and England in this matter, and against Earl Russell's extraordinary determination to give the rebel cruisers the benefit of the twenty-four hours rule, after, according to his own admission, they had ceased to have either a flag or a government, might have been even stronger. A Confederate cruiser entering a British port, after the overthrow of the rebel government, was to all intents and purposes a pirate, and to allow him to run out again, and refuse to allow a United States cruiser to follow him immediately, would be neither more nor less than giving him another chance to commit depredations on the high seas, for which all shadow of justification or excuse had disappeared. Lord Russell has in his time blundered into several odd positions, owing to his clumsy way of striving after a show of fairness, but in this instance he outdid himself.

Commencement Week at Harvard College possessed unusual interest this year. At the exercises of the graduating class on the 19th, five major-generals were present, besides brigadiers; and Maj.-Gen. Meade was made an LL.D. at the close. On Friday, the 21st, there was a commemoration of the heroes whom the College had sent out to battle and to death. Of the former there were 495, of the latter 96, embracing classes from 1823 to 1865 inclusive. A large proportion of the survivors were in attendance. The alumni, at their meeting, were divided upon the expediency of combining their proposed new hall with a memorial to the Harvard dead. The feeling that there ought to be a separate monument of some sort was strong enough to cause the whole matter to be referred to a committee of fifty. Another committee was appointed to prepare a biography of the departed. The necrology for the academic year just elapsed includes fifty-four names, of which seventeen fell in the Union, and one in the rebel, cause. The most distinguished names on the list are Edward Everett and George P. Bond, the astronomer.

"Our Washington Correspondent" has this week enjoyed the satisfaction of cooking up a story of Mr. Stanton's having refused to allow Mrs. Surratt the attendance of a clergyman in her last hours, and, as is often the case, this delectable morsel has furnished a text for fierce denunciations to the opposition press. Of course there is not a word of truth in it. A collection of the Washington fabrications which during the last four years have set editorial pens in motion, and then been exposed, would furnish a valuable contribution to the history of the war.

A French newspaper, *La Gironde*, having received two "warnings" within four days, the *Journal des Débats* is induced to remark that "the least timorous journalist will find this food for full and serious reflection."

An offence for which we believe no parallel is to be found in the Causes Célébres has just been committed in Sweden. A pastor named Lindbach confesses to having poisoned three persons in administering the communion to them, and the only reason he assigns for his act is to rid the parish of the burden of supporting them. They were paupers.

An odd illustration of the contempt of different "schools" of art for each other was revealed the other day in Paris. A gentleman bought a picture at one of the well known sales in the Rue Drouot, thought the canvass looked very old, and set a "restorer" to work on it, who speedily revealed beneath the outside painting a fine Belisarius, in the David style. The spirits of wine, however, damaged the Belisarius a little, and led them to pursue their researches further, and more scratching revealed a magnificent Leda and the Swan, which is pronounced to be Boucher's.

John Stuart Mill has made his first appearance before the electors of Westminster. He made a sensible, and, in some places, a weighty speech, and was well received. He corrected Gladstone's definition of Liberalism "as trust in the people limited only by prudence, and Toryism, a distrust of the people limited only by fear," by saying that a "Liberal was one who looked forward for his principles of government, the Tory one who looked backward for his." We are glad he has been elected, as also Thomas Hughes.

It is gratifying to learn that Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux have been reappointed landscape architects to the Central Park, a spot which bears perpetual testimony to their high professional ability. They are to advise and report upon their architectural studies prior to their adoption.

The advocates of temperance legislation in Massachusetts, failing to obtain the execution of the Maine Law in Boston, and equally failing to establish a Metropolitan Police, resorted more hopefully to a constable of the Commonwealth, who has just advised by circular the retail liquor-dealers of the capital that their sales are illegal, and that they will escape prosecution only by immediate discontinuance. The notice has resulted in numerous promises of compliance.

An advocate in Pesth (Hungary) has devised a plan of pushing his business which, strange to say, has never occurred to any of our enterprising lawyers here. He got tired of waiting for clients in his office, so he visits the different quarters of the city in a four-wheeled covered wagon, like those of the itinerant photographers.

Electric cables are still a prominent topic. That which was laid so heroically in the slime of the Persian Gulf, and completed the telegraphic communication between Europe and India, has given out. Mr. T. P. Schaffner stakes his reputation that a similar mishap will overtake the Atlantic cable before it has been long in use. As the day draws near for the consummation of the second laying, it is remembered that the cable between Newfoundland and the main land has been out of order since June last. A proper vessel being needed in order to repair it, Mr. Leonard W. Jerome, of this city, tendered his steam-yacht for that purpose, and his offer has been accepted. A cable in the northward creeping Russian telegraph has been successfully submerged in Frazer River, and another is on its way to Behring's Straits.

To settle the conflicting claims to the sovereignty of Schleswig-Holstein, the Crown of Prussia appointed a committee of Syndics. They report, after diligent research, that no right exists in the Prince of Augustenburg or in the Grand-Duke of Oldenburg: as was to be expected. But—what was not to be expected—they equally deny the right of the House of Brandeburg itself, from which the enquiry set out. They adjudicate the legitimate title to Austria and Prussia conjoined, deriving it from the Treaty of Vienna, and from the cession of the territory to them by the King of Denmark. The treaty was extorted from Denmark by force of arms, and "before this," says the Paris *Constitutionnel*, "it is clear that the right to the duchies was duly vested in King Christian. It results, by the committee's own showing, that the recent war which had for its object the spoliation of the Danes, was abusive, unjust, and unjustifiable."

Efforts are being made in France to issue a loan on a great scale, to execute additional public works. The expenditure incurred for this purpose already is enormous, particularly in Paris, where it is now all but impossible for persons of moderate means to live within the municipal boundary—a state of things which we are rapidly approaching in New York. The advocates of the loan talk of "finishing France" in an artistic sense, which has called forth an admirable *mot* from M. Buffet in the Corps Legislatif. "Finish France! Let me tell you that this is a work which was begun ages ago; in which every generation since has taken part; but which no generation will ever accomplish."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

REPUBLICS AND EQUALITY.

SOME supporters of liberal principles, in their anxiety to secure justice for colored people, rely upon an argument that will not bear examination. They argue that colored men should become voters in the conquered States, under that constitutional provision which guarantees to every State "a republican form of government." If there were no better argument than this in support of an act of justice, the colored race might bid farewell to all hope of becoming politically the equals of the whites. There is nothing in a republican polity that necessarily excludes slavery. That form of wrong and oppression has existed in almost every republic, and perhaps in some form it has existed in all republics. Athens was a republic, and approached much nearer to the democratic standard than any other great republic that ever has existed; and slavery was prominent among Athenian institutions. The Roman republic has a great name, as for centuries it had a great place; and slavery was known in it on a scale that would have startled even Carolinians, could they see it—for a Roman dealer in men would have kidnapped and sold a Carolina gentleman as readily as he would have stolen an African woman for the market of the Balearic Islands. Florence was a republic, and we know that slavery existed there. Venice was a republic, and existed as such down to a date within living memory; and the Venetians held slaves, bought slaves, sold slaves, and made not a little money by their disregard of human rights. Holland was a republic, and her republican career is held to constitute one of the most splendid portions of human history; and not only was Holland a slaveholding country, but she was darkly distinguished for the lead that she took in the slave trade—and to her belongs the dishonor of having introduced slavery into the old territory of the United States. England had a republican polity in the latter days of the Long Parliament, and under Cromwell's rule; and slavery then existed in her colonies, and she sold prisoners of war into bondage. Our country certainly was a republic during almost eighty-five years before the beginning of the secession war; and slavery was one of its most conspicuous institutions; and the African slave trade was not made to cease here until more than thirty years after the Declaration of Independence. Instances of the kind might be multiplied very easily, but it is not necessary to cite them, it being evident that if the existence of slavery in a country proves it not to be a republic, there has never been such a thing as a republic of any note on the face of the earth. The crime of slaveholding has been as common with the most cultivated of republicans as ever it was with the coarsest of the corsairs of Barbary. It is as incorrect to assume that a republican polity necessarily excludes slavery as it would be to assume that a monarchical polity necessarily includes slavery, an assumption that would be negatived at once by reference to France and England, which are monarchically governed, though the English polity differs in almost all respects from that of France. The action of the Czar of Russia shows that it is possible for even a despot to be a more effective enemy of slavery than most eminent republicans have been.

The men who made the Constitution of the United States, and the people who ratified that Constitution, knew what they were about, and they provided that every State should have a republican government in the same instrument in which they recognized the existence of slavery. Were they not republicans? If they were not republicans, what were they? And if they were republicans, what has happened to make a change in the meaning of words? We have no right, because we have conquered the slaveholders, to give a new meaning to an old word, which is the property of others as well as of ourselves, which we hold in common with many other peoples. Suppose that Cuba should become a nation, and should adopt a republican form of government, retaining slavery among her institutions; should we refuse to recognize her because she had insisted upon keeping her colored population in bondage? We might do so on moral grounds, and our action would be defensible; but we could not do so with reason on the ground that her course was contrary to republicanism. She would pointedly cite our own history against us, and other countries would say she was right.

The cause of human rights stands in no need of historical perversion, and did it need it, such perversion would be inadmissible. We are bound to complete the great work of abolishing slavery, and to elevate the colored people to the condition of equality before the law, by higher considerations than are derivable from any interpretations that can be made of this or that clause of the Federal Constitution. We are bound to proceed in the course which we were forced to adopt, by a sense of justice, and we should be so bound were our polity strictly monarchical, instead of being, as it is, strictly republican. Slavery being utterly wrong, and without any redeeming characteristic, it follows that all that proceeds from it is wrong, and should be removed. We have, through success in war, and in that way alone, obtained the power to abolish slavery; and through the further exercise of that power we should proceed to the completion of work which cannot be passed over without peril to the republic. Colored people were excluded from the enjoyment of political rights because they were slaves, or because they belonged to a race that furnished slaves. We should make root-and-branch work with the prejudices that flowed from slavery, as we have agreed to do with slavery itself. The dawn of a better day, apparently, has begun. To stop now is as wise as it would be to say that dawn should not be followed by sunrise. The action required of us is morally dictated, it is something above mere politics. There is an abundance of political reasons why we should be just to the colored race; but even if we could suppose them not to exist—were it possible to separate sound policy from good morals—we should be bound to elevate the freedmen to equality with ourselves. Humanity dictates that freedmen should become free men, that between them and the rest of the population of the country there should be no political distinction allowed to exist. We are pledged to their elevation by solemn compact. The emancipation proclamation did thus pledge us. It is impossible honorably to escape from this. When President Lincoln pledged himself, as the nation's head, to abolish slavery as an act of war, did not that pledge carry with it the additional pledge to place those who should be unchained in the state of human beings? Thus do we interpret the proclamation, because we hold that it never could have been intended that four millions of human beings should be left without any regular or recognized place in a country where men who are denied the enjoyment of political rights are denied everything that belongs to manhood. The national faith is plighted to the continuance of a policy that was adopted at a dark hour of the war, and which cannot now, in the time of triumph, be departed from, or interrupted, without bringing dishonor upon us as a people. We cannot honestly repudiate our promise to a people who furnished us 150,000 fighting men, and who are entitled to share in that which has been, in part at least, preserved by their valor and their labors. As honestly could we repudiate our promise to pay our creditors. The republican argument is worthless, for republicans have often supported slavery, and sometimes they have disregarded their plighted faith; but the argument that is based on justice, humanity, religion, and common sense and sound policy, is irresistible—and that listened to, and acted upon, would soon decide the greatest and gravest question that now troubles the American people.

There is very little use, in our opinion, in trying to get out of our present difficulties by legal quibbling such as disfigured much of the Republican agitation before the war, attempts to put upon particular words or phrases of the Constitution, such as "persons held to service," a sense not only non-natural but refuted by abundant historical testimony. All this was part of that excessive worship of the letter of the organic law which at last ended in making the most tremendous moral and political evil seem in the eyes of a large portion of the nation a very small matter compared to even the most trifling apparent violation of constitutional provisions. We do not mean to say that this reverence for the letter did not do good service and has not rendered essential aid in enabling the nation to bear the tremendous strain which has just been imposed on its organization. But our course, ever since Mr. Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, has been based on a very different principle from that on which the Republican agitation

was conducted. He decided that the Government was warranted by the spirit of the Constitution—whatever the letter might say—to do whatever was necessary to save the national life, and the country has abundantly confirmed his decision. We have just reached by a slow and painful, but very sure, process the conclusion that it is absolutely necessary to the safety of the Union that not only should the form of government in all the States be "republican," in the sense in which that term was understood at the time of the Revolution, but the form of social organization must be democratic. Now President Johnson has just as much right, under the construction of his constitutional powers which has recently prevailed, to take such precautions as may seem to him necessary to secure this result as to secure the abolition of slavery. We cannot find in the Constitution any express warrant for destroying the institution of slavery any more than for his making all men equal before the law. But if the one power may be deduced, as it has been, from the necessity of the case, certainly so may the other.

We ask him now to take care that the new society at the South shall not be reorganized in such fashion that a man may be excluded from civil rights for the ridiculous reason that his skin is of a particular hue, not because any provision of the Constitution can be twisted into a prohibition of such a qualification, but because he has the power to prevent it, because the national safety requires that he should exercise this power, and because his failure to exercise it will tend to the establishment of class government at the South, which, as the experience of all ages and nations has proved, is the form of all others most hostile to real liberty and real progress, most subversive of human rights, and most productive of agitation, violence, and internal dissension. And we in America find an additional reason for asking it in decent regard for our own reputation. As long as any such distinction is covered or sanctioned by the national laws, we make ourselves a laughing-stock every time we undertake to preach democratic principles to the rest of mankind.

THE SLAVE IN THE CHARIOT.

When the victorious Roman general rode in triumph to the Capitol, as he stood in his ivory car, crowned with laurel, and decked in purple and gold, listening to the *Io Triumphes* of his proud soldiery and exultant fellow-citizens, an Æthiop was behind him in the chariot. Not for the purposes of an ordinary domestic attendant, not as a mere appendage of luxury. Contemporary commentators agreed that the slave's presence suggested an admonition to the imperator's pride, though it was a Christian father who first gave definite expression to the warning, and put into the servant's mouth the words, "Remember that thou art mortal!"

And we are holding our triumph; the triumph not of an individual but of a whole nation; the greatest triumph that the world ever saw. We have (reverently be it spoken) led captivity captive; we drag in our victorious train a host of treasons and shams and abuses, cast down from their pride of place. Do not we too need a slave in our chariot?

The danger that our victory may intoxicate us lies not so much in its completeness—though that alone would be sufficient cause of much exultation—as in the fact of its being carried out amid almost universal incredulity and very general derision. It would be difficult, indeed, to produce a case where so full a success was so little expected by those outside of the struggle. We have no trustworthy means of getting at the world's public opinion in mediæval, still less in ancient times, nor would it matter much if we could, for mutual ignorance and want of communication made international opinions then of small value. In modern times we find no parallel. The nearest approach to so general a mistake is that made about Napoleon, when he had apparently swallowed the whole European continent, and men expected every day that he would dispose of the island which alone resisted him. But the anticipations of his final victory were less due to sympathy than to fear. Not so the comparatively calm judgment of the Old World against us. While our foes derided our attempts to subjugate "the nation which Davis had created," our friends admitted that the war must sooner or later become one "for boundary;" that we might check the progress of slavery, but could not reconquer all the revolted States. Even at home the bulk of our wealth and learning was not very hopeful, for in truth, as a mere matter of reason, the chances seemed against us. Meanwhile the mass of the people, with a grand instinct of self-preservation, went on, blundering as they went, but still advancing. Homer compares one of his heroes on the battle-field to an ass, and the wise men of Europe regarded the persistence of the American people as an exhibition of donkeyism on the largest scale. Suddenly the forces of treason crumble away, in a night as it were, and the republic stands triumphant at every point. The sayings of the schools are convicted of miserable inadequacy. "Democracies are the most patriotic; aristocracies the wisest; autocracies the strongest"—so ran the formula. But our democracy has shown itself by success to be wiser than the aristocrats abroad, who swore it could never succeed, and the aristocrats at home, who thought to conquer it; it has shown strength at least equal to that of any absolute monarch. The one great anti-democratic influence in the country is overthrown by a purely popular movement. Slavery and treason have fallen together, because the people resolved to put really in practice the theory of their Government. A similar success on the part of an individual would be apt to inspire him with inordinate confidence. If, for instance, he had persevered in a lawsuit not only contrary to the wishes and advice of his neighbors, but with small encouragement from his own counsel, he would naturally feel conceited, especially if it was won through some peculiar plan of his own. And is a whole nation more impervious to the seductions of victory? Are we not tempted to go forth in the belief that our star can never again be dimmed, that democracy is impeccable, infallible, invincible?

Of one thing we may be certain, that there will be no want of flatterers to tell us as much. Sensation editors, who have grown rich on every wickedness and weakness of public or private development; place-hunting politicians, who turned at the eleventh hour and would now hunt the master as eagerly as they once hunted down the slave—these and others will cry out—will? they have already begun to cry out—that we are to terrify and instruct the world, that we have inaugurated new rules of government, of finance, perhaps of human nature. Now then is the time for the slave in the chariot to speak.

It is but four years since an imposing and overwhelming majority of the American people placed in the Presidential chair a puppet, a man of straw, behind whom the chief traitor, occupying exactly the place that gave him best opportunity to work out his plans, filled the garrison with his cohorts, undermined the citadel, and laid the train. And all this was done for the sake of the Union! When all the Northern States but two voted for Franklin Pierce, they did so in the full conviction that to vote for the man who made Jefferson Davis his Secretary of War was the only way by which the Union could be preserved. Might not the European here exclaim, that the old rule was true after all? Where was the wisdom of our democracy then? But this can never happen again. We have got rid of the sole anomaly, the only disturbing force. No such "peculiar institution" can be founded again; no "chivalry" of such a caste can ever spring up among us. The objection is plausible. We have so long been met and hampered at every turn by slavery, have so long been accustomed to regard the negro question as the one melancholy obstacle in the way of a political millenium, that with it all other ills seem to vanish. But let us consider more closely whether some elements of peril are not still left.

For instance, there is the Church of Rome, which, having small taste for religious controversy, we prefer to regard merely as a political body. Is there nothing in its tenets, as recently promulgated with authority by its acknowledged head, which if practically carried out would assail our civil liberties? Have not its aggressions once already provoked a movement which, thinly disguised as a crusade against foreigners, threatened to set the country on fire, and only yielded then to that great dragon of slavery which swallowed up all the smaller serpents?

Are we in no possible peril from the portentous, irresponsible power of moneyed corporations, which in its secret workings has been known to buy up whole legislatures and corrupt the political honesty of whole States? Is there no danger that the spirit which dictates the temperance legislation may lead to less defensible interferences with individual liberty by the majority?

Is there no danger that, with our notorious tendency to extremes, we may, in our well-founded dread of "State Sovereignty," rush into the opposite error of over-centralization, and place too much power at Washington, where before there was apt to be too little? Will it be said that these are imaginary perils? So people spoke of the slave

power's encroachments; and when we recollect how, less than ten years ago, leading politicians declared that slavery was but an abstract question, we would not hastily despise or ridicule the man who hinted at danger from the Mormons.

It may still be objected, however, that none of these sources of uneasiness can be placed on a level with slavery, because none of them involves the institution of an aristocratic caste. What of that? All the experience of history goes to show that an accidental plutocracy may be one of the worst of tyrannies. Indeed, the slave-holding power itself more nearly resembled a plutocracy, or what the Greek writers called an oligarchy, than an aristocracy proper.

Thus far we have opened up only one branch of our subject. Direct dangers to liberty naturally occupy our first fears, but there are other grave mischiefs and obstacles to good government which demand our forethought. Of all our popular tendencies, that which most excited the criticism of foreigners and the apprehension of our best citizens was the idea that our governmental machine was able to run of itself, and required no men of distinguished ability to conduct it. So general was this belief, and so practically had it been carried out in our politics, that when, at last, we stumbled upon a great man in Abraham Lincoln, we positively did not know him to be such, and but for the startling termination of his career might never have fully appreciated him to this day.

The war, indeed, among its valuable lessons, has shown the worse than uselessness of popular mediocrity in military affairs. Yet, blindly enough, our journalists persist in treating this great fact as if it were an exception to, not an illustration of, a rule; and though no valid reason can be assigned why special ability and training should not be as requisite in a civil as in a military officer, they arbitrarily place the two on a totally different footing.

For any one who has observed how this miserable mediocrity-worship gradually upset our public character till it earned a place in the trinity of political error along with slavery and State sovereignty, it is hard to possess his soul in patience long enough to argue calmly with those who would still make of this fatal weakness a high and holy republican virtue. It deprives the country of the services of many of its valuable citizens. It renders whole classes of educated and able men lukewarm in their patriotism, so that some terrible crisis is needed to awaken their latent devotion. It gives our enemies abroad a real argument against our institutions, which our friends abroad cannot gainsay. Lastly, it opens a door to conspiracy, and affords a constant temptation to the disaffected. Why did the first essays of treason in the old nullification times fall flat? Because, when Jackson, Clay, and Webster united in opposition to any scheme, there was no more help or hope for it. Even under Van Buren sedition walked delicately and only exhibited itself hypothetically in fancy novels. It was the nullity of the political world that chiefly encouraged Davis to work out his audacious plan. In ignorance of the great man that God was slowly and secretly raising up for us, in full knowledge of the littleness that occupied the chief seats in the land, he trusted to scatter the people as sheep without a shepherd.

After the dangers enumerated, it may seem as if to dwell on any others must be an anti-climax and a descent into the bathos. Yet there are some errors, small in comparison, but positively important in themselves, into which the blunders of foreigners and our superior wisdom on the one great question of our national existence are likely to lead us.

It is a common and natural instance of hasty and imperfect generalization to conclude that those who are in error about some important matter in dispute between us and them, must therefore be wrong in everything, so that their adoption or approval of any opinion or practice is its necessary condemnation. The *reductio ad absurdum* is obvious enough when we bring down the principle to the ordinary incidents of life; when we ask, for example, if it is wrong to wear a shirt because the editor of the London *Times* wears one, or to eat our dinners because Messrs. Laird and Lindsay eat theirs; yet there is a tendency to apply it just as irrelevantly. Thus, because all civilized nations have a certain standard of polite manners, self-respect, and personal honor, it is often implied, and more than implied, that social politeness is debasing to a freeman, and refusing to associate with dishonest, untruthful, or otherwise disreputable characters is aristocratic exclusiveness. Sometimes this dread of foreign opinion actually leads us to adopt the exploded errors of foreigners because these are now in opposition to their more enlightened views. A passive ignorance, nay, an active ignoring of the fundamental principles of political economy, is coming to be deemed the duty of true republican citizens. Not many months ago there was heralded with great flourish of brass a plan for paying off our national debt by private subscription. Some approved and some disapproved, but no one suggested the obvious "settler" that the idea was as old as the hills or the English debt, and that any standard foreign work on political economy mentioned it, with its refutation, as part of the history of the science.

And now, what is the practical conclusion from all these warnings? That we are to make ourselves miserable over the future? Heaven forbid! We ought to be proud of our success, and rejoice over it. If we did not—if pecuniary troubles, or the loss of dear friends, or that national loss of our greatest martyr, could quell our joy, it might well be feared that the spirit of the nation had been permanently broken by the dangers through which it had passed, as a man's hair is whitened or his mind enfeebled by a night of imminent peril. Therefore it is almost a Christian duty that the whole people should "rollick" to some extent. We would not be particular about a little good-humored brag. We would chaff our foreign ill-wishers to any amount. If that mythical "institution" of our boyhood, the leather medal, be not altogether a myth—if the secret of its composition be not lost along with that of the wooden nutmeg and other traditional manufactures, we would order a large supply of these coriaceous tokens and ship them to all our *friends* over the water. The slave did not bid the general descend from his triumphal car and go home in sackcloth and ashes. He only reminded him of his mortality. And this is what we are to remember. It is the prince of the powers of the air who tells us that we shall be *like gods*, knowing good and evil. We must remember that our Government, though the best, is not free from all imperfection or secure from all danger—that the voice of the people, while far above that of princes and potentates, is far below that of God. With this wholesome distrust in ourselves, we shall be more likely to fulfil the duties which yet lie before us, whether to the ignorant freedman who has walked in darkness till the daylight blinds him, to the scarcely less ignorant foreigner who falls out of the emigrant ship into the net of the demagogue, to the deluded poor white of the South, so long fed on poison by his treacherous rulers, or to the collective nations of the civilized world, who now look to us, the recognized equal of their proudest, for lessons of liberty without license and energy tempered by wisdom.

THE CRISIS IN AUSTRIA.

The fall of the Schmerling Ministry in Vienna commenced a new phase in the history of the reign of Francis Joseph. In order to explain and to point out the political importance of that event, we propose to present to our readers a connected sketch of the changes and developments that preceded it.

It was for the purpose of a speedy return to the old Austrian absolutism, overthrown by the revolutionary tempests of Feb., 1848, that the Emperor Ferdinand was persuaded to abdicate his crown in favor of the youthful son of the Archduchess Sophia, who was proclaimed monarch in a fortress, without the consent of the national assemblies of the empire and without the sanction of a solemn coronation. The new reign was not to become a reign of concession, legal restoration, and revived confidence, but of more than reconquered power and unlimited sway. The chartered rights of Hungary, so often sworn to and so often trampled under foot, were now finally and definitely to be put out of the way of the Hapsburg dynasty, and that country, as soon as subdued, to be treated as a conquered province. The long fomented hostility of rival nationalities and the armies of Russia were used to subdue it, and the gallows and the dungeon to reduce it to silence; its constitution, as old as that of England, was declared annulled; and its territories, formerly connected with Austria only by the ties of a personal dynastic union, were merged into the body of a centralized empire, endowed—for a time—with one improvised constitution.

The universal triumph of reaction soon freed the new reign of the necessity of wearing a constitutional mask. The improvised charter was broken without ceremony, and Bach and Schwarzenberg led the domestic and foreign affairs of the empire in a spirit which made the rule of Metternich appear mild and pure. Jesuitism and tyranny in the interior, effrontery and aggression abroad, were the leading features of the new policy, and, for a time, it seemed to be successful. But this was a delusion. Hungary and Italy writhed under the heels of military rulers, but did not abandon their hopes of resurrection. The armies of Austria helped to betray and subjugate Schleswig-Holstein, by dint of threatening humiliated Prussia, and, on the banks of the lower Danube, seemed to hold the balance of power between Russia and the allies in the Crimean war; but by all this the empire gained nothing, and its bankruptcy became aggravated. Austria, which represents no nationality, and is a negation of many that either have lived or aspire to life and unity—the Hungarian, the Polish, the Italian, the German, etc.—was animated by no spirit capable of preserving an empire, the spirit of allegiance to the imperial house having long ceased to be effective, and in great part been replaced by a sentiment of detestation. Napoleon III. proved it to the world and to Francis Joseph himself, by the Italian campaign of 1859. Had both antagonists persisted in fighting it out, Austria would probably have crumbled to pieces. The peace of Villafranca saved its existence, but Lombardy was lost—the false prestige was gone.

For ten years Hungary had been silent; the Italian shock was sufficient to recall it to political life and activity. The whole country was soon in a ferment. The suicide of a great patriot, Count Széchenyi, a victim of persecution, added to the fuel. The court of Vienna, humbled and penniless, besides having alienated by ingratitude the friendship of Russia, dared no more to resort to the gallows as a means of coercion. It yielded, let Bach and despotism slip, and resumed the old mask of constitutionalism, to which was added the hypocrisy of conciliation in regard to Hungary. A new constitution was concocted for the whole empire; almost each province received, besides, a separate diet. That of Hungary was convened in the spring of 1861, the autonomy of the country being in the main restored. But it soon became evident that the Hungarian Diet could not be persuaded to abandon its firm footing on the time-hallowed ground of the old national constitution in order to share in a new machinery of state, which it feared might either break down or be thrown away after some experimenting, like the sham constitutional instruments that preceded it. Every member of the Diet clung to the national charter and to the laws of 1848; but the declaration of independence, of the following year, was given up as unconstitutional. The grievances pointedly presented by the Diet were numerous, and their immediate removal was made the absolute condition of its consent to the coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, without which he was regarded as a mere usurper. The resolution itself to send an address to the Emperor, as an initiatory measure to the constitutional settlement, could be carried by the distinguished statesman and orator, Francis Deák, only after an animated and brilliant contest, and only after the death, by a mysterious suicide, of the equally distinguished leader of the radical party, Count Ladislas Teleky. The plottings, on the other hand, of the new Austrian cabinet to neutralize the opposition of Hungary, by renewing and fostering the old antagonism between the Magyar and Slavic populations of that country, became no less apparent. The dream of conciliation soon vanished.

The Hungarian Diet was finally dissolved without anything decisive having been achieved. Francis Joseph remained uncrowned. The constitutional game, however, was continued in Vienna. The Reichsrath, though without members from Hungary, Croatia, and other parts of the empire, was made to legislate for the whole of it. The new constitution was not much more strictly observed than others had been; and the general aspect of affairs was indeed lugubriously ridiculous. Ministers fell and rose without changing it. The tendency of the government became more and more avowedly one of centralization, which implied the denial of the claims of the Hungarians, the champion of this policy and the principal mover of the imperial machine in the interior being Minister Von Schmerling. This policy was supported in the Reichsrath by German members of conservative as well as liberal opinion. The opposition of the Poles and Bohemians, who formed the nucleus of a federal party, was treated with insulting disregard.

Abroad, too, the government of Francis Joseph seemed to have recovered from its fright and prostration, and slowly to return to the impudent line of action pursued by Schwarzenberg. The feigned constitutionalism itself was used as a means of weakening in Germany the influence of Prussia, which at the same time became more and more reactionary. The Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio was again made the occasion of displaying the banners of Austria on the northern confines of the Germanic Confederation; and a successful campaign north of the Eider was expected to make some people of short memory forget the shame of Magenta and Solferino. The "boundless ingratitude" of 1854–5 towards Russia was repeated in 1863–4 on occasion of the Polish insurrection; but the Poles were soon betrayed in their turn, and with equal shamelessness. Reaction being triumphant everywhere, things went on rather smoothly—to a certain point.

This fatal point was—the finances. Intrigues within and ostentation abroad are expensive; financial exhaustion is a progressive disease; and merciless taxation, including forced loans, a rather dangerous remedy. Hungary would yield its rich resources only to force, which paralyzed instead of developing them as a source of wealth to the people and government. It became, from day to day, poorer, without becoming sufficiently subdued to abandon its rights, though a desire for a change was generally manifested. Italy ceased not to be threatening; the Paris Convention of September 15, 1864, increased the fears, and with them, no doubt, the expenses, of the empire. The Prussian Minister, Bismarck, too, seemed too well to understand the exhausted condition of Austria to allow himself to be deterred by its threats from snatching a part, at least, of the Schleswig-Holstein booty, without granting a share or a compensation to his Austrian ally.

In the early part of this year the facts could hardly be disguised any more, that the financial condition of the empire could not be remedied by the Reichsrath, that Hungary was by no means to be coaxed into national suicide, and that the whole constitutional machinery was pretty much exploded. A new breath of freedom seemed at the same time to stir all over the Continent, owing in part to the closely-watched triumphal march of republican freedom on this side of the Atlantic, and in part to a natural reaction on the part of the liberals following a lengthened depression. To conciliate Hungary became a necessity for Austria which almost everybody commenced realizing. The federal or dualistic party grew bolder in its opposition as it saw its time approaching; the liberal elements of the Reichsrath, in general, made vehement attacks on the ministry, the dilapidated condition of the finances serving as the principal pretext.

We know little of what passed at the court while these last developments took place—what was the personal inclination of Francis Joseph; what the influence of his mother upon his counsels; what the advice of the favored prelates, or of the high nobility. Be all this as it may, he determined once more to make advances to the Hungarians, and, after examining the ground, last month personally appeared in Pesth, in Hungarian military costume, and with gracious assurances of affection and loyalty on his lips. His reception, official and officious descriptions say, was highly enthusiastic. Deák himself did not refuse to appear at the imperial table, to which he and some other liberals were invited among many prominent conservatives. The approach, as far as we can judge from a distance, was on both sides cautious and guarded. Every observer must have felt that one party was going to be cheated, Hungary by design, or Austria by events. Kossuth, from his place of refuge in Italy, warns Hungary. Austria has but a choice of perils. It has tried the Reichsrath for the whole empire, and failed; it may now try the dualism of a Reichsrath for the non-Hungarian provinces, and a diet at Pesth for the crown lands of Hungary, with, perhaps, a mixed commission for the control of financial and military affairs.

That it is going to try this last experiment, the late news from Europe informs us. Schmerling and his centralizing associates have been dismissed, and with them the Archduke Rainer and various other high dignitaries, these being partly replaced by conservative friends of the old Hungarian constitution. The ministerial crisis lasted for a number of days. It is now probably over. Not so the real Austrian crisis. It will require great measures, and great men to carry them through, to

bridge over the chasm that separates Hungary from its so often perjured dynasty; to cement anew the heterogeneous parts of which the empire consists; to conciliate hostile nationalities, each of which tends towards a separate existence; in one word, to replace the centrifugal power that now works to rend Austria asunder by some central force of attraction, capable of producing homogeneity and preserving unity. Where should that force be found? Does Austria possess a man able to discover and apply it?

NATIONAL DUTY AND "HOLY RAGE."

We have surrendered, on another page, a larger portion of our space than we can well afford to a letter from Mr. Harney upon "Republican Propagandism," because it is a very good statement of the notions of national duty which have been long running through the heads of European radicals, and which form the basis of the indictments which they prefer every now and then against every country which professes sympathy with them which it does not display at the sword's point.

Mr. Harney's doctrine, that not only is every community bound to do whatever an individual is bound to do, but is bound in all cases to "shield the weak and smite the strong by its own right hand," is a very good example of the loose thinking which pervades so much of the European democratic declamation. It is impossible by any process deserving of the name of reasoning to reach the conclusion that the duties of a government and of an individual are in all cases the same. Government, especially a popular government, is simply a trustee, not only for the living minority but for unborn generations, so that it is not competent by any code of ethics to commit the *cestui que trust* to the making of sacrifices which are not of the clearest moral obligation or necessary to the preservation of the national existence. The propriety of beginning any war that is not an act of resistance to foreign aggression is one of the most awful questions that can be submitted to the human conscience, and no body of men calling themselves a government has a right to decide it in the affirmative except in cases of extraordinary clearness.

But "smiting the strong and shielding the weak" is not always a duty even of the individual. It is never a duty when your "smiting" and "shielding" would not only not help the weak but ensure your own destruction. A man is not bound to jump into the water to save a drowning friend if he cannot swim himself. A man is not bound to go out to quell a great riot single-handed. It would probably argue great heroism and great unselfishness were he to do either of these things, but no human being is bound to make utterly useless sacrifices, and still less is a nation. For either England or America, for instance, to undertake to liberate Poland or Hungary by force of arms, would be, because a foolish undertaking and certain to fail, a criminal one. They could not succeed, and the government which entered on the task would grossly abuse its trust. The confusion of Mr. Harney's own ideas on this subject is well illustrated by his talking of a man being "bound by an unnamed sentiment of mingled pity and indignation, sacred grief and holy rage," to do certain acts. Anybody who supposes that the presence of a "sentiment" in a man's bosom imposes on him an absolute obligation to follow a particular line of conduct, is hardly competent to direct the conscience of either nations or individuals.

We are far from thinking that the great Russian demonstration, made at the moment when Russia was "assimilating" Poland by a process of wholesale massacre, was marked by either good taste or good feeling, but it was not, as Mr. Harney seems to suppose, wholly inexcusable. Russia is not utterly detestable because her government is despotic. Her institutions are just as legitimate an expression of the national thought and feeling as our institutions are of ours, and just as suitable to her stage of culture, and there is no more inconsistency in a republic to which she has always shown great courtesy being on perfectly good terms with her, than there would be in Mr. Harney's spending a week with the Earl of Derby. The outburst of affection for her which took place here a year ago was, as everybody knew, in reality two-thirds a note of defiance to England, which would, under ordinary circumstances, have been palliated by the fact that this mode of administering a snub to third parties has been in use amongst civilized nations for ages. It was doubly excusable in this instance, owing to the morbid condition of the public mind, goaded as the country had been by three years of the most ribald abuse from all quarters which has, since the rise of the press and platform, ever been heaped on a Christian people.

We have noticed this matter at such length, however, not so much for the purpose of refuting what we conceive to be erroneous in Mr. Harney's opinions as for the purpose of enforcing with still greater emphasis the doctrine, that at present the only true, just, and justifiable means of propagating our political ideas and of helping the cause of popular government abroad, is to set an example of good government ourselves; to show that under our institutions men are happier, more intelligent, and more industrious, that life and property are more secure, that children are better educated, that human nature is held in higher respect, that justice is better administered, the weak, the helpless, and the criminal better treated, than under other systems of government. Armed crusades in defence of the holiest of causes, if it be not your own cause, are at best dangerous experiments. War leaves behind it a thousand evils, creates a thousand dangers, and may fail to attain its object after all; but the spectacle of a powerful government, created and upheld by the votes of a free people, existing only for the happiness and security of all, is something which strikes more terror into the soul of the "privileged classes" than a million of armed men, though every one of them was boiling over with that extraordinary emotional compound to which Mr. Harney ascribes so much virtue, "the unnamed sentiment of mingled pity and indignation, sacred grief and holy rage."

THE NEW EXODUS.

"Forsake this flowery garden," the frowning angel said;
"Its vines no more may feed thee;—compel from stones thy bread.
Pursue the veins deep buried, that hide thy wine and oil—
Fruit shalt thou find with sorrow, and children rear in toil."

Oh! not in heathen vengeance the wing'd apostle spoke,
Nor savage retribution the blooming fetters broke.
Man had an arm for labor, a strength to conquer pain;
A brain to plot and study, a will to serve and reign.

That will with slow arraying confronts itself with fate,
The pair unconscious twining the arches of the state.
Earth keeps her fairest garlands to crown the tireless shade,
The fields are white with harvest, the hirelings' fee is paid.

From tented field to city, to palace, and to throne,
Man builds with work his kingdom, and makes the world his own.
All welded with conditions is empire's golden ring,
The king must keep the peasant, the peasant feed the king.

The word of God once spoken, from truth is never lost.
The high command once given, earth guards with jealous cost.
By this perplexing lesson men build their busy schemes:
"The way of comfort lies not, kind Eden, thro' thy dreams."

I see a land before me where manhood in its pride
Forgot the solemn sentence, the wage of toil denied.
To wealth and lofty station some royal road must be;
Our brother, bound and plundered, shall earn us luxury.

One half of knowledge give him, for service and for skill,
The nobler half withholding, that moulds the manly will;
From justice bar his pleadings, from mercy hold his prayers;
His daughters for our pleasure, his sons to serve our heirs.

Again the frowning angel commandeth to depart,
With fiery scourge of terror, with want and woe of heart.
Go forth! the earth is weary to bear unrighteous feet;
Release your false possession, go, work that ye may eat.

Bring here the light of knowledge, the seat of equal rule,
Bring the republic's weapons, the forum and the school.
The Dagon of your worship is broken on his shrine,
The palm of Christian mercy brings in the true divine.

So from your Southern Eden the flaming sword doth drive;
Your lesson is appointed, go, learn how workmen thrive;
Not sloth has fee of plenty, nor pride of stately crest,
But thou of God belovèd, O labor crowned with rest!

Boston, July, 1865. Julia Ward Howe

Correspondence.

A TRIP IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 6, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Not one among the marvellous events of the war seems to me more marvellous than the almost perfect tranquillity into which South Carolina has returned. I can hardly believe that in less than five months since Sherman passed through this place, literally with fire and sword—less than three months since Johnston's surrender—I should be here attending a Fourth of July celebration, and discussing State rights and slavery as calmly and safely as in New England. Surely this is not the defiant South, "ground down by the iron heel of despotism," that we have heard so much about. Here at Columbia, to be sure, and at Orangeburg, there are garrisons of troops; but in the forty miles between we saw no guards—only alternately squads of Confederate soldiers on their way home, and of New York soldiers marching northerly, to garrison the upper districts. I saw no signs of ill will on either side. Neither is there anything insincere and reluctant in this quiet. As a Southern lady said to me, "When they fought, they fought; and when they were done, they were done."

The railroad is running from Charleston to Orangeburg under the management of its proprietors, to whom it has been recently turned over by the military authorities. The country is flat, mostly wooded as far as Branchville; beyond that with some plantations, in which I saw a few excellent fields of corn—only two little patches of poor looking cotton. At Orangeburg, a pleasant village, built in the midst of the pine forest—the trees still left standing—we took an ambulance, and toiled over the sandy, hilly road forty miles to this place. It would seem too sandy a country to produce good crops, still the sun and copious rains of this climate make some amends for the poverty of the soil, and we saw here and there good fields of corn, a little cotton and upland rice, orchards of trees loaded with peaches and apples, and thrifty patches of vegetables. It is a poor, sparsely populated country, and so completely laid waste, first by Wheeler, then by Sherman, that dry corn-bread and coffee were all we were promised when we stopped to dine. Except for the soldiers, we might easily have imagined ourselves in some barren region of the North. There was hardly anything in the vegetation which one might not see there, and even the heat—if we were sheltered from the direct rays of the sun—was no hotter to bear than on a hot summer's day with us. Columbia, too, what is left of it, with its broad, well shaded streets, its pleasant wooden houses, and its fine view over the valley of the Congaree, is just a New England village. And they have had the good sense, as at Charleston, not to let its growth into a large city deprive them of their generous gardens about their houses.

I find an intelligent, self-reliant body of colored people here, and few signs of the jealousy between blacks and mulattoes which has done so much mischief at Charleston. I was just in time to attend a Fourth of July celebration, got up and managed entirely by them, and so well conducted that the *Columbia Phœnix* (edited by the well known author, Gilmore Simms) says of it: "The proceedings were conducted throughout in a most sedate and orderly manner. There was no rioting nor outlawry; the negroes were invariably civil and respectful in their deportment, behaving with marked propriety equally in house and highway. We have heard of neither strife, nor blasphemy, nor drunkenness." This is well deserved praise, and I will add that I have never met with a body of colored men whose views upon their new relation have appeared so just, temperate, and manly. They have been heretofore, both free and slave, under much stricter regulations here than at Charleston, in which place the free blacks had many privileges; and this has bound them together as a body, and taught them to rely upon themselves. At the same time, I observed no bitterness against the whites, as a class, such as exists at Charleston.

Columbia is a sad sight. Fully one-half its area, containing, as is estimated, two-thirds of the houses, was burned over, and there stand the melancholy walls and chimneys waiting for trade to revive. And this is not all, for in every direction for from twenty to forty miles railroads are torn up, and bridges burnt, so that the ruined city stands almost, like Tadmor, alone in a desert. Perhaps nothing but this desolation would have brought the war to an end so soon; but it was a sad necessity, and its execution was attended with many needless cruelties and much wanton destruction.

ORANGEBURG, July 9.

The citizens of Abbeville have just issued a manifesto—well written and dignified in tone—touching the inconveniences of the present order (or disorder) of things in that district. Abbeville lies outside of our military occupation, and, as they complain, is "without any form of government," and "depends upon irregular and voluntary organizations for the protection of persons and property." The manifesto declares that "the speedy and complete restoration of our relations to the Constitution of the United States and the Union are our unfeigned desire and the great want of our whole country. In view of these desirable ends, we pledge, in good faith, ready and unreserved submission and obedience to all lawful authority." It then proceeds to enumerate the various evils from which the community is suffering—the interruption of labor, the emigration of laborers, the devastation of the country, the want of a circulating medium, and the danger of a conflict of races, and ends with asking for the restoration of civil authority. The description is no doubt correct in every point, and yet it omits one thing—the terrorism and brutality exercised towards the blacks wherever our army has not gone, and which, no doubt, have been largely instrumental in driving them from their homes. I do not know that these exist in Abbeville, but it is certain that they did exist in a fearful degree here and at Columbia and Newberry, and that they have been completely stopped by the arrival of our troops. The demoralization of the laborers also, and the neglect of the crops, have been largely remedied, and the promise of the future is good. Indeed, the argument of the Abbeville manifesto is sound as regards the need of a government—fallacious, in asking that it should be a civil government. If the Legislature should "be allowed to hold its usual sessions," what guarantee have we against class legislation? It seems to me that nothing but military rule can, in the present disturbed and baffled state of the public mind, secure the administration of justice. These people must learn what justice is before they can take its exercise into their own hands.

Still, in one thing, this manifesto is a most gratifying sign of the times. Compare its frank utterance, and that of the resolutions passed at Anderson the other day, with the timid and reluctant expressions of loyalty in the Orangeburg, Columbia, and Summerville resolutions last month, and you have an indication of the progress made in that time towards a healthy popular sentiment, which it is hard to put trust in, and which yet, I am convinced, is not far from correct. A few weeks ago the tone was: "We're whipped, and the Yankees have matters in their own hands. We'll step aside and let them 'run the machine' to suit themselves—and a nice time they'll have of it." Now, on the other hand, there is a disposition to look jealously upon any interference from outside. They say they understand the terms imposed, and are willing to live up to them; but they wish to manage their own affairs themselves, and are able to do it. So thoroughly satisfied are the people of this State of the uselessness of any further resistance, that, if State sovereignty and secession were the only issue, I should see hardly any obstacle, in view of this progress towards loyalty, to an immediate reconstruction. "We went into this contest believing we were in the right—we have fought well and been beaten—now we submit in thorough good faith, and desire to become loyal citizens of the United States." These were the words of a clergyman to me. A Confederate captain said: "I have taken the oath to support the Constitution under your interpretation of it, and I mean to keep it. I am not convinced that I was wrong, still I am bound now to fight to put down secession." These are illustrations of the completeness with which South Carolina has submitted, so far as secession is concerned. And my safe journey of a hundred and twenty-eight miles into the heart of the State is due not to military rule—for I could have gone with equal security into those districts which are not occupied by our forces—but to the fact that there is nothing to fight about, and no wish to fight. Another encouraging fact. In the many conversations I have held with Southerners, or which have been carried on by them in my hearing, I have never heard any expressions of bitterness against the North.

As to slavery, they say with equal frankness that it is dead, and they have no desire to bring it to life again. I have myself heard no other opinion than this expressed, although I am told that many of the least intelligent planters have a lingering hope that Congress will yet do something for them. Wherever our forces have gone, the planters have made contracts with greater or less readiness, and a very reasonable proportion of them are trying to carry them out sincerely and in good faith. And if they were left to themselves, only with military protection, I believe there would be less antagonism than exists now. The most vulgar, abusive language I have heard applied to the negroes has been from Northern men, with whom prejudice against color was combined with indifference to moral right. If the Southerner has the indifference, at least he is free from the prejudice, and is a better friend to his former slave than one half of the Northerners who come down here. And it is not from the native disposition of the negroes themselves, but from the bad influence of some of their friends, particularly soldiers, that the hostility towards the whites and the serious interruptions

to labor have arisen. In the best of our regiments there will be a few mischief-makers, who persuade the field-hands that they should refuse to work, that they are the rightful owners of the land, that they should leave their homes and go to the islands, where lands will be given them. And we know that ignorant people are always more ready to take bad advice than good. The colored people upon the plantations are therefore in a very unsettled frame of mind, and it requires constant watchfulness and delicate management to keep them quiet, and persuade them to work faithfully until New Year's, when the contracts will expire.

Gen. Hartwell, commanding this sub-district (including Columbia), has given great personal attention to this matter, and has appointed a Commission of Free Labor to attend to these matters. They have not interfered with the making of contracts, or imposed any uniform rate, but have exercised the right of rejecting them if unfair to either party, and of obliging both to keep them. The great urgent object is that the crops shall be cultivated; otherwise there must be famine. The corn is doing well, but not two-thirds of the usual quantity has been planted, and nothing to speak of of any other crop. This section, through which Sherman marched, will do well if it raises enough to live on until another crop; and I think the lower districts are for the most part in the same condition. The upper districts will do better; and, besides, they have a considerable quantity of cotton, which is now coming into the market—several wagon-loads passed through this place yesterday.

The news which we received yesterday of the riots in Charleston show that the apprehensions expressed in my last letter were well founded; and illustrate, likewise, the views just expressed as to the trouble being made by Northerners. It was Northern white soldiers and, in some part at least, Northern colored soldiers who were guilty of the disturbances. Of course this community could not be safely left without these soldiers. We must run the risk of these lesser troubles in order to secure the great object of the suppression of the rebellion. But if Northern men would abstain from language that tends to excite unnecessary ill feeling in the present sensitive condition of both parties, I see nothing to prevent the development of real good-will between them.

There is, however, one opinion in which the Southern people are nearly unanimous—that the colored race is destined to speedy extinction, crowded out of existence by competition with the superior race. When, after a long discussion of this point with the Southern officer before mentioned, I ended with a hope for peace and prosperity for the land—"Peace," said he, "we have, and prosperity is coming; but not for them." The most moderate shape in which I have heard this expressed is that which is, I fear, not far from the truth—that the blacks are to be the great sufferers by the war, and that perhaps half the race will perish by the time the other and stronger half will be in a condition to prosper. Another almost universal fear—I do not think it is so strong as an expectation—is of a war of races, in which one or the other will be exterminated at once. As there is no doubt that to expect a thing is the very way to bring it to pass, and as alarming signs of such a conflict do exist, nothing seems to me more clearly the duty of every friend of the South than to abstain from everything which will increase this alienation, and do everything to bring about harmony.

It is an important question whether, with this full admission that slavery is dead, it would be safe to trust legislation to the people of the State. They say that it would be; that they desire the harmony and welfare of all classes, and have no thought of any reactionary measures. In this I do not doubt that the best and most intelligent are sincere. Only there are two considerations. In the first place, the best and most intelligent do not form a majority, and it is certain that among a portion of the planters a very fiendish spirit still prevails, and that a still larger portion are submitting with no good grace to the indignity of treating with their former slaves on terms of equality. In the next place, even if all were sincere and earnest in this, it would still be legislation *by a class*, and, with the best of intentions, such legislation will almost certainly be more or less biassed by the prejudices and interests of those who possess the power and by these unfavorable expectations which I have just mentioned. No one can help looking with anxiety upon any plan of reconstruction which does not admit the most intelligent of the colored citizens to a participation of political power, and, I will add, exclude the ignorant and degraded whites.

CHARLESTON, July 12.

The favorable judgment expressed in my letter from Orangeburg must be understood as applying to the upper districts of the State; in the Low Country, as it is called, and especially in Charleston, I do not think the feeling is so healthy. The division of the State into upper and lower is a fundamental one, and perhaps needs explanation. The upper districts—beyond Columbia—are the most populous, and in these the system of farms and small plantations prevails. The slave-owners, having the personal management of their slaves, are generally inclined to treat them kindly. The lower districts, on the other hand, along the seaboard, are the seat of the wealth of the community. Here are the great plantations, whose owners live upon them only a small portion of the year, and even then leave the control of the slaves entirely to overseers. Under the constitution of the State the low country has the preponderance in the Senate, the upper in the House of Representatives. Between the two sections are the middle districts, comparatively sterile and thinly inhabited, but belonging in their character to the upper section rather than the lower.

The plantations along the sea-coast, the aristocratic portion of the State, are in great part abandoned by their proprietors, and cultivated on their own account by the negroes, who from all I can learn are getting excellent crops. The planters who have remained have made contracts with their hands, and some of them—but I think a smaller proportion than in the upper part of the State—are disposed to deal fairly and honorably by them. From all accounts, those negroes who are carrying on the plantations by themselves are making better crops than those whose master remains with them and superintends the work—they know that the whole is to be theirs, instead of a part. There is no cotton, however, to speak of planted in any of the parishes about Charleston. The great rice plantations, too, about Georgetown are lying untouched—nothing for export will be raised this year in South Carolina.

Meanwhile in Charleston the destitution and suffering are on the increase—the rapid development of trade not keeping pace with the wasting of the scanty resources still left to the people. The most discouraging feature is the utter helplessness of the white community in the face of the terrible problem. The blacks manage to live comfortably for the most part, and help each other; but the whites, accustomed to have all their affairs managed by an aristocracy which is now ruined, seem powerless. They choose committees, and report cases of suffering, but any organized action on a large scale cannot be looked for from them. Unless liberal aid comes from the North, and that speedily, we must look for fearful distress from hunger and sickness.

MARCEL.

THE HARVEST OF DOCTORATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: Annually about the time that corn is coming to the silk and wheat to the beard, the doctoring mania of our crude American civilization comes to blossom. What for a better name may be styled the titular fecundity of American colleges has grown to the dimensions of an alarming disease—a sort of salt-rheum or scrofula having periodic eruptions. One blushes at the contrast between the present and the olden time. To be elected to a doctorate, whether of divinity or law, a century ago was as rare a distinction as it was presumptively deserved. A lazy or commonplace man never dared to hope for such coronation. Every requisite of intellectual excellence was implied in it. It was an Olympian prize, and none but athletes won it. The race was only to the fleet of foot, and the battle to the strong of sinew.

I maintain that there is not a symptom of superficial civilization more suggestive and startling than the indiscriminate multiplication of titular dignities by our American colleges. The initiated know well enough that doctorates have become nearly as marketable commodities as butter and eggs. Every year the moral disease grows, and in a corresponding ratio titles cheapen, till to-day they are a drug which men of true culture despise and pretenders can buy with pelf or patronage.

I consider that the rapid multiplication of colleges over the land, which is wont to be paraded in the reports of educational societies and the speeches of the many anniversaries as a great national blessing, is in some respects a huge public disadvantage. Almost every college when it begins its career is a beggar at the door of public charity. Money is the great want, and the old maxim of commerce becomes installed as a presiding genius in education: "Si possis recte, quocunque modo, rem;" that is to say, "Money by honest means if possible, but anyhow money."

Begging money proving to be a slow process, our newly fledged college goes into the business of making money. It becomes a manufacturer first, and then a trader. It cannot manufacture sewing-machines, but it has by legislative permission and popular consent a monopoly of titles; and so the world of literature, real and sham, is invited to bid. Of course pretenders will outbid men of intrinsic merit. No true scholar was ever known to buy a title with his own or his uncle's cash, but the thing is not unheard of among quacks.

In this wise what multitudes of commonplace men are annually ornamented, or shall I not rather say made ridiculous, with scholastic appen-

dages. Of course I admit honorable exceptions of men in the pulpit and at the bar, who wear titles worthily, like well-fitting garments which a man hardly knows he has on. The doctorate of divinity long ago ceased to mean anything, but the doctorate of the law has till of late been measurably saved from the auction block. The tendency, however, is downward, and to-day there are flagrant examples of the commercial quality, indicative of the intellectual and moral apostacy of this latter title. Think of a man whose head is vacant of Murray's syntax being an LL.D.! I beg leave to inform you that one or two such specimens of natural history are on record. Our colleges are doctoring the people, and will not somebody doctor the colleges?

Yours, VERITAS.

REPUBLICAN PROPAGANDISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Welcoming THE NATION, so appropriately appearing at the moment when "these United States" can, without challenge from domestic disturber or foreign foe, command respect as a nation, "one and indivisible," may I venture to hope that in your columns will be found some representation of the claims of humanity at large, and some enforcement of the duties incumbent on this nation as a leading member of the great family of mankind? I often see in American papers pharisaical comments on the insular egoism of English politicians and the English in general; but these comments only serve to illustrate anew the old story of the "mote" and the "beam." There may be continental as well as insular egoism, and if that weakness is not abundantly illustrated by American journals then I am much mistaken, and shall be thankful to be set right by the production of proof to the contrary. I think I discern a nobler spirit in the columns of THE NATION, and trust that "the blossom of promise will ripen into the fruit of performance."

In your notice of the letter of the great Italian patriot and Roman triumvir, Joseph Mazzini, to the London agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, you say he would have this country "lead in the progress of mankind, and assist in the great battle that rages everywhere, between liberty and tyranny, equality and privilege. The Italian patriot may count upon our support in the sense in which he invokes it" . . . . . "that is, sympathy, encouragement, and all the aid that flows from the conspicuous example of a successful, enduring republican society, consistent, above all, and true to its fundamental idea." But the main value of the brief article under notice I find in the two concluding sentences: "The Union exists by, and in consequence for, the equal brotherhood of man. Republican propagandism is inseparable from a republican establishment."

Very good. Whether the oppressed peoples of Europe should under no circumstances receive the "material aid" which as you say (approvingly) Kossuth prayed for in vain, I will not now discuss—that question may be more profitably considered when a demand similar to that made by the Hungarian leader shall come to test the depth and earnestness of American "sympathy;" but I should like to have a clear understanding of the kind of "republican propagandism" THE NATION would support. If likely to be effective, the sooner that propagandism is commenced, the better.

I admit the value of the "conspicuous example" referred to by THE NATION, although I fear its value will be very much detracted from for some time to come by our "republican society" not being so "consistent" and "true to its fundamental idea" as it will be when the insolence of Southern slaveocrats shall have been effectually humbled—when the loyal black man of the South shall fully enjoy his "inalienable rights"—when white soldiers shall cease from the infamy of outraging their colored brothers-in-arms, an atrocity which is the very acme of base ingratitude—and when Ohio and Pennsylvania, and the rest of the old "free States," shall purge themselves from the inconsistency and hypocrisy of boasting their loyalty to the republic whilst grossly violating the republic's "fundamental idea" by their relegation of the colored people to the rank of political (and social) pariahs. But let the "conspicuous example" come to be as unchallengeable as it is very far from being at present, still I think that both duty and self-defence demand something more active than the exhibition of the said example, merely to satisfy mankind that "there is no hollowness in the professions of this nation" when it answers the cry of any people elsewhere struggling for freedom.

As to duty: I maintain that that which is the duty of any one man is not less the duty of any aggregate of men, whether ten, or ten millions, or a hundred millions. Every man witnessing an act of cruelty or oppression in ordinary private life is bound, not only by the demands of justice and by the ethical rule, to do by another as we would be done unto, but also by that unnamed sentiment of mingled pity and indignation, sacred grief and holy rage, which rises within every unbrutalized human being, to do all that in his power lies to help the assailed and the wronged, to invoke the law's aid when at hand, and, failing that aid, to do all that he can by his own right arm to shield the weak and smite the strong. The like duty is that of every people, all "diplomatic" arguments to the contrary notwithstanding. There is no need at present to enlarge on this topic. I pass to the next consideration, that of self-defence.

The great civil war now ended (at least in the matter of the clash of arms) proved, what might have been understood much earlier, that this republic can count upon friends only among the peoples, not the governments and "governing classes," of Europe. I know that Americans in general except Russia from this sweeping assertion. But only the wilfully blind must fail to see that Russia's friendship for the United States is dictated by hatred of Great Britain, and by the hope that flattering American egoism may induce the States to respect the integrity of the Russian possessions on this continent, and, perhaps, some day make common cause in an effort to dispossess England of her colonies. Every man of common sense must know that between the "fundamental idea" of this republic and that of the Russian autocracy there can be no real community of sentiment. Any alliance between the two cannot be otherwise than unnatural and shameful, at least to one party to the compact. In the course of my experience I remember nothing so scandalous as the exhibition of republican servility on the occasion of the visit of the Russian fleet in 1863, when the "authorities" and merchant-princes of New York and Boston vied in performing *kotou* at the feet of Admiral Lessoffsky. Appearing in American harbors as the naval representative of "a friendly power," the Admiral had a fair claim to official courtesies, and, considering all the circumstances, not even a Polish exile could have found fault if the welcome had been marked by a certain warmth not extended to the admirals in command of the English and French naval forces in American waters. But the line might have been drawn between civility and servility, instead of which the politicians and editors and merchant-princes aforesaid exerted themselves to the utmost capacity of voice and pen in offering the most fulsome adulation to the Russian Tsar, and proclaiming the alliance of the American republic with the Muscovite despotism. Even the butcheries then going on in Poland were excused, and whilst Alexander II. was extolled as an imperial civilizer and benefactor, Nicholas (of execrable memory) was apotheosized as an imperial saint or demigod! But enough of Russia and the pro-Muscovites. This republic is now too strong to fear dismemberment at the hands of any league of European kings; still, in the present temper of the South, the materials of renewed insurrection are not wanting, and are ready to the hands of foreign incendiaries. National safety calls for the "Americanizing" of Europe. Her nationality assured, America, as Joseph Mazzini says, must become cosmopolitan. A do-nothing "conspicuous example" will not alone suffice. The republic must be active, aggressive. "Republican propagandism is inseparable from a republican establishment."

I would not expect the United States Government to engage in any such crusade. The propagandism must be the work of the people, that is, of enlightened, far-seeing, and generous men eager to promote the good work of civilization and the good cause of freedom. In relation to England, where the old cry for Parliamentary reform is being revived, and where an earnest struggle to make the Commons House of Parliament a veritable House of "the Commons of England" must ere long be renewed, could not something be done on this side of the Atlantic to assist a movement which, successful, would transfer power to the friends of America? Necessarily but little really is known in England of the workings of "popular suffrage" in this country, a subject of constant misrepresentation on the part of such papers as the *Times*. Could not something be done by a body organized like the Loyal Publication Society to diffuse correct information on a question of such vital interest to the English reformers? I throw this out as a hint suggestive of what might be done in the way of "propagandism" to assist those who have been faithful to this country during a long period of temptation to the contrary, and in whose success this republic would find the strongest guarantee for peace with, and absolute justice on the part of, England.

A word as regards "sympathy." Notwithstanding the pro-Russian fever before referred to, I must believe that numbers of Americans may be found who can feel for the sufferings of unhappy Poland, and will, on due requisition, be prepared to afford evidence of the reality of their sympathy by giving aid to the proscribed sons of that desolated land. That Poland's sufferings still continue, the following paragraph will suffice to show:

"A letter from Warsaw of the 9th inst., published in the Posen journals, says that on the 1st inst. forty political prisoners were embarked at Praga to be transported to Siberia. The celebrated lawyer, Koutlauski, who was delivered up to Russia by the Austrian authorities, and was sentenced to *hard labor* for *fifty years*, was forced to submit to have his head shaved and to wear the clothing of the most degraded convict. Many of the

unfortunate prisoners were heavily chained."—*London Morning Star, June* 17, 1865.

Such cruelties occurring in any other country would call forth indignant denunciations from the American press, but as "the mild and beneficent" Alexander is the perpetrator of these atrocities, they are allowed to pass unnoticed. As to the Poles themselves, some thousands of a new emigration are now starving fugitives in France, Switzerland, Belgium, and England. Statements have appeared in the American papers that as many as twenty thousand (including women and children) were contemplating emigration to this country. I have reason to believe this number exaggerated, but I have information that one thousand or twelve hundred fugitives from Poland, at present in Switzerland, are seriously desirous of coming here and founding a Polish colony. Lamenting the stern necessity which compels such a step, for it is another drain of Poland's life-blood, I must yet urge that if these martyr-combatants for freedom seek this country as an asylum, something more than permission to enter the ports and traverse the soil of the republic should be accorded to them. On this matter the Polish Committee in New York are no doubt prepared to impart every necessary information to the public. I have not heard of any appeal to American generosity, but in the event of such an appeal being made, I trust it will be responded to not only by gifts of money, but also aid in the shape of counsel, direction, and the assistance which political and social influence can render, toward the end proposed, that of affording the expatriated Poles a self-sustaining home under the ægis of the star-spangled banner. Thus much is due to the countrymen of Kosciusko and Pulaski, and will serve to demonstrate that there is no "hollowness in the professions of this nation," and that the Union exists "for the equal brotherhood of man." The hand of fraternity extended to the victims of Muscovite brutality will count for something in the way of atonement for the disgraceful servility before alluded to, and will not be fruitless as a means of "propagandism" in extending the fame of and enlisting the peoples' affection for our republican institutions.

G. Julian Harney.

Boston, June 15, 1865.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

II.

Richmond, July 12, 1865.

Sitting in the piazza of the hotel to-day were two Virginian ladies. The younger, whose home lay on the western side of the Blue Ridge, was making her first visit to Richmond since the war ended. She had many questions to ask and answer, and while she and her friend gossipped, her two little boys ran about, barefooted, and certainly not so well dressed as children who are staying with their parents at good hotels in New York.

"There," said the mother, "just look at Charley! Do see him! Stop that, sir. You're bad looking enough as it is. Anybody might tell that you're no Unionist. I'm sure the child appears like he was a little Confederate."

"I a'n't a Unionist," said the boy.

"No, I'm sure you're not. If you were I'd disinherit you, sure, and so would the captain."

"How is it," she enquired, turning to the hostess, "do you give our officers their rank now, or don't the Yankees let you?"

"Oh, yes, just as we always did."

"My soul! I thought they wouldn't let you speak above your breath here. The other side the mountains they told me I'd be hung sure if I was to come to Richmond, I speak right out so. But I told 'em they wouldn't hang me."

The people on the other side of the mountains are tolerably well represented by this lady, I suppose, for, so far as my observation extends, the feelings of the people in Eastern Virginia are the same with hers. This condition of mind is very easily discernible in the ordinary conversation of the street and other public places, and is also discoverable now and then in the more deliberate and cautious utterances of the pulpit and the press. Last Sunday I formed one of the somewhat scanty audience in a Congregational church. The last few minutes or so the preacher devoted to a eulogium on the character of a young man who, like many other members of that church and society, had died in the service of his country. The few closing sentences of the sermon proper were, as nearly as I can recollect them, as follows:

"And does it seem to you, my brethren, that during the last terrible four years the prayers of God's people in these Southern States, because they have not been answered in just the way you had chosen, have not been heard at all? Be not cast down. Do we not know that the fervent prayers of the saints cannot fail of an answer? But now we see through a glass, darkly. By-and-bye, if we will but wait, in God's good time we shall see, and know, and understand."

Doubtless there was much in the discourse to edify the believer, and the audience seemed to derive consolation and instruction from it, but it is easy to see that such preaching tends to make its hearers neither repent of rebellion nor forget it.

The press of Richmond is of course under strict surveillance, and it is not so much in its set articles as in its tone that one finds evidence of its being printed for a people not yet reconciled to the Government which has overthrown the cause of their choice. But in one of the city papers I find addressed to the voters these words of guidance for their action in future elections—advice, I venture to say, far from being needless:

"There is one admonition, however, which cannot be too often given to the people of the South. The election of candidates to office who are notorious for radical, violent, and extreme political opinions should be carefully avoided, as their success would be pointed to by our most dangerous enemies as evidences of most stubborn and unyielding disloyalty.

"Men prominent in the past for their secession doctrines would, if elected and admitted to seats on the floor of the national Congress, prove most useless and inefficient representatives at this time. The prejudices of the North would be so strongly arrayed against them that they would not be able to accomplish a tithe as much good as men of moderate and conservative views."

Occasionally, however, an editor furnishes outspoken proof of his misconception of the privileges and duties which belong to a writer who addresses a community so recently in arms and making deadly war against the Federal Government. The *Whig* of yesterday contained an article which caused the suppression of the paper, for stigmatizing a certain clause of the Amnesty Proclamation as heathenish, and pronouncing a law of the land, enacted by Congress and approved by the President, "mean, brutal, and cowardly, revoltingly absurd and atrociously unjust." The *Whig*, I am told, has hitherto been the most popular journal in Richmond.

I was the other day thrown into the company of a gentleman residing in Amelia County in this State, and for two or three hours conversed with him upon the topics now uppermost in the minds of all men. He was past the prime of life, evidently was well educated and well read, and apparently a pious man. He was, or before the war had been, wealthy, carrying on business in Richmond, and owning a plantation about forty miles distant from the city. I found him disposed to be communicative, and was much interested in hearing his views and opinions. This year's crop in his section, he said, promises to be a good one. The country had not been much devastated, and there was no lack of farming utensils or laborers. A better yield of oats has not been seen for many years, and the wheat, which is already harvested, is quite up to the average. There will, however, be no tobacco, as in February last, when the ground should have been prepared, the future was too uncertain for farmers to risk putting in seed. Indian corn is backward, but there is hope of a fair crop. Corn-planting should have been done about the time of the evacuation, but people then were thinking more of Richmond and Lee's army than of farming, and just after that the negroes began going away from home, and labor for a time was scarce.

I asked if many of his negroes left him. "I had about a hundred and fifteen servants on my land. I own a tract of fifteen hundred acres, but I have never been anything more than an amateur farmer. My people were always well treated, and never were worked hard. A number of them had been with my father, and there were a good many that I had grown up with from boyhood. I loved some of them. Of course, if a servant has the charge of one of my little ones, and I see the child grow fond of her, and that she loves the child, I cannot but feel kindly towards her. When the city was evacuated, of course, they heard that they were free. Well, sir, to-day, out of more than a hundred servants that were on my place on the first of April, I haven't six left, and those are mostly infirm old people. Some of them came up with tears in their eyes to shake hands with me and say good-bye.

"'Sorry to lef' you, massa; good-bye, massa.' 'But why do you go, Toby (Sam, Sue, what not); what makes you leave?' I said. 'Oh, sah, we 'bleege to go, sah.' 'Well, what is it obliges you? Do you expect to find a better place than this? Haven't you always been well treated here?' 'Yes, massa, but we 'bleege to go, massa.'" So they went, and I have been working my crop with negroes that I have hired, and I suppose somebody else has hired mine."

I asked what wages farmers were paying the freedmen in his part of the country, and if there had been any concert among them in reference to prices. He said he was not aware that there had been any measures taken by the planters to regulate wages in any part of Virginia. At any rate, there had been none in his county nor in the adjoining counties. Some owners paid six dollars per month, some seven, and some eight. He himself paid eight, and knew of no one that paid less than six. Each hand that he hired had, besides his wages, a house, fuel, board, and about two acres of ground on which to raise corn or what he liked. These things, together with the privi-

lege of keeping poultry and a pig, he considered equivalent to at least eight dollars per month added to the laborer's wages. He thought he was doing very well by his negroes, and they were working very well, about as they had in old times, perhaps a little harder, but, on the whole, except in the degree of power which he possessed over the laborers, he did not find the practical working of the present system very different from that of the old one.

Two or three colored men to whom I have since spoken on this subject, set the proper rate of wages as high as ten dollars a month, and thought the employer paying no more than that sum ought also to clothe his laborers, as well as provide them quarters in which to live and the ordinary rations of corn and bacon. But these men had no expectation that such wages would be obtainable. Indeed, they appeared to have as little faith in the whites as the latter profess to have in the negro. "What kin we do, sah?" they say; "dey kin give us jes what dey choose. Man couldn't starve, nohow; got no place to go; we 'bleege to take what dey give us."

"The negro," said Mr. K., "I sincerely hope may disappoint my expectations. But if he does not, he is doomed to undergo extinction. Less than a hundred years of freedom will see the race practically exterminated. The negro will not work more than enough to supply his bare necessities. There isn't a county of Virginia where we haven't had some hundreds of free negroes, and they have been always perfectly worthless and lived in wretchedness. The negro stands as much in need of a master to guide him as a child does. When I look at my servants, I feel weighing upon me all the responsibilities of a parent. In the course of my life I have known many men who for that reason alone would never become the owner of a slave. I have brought up my children to feel so, and accustomed them to the thought of dispensing with slave labor. Those of them who are old enough share my views on the subject. But the negro will always need the care of some one superior to him, and unless in one form or another it is extended to him, the race will first become pauper and then disappear. Nothing but the most careful legislation will prevent it. Now take an example: of my negroes, nearly half were not on the working list; but I had to support them all. What will the negro do when he is called upon to support not only himself (he isn't inclined to do that, and I don't believe he will do it), but also to get food, and clothes, and physic for the infants and disabled people belonging to him? Why, I doubt if my farm ever returned me one per cent. interest on the capital invested in it. He cannot do it. He couldn't do it if all the Southern States were confiscated and given him to do it with."

This last assertion was called forth by my suggestion that perhaps the self-supporting character of the colored communities of Port Royal was due to their having become possessors of confiscated lands in that district, and that if a like policy were adopted in Virginia like results might be expected. "So far as the owners of land are concerned," he continued, "emancipation will prove advantageous. I shall not be obliged to support sixteen people for every nine that work for me. But in order for me to reap any benefit from emancipation, the relation between master and man must be made the subject of wise legislation. That matter ought to be left to the States separately, for, of course, in many matters of detail there will be great differences of requirement."

Happening to have with me a late copy of *Harper's Weekly*, I called his attention to an editorial article containing an extract from one of the Nashville papers, which states that the Legislature of Tennessee have recently placed the negroes of that State under almost every conceivable civil disability, and left them in a condition differing little from their former slavery, and asked him if the course taken by Virginia would not be identical with that of Tennessee. The statement we had just read, he replied, was probably entirely partisan. He supposed, however, that if it were true, a remedy for the evil would be found by requiring the States to take such action as should be satisfactory to the general Government. The general Government seemed to be doing what it liked. But, after all, the great hope of Virginia lay in the influx of immigrants that might be expected from Europe and the North. He knew many men in the State who owned five and six thousand acres of land. Of course they could not attend to all of it. Let such immense half-cleared tracts be broken up into small farms, and he had no doubt the soil would yield a product fourfold greater than now. The mineral resources of the State were inexhaustible, and certainly there was nothing to prevent its becoming a great commercial country. They only needed men. But between the day of those things and to-day there were many years, and perhaps fearful suffering. Immigrants might come fast, but the South would not be peopled in one year, nor in fifty. He should not live to see it.

If the negro must go before Southern prosperity can come, perhaps Mr K. will never see it. But, of course, denying the possibility that the blacks can ever become a respectable, self-supporting peasantry, it is impossible for him to believe that by the side of his German, Yankee, and white Virginian manufacturers and farmers of the future there may exist also an intelligent and industrious yeomanry composed of colored Virginians.

As we sat and talked, we had been watching a boat of the "new line for Baltimore" which was rushing along close beside us. Acquaintances were exchanging morning salutations across the few yards of water that separated the steamers. Our speed was not far from seventeen miles an hour, and as we shot along, the near green banks and the yellow stream seemed to be gliding swiftly past us. Now one and now the other boat would gain a foot or two. At last, after several miles of this neck-and-neck running, we placed between our boat and the *Dictator* some rods of clear water. "Fare you well, chile, we can't always be with you," shouted a deck-hand to the beaten steamer, and we went on our way alone. Turning a sharp bend in the river we came upon a small encampment. A few soldiers sat about drinking their coffee, and near one of the tents a rude effigy clad in female apparel was dangling from a tree.

"Ah, what have they there?" asked my companion. I told him it was probably meant to represent Jefferson Davis in the dress he wore when he was captured. "Do people in the North believe that absurd story? I thought Mr. Davis's character, indeed I thought the state of his health for a long time past, was too well known all over the country for any one not very ignorant to give credence to such a tale. I never was particularly friendly to Mr. Davis, but of course I set the thing down as a fabrication as soon as I heard it. For many years he has been a great sufferer from neuralgia, and obliged to protect himself from the slightest draught of cold air. When he was taken it happened that he had his wife's shawl thrown over his head and shoulders for that reason. It was this which gave rise to the story, but the story ought not to be believed by men of intelligence."

Mr. K. was curious to know how the Northern people felt in reference to the Southern ex-President. I replied that I thought they were bitterest against him when they thought of the miseries inflicted upon Union soldiers in rebel military prisons. Mr. K. could not believe that there was much truth in those reports, nor that Mr. Davis could justly be held responsible if they were in the main true. He knew that during the war such charges were constantly made by the Northern papers, and he felt concerned for the honor of the South. He visited Libby Prison in order to satisfy himself, and found that the Union soldiers confined there were fed in the same way with the Confederate soldiers in the intrenchments. In the Southern local papers it was common to see paragraphs stating that such a one had just arrived home from the North, where he had been so treated while in confinement that it was impossible he should recover. The whole South was full of such stories. He was free to confess, however, that he himself had never met a returned prisoner who seemed to have been ill used. He thought that, cleared of all exaggerations, the stories of barbarity to prisoners would be found to be of very slight importance. He believed the people of the North to be humane, and he knew that there was no humaner people in the world than the Southern people. In reference to the responsibility of the rebel leader for the cruelties of Andersonville and Salisbury, and in reply to a question of mine, he said that he thought charges of equal magnitude might have been brought against the North during Mr. Lincoln's administration of office, and yet have received no investigation nor attention from him. At the same time, he said, Mr. Lincoln differed from Mr. Davis in many respects.

I may say here that I have never heard Mr. Lincoln mentioned by any Southerner except in terms of respect and liking.

Continuing our conversation, I asked Mr. K. if he did not believe that the inhabitants of the two sections would come together again with the old friendly feeling and be one people as before. Our talk had been so pleasant that, though I retained a vague sense of an antagonism between the North and the South, I had half forgotten that men had been killing each other in the quarrel, and it was a little surprising to note the bitterness of his answer.

"No, sir, never. The people of the South feel that they have been most unjustly, most tyrannically oppressed by the North. All our rights have been trampled upon. We knew that we had a perfect right to go and leave you. We were only carrying out the principles of the Revolution. It was our deliberate opinion that we ought to go out from the old Union. We could no longer give to the general Government the consent of the governed, and the general Government could therefore no longer have any just powers over us. But aside from that, our right to secede was perfect. Mr. Calhoun demonstrated that. Mr. Webster's speeches in reply are powerful appeals to sentiment and imagination, but the argument of Mr. Calhoun is irresistible. And even Mr. Webster allows that one party to a compact having violated it, the other is released from all obligation. Now the North has

repeatedly violated the constitutional guaranties of slavery. Yes, sir, we had a most perfect right to secede, and we have been slaughtered by thousands for attempting to exercise it. And yet it is the fashion to call us traitors! Now the people of the South are not going to stand that. They are subjugated, conquered, and in their collective capacity they must submit to whatever may be inflicted upon them. But individually, between man and man, they are not going to endure the infamous charge of having committed treason.

"If the United States Government bring Mr. Davis to trial, and he defends himself, or if his counsel do their duty, this matter will be set forth so plainly and convincingly that I for one am willing the nations of the earth should judge and pronounce if we were not right, and did not act within our powers. It was not slavery that caused this war, for it was not the South that began it. We endured the encroachments of the North upon our rights, and then quietly availed ourselves of the reserved right of secession. We fired upon Sumter. True; but not till Sumter had become a South Carolinian fort, in which you maintained our enemies. Few men at the South owned slaves. We wanted to leave you. At first I voted for what was then called a Union candidate for the State Convention. We elected him by a large majority. We thought it would not be necessary to secede. The whole State thought so, and an overwhelming majority of that convention were anti-secessionists. Yet they voted the State out of the Union, and when our members came back to their constitutents, we justified them and ratified what they had done. I don't think there was a vote cast in our county against immediate secession when the ordinance came before the people. You see Mr. Lincoln had issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men. We all, whether we owned slaves or not, believed that coercion was mere tyranny, and that we ought not to submit to it. No, sir, I believe that if the North were to engage in foreign war, or in any way to need the help of the South during the lifetime of the present generation, ninety-nine men in a hundred throughout the South would take up arms against the Washington Government. I have no doubt of that, sir. You may have a new Union with these States kept in it by force, but it cannot be said that this war has perpetuated the old Union."

He believed all Southerners felt so; from the meanest private in the army up to the highest men in the land, up to Gen. Lee, all felt that the South had been most deeply injured. He went on to say that for a time his high admiration for the character of General Lee had sensibly declined. He had been told that the General had made application to the Washington authorities for pardon. He had supposed that rather than do that the General would undergo exile or death. Not long afterwards an opportunity had presented itself for speaking to General Lee on the subject. The report proved to be correct and not a slander. A voluminous application had been sent in, to which, however, no answer has yet been made. Since the time of his visit a reply may have been received. Having learned the motives which had actuated General Lee in asking for a pardon, his admiration, his veneration, for the man and the patriot was profounder than ever. Had the General considered his own feelings alone, he would have died sooner than humble himself and a just cause by a seeming admission that it was wrong. His application was one more proof of his love for his country. There were thousands of high-toned young men in the South who meditated expatriating themselves, and who, when asked why they did not seek for a pardon, replied, that until General Lee had done so they would not. After a long struggle with his inclinations, believing that these young men ought to be saved to the country whose future they were so well qualified to adorn, and, by participating in the rights of citizenship, to guide and shape, the General had done violence to his own feelings, and made the request. Still he had made no abject submission, but had accompanied the petition for pardon with a full statement of those things which made his past conduct seem to him right and proper, and had avowed his unchanging devotion to his former principles.

I asked Mr. K. if he supposed the Government would send General Lee a favorable answer. "Oh, yes," he replied, "undoubtedly."

"And does he expect to be restored to full enjoyment of all the rights of citizenship?"

"Yes, sir; he has asked for that. And if it is refused him, he will at any rate have done all that he intended to do. The class of men whom he intended to benefit have, many of them, applied to be pardoned, and probably all will do so. Thus General Lee's sacrifice will have saved many of our first young men from exile, and opened to them a public career from which they would otherwise have shut themselves out."

Among other things which I might quote to show how honest and how earnest this gentleman was in his devotion to the cause which has just been so signally defeated, he asked me if, at the North, there was not among the intelligent classes, at any rate among the religious people, an expectation that God would visit upon that section some terrible retribution for the unjust war they had waged upon their brethren, the calamities they had inflicted on the South.

He seemed surprised and perplexed when I answered that the Northern people were so far from feeling any apprehensions of that sort, that they believed it was God's blessing which had enabled them to carry on so exhausting a war till it was at last successful, and that they regarded themselves as having done much for the cause of humanity and true democracy; in short, that they considered themselves as crusaders rather than criminals.

"Possible!" he said. "The people here look for some heavy visitation of Divine Providence upon you. But God will judge, and judge more wisely than we." By this time Norfolk and Fort Monroe were at hand, and we separated.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 8.

The hustings are already being run up in the different polling districts of London; and before next week is over, the borough elections, about which there is always most excitement, will be virtually completed. On Thursday night the writs were all sent out, and on Monday the first elections will commence. Meanwhile the impression gains ground that the Ministry will have a majority of a decisive character. However, there is very little good in discussing probabilities that will shortly be turned into certainties. The shrewdest prophetic authorities always assign a somewhat distant date to the apprehended destruction of the universe by fire. "Che sarà, sarà," the motto of the house of Bedford, is a wise one for the guidance of all political critics; and, therefore, I shall defer all foretellings about the elections till next Saturday, when practically the result will be known. This much, however, I can fairly say, that as yet the popular excitement about the approaching contest is of the mildest order. You must go away from the metropolis into the country districts to witness any excitement at all. There, indeed, the question whether the orange or the blue candidate shall be returned to Parliament is a matter of very keen interest; but it is so rather on personal and local, than on public and political, grounds.

An aristocratic liberal and a liberal aristocrat probably entertain in their own hearts very much the same views as to politics. But yet, to the country at large it is not a matter of indifference which party is most largely represented in the electoral returns. Though there is a general disposition amidst men of all parties to let moot questions rest for the present, it is certain that, in the course of events, questions must suggest themselves demanding solution; and the nature of that solution will be greatly influenced by the constitution of the next Parliament.

Everything is for the best in the best possible of worlds—such is the key-note of our addresses, whether issued from the Carlton Club or the Reform. Never, I think, was there a more rose-tinted proclamation than that issued by Lord Palmerston to the electors of Tiverton. In casting a retrospective view over the six last years, about the only circumstance the Premier can find to regret is the death of the Prince Consort; and even this chastened sorrow is mitigated by the consoling reflection that, during the same period, the Prince of Wales has married and become the father of two infant sons. How long is this contentment to last? The only answer I can give is the one that my Lazzarone servant at Naples used invariably to give me when I asked him any question to reply to which involved any mental exertion on his part, "Chi lo sa?" Other response I have none to give. However, if political excitement is almost wanting in the present contest, there is an unusual amount of local agitation. There are, as I suppose you know, 658 seats in the House of Commons. Now, according to the latest reports received from different parts of the country, the candidates are distributed as follows:

England and Wales.....	383	Liberals;	322	Conservatives.
Scotland.....	51	"	15	"
Ireland.....	70	"	64	"
Total.....	504		401	

The excess of Liberals is due to the fact that the candidates who hope to get in by what in the game of billiards is termed a "fluke," always stand on popular principles. It is a significant fact that, if any would-be legislator desires to contest a seat where he has no local interest, or for which he is not prepared to spend money, he always finds it advisable to bid for Liberal, not Tory, support. Then, too, the organization of the Ministerial party is very inferior to that of the opposition. There are scores of seats for

which there are more candidates on the Liberal side than places; but I cannot recall an instance where the Conservative interest is unnecessarily split up in the face of active opposition.

Mr. Mill has at last responded to the appeals of his supporters, and made his appearance before the electors of Westminster. The shrewd hard sense of his speeches, and the undeniable honesty of his language, have done much to win back for him the popularity which he had endangered by his long continued absence. He is not—and, I think, never can be—an effective popular speaker; his voice is too deficient in physical power; but it is clear he can speak well enough to hold his own in the House. Professor Cairnes, the author of the "Slave Power," Professor Fawcett, Mr. Hughes, and other leading supporters of the Federal cause, have addressed meetings in his behalf this week, with great success. On the other hand, he has even received advocacy from quarters not calculated to improve his chances. Henry Vincent, a third-rate Chartist orator, has delivered stump orations on his behalf; and a Mrs. Laws, who is said to be a spiritualist lecturer, astonished a British audience by rising up suddenly, at St. James' Hall, to give Mill the tribute of her support. Considering that Westminster is one of the most numerous and radical of our great constituencies, it may, perhaps, surprise you to learn what were the objections which the canvassers for the great political economist have had most often raised against their candidate, and have found most difficulty in encountering. In the first place, Mill's advocacy of female suffrage is bitterly unpalatable to the great majority of the constituency. Then there is an uncomfortable doubt on the part of the electors whether Mill's theory, as to the advisability of restricting the growth of the population in order to raise the position of the working classes, is altogether consonant with British notions of family life. And finally, a surmise that the matrimonial relations of the candidate for Westminster were not quite in accordance—not indeed with the principles of morality—but with the conventional prejudices of society, appears to have as much weight in the region of Tothill Fields as it would have in the adjacent district of Belgravia. However, in spite of these disadvantages, an impression is gaining ground amongst the electors that Mill would be the right man in the right place, if returned for Westminster; and this impression will, I hope, carry the day.

Since the defeat of the Government on the question of the Chancellor's conduct, the Tories have tried to make electioneering capital out of Lord Westbury's downfall by placarding the streets with the names of the Liberal members who voted for the impugned minister. But the attempt, as yet, has met with no response. A vote of censure—for Mr. Bouverie's motion was nothing less—directed against the highest legal authority of the kingdom—the official who, with the Primate of England, takes rank next after the princes of the blood royal, is a very grave occurrence, and one to which we can summon nothing similar since the days of Lord Macclesfield. But yet, whatever may be the cause, it has produced but little sensation in the country. In the first place, the charges on which Lord Westbury has virtually been condemned were not very clearly made out, nor are they of a distinct and definite character. It is not worth while to trouble you with a résumé of the Edmonds and Leeds scandals. It is enough to say the investigation showed convincingly that there had been great laxity in the administration of the Chancellor's patronage, that offices in the gift of the Crown had been bought and sold, and that these transactions had resulted, somehow or other, in the advantage of the Chancellor's own family. Now these facts were quite adequate in popular estimation to necessitate the Chancellor's withdrawal from office; but they did not prove actual corruption on his part. On the contrary, no evidence whatever was forthcoming to prove that Lord Westbury had derived any personal benefit whatever from the jobbing perpetrated through his own neglect of vigilance; and it was clearly shown that in the cases where he had connived at pensions being conferred on officials whom he had compelled to leave their offices for breaches of duty, he had no conceivable motive for compromising the matter, as it was in his power to have secured the immediate migration of the delinquent officials, supposing—as his accusers alleged—he wished to bestow their situations on members of his own family or their nominees. Then, too, the British public always has a sort of sneaking sympathy with anybody who jobs for his own family. "There is no selfishness in the world"—Helps says, somewhere—"like that of your respectable family man." The saying has much truth in it; the very strength of our national home feeling makes us "wondrous kind" to sins which have as an excuse the attachment of parents and children; and so everybody, in the House or out of it, felt that they themselves, in the Lord Chancellor's position, would have jobbed a little to help Mr. Slingsby Bethell or even the scapegrace Richard—whom his father is once reported to have described as "Honorable, but *only* by act of Parliament." And, more than all, the country had a conviction that, whatever the Chancellor's sins may have been, he was attacked rather from his personal unpopularity than from any indignation at his misconduct. There was, and is, about the man an almost sublime arrogance, that offended every one who crossed his path. Anything more superciliously offensive than his tone in addressing the House of Lords, as Speaker, cannot well be conceived. Nothing seemed to give him so much pleasure as an occasion of showing his contempt for the intellectual inferiority of less able men. As a specimen of his manner, I may mention a story which came to my knowledge. During the discussions on the Bankruptcy question, a deputation of eminent Manchester merchants waited on Lord Westbury to protest against some of the provisions of his act. After hearing their reasons for objecting, the Chancellor dismissed them with the following comment, delivered in that mild, mincing tone of his which in itself is almost an insult: "That, gentlemen, you should be utterly ignorant of the principles of law is what I anticipated; but it does surprise me to find that you know nothing of the rudiments of business." I plead guilty myself to a private belief that his grand law reforms were chiefly due to the satisfaction he felt in trampling on the prejudices and depreciating the interests of the profession to which he belonged. But, nevertheless, he was the only Chancellor we have had for many a long day who showed that he cared more for the interests of the public than of the lawyers, and as such he was held in esteem by the non-legal portion of the community.

The true history of the division, as far as I can learn it, I take to be this. The main object of the Government was to adjourn all discussion in the House till the elections were over. This object was in no small measure the explanation of the repeated delays in the production of the various reports, and of the hurried prorogation of Parliament. Last week it was believed the object had been attained, as the great majority of the members on either side had left town and were busy attending to their electioneering affairs. Mr. Ward Hunt's motion fell, like a bombshell, into the ministerial camp; clear notice was given of it on the Friday evening. Lord Palmerston, with his usual personal loyalty towards his colleagues, was anxious that the rejection of the motion should be made a Cabinet question, and intimations to that effect were, I believe, conveyed hastily to all the absent supporters of the Ministry. On both sides a tremendous whip was made; but the result by Monday morning was not encouraging to the Government. Under these circumstances Mr. Bouverie's amendment relieved them from a grave embarrassment. This amendment, though severely impugning the conduct of the Chancellor, acquitted him of any corrupt practices, and, what is more, directly dissociated the Ministry from any responsibility in the Chancellor's misdoings. Mr. Bouverie undoubtedly acted as an independent member; but I doubt so stanch a Whig as the member for Kilmarnock having drawn up his amendment without communication with the Ministry. Thus, when the decisive evening arrived, it was found that the fate of the Government was not to be decided after all by the issue of the debate. Mr. Ward Hunt, in behalf of the opposition, accepted Mr. Bouverie's amendment in lieu of the original motion; and the Government contested it without any very earnest vigor. Not a single leading member of the Ministry or of the Liberal party spoke strongly in the Lord Chancellor's defence. At the close of the debate, when it was clear the majority would be in favor of Mr. Bouverie, Lord Palmerston made one last effort to save his colleague. He moved the adjournment of the debate; and it was known privately, though not officially, that if the adjournment had been carried, the Premier would have announced the resignation of the Chancellor at the next sitting, and thus precluded the passage of any direct vote of censure. A great number of Liberal members, who would not have voted against Mr. Bouverie, voted for the adjournment of the discussion; but the feeling of the House was too strong for delay; and the Government sustained a damaging, though not a decisive, defeat. In former and bolder days, the Premier would, I think, have resigned office on receiving such a rebuff from Parliament. But the older he grows, the keener his passion for power appears to become. The Parliamentary drama was terminated not unworthily by the speech in which the Lord Chancellor announced his resignation to the Peers. The old defiant air was maintained to the last; and a position which in almost any other man would have been one of humiliation, was invested by Lord Westbury with a strange kind of dignity. In his official capacity he has no need to fear comparison with his successor. Lord Cranworth is a man of seventy-five, and has the reputation of being one of the worst lawyers and most inefficient officials who ever sat upon the woolsack. His appointment is doubtless only intended as a temporary one, till it can be seen whether the administration is likely to have a prolonged lease of office.

This week has witnessed the termination of a poisoning trial which will rank amongst the *causes célèbres* of English judicature. A Glasgow physician of good family, high standing, and considerable professional

reputation, has been convicted of murdering his wife and mother-in-law by doctoring their food with repeated doses of antimony. The evidence against him was of the most conclusive character. It was shown beyond possibility of doubt that the unhappy victims died of antimonial poisons; that the prisoner, Dr. Pritchard, had been in the habit of purchasing unusual quantities of antimony with no assignable motive; and that the explanations he had given as to the illness of Mrs. Pritchard and her mother were obviously inconsistent with the known facts of the case. Moreover, it was clearly established that he desired his mother-in-law's death, in order to relieve him from pressing pecuniary embarrassments, while he might reasonably wish for that of his wife, in order to carry on an illicit connection he had formed with one of his maid-servants, to whom he had promised marriage in the event of Mrs. Pritchard's decease. After a lengthened trial, the doctor was condemned by a unanimous verdict, given after a very short period of deliberation. Growing as is the dislike to capital punishment in this country, no effort will, I expect, be made to save Dr. Pritchard's life. North of the Tweed the trial has created immense excitement, but in England it produced less interest than many cases of far less criminal notoriety. To make a regular "sensation" trial a lady must now be the alleged criminal. That element, at any rate, will be found in the approaching trial of Constance Kent.

I have no doubt you will receive from other quarters full accounts of the Fourth of July dinner, which was held on Tuesday last at Willis's Rooms, and at which I had the honor to be present. As an Englishman, I could have wished that the English element had been somewhat better represented; as I am sure it might have been, if the arrangements had been more carefully made. Mr. Potter, the member for Rochdale, is a very worthy gentleman, but he is hardly a fit representative of the public men in this country who have done what they could to move the sympathies of Englishmen in behalf of the cause of freedom in America. However, my own private opinion is that the Fourth of July is, and ought to be, a purely American, not an international festival: and I believe the gathering at Willis's Rooms was a very brilliant one as far as the American residents in London are concerned. The dinner was excellent; and the only defect was the overpowering heat, for which the elements have to account. I can never recollect so hot a summer. Every day the rain has threatened, but the threats have not been realized; and now farmers are beginning to fear that we shall have our rainy season at the critical period of the harvest.

A WORD ABOUT MUSEUMS.

BARNUM'S Museum is gone at last. It has fallen before that conflagration with which it has often been threatened, and which it has more than once barely escaped. The children will miss an accustomed place of amusement for their Saturday vacations. The occasional visitors to the city from the "rural districts" will no longer yield to its irresistible attractions. The worst and most corrupt classes of our people must seek some new place of resort, and other opportunities of meeting one another. A most dangerous man-trap is removed, and without loss of human life. These four considerations make the sober citizen of New York hesitate whether to regret this burning and destruction or not.

But there is another consideration. Were the lovers of curiosities—whether of natural history or of human ingenuity or of historical association—the more pleased by the existence of the collections which are now destroyed, or more insulted by their insufficiency, disorder, neglected condition, and obviously secondary importance? It is one thing to love shells and minerals, and to enjoy collections of them, but quite another to enjoy *every* collection of them. The more truly one loves a good collection well arranged, the more he will be offended by a chaotic, dusty, dishonored collection. The more one loves the order and system of scientific enquiry, the more he will feel personally injured by disorder and lack of system among the materials of scientific enquiry. The more one aspires to neatness, exactness, and care in his own private "cabinet," the more he will revolt at slovenliness in a larger and more public museum. And it is probable that no class of the community was less satisfied with the museum of Mr. Barnum than that class for which it would seem to have been originally intended.

This class is not an unimportant or even a small one. The host of readers whose favorite reading is natural science, the armies of listeners to lectures on geology, that large proportion of our boys and young men who collect and study "specimens" of minerals, all belong to it. The profoundly scientific are not those who care for public museums, unless containing this or that unique treasure. The frequenters of museums are those who cannot themselves give much time or means to the collection, classification, and study of specimens, but who read in the evenings, and would gladly see by day a larger number and a greater variety of helps to understand than their own limited time has sufficed to discover—than their own limited means have sufficed to procure. There are thousands of these earnest amateur students, whose amateur studies are not to be despised even by the profounder scholar. These would visit the lost museum rarely, early in the morning when no disreputable crowd was thronging it, looking along the crammed and disordered shelves in the hope of lighting on something which they wished to see, finding it or not as the blind deities of chance might order. Without scientific arrangement, without a catalogue, without attendants, without even labels, in very many instances, the heterogeneous heap of "curiosities," valuable and worthless well mixed together, could not attract our students very often or detain them long.

This class of visitors was never wholly ignored in the advertisements which announced to the world the charms of Barnum's Museum. The "million of curiosities" were mentioned, and their scientific value hinted at. These curiosities were never, so far as we are aware, turned out of the building to make room for fat women, giants, dwarfs, glass-blowers, mermaids, learned seals, and dog-shows. The *aquaria* had a certain attraction for the intelligent, and, in almost any other place, would have been worth frequent visits. Dog-shows in themselves are harmless and not without interest. We desire to give the late "American Museum" all the credit it deserves. For it needs it all. Its memory is not pleasant. It pandered to the most foolish curiosity and to the most morbid appetite for the marvellous. The most gross deceptions were shamelessly resorted to to cause a week's wonder and to swell the week's receipts. The "Lecture Room"—once a sort of "lyceum" hall, latterly a minor theatre in look and character—furnished for the entertainment of its patrons the most vulgar sensation dramas of the day. Its patrons were suitably entertained. It has been many years since a citizen could take his wife or daughter to see a play on that stage.

That respectable people never went to this so-called museum we do not assert. There were hours in the day when the halls were nearly empty; and, where certain shells, stuffed birds, and Indian relics are, there is always something to see. But we hold that the class of students of whom we have spoken deserve better mental fare than this dreary refectory could afford.

It is in behalf of this class that we ask for a real museum. It is in behalf of all classes of the community, except that vicious and degraded one by which the late "American Museum" was largely monopolized, that we ask the community for a building and for collections that shall be worthy of the name so sadly misapplied. *Μουσειον, museum, musée;* the word seems full of honorable meaning in every language but our own, and with reason. Home of the Muses, it means, and is akin to "music" and "musing," and to "amusement," too, which is a good word with a good meaning. Collections of animals belong to it, indeed, both living and prepared, collections of minerals and shells, of historical and personal relics, and not only these, but collections representative of all the arts, both industrial and decorative, fine art and artisanship. All those valuable things which men do not consume but keep (money, of course, as it has no value except to represent value, is not in itself a valuable thing, and is not included in our statement) have a home in a museum. And "American," "The American Museum!" when that name is again written across the front of a building, let it be a building worthy in itself and in its contents of the honorable and responsible rank which, by taking that name, it assumes.

The British Museum is a national institution, founded and supported by the revenues and the government of an empire. The American Museum of the future will be such another, and even more worthily lodged. It would be good taste if all local institutions, whether belonging to individuals, to companies, to cities, or to States, would adopt names less inappropriate to their natures. But as long as we have American institutes of various kinds, and American companies of many sorts, all incorporated under State laws and limited in their spheres of action by State boundaries, such observance of fitness as we might desire we certainly cannot hope for. Let New York City, then, create for itself an "American Museum." And let the thing itself be not unworthy of the name it rashly assumes.

By the perseverance and the intelligence of some, aided by a series of happy accidents, New York obtained a park, which was put into the hands of good managers and ingenious and conscientious artists, and was carried on by them to such a point of *quasi* completion that it can hardly be spoiled now, and is likely to remain for ever, to cause posterity to doubt the truth of the future historian's account of misgovernment and corruption in New York in the nineteenth century. Let us try to make our descendants still more incredulous on this point. Let us have a place of public instruction as well as of public enjoyment. Perhaps in the neighborhood of the Central

Park itself would be the best place for it; let us establish it there, and try to draw encouragement and a stimulus to exertion from our beautiful neighbor.

Nearly every one who has travelled in Europe remembers something of European museums, even though it be but a shadowy image of them that his mind retains. Something of the wonders contained in that sombre temple in Great Russell Street, and something of the artistic treasures "put out of sight under the shadowy vaults of Kensington;" something of the Louvre and the Garden of Plants; something of the Green Vaults of Dresden, of the half-score museums of Berlin, and of the various *Sammlungen* of Munich—remains to help furnish forth everybody's pleasant reminiscences of his European trip. But perhaps there are few who have thought of this, that a museum should include, to be perfect—that any museum *may* include—all the different collections of all the different kinds. As a good example, more apt to be known to our readers than another, let us take the national collections in London.

The British Museum contains the following collections: 1st, the collection of manuscripts, to guard which the "Trustees of the British Museum" were first incorporated in 1753, and which was first exhibited in 1759; 2d, the library, at first small, increased to many times its original size by bequest of George IV., and now the second library in Europe in size, and the first in practical value—open to the public under wise restrictions, nearly six hundred thousand volumes strong, furnished with the best reading-room in the world, and rich in a world of curiosities and artistic treasures; 3d, the collections of natural history, divided into zoology, fossils, minerals, and botany, magnificent in every department and subdivision, and unequalled in many; 4th, the collection of portraits of sovereigns and famous men, now hung on the walls of the zoological galleries; 5th, the collection of antiquities—Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, and British—including in its glorious assembling together of riches the famous Elgin Marbles, the Ninevite and other sculptures of Layard's and Rich's discovery, and the best collection in Europe of the oldest art of all, the art of Egypt; 6th, the ethnographical collection. These are under one roof, not large enough now to cover aright the overgrown and still growing collections.

Not far to the west of the British Museum is that ugly building in Trafalgar Square of which one-half is devoted to the Royal Academy of Arts and the other half to the "National Gallery—Foreign Schools." This collection of pictures, but a few years ago inferior to the collection of any of the great European capitals, has been enlarged within a few years, by great watchfulness and lavish expense, to respectable size and immense value. The English pictures, or part of them, were once in the same galleries, but they have gone still further west.

The "National Gallery—British School" is housed at South Kensington, in the upper story of an unpretending and purely utilitarian building of iron, or series of buildings rather, which bears the local, alliterative, but very appropriate name, "The Brompton Boilers." This name, *Brompton*, contended with the name of its neighbor village, *South Kensington*, for the honor of entitling the new region of the expanding metropolis and the national museum it contained. South Kensington has won, but the rival name is preserved in the popular appellation of the range of ugly buildings which are so fair within.

In the lower story of this edifice is arranged the "Museum of Ornamental Art." Into a minute description of this we have not space to enter. It is new—the creation of a half-score of years—an embodiment of the newly developed ambition of the British people and Parliament to be cherishers and patrons of the fine arts—made as private collections are made, by purchase in open market, but made with the rapidity and ease coming of an exhaustless purse and a resolute will—growing more rapidly every year; not in every respect well contrived, but already containing a splendid museum within itself, and destined soon to be developed into a near approach to completion.

Such are the national collections. Besides these, there is at Sydenham Crystal Palace a great gallery of casts from sculpture, ancient and mediæval, and from architectural sculptured ornament, which, or the like of which, should belong to Government, and probably will at some future time. The famous collection of living animals in Regent's Park belongs to the Zoological Society, but answers the purposes of a national collection in every respect except in the charge of a fee of entrance. To all the others is now to be added the contents of the old India House, a treasury of rarities which a few years ago, with the dissolution of the East India Company, passed into the hands of the Government. So the museum of London is very widely scattered, and lacks as yet worthy buildings to contain it properly. The English, perhaps, are willing to wait until their present labors in search of a good national architecture shall have been crowned with success. Their experiments in public buildings have compared but poorly with the very excellent private architectural work which has been done in Great Britain, and when, not long since, they were on the point of getting a really good building in London, the present venerable Premier put a stop to all that undertaking. Therefore it is cause for rejoicing that so many of the national collections have only temporary homes.

New York may have its choice of departments, and make collections of any kind. A good collection in any department is a work either of much money or of much time; and a *very* good collection requires both. New York can better afford to give money than time for her *good* collections, to begin with, for New York wants her museum at once.

There is talk of a joint stock company which proposes to have a museum and to pay a large profit in money to stockholders. It may be doubted whether a joint stock company can best do such work; whether the sum of three hundred thousand dollars is money enough to do it with; whether this particular enterprise, if successful, will give us what we want, or not rather another undertaking like Mr. Barnum's of yore, which Mr. Barnum himself, also in the field, will delve one yard below and blow to the moon—and then buy out. There is money enough to be had which will not seek pecuniary interest, intellect enough to be had, and experience enough to establish such a museum as we need, if only these three—money, intelligence, and experience—will come together and understand each other. Let New York beware lest Philadelphia and Boston should each step in before her and use the intelligence, the experience, the opportunity, the well stocked markets, and some part of the money which she should secure.

By statute the New York Historical Society is authorized to form a Museum of Antiquities and Science and a Gallery of Art, and is given for this purpose the old arsenal building in the Central Park, with as much ground as the Commissioners of the Central Park will allow. The Society, moreover, has authority either to use the building as it is, to alter it, or to remove it and build anew. The use of this present or future building is given for the use specified for ever, to revert to the Park Commission only on the removal of the collections forming the museum or gallery.

It is well to remember that gift, for it is out of this gift and by the influence and position of the Historical Society that such a museum as we want may perhaps be reared. The Society has already a good museum of Egyptian antiquities, a few Assyrian sculptures, historical relics, a library rich in one department, and among its pictures perhaps three or four of a certain value. It is strong in numbers and in the social standing of its members. It surely could not require an unreasonable amount of exertion on the part of such a body to raise what money is wanted and begin the so much needed work.

A society is incorporated, its incorporation dating from 1860, and is granted a portion of land in the Central Park for the formation of botanical and zoological gardens. This society, which has honorable and well-known names in the list of its incorporators, may perhaps be expected to act for us if the Historical Society will not. That more energy is needed in the action of the latter body than it showed in the matter of the Jarves Collection is evident, and that they will show this energy is not certain. We may well look at other companies, and consider what further means may be employed to secure the end we so much desire.

But of one thing let us be certain. No individual or stock company which may undertake to form and manage a museum as a way of making money will be of any great or permanent service to the community. Let those who are disposed to aid any of these movements remember this, that the efforts of an ingenious showman to attract popular attention and make money rapidly are not likely to accrue to popular enlightenment. It would not seem well to such a showman to spend money, time, and thought to make valuable antiquarian and scientific collections, classify and catalogue them accurately, and build a fitting and permanent building to contain them. Perhaps the British Museum, charging twenty-five cents admission fee, would take in less money in a year than did Mr. Barnum's old museum at the same price. Let the would-be stockholder invest his money in a proper enterprise properly guarded, and take dividends for his reward. Of his abundance let him give to the foundation of a real museum for his own enlightenment, the good of his children, and the honor and benefit of the community.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

II.

ITS QUALITY.

MASTERY in the art of war is said to be evidence of genius of the loftiest type. It may be held with equal justness, that to write the history of a war as it should be written, the highest attributes of the human mind are re-

quired. Great deeds can be exactly measured only by great minds. For to define and appreciate distinctly their motives, means, and results, he that essays their commemoration must in a measure reconceive them, and such a reconception is possible alone with natural gifts, if not absolutely, at least nearly similar.

Great historians are just as rare phenomena as great generals. Hence it would have been unreasonable to expect that managing editors could secure the services of first class historical writers as army correspondents. To insist upon a full possession of the qualities of eminent recorders of human events as a test of fitness for army reporting, would have been equally irrational on their part, and could only have resulted in frustrating their object. All they could do was to find the best material to be had, and to use it as best they could. Even if there had been an bundance of high historical talent in the country, very few journals would have felt warranted by their pecuniary circumstances in endeavoring to enlist it in their service by holding out adequate compensation. Had there been a plenitude of Bancrofts, Prescotts, and Motleys, it was not likely that weekly wages ranging from $20 to $50—no higher remuneration was paid by any paper to its correspondents during the war—would have induced them to serve the press with the armies.

There is in all human vocations an ideal mastery which is hardly ever reached. The task of army correspondents, defined according to a standard of absolute perfection, would appear superior, as to the quality of the intellectual means required and the professional ends to be attained, even to that of the historian proper. The former is called upon to record the events of the present; the latter, those of the past. A comprehensive grasp of mind, great power of observation and penetration, faculty for logical deduction, knowledge of human nature, concise, clear, and polished expression, would seem as necessary to the one as to the other. But upon the correspondent it devolves often to exercise these qualities amidst intense excitement and bewildering confusion, when oppressed with bodily discomfort, while the historian can bring them into concentrated play in the quiet and ease of his study. And, again, the former has to collect his material amidst the most trying difficulties, and, constrained by limits of time, hurry it at once into form, while the latter can both collect and elaborate it at his pleasure. Hence it would seem to imply no exaggeration to say that the perfect army correspondent possessed more eminent capacities than the historian.

But our civil war has produced no model army reporter. The very weight of duties imposed, the combination of talents required, the inherent obstacles to be overcome, rendered attainment of the ideal standard in this calling simply impossible. No human being, however gifted with strong physical senses and mental powers, could reach it without the additional gifts of omnipresence, omnivision, and supernatural capacity of intellectual production. Consider, for illustration's sake, the task of describing a battle in the time usually given to correspondents for that purpose. What one mind, in those frightful culminations of war, with the wide stretch of the lines of the hostile hosts, with the ever-changing roll of the waves of attack and defence, with the constant shiftings of positions, with the obstruction of observation by the nature of the ground, could absorb this vastness of mazy material while the conflict was raging, and upon its cessation forthwith mould it into a faithful reflection of reality? It is evident, indeed, that it would be unfair in judging the quality of army correspondence to apply the criterion of absolute excellence. To measure its merits and demerits justly, the intrinsic difficulties of the vocation, that rendered only relative success practicable, must be taken into consideration.

As before stated, there was a greater average of capacity among the army correspondents in the early than in the later stages of the war. Of these pioneers in this new branch of journalism, several were men of more than ordinary ability. Having no precedents to follow, no prototypes to imitate, they had to be their own teachers. The greatest perplexity they had to contend with was their entire want of military lore. For a thorough study of the organization of armies, of the properties and uses of the different arms, of grand and elementary tactics, of engineering and other coordinate branches of military science, with all of which as qualified recorders and critics of the events of the war they should have been more or less familiar, there was neither time nor opportunity. It is true, military judgment is acquired more from the practice than the theory of the art of war; but, on the other hand, the practice of years alone can in a measure make up for the lack of all theoretical knowledge. The more ambitious of the correspondents did their best to mend their defects in this respect, and managed to derive a sort of military smattering and command of technical terms from Jomini, Napoleon's Maxims, and other popularized works of this class.

Their début proper before the newspaper-reading world was made by the correspondents with the accounts of the first Bull Run campaign. Excepting a certain degree of verbosity and extravagance of language, some of the special reports of the New York and other journals were, as first attempts at writing of marches and battles, in point of form very creditable to their authors. But already at that time certain shortcomings became apparent that with the progress of the war grew more and more glaring—incompleteness of information, inaccuracy of statement, and a resort to fiction to heighten the dramatic interest of the narrative. The mass of the newspaper accounts of that shameful episode was sheer stuff of the most worthless and ridiculous description. In partial extenuation of this, however, it should be known that in the excited state of the public feeling in those days, it was deemed neither wise nor safe by most of the press to print the exact truth concerning that deep national disgrace—a restriction upon the free expression of correspondents that was frequently exercised on the occasion of subsequent disasters to the national arms, and must be kept in view in criticizing the performances of the correspondents.

In the Peninsula campaign some very fine letters were written to the press, but the average value of the productions of the reporters did not rise above mediocrity with some exceptions. They fell especially short of their task in the closing acts of that unfortunate military venture, when the public so anxiously looked to the newspapers for full intelligence. In the West the story of the capture of Fort Donelson was bunglingly told. Of the battle of Shiloh but one good account appeared in a Western paper. The amount of exaggeration, fiction, and falsehood relative to that bloody struggle with which the journals throughout the North were filled at the time was enormous. In connection with it the reprehensible practice of drawing solely upon the imagination for descriptions of decisive events, at a distance from the field of action, was first inaugurated by some unscrupulous correspondents, who from accident or dereliction of duty failed to be eye-witnesses. The preparation of fictitious reports became a regular trick of trade with quite a number in the course of the war. Some resorted to it to prevent the disappointment of their employers and a triumph of rival papers, others to cover up their own delinquencies. That this systematic falsification of history was practised so largely was due no doubt to a great extent to the countenance given to it by not a few of the managing editors. How extensively this journalistic "confidence game" with fictitious army reports has been carried on, the public has never known; and perhaps it is well, for the sake of the repute of the press, that it does not know more of the cheats of this kind which were imposed upon it.

The campaigns of Generals Fremont, Banks, and Pope, in the summer of '62 in Northern Virginia, were upon the whole well reported. Some accounts of the more striking incidents of those series of operations were excellent. The Antietam campaign gave occasion to the greatest successes accomplished by correspondents—the quickness and range of comprehension, fulness of correct information, and expeditious working up for publication displayed by a representative of one of the New York papers were truly admirable. The first Fredericksburg campaign furnished another great opportunity for distinction, improved, however, but moderately by few of the correspondents. Of the first battles in the Wilderness the same may be said. No events of the war gave rise to so angry and protracted a newspaper controversy as that produced by the carelessness of allegations and hastiness of conclusions of reporters as to the causes of that disaster. In '63, the crowning episode—the battle of Gettysburg—was reported in praiseworthy style by several.

In the West and Southwest, during the same period, no great things were accomplished by correspondents. The exploration of this field was deemed of much less importance by the Eastern press than a close following up of the varied fortunes of the Eastern armies, and its reports were scanty, and withal, save a few exceptions, of a low order. But one or two of the Eastern papers, naturally most interested in the operations west of the Alleghanies, were liberal enough in the first years of the war in the remuneration of their correspondents to make it an object for capable men to enter their service. Hence it was that neither the Murfreesboro, nor the Vicksburg, nor the Chickamauga campaign, nor any other of the major operations in the Western departments at that time, gave birth to many superior productions in the shape of army correspondence. A number of good letters were written, but the aggregate of success was far below that of failure.

With the close of '63, the epoch of "decline" alluded to in the first article commenced. From that time to the fall of the curtain in the grand national drama, a gradual depreciation in the value of army correspondence must have been noticed by every habitual reader of the daily papers. In '62 and '63, the reports of the more able and dexterous correspondents had steadily improved in quality under the effect of greater practical experience. The very reverse occurred after that. It would be unjust to say that this change for the worse characterized all of the journalistic followers of the armies

in '64 and '65. Those of the old correspondents that continued in the field to the end lost nothing of their relative prestige. But they were very few in number, and formed in the last years so small a proportion of the army reporters considered as a body, that their still laudable performances were not adequate to redeem the profession from the discredit which the great majority of incapables brought upon it.

This deterioration was due in the main, as previously set forth, to the succession of an altogether inferior class of persons to the number of comparatively capable men who originally embraced the calling, but from various motives abandoned it after a more or less prolonged service in the field. The editorial managers did not of their own choosing fill the vacancies created by their retirement with the worse new material. Not finding it practicable to secure better men, and preferring, or compelled to accept by the strong demand for war news, a poor representation in the armies in place of none, they employed those they could have. These were, of course, men of low parts, acquirements, and character, writing army correspondence after a fashion and disgracing their calling. But they did not at first constitute the body of the profession. By degrees the number of this class increased, and the time arrived when incompetency in a thousand ways became the ruling characteristic of army reporting. It would be a curious, though hardly gratifying undertaking, to describe specifically the negative qualities and exploits of some of these latter-day correspondents; but only a generic characterization is here admissible. Among them were men whose antecedents should have excluded them for ever from any honorable profession. Not a few embraced the calling from inability to earn a respectable livelihood in any other. Corrupt, and following their new occupation only from necessity and with mercenary intentions, they were not long in becoming the servile tools of scheming officers, who sought with their aid notoriety and through it preferment, and rewarded them for their self-degradation with free quarters, liquor, and living. Others had good intentions, but no capacities. Men turned up in the army as correspondents more fit to drive cattle than to write for newspapers. With a dull or slow perception, incapable of logical arrangement of facts, innocent of grammatical English, they were altogether out of place in the positions they tried to fill. Many added to these defects a lowness of habits and vulgarity of manners that rendered them unfit for association with the higher ranks of the army, and confined them in their intercourse to like-minded subalterns. They could not and did not gain the respect, and with it the confidence, of those high in command, with whom to be on good terms was a prime condition of professional success. They got to be looked upon, as a distinguished general expressed it, "as intolerable but unavoidable nuisances."

What could be expected of these journalistic charlatans—of these sham war historians? Nothing better than what they produced. And thus the public was treated to so-called battle accounts, the pompous diction and meaningless verbiage of which might have done honor to Chinese gazettes. Thus, in place of a plain connected narrative of actual occurrences, allowing of correct conclusions, a mass of undigested matter, a maze of fact and fiction, from which no one could derive an intelligent conclusion, was served up. Thus shameless laudation of undeserving personages on the one hand, and reckless detraction from the merits of rival aspirants to public honors, superseded just comments and well founded criticism. History was falsified; reputations fabricated and destroyed; the judgment of the people vitiated; the faith of the public in the press shaken; the term "army correspondence" made synonymous with misrepresentation and mendacity.

Will any one familiar with the contents of the war columns of the leading journals during the last years of the rebellion call these strictures too severe? The constant contradiction of newspaper accounts by official reports; the continuous flow from the pen of correspondents of statements published and editorially commented upon as truths to-day, only to be authoritatively pronounced downright falsehoods on the morrow; and other abundant evidence of like bearing embodied therein, proves them well applicable.

It is, however, due to impartiality to state that the onus of responsibility for the comparative worthlessness of army correspondence towards the end of the war rests not with the correspondents alone. Their employers contributed no little to their demoralization, by encouraging them in improper practices. The intense rivalry between competing journals made their conductors set more store by early than by trustworthy news. They did not at all object, if their reporters, in order to beat rivals, sacrificed the accuracy to the expeditiousness of their accounts. To print the first, however incorrect and incomplete, intelligence was the height of their ambition. And it often happened to correspondents that, instead of receiving credit for trustworthiness, they were censured for tardiness, if, by taking more time to collect full and correct information, they were with their reports one day behind less scrupulous competitors.

Much has been said and written as to the service rendered to the country by the press through its army correspondence. That a strong ethical, political, and, by way of reaction, military momentum has been communicated to the war by the "mediators between the people and the army," as correspondents have been called, admits of no doubt. But whether more good or evil has been done by them directly as recorders and commentators, and indirectly as tuners of editorial writings, must still appear an open question. There is not a commander in the army that has not something to say about the injurious effect upon military operations of their indiscreet revelations. And is there any newspaper reader who has not been led into wrong views of events and unfounded personal prejudices through the same agencies? However, equally strong arguments can be made on the other side. As for the value, in conclusion, of army correspondence as material for history, we believe that the vexations which the historian must endure while toiling to separate the chaff from the wheat, will be likely to neutralize any feelings of gratitude which the discovery of useful matter may kindle in him.

SHIP CANALS.

At the recent International Convention of merchants, held in Detroit, this subject was brought up by the Committee on Commerce in their report.

For the reason that this appears to us a matter which should receive the attention of the Government, capitalists, and statesmen, we purpose saying something with regard to it. And we set out with the idea that the demands of the country require a ship canal from Albany to some point on Lake Ontario. Possibly this may be accomplished by the enlargement of the New York canals to a shipping capacity from Albany to Oswego, or perhaps it would be better to enlarge the Erie Canal the entire distance, as a matter of economy. This is a matter of minor importance, so that we connect the Hudson River with the lakes. Secondly, we want the Niagara ship canal; and, lastly, we want a similar communication from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River—making three canals which, in connection with the lakes, would form a direct line of water communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River. In the first place, a due regard to our national safety and security demand it. With this line of communication, in case of a war with England, it would take but a short time to run gunboats from the Atlantic seaboard and from the Mississippi to the lakes, and to organize a flotilla that would be formidable for either offensive or defensive operations. Our recent experience with the operations of rebel privateers upon the lakes should be enough to convince any one of the expediency and the imperative necessity of such a measure, as a guarantee of our security upon the frontier. In case of hostilities with England, it is fair to suppose that she would attempt to blockade the St. Lawrence River, and she would probably succeed. We are then shut out of the lakes, and must depend upon previous preparation or must build up a navy on the lakes. So far as previous preparation is concerned, under present circumstances, with but a single war vessel on the lakes, we should find ourselves in a sorry plight.

Happily, this is soon to be superseded by a different policy. Building up a navy after hostilities had actually commenced would be but the subjecting of every one of our towns situated upon the lakes to the mercy of an English navy, and every one of them would be laid in ashes before we were ready. This would never do. If ever we get into war with England, instead of receiving shot and shell in our defenceless cities, we should be in a position to put every Canadian town in range of our guns and overrun Canada immediately after the commencement of hostilities. With the exception of one town, this would not be impracticable, provided we could command the lakes.

Secondly, the commercial interests of the country also demand the adoption of this measure. Six years ago, the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio roads were waging a suicidal war for through freight. How is it to-day? Not one of these roads is anxious about through freight. The war, to some extent, is the reason of this, but not the sole one. The largely increased railway traffic for the last three or four years is mainly due to the increased development of resources and increased production. The New York roads are able to live and declare a dividend upon the local trade that has sprung up, and have but little rolling stock disengaged for the shipment of Western produce.

We must have some increased facilities for the transmission of produce from the West, whose resources are as yet but imperfectly developed, and which will receive an impetus from the disbanding of our armies, as a large number of the discharged soldiers will go West to settle.

We are expanding in every direction. The time is not far distant when a railroad to the Pacific will be in running order. The embarrassments which our roads are now laboring under will then be doubled, and the capacity for carrying freight on all roads between New York and the Mississippi River will be immensely curtailed. Give us these ship canals, and the difficulty is obviated. New York must ever continue the metropolis of the country.

Goods for Western merchants can be shipped to the lakes, thence by a line of propellers to any point on the lakes, and thence to St. Louis, St. Paul, St. Joseph. In return these boats and propellers will bring back wheat and Western products, and put them in the New York or any other market at a lower price than can be done now. During the summer months the railroads would be largely relieved of this business, and be able to keep their rolling stock in repair for winter demands.

Everything should be done to diminish freights, call out competition, stimulate capital, and develop the resources of the country. The railroads are already inadequate to the demands upon them, and must every day become more so.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THOSE who can look back for a period of thirty years may remember when the remarkable series of books, commencing with "The Natural History of Enthusiasm," followed up by "Fanaticism," "Spiritual Despotism," "Physical Theory of Another Life," etc., were among the works that most attracted the attention of thinking men, and impressed themselves most strongly on the leading minds who directed the current of theological speculation. Their author, Isaac Taylor, has just passed away at the age of seventy-seven, after a life of continuous literary labor, more resembling what we read of the scholars of the seventeenth century than the diffusive habits of the nineteenth. Nearly forty years elapsed between the publication of his first work, "Elements of Thought," and "The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry" in 1860. About thirty distinct books, besides translations, etc., testify to his industry. Many of them have taken a permanent place in literature. That Isaac Taylor, on the whole, occupies the rank as an author due to his great reading, profound learning, originality of thought, and mastery over a style at once bold, nervous, and picturesque, few will admit. The fact is perhaps owing to a certain independence of view that allowed no sect or denomination to claim him as their own, though his aid was eagerly accepted by all, as by the Evangelical party in his "Ancient Christianity"—perhaps the most damaging attack on the Tractarian doctrines that the entire controversy produced. The only outward incident of Isaac Taylor's life known to the public was his unsuccessful application for the professorship of logic and metaphysics at Edinburgh in 1836. His sisters, Jane and Anne Taylor, the friends of our youth, were the other best known members of the family, conspicuous in all its branches for mental cultivation, to which he belonged. They were Nonconformists or Dissenters; but Isaac Taylor, in the latter part of his life, conformed to the Established Church. His son, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, is a minister of it, and author of a late book displaying great philological research, entitled "Words and Places, or Etymological Illustrations of History and Ethnology."

—The sale of Mr. George Offor's Biblical library, mentioned in our paper of July 13, came to a disastrous conclusion on Thursday, June 29, when the premises of Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, the auctioneers, were destroyed by fire, consuming the library of Mr. Offor and other collections that were to be sold during the present season, estimated at the value of from $300,000 to $400,000. Two days' sale of Mr. Offor's books had taken place when this deplorable fire occurred, at prices that were considered very satisfactory. The highest sum reached by any book was bid for No. 341 of the catalogue, a copy of the New Testament, printed by Whitchurche at London, in 1547, in small octavo: this brought £215 (for America, we believe). No other copy had ever been heard of, and, as it showed some remarkable omissions, etc., in the text, it was supposed the whole edition was purposely called in or suppressed. No. 165, a vellum manuscript old English version of "Epistles and Gospels," resembling, but not identical with, Wycliffe's translation, and richly bound in embroidered silk, with silver clasps, sold for £220. No. 275, the first edition of the English Bible, by Myles Coverdale, printed on the Continent, but where is unknown, in 1535, in blue morocco, sold for £135; twenty-two leaves were supplied in fac-simile, but the book is so scarce that no completely perfect copy is known to exist. The other rare editions brought excellent prices; the produce of the two days' sale being nearly £3,000. The progress of the fire was so rapid that nothing seems to have been saved. The library of the Earl of Charlemont, included in the loss, was a valuable one, being rich in Caxtons, Wynkyn de Wordes, early

Shakespeare editions, illuminated MSS., etc. The firm that has met with this severe infliction claims an antiquity that has made it an institution in the world of letters. It was established in the year 1744, and has continued in the same business, as auctioneers of literary and fine art property, through various members of the same family and connection until now, when most of the great libraries, etc., disposed of pass through their hands. The late Mr. Sotheby was known as an author by several works on early typography and the origin of engraving, including "The Block Books of the Fifteenth Century," in three volumes folio.

—Peculiarly interesting to Americans is the fate of Baron Humboldt's library—a collection important in itself, and unique from its association with its owner, who had stamped a value on almost every book in it by his copious MS. notes and critical remarks. This was stored at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms, and is said to have been destroyed with the rest of the property there. It is to be hoped, however, that the loss is only partial. The entire library was (as is well known) purchased from Messrs. Asher, the booksellers of Berlin—who had bought it from Humboldt's faithful attendant, to whom it was bequeathed—by Mr. Henry Steevens of Vermont, the literary agent in London through whom most of the rare books in America have been procured. Mr. Steevens offered the collection to the Astor and other libraries, but failed to meet with a purchaser as a whole. He then printed privately a beautifully executed *catalogue raisonnê* of its contents, and by offering to sell the articles singly was able, it was understood, to dispose of the most valuable of them to public libraries and private collectors in the United States. It is hoped that in this way the choicest relics of Alexander von Humboldt may have escaped destruction and found a permanent resting place on the continent that he did so much to illustrate and make known to the rest of the world.

—Governor Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations depending on the Province of New York" is now being reprinted by T. H. Morell, of 134 Fulton Street, from an almost unique copy of the original New York edition, printed by Bradford in 1727. It is only of late years that any copy of this edition has been discovered. It had never been seen by Mr. O. Rich, who passed a long life in the collecting of books in America, and its very existence was doubted. A comparison of it with the London reprint of 1747 shows some curious differences, proving that the book had been tampered with, unknown to the author and without his consent. Colden's dedication of the work to Governor Burnet is retained, but made nonsense of by being inscribed to General Oglethorp. The Indian speeches given at length by Colden are suppressed, and replaced by meagre abridgments. In fact, in the words of J. G. Shea, the competent editor of this new impression, "the whole work is so cut up and altered that no scholar can, in using the English edition, feel any confidence that he is quoting Colden at all." The book will be an exact fac-simile of the original, and as the first work on New York history issued in the colony by its first printer, must always possess an enduring interest independently of its historical value as mentioned above. The impression is limited to one hundred copies in octavo at five dollars, and twenty-five imperial octavo at twelve dollars each.

—Two volumes of unpublished writings by M. de Tocqueville will form the conclusion of the complete edition of his works now publishing in Paris under the supervision of his friend and colleague in his mission to America, M. Gustave de Beaumont. They contain a continuation of his work on the *Ancien Régime* in France, and also most interesting fragments, in a more or less complete shape, relating to the leading characters of the Revolution, intended to form part of a work that occupied the last years of the great French publicist's life, the subject of which was the political reconstruction of France as effected by Napoleon Bonaparte. Many other papers of value are given for the first time, including personal memoranda of travels in England, Ireland, Algeria, Switzerland, etc. For American readers the whole ought to appear in an English dress, and would well repay any publisher who should attempt it.

—It may interest the amateurs of a rising fine art manufacture in this country to know that the number of stained glass windows of a high class historical character, excluding simply decorated or pattern examples, executed every year in England, is estimated at seventeen hundred, costing more than one hundred thousand pounds. One of the most potent agents in the revival of what was considered to be a lost art was Mr. Charles Winston, a barrister, lately deceased, who devoted himself to its study, theoretically and practically, giving the manufacturers all the benefit of his researches. A new edition of his "Inquiry into the Styles of Ancient Stained Glass," the leading work on the subject, is now in press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Parker of Oxford.

—In a clever book of real research, a history of the English Post-office, entitled "Her Majesty's Mails," the author, Mr. Lewins, gives some new information respecting an English worthy—Ralph Allen, the friend of Pope and the prototype of Fielding's Squire Allworthy in "Tom Jones," who has hitherto derived his celebrity more from his literary friends than from any knowledge of his own claims to notice. Mr. Allen was in reality, however, the Rowland Hill of the last century, as far as postal improvement was concerned. His memorials, agreements, etc., with the department are quoted by Mr. Lewins, and show a combination of intelligence and quaint simplicity thoroughly in keeping with the character of the man. He was the first to devise direct means of communication for letters between the different cities and towns of the kingdom without their previous transference to London. He obtained the necessary grant for the purpose while postmaster at Bath in 1719, and retained it by successive renewals till his death in 1764, when this business—of the "Cross Posts," as it was called—had grown to such gigantic proportions as to be unmanageable, and it was taken possession of by the post-office authorities themselves. An account left at his death, in his own hand, showed that the net profits of his contracts averaged over £10,000 a year, or during his official life amounted to nearly half a million sterling. In what spirit he spent it, the line of the poet which bids him continue to

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame,"

sufficiently testifies. Among other curious facts is mentioned that the rebellion of 1745 so disturbed his postal arrangements that the subsequent agreements contained a clause for his indemnification in the event of a fresh irruption of Jacobite rebels from Scotland.

—Mr. Hall's arctic experiences, "Life with the Esquimaux," published here by Messrs. Harpers, has met with the success in England that its merits deserve, and a new edition is announced at the price of seven shillings. The first issue was in two volumes octavo at twenty-four shillings. We notice the fact as an illustration of a practice habitual to the English book trade, and one that we think might often be followed with advantage by publishers in the United States. Here, the prevalence of stereotyping every book fixes its size and price, so that it is very rare for any alteration to take place in either of them. There, where stereotyping is the exception, on the sale of a first successful expensive edition, it is customary to issue the following ones at a lower price, so as to bring them within the means of different classes of purchasers. Thus Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontè" (to take a familiar example) was originally published in two volumes, price twenty-four shillings; the second appeared in one volume for seven shillings and sixpence; and the third was brought out, in a small size, for half a crown, or two shillings and sixpence. If more discrimination was exercised by publishers, stereotyping—which excludes improvements and perpetuates things obsolete—would be more sparingly adopted, and the consequence would be that publishers' profits, at the end of twenty years' business, would not all be sunk in old plates, only worth so much per pound, as they too often are under the present system.

—The new book of travels, "Wanderings through Eastern and Central Arabia," by William Gifford Palgrave, acquires, from the singular career of its author, an interest almost as great as that derived from its freshness and novelty. Mr. Palgrave was formerly a student at Oriel College, Oxford, but, from extreme High Church notions, declined being ordained a clergyman. He then went out to Bombay as an officer in the Indian army and served five years. Becoming a Catholic, he left his regiment (the 8th Native Infantry) and entered the order of Jesuits. He studied at Rome and in France, was ordained priest, and sent to Syria as missionary, where he labored with great zeal for ten or twelve years, being conspicuous for his opposition to the Protestant missionaries of the various orthodox sects. He preached in Arabic at Beyrout and throughout the Lebanon region, displaying an unequalled knowledge of the language. It appears to be during this stage in his career that the journey recorded in his book was performed, as, by a combination of rare occurrence to an Englishman, he alludes to his expenses being paid by Louis Napoleon while he was reporting to the Superior of the Jesuits. Returning in safety from his year's sojourn among the wild Wahabees, his adventurous story was not ended, for within a few weeks he has made public recantation of the Roman Catholic faith at Berlin, and is about proceeding to Bagdad as Prussian consul-general there. Mr. Palgrave was probably aided by his descent in his assumption of an Eastern character and habit. His father, Sir Francis Palgrave, the historian, was by birth a Jew, really named Cohen, and Mr. W. G. Palgrave's portrait shows strongly marked Semitic features. As a record of a route through a country hitherto secluded even from modern enterprise, his travels rank first among the publications of the year. They evince great literary ability, but are rather too full and abounding in recondite information to make a book suited for popular reading.

—The taste, or it may almost be called passion, now prevalent in New England for family history, is a pursuit so truly conservative, in the best sense of the word, and so allied to much that constitutes true national feeling, that it is above all important it should be based on stable foundations. We were surprised, therefore, to see in a late number of the "North American Review," in an article on "Heraldry in New England," respectful reference made to the compilations of Sir Bernard Burke as authorities worthy of consideration. That that gentleman is a mercenary charlatan, apparently born for the confusion of a science once dignified by the labors of Dugdale and Camden, is now pretty generally understood. A little book by a Scotch antiquarian, entitled "Popular Genealogists, or the Art of Pedigree Making," lately published, is sufficient to convince the most incredulous of the ignorance or corruption (there is no escape from the dilemma) that could impose on the public such statements as are found in his books. By way of illustration, two pedigrees are examined at length, one of them that of a certain Mr. Coulthard, a Scotch banker, who apparently sighs for heraldic illustration, and is accordingly furnished by the accommodating "Ulster king-at-arms" with a pedigree, deducing his family in a right line from "Coulthardus, a Roman viceroy of Britain," supported by fictitious quotations from Tacitus and Bede, spurious references to charters, forged seals, documents, etc., in a manner so absurd to those who understand the subject, that Thackeray's mock pedigree of the Muggins' family from "Hogan Mogan of the Hundred Beeves, Prince of North Wales," becomes serious in comparison. How valuable an aid genealogy, when intelligently studied, affords to history, is well evidenced in Messrs. Sanford & Townsend's "Great Governing Families of England," just published in two volumes octavo by Messrs. Blackwood. It traces historically and biographically the origin, progress, and present relations of the thirty or forty families most conspicuous at the present day for their influence and connection with great affairs of state. In pure genealogical inquiries there is only one English work that can be entirely relied on, "The Noble and Gentle Houses of England," by Mr. Evelyn Philip Shirley. It contains a brief account of every family in England that descends in *the male line* from ancestors who occupied positions of estate and honor in the country previous to the year 1500, and who still possess enough of their ancient domains to be considered "lords of the soil." After that date the seizure of the Church lands at the time of the Reformation brought in a host of parvenus, who must not be confounded with the ancient gentry of the land. These conditions are strictly adhered to, yielding many curious results. Some counties afford no families that can stand the test, and many well known and pretentious names are "conspicuous by their absence." The entire number still extant in England is something between three hundred and four hundred, less than one half of whom are found in the peerage.

—The *Weekly Bulletin* of San Francisco gives some startling statistical notices of the progress of literature on the Pacific coast. The number of bound books scattered through the State of California is roughly estimated at two million volumes, and already almost every city, town, and village in the State has its public and circulating library, some of them numbering from ten to twenty thousand volumes. An example peculiarly worthy of imitation is given by the "What Cheer House," a hotel which offers for the use of its inmates a well-selected library of five thousand volumes. This is really a step in advance of the rest of the world in social science, of which California may be proud. The manufacture of books has already made fair progress, many of the legal works—the State laws, etc.—in general demand being supplied by home production. One, at least, of these, General Halleck's "International Law," has been sold extensively in Europe, and offers no outward mark of inferiority of "getting up" when placed by the side of books of English and French manufacture. The sales of two bookselling firms alone in San Francisco are estimated to exceed four hundred thousand dollars per annum. One of them frequently purchases at a single order from five hundred to a thousand copies of the popular books brought out here by Harper and other publishers. The editor well observes that with such a flood of Anglo-Saxon influence pouring over the land, the prospects of the Latin race on the Pacific coast are not such as to give rise for much alarm.

—A collected edition of the writings of W. J. Fox, late M.P. for Oldham, is proposed to be issued in England, and will form twelve volumes in handsome library style. Mr. Fox was an influential member of the most advanced liberal party. His position in the House of Commons was peculiar, as for many years (and we believe while sitting there as representative of the borough of Oldham) he was the "stated minister" of a congregation in Finsbury. As a public speaker he exerted himself most conspicuously during the Anti-Corn-Law agitation. Lately, his influence has been exerted more through the press. His "Lectures on Religious Ideas," on the "Corruptions of Christianity," and on "Christian Morality," are the best known of his writings. They will be included in the proposed collection, with his Anti-Corn-Law speeches, selections from his writings in the "Westminster" and "Retrospective" Reviews and other periodicals. Though essentially a man of the people, there was nothing of the demagogue, either personal or literary, about Mr. Fox. He was a writer of great elegance and finish of style, and a gentleman of scholarly and retiring habits, whose fine head reminded one of the portraits of Dr. Franklin.

—Alas for the poets, that fine and impalpable essence, the subject of so many apostrophes—the "balmy breath of spring"—is no longer a mere figure of speech, but a substance whose presence is tested and its action measured by philosophers. For ten years past M. Houzeau, a French naturalist, has been engaged in experiments of the greatest delicacy for the purpose of determining the relations to the atmosphere of the difference in amount of animal and vegetable life at the various seasons of the year. He has shown to the eye, by means of peculiar test paper of his own invention, how a potent chemical activity becomes susceptible in March, reaches its maximum in May and June, sensibly and gradually diminishing to quiescence in summer, autumn, and winter. The nature of this mysterious agent and its relation to the known constituents of the atmosphere are still unsettled.

—The fifth and apparently concluding portion of Bishop Colenso's "Critical Examination of the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua" is just published. It contains three appendices—On the Israelitish origin of the sanctuary at Mecca; on the Psalms; on the Phœnician origin of the name I.A.O. At the last census taken of them, the separate pamphlets and works called forth in reply to Dr. Colenso exceeded one hundred and fifty in number, but none of these has been considered by him of sufficient importance to call for a distinct answer. Distrusting the powers of the pen, his opponents have lately applied themselves to get possession of the purse, or, in other words, the payment of his episcopal stipend is vexatiously suspended, owing to the proceedings of the Bishop of Cape Town, and can only be enforced by a tedious Chancery suit. As a mark of respect for the independence of the man, and their condemnation of so illiberal a mode of annoyance, a committee consisting of most of the foremost men of the liberal party in church and state, has been appointed for the purpose of forming a fund for presentation to Dr. Colenso. The amount raised at the first meeting was £1,500. Among the supporters of the plan are Professors Jowett and Kingsley, Rev. F D. Maurice, George Grote, and other eminent names in science and literature.

THE GAYWORTHYS.*

We look upon this as a remarkable book. It has in it that without which a good novel cannot be, namely, genius; it has in it that without which a good novel may be anything but a good work, namely, much sound morality and pure religion.

We find within its very pretty covers a noble theory of life, fine thoughts concisely expressed, and a peculiar kind of quaint pathos, of which the parting of Jaasaniah Hooys and his wife is a fair example; and as to its humor, the man that can read the very first page through without conducting himself like one who takes *Punch*, may reasonably flatter himself that nature has forborne to impose upon him that dangerous gift, a sense of the ludicrous.

The heroine, Miss Sarah Gair, is a sweet, modest, good little girl, both spirited and spiritual, and has, moreover, the distinction of being—so far as we can remember—the only lovely bearer of her somewhat homely Christian name in all fiction. She never does anything really to forfeit our regard and interest from the moment when she stands in those "house-boots, haughtily erect, motionless, in a pig's pail," to the climax of her long, trying, and adverse little fates; for we feel a strong assurance, from the rest of her conduct, that her being forced by circumstances to overhear Wealthy's conversation with Captain Vorse and his mother, and to look over the manuscript in Grace Lowder's book, are "exceptions," which, as the sophists logi cally say, only "prove the rule" that nothing will ever make her do so again. Jane is odious, but not more so than she is meant to be and ought to be. We fear—alas for human nature!—that she is a natural character; and the piece of practical justice that falls to her at last is so complete and so awful that the reader must pity and entirely forgive her. Prudence Vorse, withholding the four cents too many a quart, bestowing the valuable plum-cake upon the would-be extortioner, and restoring the single strawberry that has not been paid for, is excellent, not only in herself, but in contrast. Gabriel is as affecting in his long years of self-devotion to his father as in his death-bed offering to his mother; and when his patience has had its perfect work, we rejoice, with a joy that it does the heart good to feel, with him and his

* "The Gayworthys: A Story of Threads and Thrums." By the Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Loring, publisher, 319 Washington Street, Boston.

Joanna. Gershom and Blackmere are interesting, though too much alike. The author, indeed, repeatedly shows a tendency to call up the characters in pairs. In most instances they are merely twins, but, in this, too nearly *doppelgänger*. The sweet saint Rebecca's losing the love of her worldly-minded spiritual guide by following to the letter his unworldly doctrines, is a stroke as true as striking. Honest, faithful, shrewd Eben's characterizing of the "man that was livin' a me-more, and keepin' a diary accordin'," ought of itself, if there is any gratitude in novel-readers, to be enough to keep his memory green. And we are as sorry as the lawyers must have been glad to see the last of the worthy witness, Biddy Flynn; for the author scarcely excels more in the setting forth of New English than in that of Irish peculiarities.

We look upon this book as remarkable, again, because, written so soon after one so popular—and by the same pen—as "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," it is so superior to that. "Faith" had her merits; her Aunt Henderson and nurse Sampson were, apart from their "shocking bad manners," pretty sensible women; and she was certainly glorified by Glory McWhirk. But her moral!—we are a moral nation, and must always take the moral into consideration—what was it? In so far as it was: If it is the day of small things with thee, do thy small things "with thy might, etc.," it was a good moral—in so far as it was: If thou dost not love thy lover, do not marry him out of pity, but, for pity's sake, tell him so! But, in so far as it was: Be thine own seamstress, thy father's cook, and thy little brother's nursery-maid, and thy heart shall be turned from thy true-love, a manly man and a gentlemanly gentleman, and to the æsthetic parson who goeth about calling thee "my child," and grasping people by the hand "promiscuously, as it were," it was a terror to well-doers, and what Touchstone, less nice in epithets than we, might have called "a very vile" moral.

The style, however, is not yet such as quite to do justice to the matter. We have heard it censured—and it seems to us, we must own, with reason—for a certain "jerkiness" or "snappiness," which apparently comes, notwithstanding, from the contemplation of bad models as much as from any defect in the intellectual constitution of the writer. The geniuses of our side of the world can hardly keep before their consciences too constantly, or too carefully, the immortal criticism of Lord Byron upon Mrs. Hemans: "A poet, too, but too stiltified and apostrophic, and altogether quite wrong." The forementioned defect is, in the present case, made the more glaring by ungraceful and abrupt punctuation. The sense is too needlessly interrupted and jangled for want of simply good proof-reading.

No publishing establishment is complete without this. A novelist, not "sticking to his *last*," might write a new novel in the hours he may now spend in vain in to-and-fro endeavors to put a period to his own perplexities, and semi-colonize his semicolons aright, until, with his spirits dashed over his dashes, and his brains turned among his inverted commas, he is driven to curse his stars on account of his asterisks. And as the most brilliant parts by no means involve an intuitive perception of the mysteries of stops, so neither does a thorough acquaintance with the mysteries of stops demand the most brilliant parts. Why does not a little of the superfluous womanhood of "high-scholarly" New England drain itself off into this slough of despond and teach it to blossom like the rose? We see no reason why any number of a class of well chosen, sharp-witted, energetic Yankee girls, who should be drilled in the "Treatise" and under the eye of the accomplished Mr. Wilson, of School Street, Boston, could not be enabled to read proofs as they ought to be read, and to send them up to the writer unquestionably correct in every point, or at least sufficiently so for all common purposes, setting him free to concentrate his own attention on his own errors of thought or word. What an amount of time, trouble, mortification, and money might thus be saved to author, publisher, typographer, and stereotypographer!

In the meanwhile, in saying our *au revoir* to this author of "The Gayworthys," we can but beseech him or her, at all events, to forbear to abuse his or her deserved popularity by sanctioning the use of such expressions as "would better" for had better, or "the beach"—which means, or ought to mean, some one beach in particular—for the sea-shore, which includes all beaches. Before adopting new graces of deportment, it is safest to look in the glass; before adopting new graces of idiom, it is safest to look in the dictionary.

A WOMAN IN THE PULPIT.*

THAT women should extemporize on the duty of men is natural and inevitable, but that any should formally preach a new gospel of married life, and expose the coarseness and frigidity which have been sanctioned by priestly lips and paternal benedictions, is striking enough to make of every man a point of interrogation. Such a book as Gail Hamilton's "New Atmosphere," written by a maiden lady somewhat advanced in life, is at once a literary and physiological curiosity. It also illustrates the condition of women in New England, and very well serves as the cry of "the twenty-nine thousand girls" who, we are told, in Massachusetts, have no prospect of marriage unless they migrate from their native State. Every great social fact, sooner or later, finds its written expression.

"A New Atmosphere" is a book which New England cannot shelve as a tract. It is the cry of its women. In many respects it is the résumé of the wants and thoughts of all women who are other than passive beings. In diction, in point of view, in wearisome and fluent amplification of simple thoughts, it is the secular supplement of all the sermons that have been preached in Massachusetts from the time of Cotton Mather to Southside Adams.

The striking reproduction of the preacher's style is too obvious and persistent in the writings of Gail Hamilton to escape consideration. All of them, especially "A New Atmosphere," presuppose a parish or a congregation. "A New Atmosphere" is a series of sermons, in which, sermon-like, the exordiums are formal, the statements exact, the perorations vague and moral. Every other sentence is rounded; and even old Dr. Johnson never sought more persistently for sonorous words and formal balance. Her habit of expression is broken with a series of sharp, curt sentences in the language of the street. Thus we have for a result a lusty hybrid style—a style produced by the union of the pulpit and the newspaper, that serves to catch the ear, and often makes sound conceal the absence of thought. Its movement is generated by the modern element; the structure and diction is determined by the pulpit. At the conclusion of certain paragraphs it is impossible not to fancy one hears the increased movement of fans—impossible not to be aware of the unrest of heated ladies, the sensation among anxious mothers—impossible not to see the dry wise smile of old men, while all alike listen to the clever exposition of the new gospel.

How are we to receive this gospel for the women of our country? Are we to laugh it down? Are we to write it down? Are we to sneer it down and cover it with "unclean criticism?" Better that we winnow it, measure the wheat, let the chaff go, and accept the book as a help to higher and sweeter living in the bonds of matrimony. It is fearfully exposed to satire; and whoever wears the cap and bells of the jester may annotate it to make laughter for men. But we will not sit in the seat of the scorner to interrupt her work in the pulpit. As critics, we must regret her style, though at times she is even eloquent; it is muscular, ungraceful, and wants taste, and does not attain the artistic. We deprecate her tone; we know that she is fluent, and saved from the common place only by restlessness and earnestness. But because she pleads for a higher life—because she assails coarseness and brutality in men—because she proclaims to twenty-nine thousand sisters in her native State that they may be happy and useful women, even though destined never to know the happiness of wife and mother—and because she increases strength, we forgive her for being noisy and devoid of art. We forgive her that she shrieks out her thoughts so that they are bizarre and unpersuasive. She wants mellowness, harmony, artistic perception of life. If the wives and mothers of the country want to reform the men, they must address them differently. Womanhood can hardly conquer in this way. But so long as New England women remain as they are, they need the help of a woman in the pulpit, and Gail Hamilton attracts a large crowd, stirs life in stagnant places, and is entitled to the thanks of both men and women, even though she is a Philistine reforming Philistines, and has not herself enjoyed the promised land.

IN MEMORY OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

THOSE Americans may be truly commiserated who were compelled to spend the whole, or any considerable part, of the last four years away from their country. They can never bridge over the hiatus in their lives. The history of that period is for them a matter of books, and letters, and hearsay, but is beyond the reach of their personal experience. He was an exile from the times who wandered abroad while the national temper rose from the first overt acts of secession to the white heat of Sumter. The pro-

* "A New Atmosphere." By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

* "Our Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln. Voices from the Pulpit of New York and Brooklyn," etc. Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

"The Martyr's Monument. Being the Patriotism and Political Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln," etc. American News Company, New York.

"The President's Words. A Selection of Passages from the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln." Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston.

gramme of rebellion, having been thoroughly played through once, is not open to calls for a repetition—so the people have decided. Those who missed the sensation of Bull Run, the Peninsula, Antietam, Gettysburg, Atlanta, Charleston, Richmond, have lost some precious knowledge of their fellow-citizens along with the common suffering and common joy for which those landmarks stand. No description will compensate for a forfeited share in the emotions which stirred the face and the depths of the loyal North in the painful striving for national existence. Least of all, perhaps, can the absentee conceive the universal feeling on the assassination of President Lincoln.

Oftener in the late civil war than at any time since the Revolution, the pulpit has given expression to the popular sentiment and been looked to for strength and guidance. The sermons collected by Messrs. Tibbals & Whiting partake of both these functions, having been preached on the Sunday immediately following the murder or at a reasonable interval afterwards, and combining a reflex of the state of men's minds with such lessons of consolation and encouragement as were naturally suggested by the solemn circumstance of grief. The book is therefore a photograph of the spirit of a single community, under the intensest excitement known to the present age, and will afford a correct if not a realizing idea of the general scene from which it is taken. Or perhaps we ought to liken it to a geological specimen, which is an aid to the imagination, but of which a bag-full or a cabinet-full is a paltry substitute for a walk through a mountainous district. Still we have indicated one class of readers who will accept with avidity the nearest approach to reproducing a past in which they did not participate; and many who were on the spot will cherish a memorial volume of this sort to freshen tehir recollection when time shall have dimmed the original impression.

Few men, such was the transparency of his character, have left so little ground for disputing their epitaph as Mr. Lincoln. He bore the dangerous title of "honest" so fittingly that his most unscrupulous political opponents could never turn it to ridicule or shame. A frankness which admitted the world into confidence relieves the biography of the departed of all enquiry into occult motives, and of all defence of questionable deeds. He was thoroughly straightforward and sincere in his utterances, though a quaint habit of displaying the difficulties in the way of a given conclusion, instead of the conclusion itself to which he had arrived, sorely puzzled more than one delegation to the White House when he subsequently acted contrary to their expectation. It is this admirable quality which renders the portrait drawn of him by twenty clergymen less faithful than that from his own hand. The compilations of the American News Company and of the Rev. Edward E. Hale, of Boston, are designed to allow Mr. Lincoln to speak for himself and to build his own monument. The former confines its quotations almost wholly to his career as the Chief Magistrate of the republic, while the latter is unrestricted by dates. The one, again, aims to make its record complete as far as it goes, the other to preserve only the choicest sentences from his speeches and writings, to illustrate his thoughts on political systems, slavery and anti-slavery, faith, and internal improvements—according to Mr. Hale's classification. As books of reference, the two are quite distinct in usefulness, superior each to the other for certain purposes. "The President's Words" commends itself to the public by its convenient size—hardly too large for the pocket—and by the brevity of its contents. The Gettysburg speech and the last inaugural, though printed in full, are still in keeping with the prevailing fragments, and are destined to be the foremost of the household words embalmed in this small volume, of which the attire is unexceptionable, and as simple in its elegance as the martyr in his greatness.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by Frank Moore. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Naval Duties and Discipline. With the Policy and Principles of Naval Organization. By F. A. Roe. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Lands. Gathered and Narrated by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe."—The Jest Book. The Choicest Sayings, Selected and Arranged by Mark Lemon.—On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England. By William Everett, A.M.—Classical and Scientific Studies, and the Great Schools of England. A Lecture by W. P. Atkinson. Sever & Francis, Cambridge.

BOOKS ADVERTISED.

Wet Days at Edgewood—My Farm of Edgewood—Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic—Reveries of a Bachelor—Dream Life—Adirondack—Harper's New Monthly Magazine—History of West Point—An Examination of the Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton.

Science.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

Some discussion is going on in regard to raising poppy for opium. We have just talked with a former overseer of an opium plantation in Smyrna, and some of his information is worthy of notice. An acre of land set to poppy produces about thirty pounds of opium on the average; some years double this, and a few seasons less. The juice which exudes from slits made in the poppy-heads just before they ripen constitutes the gum opium of commerce. This juice is allowed to collect on the stalk, and scraped off when it becomes nearly dry; it is then put up in cases for market. In this country the heads would have to be cut off at the proper time and the juice expressed, which is a quicker process; and the juice remaining in the heads after pressure could be macerated in alcohol and water, and made into laudanum or morphine. Opium is worth about fifteen dollars a pound. The amount annually sold in the world is estimated at thirty million dollars, while many put it as high as seventy million. In raising poppy little labor is bestowed on it, except in weeding and keeping off insects. Cheap labor answers the purpose, and it may be cultivated for twenty dollars an acre yearly. Allowing fifty dollars an acre for expenses, we should find fifty acres of opium, at thirty pounds to the acre, is fifteen hundred pounds; at fifteen dollars the pound, would be twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars for the fifty acres—less interest and other incidental expenses. The soil required is light sandy loam.

—To make peaches grow without stones, an agriculturist who has tried it with success says: "Turn the top of the tree down, cut off the ends, stick them into the ground, and fasten so with stakes; in a year or two these tops will take root, and when well rooted, cut the branches connecting these reversed and rooted branches with the tree proper, and this reversed peach tree will produce fine peaches without stones." The same experiment may be tried with plums, cherries, and currants.

—Is gun-cotton a good substitute for gunpowder? This question is being debated, and trials made in Russia and France with remarkable results. The objection to its use as heretofore prepared has been that its explosion was too rapid, but a Russian chemist has been preparing it from the cotton rope or twisted fibre, the process being simple, merely taking cotton rope and saturating it with nitric acid four parts, fuming sulphuric acid one part, when it becomes highly explosive, but somewhat safer. One pound gives as much explosive power as five pounds of powder. It has many qualities to recommend it. It burns without leaving residuum or dirt, does not foul the gun, is not affected so easily by dampness, and for torpedoes, fort mining, and also for blasting rocks, it is certainly superior to powder. It may be made by any one though not an expert, and, if a miner be short of powder, he could manufacture enough gun-cotton in one day to last him a year. If the Petersburg mine had been exploded with gun-cotton the result would have been very different. Hell Gate rocks can be broken with far less trouble than one imagines. In an experiment made in Russia, one pound under water burst a rock on which fifty pounds of powder had been tried without effect.

—Meerschaum is made on a large scale in this city by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia and silicate being the only requisite for success. The profits are immense, as will be seen. Magnesia costs about twenty-five cents per pound, and silicate of soda even less; a pipe made of the "foam of the sea," as smokers verily believe, costs for material about five cents, leaving the balance for labor.

—Superheated steam has been known to be cheaper than common steam, but no success has been attained heretofore in producing and applying it, from the difficulty of securing sufficient heat. But we notice that some one in Chicago has applied the correct theory to a practical and economical use. In place of the common boiler he heats a sort of retort red hot, and while at this heat the water is forced into the retort or boiler in the form of spray, when it is immediately superheated and expanded with powerful force. It is well known that water thrown on to a red hot iron forms into globules, and does not touch the iron, being held in mid air as it were, while the iron is not cooled unless too large a quantity of water is thrown on. We know but little of the experiment, which has been pronounced a great success, but presume a proper proportion of water is used and that the boiler is not perceptibly cooled by the water thrown on. To make his invention complete, he should decompose this steam and form a gas to heat his retort, when the machine would be perfect. As it is, if we remember, he uses about half the fuel used by engines of the same power in the common boiler.

—Before the war one or two factories for the refining of cotton-seed oil was started, and the article found ready market—dealers being often deceived by the resemblance to olive oil. It brought about two-thirds the price of the finest salad oil; but the war closed the supply of seed and crude oil; but, as the markets are now opened, we may expect this branch to receive some attention. The crude oil from cotton seed is made for about twenty cents a gallon, and for a cheap paint oil it answers a good purpose, while the refined costs but about five cents a gallon more, and its uses are as numerous as olive oil. It may be used for burning, for lubricating, for woollen manufactures, for soap-making, and for all the uses to which olive oil is adapted this oil will answer. We have some before us now as sweet and pure as the celebrated Butti oil, for which four dollars per gallon is paid. The apparatus for refining the oils is very simple and cheap, and the waste of tons of seed at the South can only be explained by ascribing it to the apathy bred by slavery.

—Cream tartar substitute, or superphosphate of lime, the substance used for making flour self-rising, is made from the waste sulphuric acid of the petroleum works on a large scale, and a late process is substantially as follows: To 1,000 lbs. of the acid is added an equal quantity, by weight, of water. The oil soon rises to the top, is taken off, and then 1,400 lbs. of burnt bone is added, stirring meanwhile; it should then be evaporated with gentle heat in a shallow vessel, adding pulverized calcined bones in the proportion of ten pounds to each ten gallons of the solution at 25° Baume. The concentration to continue till the powdered bones cannot be felt between the fingers, and the mass assumes thick, creamy consistence; remove from the fire, and dilute with boiled starch, stirring occasionally for several hours. When it is cold, for each degree of Baume add seven-tenths of a pound of dry potato starch, ground fine, and incorporated thoroughly, adding sufficient water to dissolve and work easy, then spread on a floor to dry for some days in a warm room. When dry it is ready for use. The self-rising flour is made thus: To 190 lbs. of flour add one and a half pounds of carbonate of soda and three and three-quarters pounds of the above prepared superphosphate. The quantity of the superphosphate annually used is several hundred tons. Our refiners are, however, but little engaged in utilizing the waste acid in this manner; the most of it being made in Europe.

Fine Arts.

MULTIPLIED ART.

THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF "ENOCH ARDEN."

MULTIPLIED art is broadly divisible into original and copied. The first of these divisions includes all that artistic work which is done by the artist himself in a multipliable form, and is by him intended for indefinite reproduction. The second division includes all that artistic work which is intended to reproduce, or partly represent, previously existing works of art. The distinction should be carefully observed, for fair judgment depends upon it, and it is sometimes hard to see. Thus nearly all copied work somewhat partakes of the nature of original work. If an engraving is made from a picture, the drawing which is first made is thus far an original work, that it translates the color of the picture into black and white. If an engraving is made from a statue or bas-relief, the drawing which copies, on a flat surface, the light and shade of the solid body, is still more nearly an original work. Moreover, there is sometimes some uncertainty about the classification of some particular work of art, as, for instance, in those not rare cases in which the artist has himself reproduced by engraving his own colored work, and in those cases, too, in which pictures in color have been executed with express reference to their being engraved.

Yet, even when obscured, this distinction is marked, and must be observed. In each individual case a little careful enquiry will put to rest any doubt that may arise, except in the few instances in which the facts are unknown. And we must know what we are judging if we wish to judge aright, for the grounds of our judgment of one will not give us footing when we seek to judge of the other division, as the criticism of a poem necessarily differs from the criticism of a poetical translation.

Original art of the multipliable sort is of the very greatest importance to us. It is difficult for us even to estimate the greatness of its influence over past ages. Of its immense value at present we can judge more truly every day, and every day shows some new influence it already exerts, and some new field open to it but not yet occupied. Of its value to the future intellectual life of men, and of the influence it may exert over that life, we can only speculate. But, "judging the future by the past," we cannot doubt of this, that the greatest minds will give their thoughts to the keeping of the steel, the stone and the wooden block, and the manifold impression on white paper. They will not despise or neglect the painted canvass; they will love that and find joy in it, and give thoughts to its keeping not to be given to other keeping than its own; but they will give half their strength and half their love to the black and white print of thousand-fold reproduction. And of this we cannot doubt, that good and wise minds, that are not the greatest, will find their best speech in popular and multiplied forms of art.

Consider this. Our painters have good and bright thoughts and kindly sentiments to express, but their expression of them is not good, is very insufficient. They cannot do themselves justice. They stagger and fall from lack of knowledge of their art. A painting in oil must approach a certain high standard of technical excellence, or it becomes ridiculous in its shortcomings, and unpleasant to see. And whatever our standard is now, it will not be lowered, but raised, as we learn more of art. But to no such standard is the artist's work compared who offers us wood-cuts and etchings of wise or pleasant thoughts of his own. Everybody knows the delightful comic illustrations of Doyle, the author of the well-known "Tour of Brown, Jones, and Robinson." He does not draw the human figure well, it is probable that he *cannot* draw it well; his mistranslations of the action of the body are extraordinarily bad, even in an age of bad drawing. Suppose his figure drawing were exhibited in oil paintings. It could not be endured, it would be abominable. But in the cheap wood-cut, in book illustrations like those of the works of Mr. Thackeray, in harmless and genial caricature, he is at home, and his work is welcome to the most fastidious lovers of art. American artists—we cannot name them, they are legion—who cannot draw the human figure or animals with accuracy, and have no power over the delineation of movement and action in their exhibited pictures in oil color, may excel in small drawings for publication, may make money and win fame by doing well a thing which is well worth doing well. It will take but a little time to teach the wood-engravers to do their business properly. And let it not be supposed that inferior technical skill is ruinous to an artist, and deprives, or even tends to deprive, his work of value. All ages but our own have asked for and received the work of the lesser artist as well as of the greater. Of the world of sculpture on a cathedral, the highest masters could execute but little; the capitals all about the church were made beautiful by men to whom the statues in the porch were not to be entrusted. Our own age is beginning to accept the work of the lesser artist.

Consider this, too. As we are situated now in America, no means are at our disposal of teaching ourselves or our children anything of art so sufficient or so available as the published engravings and wood-cuts that we can buy. If one has a child to educate in beauty and thought as seen in graphic art, he can find no way so simple, and no simple way so good, as to familiarize his pupil with the best muliplied art he can procure. Here in America we have no masterpieces of painting or sculpture left us from great days gone by. Even in Mr. Jarves' most precious collection, among works of the highest historical value and interest, representing not unworthily some of the greatest schools, there are but five or six pictures of very great, and these not of consummate, artistic excellence. Besides his collection, there is almost nothing; the very little that there is, is in private and hardly accessible galleries. The art of the past must be learned in Europe; except so far as the old artists worked on wood-block or metal plate, instead of canvass or pannel. And as to the art of the present, we do not look to collections of modern American pictures for much teaching for our children or ourselves. We go to the exhibition to pass an hour; perhaps even to exercise our powers of observation agreeably, and to test our memories of form; more probably to renew our acquaintance with the artistic life of the day, having a conviction hardly recognizable that we ought to keep up this acquaintance; at the best, to get a little real enjoyment, not otherwise to be had, but hoping for this from three or four canvasses only, and are too often disappointed even in this hope.

Now it is not to be doubted that the multiplied art within our reach is of more use than this. It is certain that Americans can get more good from the contents of their portfolios than from anything they see of a statelier kind of art. More comfort and instruction can often be got even out of *Harper's Weekly*, and a few illustrated books such as the English send us, than in the picture galleries.

We propose to speak of modern multiplied art somewhat in detail, describing briefly and criticizing such works of this class as may seem most worthy notice, or from which needed lessons may best be learned. Popular and easily accessible art will be preferred for this purpose, but we shall refer, on occasion, to the great and good work of by-gone times, of foreign countries, or of expensive character.

We begin with a very recent and very popular book the illustrated edition of "Enoch Arden."*

In this little gift-book we count eighteen full-page wood-cuts (and not nineteen, as the table at the beginning would have it), besides a delicate vignette on the title-page, engraved apparently from a photograph, of the poet's house, an engraved portrait-head of Mr. Tennyson, and a very poorly designed head-piece and initial letter. Of the eighteen principal illustrations, eight are by Mr. J. La Farge, four by Mr. Elihu Vedder, four by Mr. W. J. Hennessy, and two by Mr. F. O. C. Darley.

Of Mr. Darley's designs we shall not speak, as this artist is to be more fairly judged by other works of his than by these, which are in his worst and feeblest manner.

Of Mr. La Farge's designs, the first, "The Children," is very pleasing as far as concerns the children themselves. The expression of face in all three is very good and legible, the action childlike and natural. Both the boys are yielding unwillingly to the girl's entreaties; both are very unwilling to make friends again, and the distinction is rather subtle between Enoch's stubborn indifference to anything but Annie's grasp on his wrist and direct command, and Philip's more persuadable and reasonable holding back. The rest of the picture is too slight for serious notice. It is true that we have to complain, here in the first picture as in every other, of the terribly bad cutting; but, through the veil of uncertainty this throws over the scene, it is evident that there has gone no knowledge and no thought to the boats and cabins in the distance. The snow-white beach, or what seems intended for a beach, dividing the children from the distant boats by its entire breadth, deprives the picture of all air of verisimilitude, and makes it seem two pictures—the group below, drawn without background, and a narrow strip of landscape above. The next two designs by Mr. La Farge, "The Lovers" and "Philip and Annie in the Wood," are unfortunate, and disfigure the volume. The former is illegible—the action and sentiment all lost in a grey surface, out of which the forms scarcely evolve themselves, and these forms where seen are formless. The design has not been good; the engraving has been very bad. The latter drawing contains one pleasant bit: Annie's head, with her hand against the cheek; poorly rendered, but with a certain meaning in it. Philip's figure seems to have been intended for a joke. "Blanched with his mill" he was, according to the poem, and blanched he is in the picture; all clothed in white, and sitting on a white ground, from which he seems emergent, though still partly buried. Though so white, his dress cannot be described, for it is not resolvable into its parts; all is vagueness, as if distance and dim light reduced his figure to a monochromatic dot, although he is in the extremest foreground. His hands project from his sleeves like the paws of some animal, nearly twice their proper size, black, rough, knotty, and, from their position, seemingly unmanageable by their owner. To ridicule is not our purpose or wish. We have used the words that seemed to us to be fitting in this singular case of thoughtless work in drawing and cutting. It seems, though, in this case as if the worst of the fault were in the drawing; it is probable that only the level and lifeless general tone were chargeable to the cutting of the block. On the other hand, "The Island Home" (No. X., but lettered XI.) must have been dreadfully handled by the engravers, for there seems to have been a meaning to it, now nearly lost, and we owe to the engravers, certainly, as bad a texture as wood-cut ever had. It does not seem, indeed, that any knowledge of rocks went to this rock-drawing, but the bold use of the steep perspective, which is much ridiculed as "Japanese," and is quite true to the facts whether in Japanese paintings or La Farge wood-cuts, is a happy thought, and the three figures have life in them in spite of the bad drawing. If any one would see what a wood-cut of this subject might have been, he may consult a valuable book, not too common as yet in New York, but to be seen at Scribner's and Appleton's book-stores, "Frost and Fire," by J. F. Campbell, and look at the picture of Achill Head, on page sixty-four of the second volume.—Following this landscape we have again a pair, "Enoch Alone" and "The Solitary." In each of these there is real power and really poetic feeling. In the latter there is a purpose and insight seldom seen in American art; there is something in it very like imagination. But these merits are in the figure of Enoch, his bamboo staff, and his birds. The rest of the picture is made up enough. It is evident from these that the artist can conceive and can draw, and we know of no exhibited painting of his that can show us either fact. There remain two designs by Mr. La Farge: "Enoch's Supplication" and "The Seal of Silence." These are in every way inferior to the two of which we have just spoken. The latter illustrates these lines:

> "Beating it in upon his weary brain,
> As if it were the burden of a song,
> 'Not to tell her, never to let her know,'"

and represents, we judge, the angel of silence, the head and bust with the partly seen wings occupying the whole picture. The conception is singularly inappropriate and false, and the figure (as it stands in the wood-cut) a very bad and slovenly drawing.

Mr. Vedder's first design, "The Rescue," is certainly powerful. The sea is rendered with considerable skill. Fault has been found with it because there is no visible movement or direction to the waves, and it is rightly urged that waves are not formless or purposeless, but obey laws and have a very well defined shape. It seems, though, that the spectator is low in the hollow in the waves, close to the surface of the ocean, probably in the boat from which Enoch has sprung to save the drowning man. And, from any such point of view as this, the waves look formless enough—great liquid mounds that suddenly rise up before the swimmer, lift him or break over him, and are gone. We claim nothing for this drawing of the sea than just liquidness and a sense of flow. It is as untransparent as printer's ink can make it. The clutching hands of the drowning man, just seen above the water, are a thought, and a good one. "Building the Canoe" is a better design, and Mr. Vedder's best; it is an effective little picture, and should be carefully painted in oil. The detail there is makes one wish for more, the figures are expressive though so formless and vague, and the serious faults of the design scarcely detract from the natural and simple thought. The "Return" is not very full of meaning, nor very interesting as a picture, nor an *illustration* at all, certainly not helping the meaning of the poem. "Enoch Passes Away" illustrates these lines:

> "He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
> Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!
> I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more."

The picture represents Christ upon the Cross, before whom, with outstretched arms, stands the man. The thought is, of course, that the sail which saves him is the crucified Saviour. It is hardly necessary to hint that the dying fancy of the sailor—suggested by the "loud calling of the sea" that wakened him, and finding utterance in the cry, "A sail! a sail! I am saved"—was a vision of his old island home of so many years, and of the white canvass of that ship which "stayed by this isle, not knowing where she lay," and brought him to England at last. So that the thought of this picture must be the general thought that the safety of the dying man is in Christ and Him crucified. But, note the misconception here: the dying man is not one who has long lived in sin, has lately repented, and has doubted of his salvation until this saving "sail" is seen; such an one might indeed be represented with artistic truth, as the artist has understood the poet to have represented and has helped him to represent Enoch Arden. But the dying man is a God-fearing Christian of a lifetime, bowed by sorrow and not by sin. We can imagine him as looking to Christ for release from suffering; we see that he *does* long for his release; we cannot imagine him doubting of his safety from sin, or, in Latin, of his *salvation*. We see by the poem that he does not doubt of his safety. He longs for death; he is sure that he shall see his babe in bliss; death dawns upon him, says the poem, and "through that dawning gleams a kindlier hope." It is true that a hope of pardon from sin graces every death-bed; but the fault in the conception of this design is that it would suit any other death better than this. It is clearly not thus that Enoch Arden's vision should be translated. For the rest, the drawing as we see it, distorted by the cutting, is very bad, and the composition, which the wood-engraver has not injured, is as bad as the drawing. It is in every way a discreditable picture.

Mr. Hennessy's first design, "The Babe," illustrates these lines:

> "Forward she started with a happy cry,
> And laid the feeble infant in his arms."

It is very good and true in feeling, the loving group of father, mother, and baby. It is a good design, too, and well drawn; we are speaking of the group only. Why the rest of the room should be slighted and avoided, stool and what seems a fishing-net of some kind, and walls and floor, all reduced to faint scratches and a wavy and nebulous appearance, perhaps there is no good reason to be shown. Mr. Hennessy's designs differ from the others we have been describing in their simplicity and directness of purpose. There is true feeling in them, and love of quiet domestic incident; there is *not* imagination, nor does there pretend to be. That one of which we have spoken, seems to us the best of all; but the truly natural action of the sad mother in "Preparing the Shop" makes this design also very interesting. But all these four designs of Mr. Hennessy's are studies of detached groups, sketches, such as an artist might make on a leaf of his sketch-book when seeing a pretty incident, with valueless surroundings. A picture, whether painted or drawn on wood, a picture intended for the public, a design—ought never to be so incomplete. Pictured men and women should not be drawn without surroundings—accessories. Any one of these scenes had been of twice their

* "Enoch Arden, by Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

present value with a little of that carefulness of small things which Edouard Frère has shown. All the really great and good painters point the right road. It argues badly for our younger painters that they will not follow it.

It is evident that, in many of these illustrations, the wood-engravers have been entirely at a loss how to render the drawings. It seems hardly possible that these drawings were made upon the wood. But, on the other hand, it seems hardly possible that any ambitious young artist should send out of his keeping, with his name on it, a drawing on paper to be transferred to a block and engraved without his supervision. If the artists know not that this is asking more of our wood-engravers than they can rightly perform, a few more such failures will convince them. For years to come any such undertaking must be done with religious care, and a perfect willingness to throw away every block which is spoiled beyond repairing. We hope the failure of this undertaking will not discourage the publisher or other publishers, but rather spur them to do it again, and to do it very much better.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

THE business of the week has been large in the way of importation, and trade is also active in what are called domestic commission goods, such as cotton fabrics and woollens. Cotton goods are held with some firmness because of the continued uncertainty as to the supplies of the raw material from the South. The estimates of the old cotton held in the States recently in rebellion, at the close of the war, are being reduced, and our own latest information from Georgia, Alabama, etc., is against the recent high figures calculated on by a portion of the trade North. It is also unfavorable in the two States named as to the extent of the new planting. Middle and West Tennessee will probably do better, as they had been well cleared of the armies before the regular planting season. The accounts from Texas are very conflicting. The receipts of the week at New York, however, show some increase, and the Government has sold 8,000 bales of Sherman's capture at Savannah at good rates, as for gold, compounding with the purchasers at the rate of 142¼ per cent. currency. The reason why the sales are made for gold is that claims may possibly hereafter be made to a portion of the proceeds by parties claiming to be loyal or neutral (foreign) owners. The Liverpool market shows less firmness for cotton, and has also fallen off for American breadstuffs, owing to improved harvest prospects in England. Our New York exports of domestic produce fell off from $4,000,000 last week to $2,850,000 this week. The demand for U. S. 5-20s is also less active, the Frankfort and London markets being well supplied at latest dates, though the price was still 4 to 6 per cent. relatively higher than our own quotation, the current difference in exchange taken into the calculation.

The price of gold has undergone very little alteration this week. It is supported by speculation and a free demand every day to pay into the Treasury for customs. The receipts for customs last week were $2,844,000, and will reach about $2,500,000 this week. We do not know that the Secretary of the Treasury has disposed of any part of his large gold surplus, but a rumor to this effect had gained currency on Thursday and Friday. There is no export inquiry for gold, although the later trade in the foreign goods now passing through the custom house may require such a movement, unless cotton comes forward more freely and grain and flour should be extensively exported.

The money market worked less easy early in the week, and the change of supply advanced the rates 1 to 2 per cent., say from 4 to 5 up to 5 to 7 per cent. per annum. Yesterday there was less demand, and the rate generally about 6 per cent. among the brokers.

The harvest advices continue cheering from nearly every district of the Middle and Western States. The unsettled labor question in Kentucky is said to have considerably reduced the tobacco crop.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

Nearly all the gold-bearing stocks have fallen off 1 to 1½ per cent. within a few days past, in sympathy with the immediate dulness in 5-20s for Europe. The long 6 per cents of 1881 from 108 to 106¾; and 5-20s of 1882, redeemable after 1867, 106⅛ to 104⅛; new of 1884, 105¼ to 104; 10-40s, 5 per cents of 1894, redeemable after 1874, from 98 to 96¾.

The 7.30 per cent. currency loans, convertible after 3 years into 5-20s, gold-bearing, are steady at 99¾ to par and interest. The popular subscriptions to the third and last series, interest July 15 and January 15, are going on at the rate of $4,500,000 to $6,000,000 per day, and will soon be closed out.

Treasury certificates of indebtedness, twelve months to run, carrying 6 per cent. interest in currency, have declined to 97¾ per cent. and interest for the recent dates. The 1864 dates are 99⅛ to 99¾ per cent. About $30,000,000 of these mature in August. The half-yearly coupons on the 7.30 loan, first series, also mature on the 15th of that month, $11,475,000 currency interest on $300,000,000 principal.

STATE SECURITIES.

These are generally dull, at about last week's prices. A few transactions in this series at 72, and Tennessees 71 to 72 per cent.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

A half-yearly dividend of 3 per cent. has been announced on the New York Central stock, and 5 per cent. on the guaranteed stock of the Michigan Southern. No dividend will be paid at present on the common stock of the latter. The Illinois Central shares are now sold with the July dividend of 15 per cent. off. The stock has advanced 8 to 10 per cent. since the dividend, to 128⅛ to 132, *ex* dividend. There is probably not over two-fifths of the capital now owned at home, and the English people continue to increase their holdings. The consequence is that the bearish speculators in this market who sold short on the depression in May, are severely taxed to make good their deliveries. The variations in Erie since our last report have been from 80⅝ to 82½; New York Central, 95 to 93 to 94½; Reading, 100⅝ to 103; Hudson, 109½ to 108; Michigan Central, 109 to 108; Michigan Southern, 64½ to 62¾, and up to 65¼; Pittsburg, 67½ to 68; Northwest, 28 to 27½; Northwest Preferred, 62½ to 57½, and up to 61½; Fort Wayne, 98 to 97½ to 98; Rock Island, 107 to 104½ and back to 107 to 107¾. Market firmer at close of week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Pacific Mail firm at 295 to 300; Atlantic Mail advanced from 158½ to 154; Cumberland ranged 42 to 41, and back to 42; Canton, 39½ to 38½, and up to 40; Brunswick, $11 to $13½, and back to $12; Mariposa, 13 to 12¾.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold from 143 to 143⅝, and down to 142¼ to 142¾ per cent. Bills on London for gold were very much depressed for Wednesday's (Boston) steamer, but improved from 108½ to 108⅞ to 109 for Tuesday's packets.

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THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, has started on a journey through the South. His letters will appear hereafter every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE WEEK has been quite featureless. No great events at home or abroad. The news from England is not without interest, but is wholly confined to the elections, of which the result is given by our correspondent. Mr. Gladstone has been defeated at Oxford.

A HIGHLY important bureau has been established in the Adjutant-General's office at Washington, "for the collection," so runs the order, "safe keeping, and publication of rebel archives that have come into the possession of this Government." Dr. Francis Lieber is appointed chief, by a very happy selection. If we were a historian of the times, we should lay down our pen at once, and wait for developments which cannot fail to affect materially our judgment of the acts and leaders of the rebellion. Ford's Theatre has been pronounced on examination by Gen. Meigs to be nearly fire-proof, and will probably receive the precious documents of treason, the Secretary of War having acknowledged Mr. Ford's right to compensation, and rented the building till the 1st of February next, with the privilege of purchasing it for $100,000, if Congress approve. It will be curious if the proof of official Confederate complicity in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln should emanate from the very spot on which the tragedy was enacted.

IT seems that the withdrawal of the privileges of their ports by foreign powers from the Confederate cruisers is likely to be something more than a mere formality. The *Shenandoah* has been carrying havoc into the North Pacific, and has destroyed already some eight of our whalers. This is only the beginning of her havoc in that quarter. It is said by the vessel that brings this intelligence, along with the destitute crews, that the commander of the *Shenandoah* was informed of Lee's surrender and the overthrow of the rebellion, which he refused to credit. He was not disposed, however, to doubt Mr. Lincoln's assassination, "for he expected it." He had coaled last at Melbourne, and his crew of English and Irish sailors was swelled by some of the captured whalemen.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL SPEED has rendered his opinion to the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the cotton captured at Savannah, and, incidentally, to all other property which has been made the prize of war on land. Two acts of Congress, those of March 12, 1863, and July 2, 1864, regulate the disposal of "captured property," which the Attorney-General considers all movable property, "actually and hostilely seized and taken on land," to be. In this category also would seem to be included, by the sixth section of the act of 1863, all "cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco" received by any United States officer or soldier within insurrectionary districts; which is directed to be turned over to an agent of the Treasury Department, and, by section second, sold, the proceeds being paid into the Treasury to await the action of the Court of Claims when duly invoked. There is no choice in the matter: the statute is imperative. Accordingly, the Savannah cotton, which was *de jure* captured property in Sherman's hands, and *de facto* when put under Treasury control, must be disposed of by sale for the benefit of the Treasury. Congress having vested the determination of the legality of its seizure, as well as of that of other captured property, in the Court of Claims, neither the President nor any executive officer would be authorized in appointing a special commission for this purpose.

THE standing grievance of this metropolis is dirt, as everybody knows. A complaint against scavengers is always in order. Sundry smaller cities, within ten days, have shown themselves more fortunate, inasmuch as certain disinterested parties, from abroad or in the midst of them, have kindly volunteered to "clean them out." Thus, on the 26th ult., several barge-loads of ruffians from Albany invaded the peaceful town of Hudson with the sanitary intention alluded to, accompanying, being supported by, and apparently forming a part of, the Emmett Guards, who were out on an excursion. If the damage to the town were to be measured by that inflicted on the liquor-shops, which were pretty thoroughly gutted as at Poughkeepsie on the day of the boat-race, there might be a delicate doubt betwixt loss and gain. But when it came to an indiscriminate attack upon the unoffending and helpless populace, with bludgeons and bullets, it was a very dirty broom, indeed, and fit only to be thrown into the river. There seems to have been great boldness in this St. Albany raid, and great feebleness on the part of the authorities of the two cities concerned. Prompt telegraphing ought to have rendered the arrest of the marauders a matter of certainty, albeit of difficulty. On the evening of the same day another "cleaning out" process took place in Concord, New Hampshire, in which, we are sorry to add, returned soldiers were the chief actors. The object of their assault was a clothing establishment, because of a charge of theft, assumed to be false, against one of their number. They were dispersed, without bloodshed apparently on either side, by the civil and military authorities.

THE Richmond *Whig* was permitted to resume publication on the 24th ult. It was thus enabled to exert what influence it could upon the impending municipal election by the following recommendation:

"In a word, it is the imperative duty of every man to take the prescribed oaths, and then to cast his vote to-morrow, with an eye single to the peace and happiness of the city and the general good of the State. To a notary public first, then, and pay the magnificent sum of five cents for the blessed privilege, and then take all the oaths with an almighty unction, and forthwith you will be made whole—a citizen without spot or blemish, and in whom there is no manner of guile. And then to the polls very *early* in the morning, and, our word for it, you will feel good all over for a long time."

It may be doubted if the people needed this approval of the doctrine of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, which has never yet elicited protest from the South. The election of the 25th, at all events, made Sturdivant mayor of the city by a majority of quite six hundred votes over Taylor, the self-styled Union candidate. The *Commercial Bulletin* says boldly enough:

"The election of yesterday simply means that the people of Virginia, so far at least as Richmond can be taken as a representative of

that people, turn not with the spirit of the craven and the renegade from opinions which their kith and kin have died for."

And all the *Republic* can reply is:

"Neither the city of Richmond nor the county of Henrico has ever represented the sentiment of Virginia in the elections. As they voted, so did *not* the State at large vote."

Gen. Terry is reported to have nullified the election.

THE event of the week which has the widest bearing upon the condition of the freedmen, is an order from the Secretary of War abolishing any system of passes adopted by post, district, or other commanders, which subjects the blacks to restraints or punishments not imposed on other classes. Neither they nor the whites will be hindered from seeking employment elsewhere than at home, if they cannot obtain it there (unless bound to stay by voluntary agreements), nor from travelling from place to place on legitimate business. Major-General Gregg had already, in the spirit of this order, been moved by certain outrages on the blacks at Lynchburg, Va., to extend his industrial regulations to the white population, who have now their choice between work on their own account and a turn at street-sweeping. Gen. Gregg is particular to assert that "the freedmen have precisely the same rights before the law as white men." Nevertheless, the civil courts in that portion of Virginia within the limits of the department of Washington have declined to receive colored testimony, and Major-General Augur has established a Provost Court, to have exclusive jurisdiction in all cases which affect the people of color, who will be allowed to bear witness on the same conditions as the whites. "This order will remain in force until the Virginia courts have brought their practice more into harmony with the existing state of affairs." The question is brought up again by a case in Mississippi, where a planter murdered a negro, and was taken into custody by Col. Thomas, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. A writ of habeas corpus was ineffectually served upon this officer, who telegraphed to Washington for instructions. As only the wife of the victim was a witness of the deed, the murderer could not be convicted in a civil court. It is to be hoped the Government will see the necessity of abrogating at a stroke the whole black code of the Southern States. Much of the old brutality is rampant in the lower counties of Maryland, where the officers of the law sustain it; in New Orleans, where the disloyal mayor and his police force let no opportunity slip of harassing colored citizens, the latest outrage being their expulsion from their churches, which were closed upon them; and generally in Missouri and Arkansas, wherever the military arm is shortened. In the last mentioned State, however, in the Little Rock district, the freedmen are prospering and earning good wages, some in the employ of the military authorities, others, of the citizens of the town itself. In Kentucky, Gen. Fisk, Freedmen's Commissioner, reports that the State is stirred to its depths on the slavery question, and the condition of the blacks is thoroughly unsettled. Gen. Palmer has proclaimed emancipation to all slaves who will leave the State, and the exodus is in full operation. Thousands of the colored population have crossed the Ohio for the sake of their freedom. Nor for this alone, since in many places the masters are exhibiting the worst passions of slavery, and equalling the keenest atrocities of other days, their vindictiveness being especially visited upon those families whose heads have enlisted in the armies of the Union. All parties whose safety is thus jeopardized, on making application to Gen. Palmer or his post commandants, are forwarded to Camp Nelson, where large numbers are constantly arriving.

THE question of the proper depository and judicious exercise of the pardoning power is undergoing investigation at the hands of a committee of the New York Prison Association, of which Dr. Lieber is chairman. They address by circular eight enquiries to former chief magistrates of the several States, asking whether the possession of this power by the Executive was esteemed desirable or burdensome—a part of his prerogative, or better entrusted elsewhere; whether this unlimited authority is necessary in our political system, or has even grown out of it; whether it can be employed with prudence and a due regard to the merits of the case when the governor is so liable to personal and party influences; whether justice is subserved or defeated by it; whether juries, and not judges only, should be allowed to recommend for pardon and merciful consideration; whether a council or board of pardon would not be preferable to the present usage, and ought not to be incorporated in the State constitutions whenever altered. We anticipate a wholesome result from this research, and commend it as an example to all our social reformers.

MOST of the Southern States are politically active, and preparing for the conventions which are to frame anew their Constitutions. Gov. Johnson, of Georgia, made a very sensible speech at Macon, on the 15th ult., in which he told the people very plainly what was the shortest and the only way to rid themselves of a protracted military rule. This was to admit that slavery was dead, and to alter their statutes to suit this inevitable fact. He assented, for his part, to the validity of the laws of Congress and the proclamation of the President abolishing the institution, and showed that the State Convention would be required to adopt the same view. He refuted the charge that the negroes will not work, and complimented them for their conduct in the fundamental change of Southern society. "Under the peculiar circumstances by which they were surrounded, no people have ever behaved better than they have done." He depicted the advantages of liberty for the South and her future prosperity, attended by an infusion of new blood and enterprise from the North and from abroad. "We abused mankind," he confessed, "when they differed with us," and this intolerance of opposite opinions almost drove civilization from the land, and suppressed law and order with vigilance committees. He rejoiced that it was now safe and constitutional for everybody to express his mind on the subject of slavery.—Gov. Perry is said to have returned to South Carolina, after offering to co-operate with Gen. Howard in his plans for the freedmen. The Raleigh *Standard* and *Progress* are deprecating the withdrawal of the United States troops from North Carolina, and express sincere alarm at indications of a rebel reaction, threatening an overthrow of the civil establishment, and renewed abuse of freedmen and Unionists.—Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky, is determined rigidly to enforce the State law which expatriates and disfranchises all citizens who have participated in the rebellion in a military or civil capacity, and the oath which affects all who have given voluntary aid and assistance to those in arms against the Government. By this means the August polls may be kept tolerably clear of the chivalry in grey.

THERE is a movement in the Chicago Board of Education to introduce the study of German into the grammar schools of that city. One of the daily press approves the experiment most heartily, and hopes that French will be included in it.

A VERY fine construction has been put by the rebel General Wise upon the terms of his parole, by which he was included in Lee's surrender. He received "permission to go to his home, and there remain undisturbed in every respect." He complains that he is disturbed "by a considerable number of freedmen and others," who have taken advantage of his absence to occupy his former domicile. He respectfully asks that these intruders be ousted, in order that he may enjoy the privileges guaranteed him by his parole. This coolest of cool applications is met by a refusal from Gen. Terry, who reminds him that he abandoned the home which he now claims for another, from which "he might to better advantage engage in rebellion and civil war." The fastidious ex-governor will next be charging the military authorities with perfidy, because he is disturbed at every turn by the sight of black men not one of whom is a slave, nor afraid to sing the John Brown song in his hearing.

THE college regatta at Worcester, on Friday and Saturday, as usual produced only two competitors, Yale and Harvard. The former was the winner in both races, though much doubt exists in regard to the time of the first day—whether it was seventeen minutes and forty-two and a half seconds to eighteen minutes and nine seconds, or whether one minute should be added to each. On the second day the time was nineteen minutes and five and a half seconds to nineteen minutes and twenty and a half seconds. Crew and boat seem to have been in favor of Yale.

General Thomas has his hands full in Tennessee. Without him, Governor Brownlow rests upon the very unstable basis of a loyal white minority, who have not only turned their disloyal brethren out of doors, but have rejected the services of the blacks in keeping them out. As a consequence there is an undisguised conflict between the outs and ins, and the heaviest battalion would carry the day here as upon other fields, if the military power were not on the side of the weaker party. This it is which has arrested Mr. Emerson Etheridge, and held him in spite of the clutchings of civil processes; and which will secure the purity and legality of the approaching election as far as it is possible. A most interesting order has been published this week, in which General Thomas figures as the skilful photographer of certain citizens of Columbus, who had fallen under his just displeasure, and were treated to righteous discipline. Two instances of persecution, the one of colored people, the other of a Union man, showed clearly the unfitness of the magistrates implicated for further continuance in office. For taking plums from a tree on an unenclosed common, which happened to be private property, two colored school girls were committed to solitary confinement in the county jail for lack of the excessive bail of $500. Here the mayor, one Andrews, appeared to be the instigator of the justice, Welch. But this was only one of a long series of attacks on the colored schools of the place, and the same Andrews, last year, had twenty-five lashes inflicted on a black man for teaching a class of his own complexion how to read. Then one Galloway, an active rebel, returns to find his premises occupied by a Unionist, on a lease from the Treasury Department, in the absence of whose agent he frightens the tenant away, sells the store to a third party, and sues for his lost rent. The agent comes back, and is obliged to resort to the military to recover possession. Justice Welch decides in favor of Galloway in the matter of the rent, being persuaded, perhaps, by the eloquence of his counsel, M. S. Frierson, "a malignant rebel," who had vowed not to trim his hair until the Confederacy should be established. This Absalom came to grief by forgetting that he was not yet out of the woods. He and Galloway —whom the General characterizes as bearing "the reputation of a man destitute of principle, honor, and loyalty," a former "note-shaver and negro-trader"—are turned over to the Provost-Marshal General for confinement in the military prison, until it can be determined what shall be done with those who still maintain a defiant attitude and ungrateful heart towards the Government of the United States. The mayor and the justice are suspended from the exercise of their civil functions, until they can make some show of being possessed of humanity and a willingness to obey the laws. Everybody will applaud the action of General Thomas, while regarding it as a fresh proof of the lamentable haste with which the South has been restored to political vitality.

A large portion of the public, we are satisfied, have never understood why the exhibitions of the National Academy begin on the first of May and last till the fifth of July. We believe no better reason can be assigned for it than that the exhibitions of the Royal Academy in London open and close at the same period; and there could hardly be a worse one. The first of May is the beginning of the London season, and the London season, as well as the session of Parliament, is fixed by the habits of the aristocracy. The winter and early spring are spent in fox-hunting and in their country houses. They begin to come to the city in March or April, soon after the opening of Parliament, and by the first of May the tide of gaiety begins to rise rapidly, and continues to flow until the middle of August, when Parliament rises, and the grouse and the Continent become temptations too strong to be resisted. Moreover, during the summer months the heat is never so great as to make the streets and crowded rooms positively uncomfortable. A concert room, or ball room, or picture gallery is never unendurable in London in the month of June, as it is here.

Not one of these reasons, we need hardly say, is of any value here. The New York season begins after New Year's Day, and lasts till the beginning of Lent. January, February, and March are the months in which the greatest number of people are in town, in which social life is most active, in which there is the greatest eagerness for sight-seeing, and in which galleries, theatres, and concerts, and all other kinds of in-door enjoyments, are most in request. By the first of May, the day which the Academy has selected for its opening, two-thirds of the class who love to see pictures are either tired out, or are about to change their houses, or go to the country. They have bought all the pictures they care to buy, and, in most cases, what with artists' receptions, club exhibitions, dealers' exhibitions, and auction sales, have seen all the pictures they care to see, and begin to babble of green fields. In June, if the weather is seasonably warm, the very thought of a gas-lighted room with a crowd in it becomes repulsive, and the fact is that delicate women and fastidious men will not go to such a place, or stay in it more than five minutes. The result is, that the exhibitions of the Academy secure, we venture to say, a third less patronage than they would receive if they opened three months earlier, and, partly owing to the departure of the artists for the country before they close, partly owing to the general weariness and satiety, the sales or commissions which result from them are very much fewer than it would be reasonable to expect. We hope this mistake will not be repeated another year.

Gov. Andrew's suggestion about equalizing the ratio of the sexes in Massachusetts, by providing the surplus women with homes in the West, has taken root, it seems. The Hon. Mr. Mercer, of Washington Territory, having come east upon an errand of this nature, has been co-operating with the Governor. Already he had secured cheap transportation from Aspinwall to San Francisco, and thence to Puget Sound, for three hundred young women. How to get them from New York to Aspinwall was the next question. Government was applied to, on grounds of national utility, for one of its steamers. Good-will everywhere, but no resources. Secretary Stanton refers to General Meigs; General Meigs to Secretary Welles; he to General Howard, who doubts if he have the power. Suppose Mr. Mercer ask the President. The President thought himself powerless if his subordinates could do nothing; but he indorses the project, as a post-office clerk a letter—"Try Gen. Grant;" and Gen. Grant only requires the approval of Gen. Howard to give the necessary orders. So the difficulty was surmounted, and the *De Molay* sails from this port on the 20th of August.

The Congregational churches of the West are gathering statistics of the number of soldiers furnished by them to the armies of the Union; what proportion of their adult male members remained at home; the number of those who perished; the ministers and sons of ministers who went out; the number of those who have returned, and their religious and moral condition at the present time.

"I always travelled," says General Sherman, who is still a tourist, "with a copy of the census in my saddle-bags. I could tell how many inhabitants, how many cultivated acres, how many head of cattle and horses, how many bushels of grain, each county possessed at that time, and so, approximately, how many there would be now, and how long it would subsist my army." This was fighting the South with her own weapon, for she always manipulated the census to suit herself. Gen. Sherman's genius is as conspicuous in this as in greater incidents of his warfare.

Mr. Potter, American Consul-General for Canada, showed his fitness for a post that has in it something of a diplomatic character, by saying, in the city of Detroit, "in two years from the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty, the people of Canada themselves will apply for admission to the United States." Possibly; but was it the part of prudence to proclaim the excellence of commercial coercion in so very public a manner, and before so many Canadians, members of the Convention? It may be the "inevitable destiny" of Canada to become a portion of the American Republic, but it is not preparing for a happy marriage when the lady is forced to give her hand without her heart in it; and how could we expect to *command* Canadian affection? That is to be won, not extorted. Hitherto our annexation work has proceeded on the system of mutual agreement. We have taken possession of no country of which the people were not satisfied to become of our number, leaving Indians aside. But if we should force the Canadians to change themselves into republicans and Americans, the addi-

tion of their country to ours would strengthen us much the same as England has been strengthened by her connection with Ireland. We should be weakened by the junction, not strengthened. The Canadians are so angry with Mr. Potter that they are laboring to have him removed from his office, by charging him with being engaged in an attempt to subvert the Government of Canada, and with endeavoring to promote the annexation of that country to the United States. We do not believe that the Consul-General has been engaged in any improper action like that attributed to him; and the very fact that he could talk so imprudently at Detroit goes far to show that he could not have been a conspirator in Montreal. It is a little strange, too, that his actions should not have been brought up against him until he had made himself offensive by his words.

A RECENT article on "Belligerent Rights," published in THE NATION, has excited a good deal of discussion in some Boston papers, and given rise to much studiously diffused misapprehension. It may save many critics some trouble if we say that the article in question was written by one of the contributors in our published list, a gentleman well qualified in every way to discuss questions of diplomacy, and to whose hands we confided them with the same confidence and same freedom from *personal* responsibility that we confide the trust of criticizing books and pictures to others. For it must not be forgotten that this question of the propriety on the part of European powers of granting or withholding belligerent rights from the rebels, is a question of law. Whether Mr. Bemis in his pamphlet has discussed it in the best manner or not, is a question of taste and expediency. The pamphlet was forwarded to this office, we presume by Mr. Bemis himself, for notice at our hands, and was by us entrusted to a contributor whom we conceived to be well fitted for the task of expressing an educated American opinion on its merits. That opinion was duly expressed, and in our belief the writer, by his position, culture, and attainments, was abundantly qualified to express it, and had a right to do so, even if it differed in some ways from our own, or from that of the general public. Mr. Bemis has rendered excellent service during the last two years by his discussions of questions of international law, but he will hardly himself pretend that he has attained such perfection that it is immoral or "unpatriotic" in one of his educated countrymen to differ with him or to take exception to his method. For ourselves we can freely say that there is hardly a point he has raised during the last two years in which we have not entirely agreed with him, but we confess, with all deference, that we have on various occasions wished that his work had been differently done. Nobody can have followed his controversy with "Historicus" without seeing that on more than one occasion the good cause he defended suffered through the want on his part of the rhetorical skill of his antagonist. The undue stress he laid on the *Cassius* case, for instance, ended rather unfortunately in enabling "Historicus" to snatch a cheap victory on a side, and really unimportant, issue.

AT last we are likely to reach a settlement of the controversy between Mr. E. N. Dickerson and the Navy Department. The scientific principle in dispute relates to cut-offs, or the economy of using steam under the highest rate of expansion. Most, if not all, of the double-enders in our service are built according to the ideas of Mr. Isherwood, of the Engineering Bureau. The *Algonquin* alone has been constructed on the principles of his persevering rival, who by a public appeal and challenge to the Navy Department has brought about a trial of the two systems. Mr. Dickerson asked for a race and gets a mere turning of paddle-wheels at a wharf, but if he is half as good as his word, the *Algonquin* will make more foam with less fuel than the *Winooska*.

IF it be true that the Pope has excommunicated the Emperor of the Mexicans, that gentleman will have reason to complain of the sort of "backing" which he receives from Europe. This act of excommunication gives one a strange idea of the state of affairs in the Old World. Maximilian was made Mexican Emperor by Napoleon III., the very man who maintains the Pope at Rome. But for the assistance they receive from French soldiers, the Pope would have to leave Rome, and the Austrian prince would not remain a week in Mexico, yet the Pope denounces Maximilian, which must be considered an act of defiance to the French Emperor. Then Austrian influence is great at Rome, and the Pope looks for, and gets, the support of the brother of Maximilian. It is a regular maze, and shows that the Frenchman cannot keep his team under control; and that Pope Pius IX. is disposed to keep the power of the Church at the highest standard. The end of this beginning cannot be very far off.

MR. ROEBUCK'S "defence about America" was lame enough at Sheffield. The United States had a broad and beautiful territory; it would be filled some day by the Anglo-Saxon race; it would govern the world. Such was the ground of his endeavor to "break up that powerful nation into communities that would be less powerful and better behaved." It is a very monstrous species of egoism, however disguised by pretence of patriotism, that assails a foreign and a friendly power for the simple reason that it gives promise of an overshadowing greatness. It were becoming to enquire whether this superiority would be adventitious or well-earned—the result of fraud, and violence, and tyranny, or of high political morality and an admirable form of government. Mr. Roebuck might then estimate the probable effect of a lifelong crusade upon the republic whose growth he so much dreads.

LOUIS BLANC deprecates, in a Continental journal, the outcry of the British press against the President's amnesty and its exceptions, and their false haste to denounce his policy as barbarous before it is known that a single head will fall, or any vengeance be visited upon those excluded from pardon. For himself he is not surprised that the United States choose to remain on their guard, and to exact a guaranty from the leading spirits of rebellion. Southern sympathizers on that side of the Atlantic have all along asserted that the embarrassments of the North would culminate in the hour of victory. It is worth while to take them at their word. To protest against the imprisonment and trial of Davis is to ask the victor to declare his own triumph iniquitous. To accuse, try, and convict him of high treason, is to be faithful to the first and most evident interest of the Republic; to announce that the true seat of government has always been at Washington; to affirm that what the people constituted through the federal compact was the Union.

"It is to declare before the entire world that the legitimacy of an insurrection depends upon its moral worth, upon its principle, and not upon the degree of force it displays. It is to deny that a contract may be violated whenever the violators are powerful and numerous; it is to deny that to give a rebellion a right to claim the immunities of war, it has only to bring about immense calamities and shed torrents of blood."

THE report of the British Commissioners of Emigration for 1864 shows that the drain upon the United Kingdom fell a little short of that of the preceding year, yet amounted to nearly 209,000 souls. Of these 130,165 came over to the United States. It is noteworthy that while 56,618 Englishmen left home to settle in foreign lands, 29,811 (or more than half) preferred this country, and eight came here where one was attracted to the North American colonies. In the four years of the war, not less than £1,636,844 were sent by the emigrants in America to their friends and relatives who had stayed behind. "This," says the London *Daily News*, "is the real British emigration fund; and while this spontaneous agency continues in operation, nothing but an immense improvement in the lot of the people at home can avert the movement."

IN order to compete with the English steam-service, the French Government has resolved upon a line from Brest to New York, which shall occupy less than ten days in the transit. One steamer, the *Europe*, has already made the voyage in nine days, seventeen hours. Four others will be employed for this purpose, leaving once a fortnight until business shall warrant greater frequency. An express train will take the passengers to Paris in twelve hours, it is hoped, though sixteen now are required. Freight will continue round by water to Havre.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WHAT DELAYS THE AMENDMENT.

THE Democratic press is very earnest and emphatic in repudiating the insinuation that the refusal of Delaware, Kentucky, and Maryland to ratify the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery indicates any love of the institution or anything more than an unusual tenderness for States rights. This theory would meet with a better reception if it were not true that during the whole course of the agitation which led to the war, the two things all but invariably went together. It was found with a frequency which, if it does not amount to positive proof, suggests the relation of cause and effect very strongly, that in whatever part of the Union there prevailed great fear of the encroachments of the central power, there prevailed also very strong opinions as to the "nigger's" unfitness for freedom and as to the divine origin of slavery. It was all but impossible to find a man either North or South who held Calhoun's doctrine of the relations of the States to the Union, who did not also hold his doctrines as to the proper relations of the negro to the white man; and, in fact, there was probably no incident of the old anti-slavery agitation more notorious than that "States Rights" had, in the Democratic party, completely lost the character of a bulwark of local liberty and been converted into protection for a particular form of social organization.

What induces Democrats in a free State like New Jersey to refuse at this time of day to concur in abolishing slavery, is probably a compound of the traditional hatred of the negro and traditional reverence for slave society. There is nothing so very preposterous either in the supposition that large numbers of them still believe, that by some hocus-pocus, when Congress meets, slaves will be either restored to their owners or owners allowed to take them back. This belief, as we know, lingers among the less intelligent of the Southern planters, and will probably linger for a good while. There has been nothing in the war harder for the old pro-slavery zealots to swallow than the conclusion that changes effected by the "war power" could either have or acquire any legal validity after the war was over.

The excuse that New Jersey and the other recalcitrants refuse to ratify the amendment on the ground that its object can be better attained by the separate action of the States themselves, has been often answered, and yet it is reproduced still with the old effrontery. It is true the slaves might be freed by the one process as well as by the other; but the latter offers a guarantee for their remaining free which the other does not. A State which abolishes slavery on its own mere motion might restore it; a State which abolishes it under a provision of the United States Constitution becomes bound by "the supreme law of the land;" enters, in short, into a contract with every other State to do nothing of the kind. Nor is there anything extravagant in the supposition that such a thing might be attempted as the wholesale reduction to bondage of men who had once been free. Such a thing was done in the French colonies, and with no compunction. The French National Assembly liberated the colonial slaves, and Napoleon re-enslaved them. The enslavement of free negroes has long been one of the commonest incidents of Southern jurisprudence; and we have no reason to believe that the negroes in any Southern State would, for some time at least, be strong enough, well enough organized, or sufficiently rid of the sentiment of white superiority, to defend their rights successfully, and all interference by the general Government on their behalf would be revolutionary. To be sure, the thing would shock the conscience of the civilized world, but the South is not remarkably sensitive to foreign opinion, and not easily abashed by finding that she does not come up to foreign standards of morality. She is used to that sort of thing, is used to opprobrium of every variety, and has for years waxed fat and kicked under it.

There is in fact, and always was, the same objection to imposing on every State the obligation to maintain a republican form of government that there is now to exacting from each a pledge not to permit slavery. The separate States might have taken such preventives as might be necessary against the establishment of monarchy themselves, without the interference of the general Government. It might be said that the establishment of monarchy in one would endanger the peace and security of the others, and certainly endanger the existence of the Union, and these were doubtless the reasons which led the framers of the Constitution to prohibit it. But the very same thing may be said of slavery. There probably has been no mistake in history greater than that committed by those who at the foundation of the government concluded that free and slave communities could exist peaceably and harmoniously in the same political organization; and certainly it has been grievously atoned for. There can be no duty stronger, therefore, than that of incorporating in the organic law a provision which shall for ever prevent the growth of such differences in the social organization of the two sections as have led to the recent catastrophe. At all events, New Jersey can hardly suffer by agreeing to what the slave States themselves, or the majority of them, agree to. The political force of the doctrine of State rights would not be in the least affected by the passage of the proposed amendment. It was already settled by the Constitution that if two-thirds of the States agree to any change in the law, they can impose it on the other third, so that the exercise of this power even cannot be objected to by the most rigid conservative, as long as it does not involve an invasion of private rights. With anybody who calls the right of slaveholding a private right, with which those armed with discretion in the matter ought to refrain from interfering, there is of course little use in arguing. But any Democrat who does so can hardly wish us to acquit him, as the *World* does, for a liking for the institution itself, and put it all down to reverence for State sovereignty.

THE REBEL PAROLE.

IT is said the Government has ordered a *nol. pros.* to be entered in those cases in which indictments have been found against General Lee, and that it is not its intention to proceed against him for treason. We believe that there is little doubt entertained in any quarter as to what the rights of the Government in this matter are. No answer worthy of attention has yet been made to Dr. Lieber's propositions that any cartel or military agreement remains military in its character, and the general to whom an army surrenders cannot go, or be considered to go, in what he grants, beyond his own military power; that he cannot, as a military commander, determine anything regarding the rights, or forfeiture of rights, in a civil point of view, of those who surrender; that so soon as a rebellion is at an end, the power of parole ceases with it, and the paroled person becomes again simply a citizen or subject, with undiminished responsibility to the law of the land; that no immunity results from a military convention beyond the stipulated military points; that prisoners of war remain always responsible for heinous crimes committed before their capture, even in regular war; that all that which, in a rebellion, a formal or stipulated surrender implies, and can imply in good faith, is that the act of appearing in arms against the other party shall not be visited as a crime, so far as the articles of surrender themselves go, and so long as they in their nature can last; and that those who rebelliously have taken up arms, cannot enjoy greater immunities than the civilians who have joined the rebellion.

In so far as any doubt can arise as to the application of these rules to the case of Lee and his army, it was due to Grant's stipulation that they should not be molested as long as they obeyed the laws in force at their place of residence. But it is now clear that the convention between him and Grant was unfortunately and unskilfully worded. We understand that Grant, with his usual modesty, acknowledges this to be the case, and explains it by the fact that he wrote hurriedly and alone. He ought to have stipulated for unconditional surrender. There is no doubt he might have done so. What was still more unfortunate was, that after this convention such haste should have been made in concluding similar ones with the other rebel commanders, so that at last the parole has been made to cover with immunity such persons as Forrest and Semmes; the one guilty of the butchery of Fort Pillow, the other of decoying prizes at sea by burning others in the night —an offence which either does or ought to place him in the category of enemies of the human race.

The ground on which Lee will be allowed to pass harmless doubtless is, that whatever the law be, both Grant and Lee considered the convention in the nature of an amnesty, and that the former surrendered under the impression that, having once done so, he had nothing further to fear, and that the Government, therefore, is unwilling to take advantage of the misconception, more for the sake, however, of its own reputation, than from any other consideration. But if it be really desired to be rid of these men, it is hard to see what objection there could be, either legal or moral, to declaring the stipulation at an end, and giving them thirty or forty days, and free passes, to get out of the way.

CLASS RULE.

It is a favorite stock argument with the European opponents of progress—and probably not a few who would be unjustly stigmatized as opponents of progress have been seduced by it—that democracy is a very fine thing *in theory;* that it would be the best possible polity *if* a whole community could be inspired with the requisite intelligence and wisdom; but that it is not adapted to the imperfect condition of our nature, and, until that nature can be changed, must result in an inferior sort of government.

In repelling this charge, we think that the friends of democracy have not always taken the wisest, perhaps not even in reality the boldest, course. They have denied the premises, while virtually almost admitting the conclusion, by asserting that democracy did necessarily, by its own operation, produce a certain preternatural amount of intelligence and knowledge in the whole community, enabling it to comply with the high theoretical demands of the constitutional polity. Now, that democracy does *tend* in this direction we firmly believe; but the weak point of the case is that, until this mission be fairly worked out, the basis of fact will always be shaky and liable to afford the enemy a triumph.

Our manner of defence would be to reverse the old Tory or obstructive argument. We admit that in theory an aristocratic government is better than a democracy, but maintain that the infirmities inseparable from human nature make it much inferior in practice.

The folly of the multitude, as contrasted with the wisdom of the few, has always been a favorite topic with both real and pseudo philosophers, nor can we say that it is altogether a flattering self-delusion on their part. To say that "the majority are fools" is a great deal more uncivil than untrue. The quack who, according to the well known story, explained his success on this principle, was only the type of a multitude of charlatans, private and public, in all ages and all countries.

Why not then entrust the government of a country to its aristocracy, in the original sense of the term, its best men, born and educated for the task, and removed by their education from the influence of the numerous errors which beset and pervade the masses? To be sure, mere closet philosophers, from Plato downward, have usually made a frightful mess of it whenever they abandoned their sphere of contemplative criticism and tried their hand at legislation; but this is because they are *closet* philosophers. A real working aristocracy, composed of men of the world and first-class professional men as well as scholars—why is it not the very model of a governing body?

Because, in thus presenting the case, a most important practical element has been omitted. Intellect and culture are not all that is required. If we could adopt the Greek definition of the all-sufficient wisdom as the product of natural cleverness and acquired knowledge; if we incorporated with this the doctrine of the Platonic Protagoras, that virtue is one of the teachable sciences, then we might assent to the government of the few as a matter of course. If we agree with Tacitus that all historical events are the result of deliberate calculation and plan, we might prefer to have our history made for us by a select minority. Or if, to come down to our day, we accepted without reserve Buckle's dogma; if we believed that intellectual causes were the only civilizing agents, we might admit that the superiority of cultivated intellect afforded the best chance for good government. But the whole course of human experience teaches us that the most accomplished gentlemen, the most learned specialists, the wisest statesmen, are not free from human infirmity. Your *charientes* and *calocagathœ* (to borrow the fashionable slang of Athens) may be very superior men, but they are only men after all; and when they have things altogether their own way, they will be tempted to act for their own special benefit at the expense of society. Let the members of one class monopolize the power of government, and they will be pretty certain to ill-use the other classes, either positively by oppressing them, or at least negatively by not looking properly after their interests. Various passions and prejudices operate as strongly to bias men's minds from truth and justice as sheer ignorance does. The late financial crudities of some of our legislators may well move the pity of the political economist, but what shall we say to the corn-laws so long and strenuously maintained by the collective wisdom of England?

In short, the only way in which every class can be secured in the enjoyment of its liberty, is for every class to have its share in the government.

If it be objected that this principle would require the extension of the suffrage to women and minors, we reply, first, that women or children do not constitute a distinct class of society: their interests are combined with and distributed among those of all classes; secondly, that they have a strong natural protection in the love of their husbands and parents; thirdly, that, notwithstanding this natural protection, they are not always free from oppression even in the most civilized countries, and their proper treatment now presents some of the most difficult social and legislative problems.

A democratic government, the government of the people, the whole people, as opposed to that of any class, is really the most practical and the most practicable, because, by representing every class, it affords the strongest safeguard against that abuse of power to which human nature is liable. And this conclusion has immediate application to the question of negro suffrage at the South—a question which is assuming grave proportions. The arguments against giving the blacks a franchise are plausible enough by themselves in theory, but leave the main matter of fact untouched. That the negroes are too ignorant, or too likely to be influenced by their late masters on the one hand, or by demagogues on the other; that they will not vote as we may wish them, or as they ought to—admitting all this, none of the objectors have shown by what means these new citizens can be protected in their "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," unless they have a share of political power. True, there is a way. It might be done by perpetual interference of the Federal authority, by prolonging military rule, by making an abnormal and temporary condition of things permanent. But this would be *de*-construction, not reconstruction; it would be adjourning all government indefinitely.

Democracy and universal suffrage are popularly supposed to be all but synonymous, because they are found together here. In reality there is no necessary connection between them. A democracy much more radical than our own coexisted with a very limited suffrage in the case of the ancient Athenians; universal suffrage coexists with a pure autocracy in the case of the French at this day. Our older States generally began with some qualification; most of them have done away with it, but it does not follow that we are bound to carry out the principle on all new occasions, nay, that we may not recede from it in old localities, if circumstances shall render the movement necessary. All we say is, If we are thus compelled to take the back track, let our change of base be conducted in an equitable and consistent manner. Let exclusion be founded on ignorance, not on color; let us not, under the plea of self-preservation, perpetuate that spirit of caste which so nearly proved our destruction.

Correspondence.

THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

It is well known that a Commission is now in session in New York, engaged in the revision of the tax and tariff systems of the country. The members of the Commission will without doubt adopt the policy "to hear all and say nothing;" but as I have great confidence that all honest discussion among the people results in a concentration of opinion in favor of such

legislation as in the long run proves to have been as nearly right as the circumstances of the time would permit, it seems to me that the principles on which tax and tariff bills should be founded should now be under discussion among the people, in order that the report of the Commission may be intelligently considered, and either accepted and embodied in well considered laws, or rejected because not in harmony with well digested public opinion.

Such discussion is the more desirable at the present time, because it is quite evident that a great change is taking place in the relative opinions of the East and the West upon the subject of free trade and protection.

It is currently believed in the West that the people of New England are almost a unit in favor of what has been called by politicians "the American system of protection to home industry;" but if Western men could by correspondence or other methods get at the real opinions of New England men, especially of the manufacturers, they would find that very few of them would advocate protection as a system upon which laws should be framed *ab initio*. It would be said by intelligent manufacturers: We should not now advocate the principle or policy of fostering manufactures by protective duties, but we by no means intend to say that in that admission we also intend to advocate the repeal of all the protective laws now in existence. Our manufactures have got established partly by means of a protective system, and such being the fact, they are in a different relation to each other and to the people from that which they would have held had there been no protection, and therefore any sudden change would be disastrous. We claim that because we have had protection in the past, the change to a system of free trade must be gradual. The most ardent free trader should advocate such a gradual change, in order that the disaster which would follow an abrupt one might not create a reaction in favor of high protection.

It is probable that the very great increase of woollen machinery caused by the excessive war demand, and the excessive protection involved in very high rates of exchange, may furnish sound reasons for protecting that interest until the increase of population shall have equalled the increase of machinery, and in this the Western wool-grower has as much interest as the Eastern spinner; but in the very fact is involved an argument against a permanent system of high protection, in that the excessive protection of high rates of exchange having over-stimulated production, a temporary treatment is called for which a healthy body politic would not require.

Yet many of those who would make this claim would entirely agree with the writer that the active, intelligent, handy people of New England would number as many, be as well employed and as well paid as they are now, had there never been a protective duty imposed since the foundation of the country. Their industry would doubtless be exerted in different channels, but it would be an insult to suppose that New England men could ever have been reduced to poverty or idleness by a system which left their native shrewdness absolutely free in its intercourse with all other men.

On the other hand, it has been generally supposed by New England men that the West is a unit in favor of absolute free trade, and it is somewhat amusing to a looker-on to observe the suspicion with which the advocacy of a protective system by Western men is being viewed. It is becoming known in New England that, partly because the time has actually come when a part of the labor of the West ought to be turned from farming to manufacturing, and partly because of the excessive protection involved in the high rates of exchange during the war, certain iron works, machine shops, woollen mills, nail factories, etc., etc., have become well established in the West, and that Western farmers, having paid off the debts which they incurred in improving so much land that they brought corn down to ten cents a bushel, have now a surplus capital, and are beginning to think that they had better diversify their industry, and are actually asking to be protected at the outset in order that they may safely embark in manufacturing upon a large scale.

It may here be noticed that quite as sound an argument could now be made in favor of protecting Western manufactures against New England as was formerly made for protecting American manufactures against Old England; but it is not upon this ground that the Eastern man now views with distrust the spread of protective ideas in the West. One New England man says, "By means of protection"—another says, "In spite of protection—we have at length established all our various manufactures upon a firm basis. We have capital, industry, and skill, and by means of these we can maintain our supremacy against any free competition. But if the protective system is adopted, so that for a time unskilful beginners in the West can gain an apparent success in competition with us, we shall have only fluctuation, with possible great fortune to the few, but ultimate disaster to the many, both East and West."

This growing conviction of New England in favor of moderate tariffs and a gradual tendency to free trade does not yet find public advocates to any extent. If an officer of a large corporation were to avow these views, it might still cost him his office; yet nine-tenths of the stockholders would probably agree with him in private.

It needs but little more growth, however, of protective ideas in the West to cause the East to cry free trade; and yet the two sections are practically very near. The New England manufacturer, still calling himself a protectionist, desires to be relieved, as far as may be, from what he has found to be the trammels of high protection, by the establishment of such a moderate tariff as will yield to the country the largest revenue; and the Western man, yielding his old views of absolute free trade, but still calling himself a free trader, desires the establishment of precisely the same tariff, for the sake of the moderate protection incidentally arising from a well devised revenue system of duties.

It is one of the compensations for the war that men have been brought together in our armies from the most remote sections, and have learned to respect each other, and to lay aside petty sectional jealousies; and even in conflict with Southern rebels, new ideas of the character of Northern and Southern men have been gained by each respectively; and it is not to be doubted that from the turmoil of civil war will be developed a homogeneous nation, where before existed only an aggregation of States.

Both from the visit of the Western Boards of Trade to Boston, and from the great gathering of business men at Detroit, and from other similar meetings which we hope may follow, there cannot fail to result a similar removal of misconceptions and a harmonizing of ideas upon the great practical questions of finance and trade, on which the East and the West and also the South are in fact more in harmony than the misuse of terms has yet allowed them to discover; in fact, these terms, "protection and free trade," which used to represent fundamentally different ideas, have come to be mere catchwords, used by politicians to keep sections divided on which the mass of the people are practically agreed. The East and the West were never so near in fact and in theory as they are now; and although the debates in Trade Conventions may seem to indicate great diversity, yet the private meeting and intercourse of the members will bring unanimity. The talking members may appear to be wide apart, the great mass of silent members will find themselves united.

It is to be hoped that the Commission now in session upon the tax and tariff may be able to report in favor of the English, or, as it has been called, the concrete system of raising revenue; that is, to secure the larger part of the necessary revenue from a few imposts which shall not interfere with the industry of the country, such as upon whiskey, tobacco, tea, coffee, and stamp duties.

If such a system can be made practicable in this country, the necessary but complicated and dangerous legislation required to adjust the tax and the tariff bills to each other may be mainly avoided, and the tariff may be permanently regulated by itself. If it shall be found that the different sections of the country are now practically agreed upon what they want, and are only separated by a misuse or different use of terms, then the legislation of the next session of Congress will be much simplified, and the laws which it shall pass will stand unchanged for a much longer period.

On the other hand, if the Commission shall not be able to report in favor of the concrete system of revenue, and it shall continue to be necessary to impose heavy taxes upon the industry of the country, there will be still greater need of harmonizing the opinions of different sections.

In such case, the internal revenue bill should first be substantially agreed upon, and the excise taxes on manufactures and home productions settled; the tariff bill should then be taken up in two divisions.

1st, A schedule of duties on imports should be made upon such articles as are subject to an excise tax in the internal revenue bill, exactly adjusted to the rate of such excise tax; these duties should be specific, and should never be changed, except as the internal taxes may be changed. Coupled with this schedule should be provisions entitling exporters of domestic commodities to a drawback equal to the internal revenue tax. By this division of the tariff bill, the domestic manufacturer or producer will be put exactly on a par with the foreign manufacturer or producer, both at home and abroad.

2d, The home manufacturer having been protected by the foregoing schedule against any discrimination against him, the second schedule of duties may be adjusted upon the principle of moderate revenue, or upon any other basis, the same as if there were no internal revenue tax or first schedule of duties.

If the endeavor should be made to adjust these distinct points in the tariff

in a single schedule, there will be great danger of an unequal adjustment and of constant attempts to change, until the tax and tariff bills will become even more difficult to interpret than the existing laws, if such a thing be possible.

A New England Manufacturer.

EMIGRATION TO THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

On this subject, which we hear so much of, there is one most important thing quite overlooked, viz., that the movement, if it ever takes place, will bring the Anglo-Saxon and the kindred races of Northern Europe into circumstances entirely new. There is no case in history of their being found in the tropics or semi-tropics under these two conditions: 1st, Without slavery; 2d, In sufficient numbers to develop their own institutions. In such climates we can find great numbers of them with slavery, and a few without; but nowhere the two conditions.

In Southern Brazil there is a colony of Germans, some sixty thousand, doing well; they are industrious and healthy, and growing rich; but they live under a Portuguese government. In Texas there are thirty or forty thousand Germans; but they have always been subject to the slaveholders of that State. In New Guinea there is a considerable colony of Hollanders; here the first condition is wanting; Holland has always burdened her colonies with restrictions so oppressive as to amount to an enslaving of the whole population. In the British East and West Indies, and at the Cape of Good Hope, we find a few Englishmen and Scotchmen controlling large populations of other races; but this does not answer the second condition. There are also in South Africa two independent republics of Dutch Boers; but they also fall short of the second condition, because they are so very sparsely settled. Look where we will, we cannot find the two conditions together.

The question is, Can our race settle in warm climates and retain its great qualities? Does the vigor and does the perpetuity of these qualities depend on snow and ice? The common, the almost universal, answer is, yes. I venture to say no. Has the reader ever considered the fact that there has never been an opportunity to try the experiment? The whole of South America, of Central America, and Mexico was settled by Spanish hidalgos or petty nobles, too proud to work. Our Southern States were settled by the cavaliers and convicts of King James and King Charles, also ashamed to work; slaves were brought to them soon after, so that all the warm regions on this continent were occupied by labor-hating colonists. Not a case has ever occurred among them of the higher classes setting an example of labor with their own hands or holding labor in honor; not a single community (a few individuals excepted) where those classes generally have not regarded idleness, high living, and sensual indulgence as the chief good of life. Hence the inference that a warm climate must always produce these fruits. The tendency of the unthinking mass of mankind is to believe that any two things which they have always seen conjoined belong together by necessity.

Are we really shut up to the conclusion that those charming regions must be for ever given up to lounging and licentiousness? Does the Christian reader seriously believe that our heaven-descended religion cannot produce a change? Can the Anglo-Saxon race do all manner of wonderful things except this—to bring about a happy union between a fair climate and good morals? I maintain not only that this can be done, but even that a civilization can be created superior to anything now known in our country, and in no very long time. A principal obstacle to intellectual improvement in the best parts in the North where good morals prevail is this, that the severe climate consumes the time of the people both in summer to provide for winter, and in winter to keep themselves warm; the whole year is occupied in a contest to preserve life. Only a few professional men can find time to study, and even they only in a few intervals of professional labor. But let a colony settle in a climate where five or six hours of work would produce what twelve do here, and you presently begin to achieve a general intelligence which no country has yet seen, provided you have a sufficient number of *picked* families, and they unite to realize the idea. A few years must be spent in "roughing it;" but when their lands are fenced and subdued, and their houses built, more leisure follows. It would be just as easy to realize this idea as the Puritan idea of New England, or the "blissful ignorance" idea of the French Catholics of Lower Canada, or any other. And surely there would be no lack of attractiveness in the object proposed: To create that unheard-of thing, good morals in a mild climate, and to redeem the largest and fairest parts of God's earth from the reproach of all ages. Such a colony must have a Columbus sort of feeling, which would richly repay them for their enterprise. Nor would their children in the main disappoint them.

For some time my mind had been running on such thoughts, when I fell in with a small volume lately published in New York City, entitled "In the Tropics." The writer had been a clerk in the crowded misery of the city, when he went to Hayti and commenced cultivating a few cheap acres of land with his own hands and American implements. The book is a record of his first year's experiments and results; his luscious vegetables, piles of potatoes for sale, and good food; his orange avenue, mango avenue, cocoanut avenue, and so on. It is a book of wonderful interest. One remark he makes is this: "Under the warm sun of the tropics, white working men and their machinery will yet open the grandest field for civilization ever seen." He speaks of a crop of some sort every month; of being liberated from the slavery of providing for winter; and of being enabled to spend several hours of the warm part of the day in reading, or, if he chose, in light work in the shade.

The objection will no doubt be made by some that they could never endure the dreadful heat. This is a vulgar error, as I know by a dozen years' residence in different parts of the tropics. There is no such dreadful heat. The deception arises from the discomfort of coming into our hot Northern weather suddenly from our cold spring months. Scarcely any are so much annoyed by the heat of August or September as by that of June. Where the heat continues the year round, it ceases to be felt. Take away the vices, the ignorance, and foolish exposures of warm climates, and the average of life would be longer.

N.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

III.

Richmond, July 17, 1865.

Since Richmond was evacuated, more than half of its inhabitants have been compelled to seek a part or all of their sustenance at the hands of charity. And this relief is received not only by those classes of the population that always were poor, but, in many instances, by families that a few weeks ago were affluent. On the first of March last the head of the family may have owned a great warehouse filled with goods, containing perhaps many hundred hogsheads of the highest priced tobacco, the gradual accumulation of the last two or three years. Tobacco of the cheaper kinds soon becomes spoiled if kept for a long time in the original packages. But the warehouse with all its stores perished in the great conflagration, business is at a standstill, and the merchant finds himself upon the world absolutely a beggar without bread. He lives, perhaps, in a fine house; but nobody will buy it, nobody will take a mortgage upon it, until it can be known whether or not the owner's treason is to be pardoned, and his property left at his own disposal.

So great and wide-spread is the destitution that the military authorities have divided the city into districts, and soldiers detailed for the purpose go about from house to house, finding out whoever may be in need of aid, and giving them orders on the commissariat for stores. Besides the provisions thus distributed by the Government, the American Union Commission is engaged in ministering to the necessities of the people. One of the very few national flags to be seen in Richmond waves over the tent of its agency in the Capitol Square. There, since a week after the evacuation, tickets have every day been issued, which secured to their holders a dinner of soup from the Commission's soup-house, or flour—of which several hundred barrels have been distributed—or meal and rice. Sometimes as many as fifteen hundred soup tickets have been given away in a day. The charities of the Government are of course upon a much more extended scale. In addition to its labors in relieving these more immediate wants, the Commission has furnished garden seeds, and farming utensils of various kinds, to such cultivators of land as could bring satisfactory evidence of honesty and poverty. Certificates of loyalty are not required. No public announcement of this latter distribution was made, and the persons benefited since the first of this month, at which time it commenced, are not more than twenty in number, and are, for the most part, residents of Henrico County. From the account books of the Commission I am allowed to copy two or three returns, which are of interest as showing the unfortunate condition in which the ravages of war have placed very many farmers in the tide-water section of Virginia:

"Mrs. N. N. owns a hundred and twenty acres of land, of which there are thirty under cultivation; she has one horse and a small cart, but no farming implements, nor money to get them; her house is occupied by Federal troops.

"G. M. has a wife and nine children; owns and cultivates six acres of land; has now a borrowed horse and plough, and no farming implements of his own.

"W. C. owns a hundred acres, and cultivates forty-five; borrows a horse; all the implements on his place destroyed by General Butler's army; and he has nothing left but his farm.

"Mrs. M. C. owns a hundred and fifty acres of land, has twenty-five acres under cultivation; hires a horse and cart from negroes; has no implements left that can be used; has not a dollar."

No one not quite destitute of means was allowed to procure seeds or tools; but people in the condition set forth by the extracts given above received spades, shovels, rakes, hoes, and ploughs. In one or two instances a bill was taken with the articles, and the recipient hoped soon to pay for them, but most of the parties were content to take them as a gift. Now that the new crop is coming in, the Commission proposes, I believe, to suspend operations for a time, and not recommence its labor until the fall, when the inclement season will make more imperative demands upon its resources, and for clothing and fuel as well as for food.

So much has been said of late about the lofty hopes which the emancipated slave entertains in reference to his future, of the insolence of his demeanor, of the certainty that in his hands freedom will become license, that I have looked with care to find indications of these things. So far as concerns the negro's manners, it seems to me that he has by no means removed all traces of his former servility of demeanor. My observation has, of course, been confined within narrow limits of time and space, but as far as I have seen, in the hotels, at barber shops, in public conveyances, in the streets, the colored people appear good-natured, well behaved, and certainly far more respectful and deferential than one ever expects to find white Americans. At Norfolk and Portsmouth, towns where, a short time previous to my visit and a short time after, whites and blacks were engaged in savage party fights, I met some negroes who might be classed as exceptions to this general description; but even in those towns, though there was little visible good humor, there was no insolence. How long the deportment of the blacks will retain the characteristic marks of their servitude, and how long a time will elapse before white people cease to be more angry at a negro's impudence than at a white man's, are questions only to be decided by future experience.

The colored people, at the instance of negroes resident in Alexandria, will shortly hold a convention at that city, and take into consideration the prospects of their race in Virginia. The public generally will then be informed as to the nature of their demands, and in my opinion these will not be so extravagant as many people now suppose and declare.

Not long since I availed myself of a favorable opportunity to converse with two Richmond negroes who had been members of the delegation that recently visited President Johnson, and who expected to be in the Alexandria Convention. Both were mulattoes. One had long been free; the other was a slave up to the evacuation of the city. They were men of respectable appearance and of intelligence, speaking with propriety, and evidently not unaccustomed to reflection.

They thought a good many of their people in the more remote and secluded parts of Virginia were hardly aware as yet that they were free. But the great majority not only had a knowledge of the fact, but also knew pretty well in what respects their present differed from their former situation. They all knew they were their own men, and had got themselves to work for. There was great need for some law to regulate the price of labor, so that the people might be able to stay at their own homes and yet not be forced to take less wages than they ought to receive. They thought the relations between capital and labor could not safely be left to natural laws at present, and that they would not be at any rate. Legislation, if not used in behalf of the colored laborer, would be used against him. While the better class of planters would use the people fairly and well, there were many to whose good-will the negro could not trust, and these would join with the worst classes of voters to oppress him. It was not the slaveholders that were most to be feared; it was the rabble—the same people that were beating the negroes at Norfolk. Both took it for granted that the colored population was to form a class of hired laborers. Very few of them would be able to buy land now, and they had no expectation that land would be given them.

I asked them what they thought of the immediate enfranchisement of the negro. One of the two men was in favor of it, and urged all the ordinary arguments in support of it. Unless his people obtained a share of political power, they would have no protection against rapacity and oppression. They would always be kept in poverty and ignorance. They would become a class most dangerous to the peace of society. Nor should rebels be allowed to make laws for Union men. His friend did not think the negroes in Virginia were fit to exercise the right of suffrage immediately, nor that they would be for some years. Most of them knew nothing about the country. Virginian politics had done nothing but get worse and worse ever since the State, some fifteen or twenty years ago, adopted a more democratic constitution, and let every man cast a vote who was able to bear arms. The gentlemen couldn't get anywhere near the polls on election day, and the men who knew nothing and were worth nothing had everything their own way. The other replied that, unless such men had the right of voting, they never would know anything or be worth anything, and that, at any rate, they had taxes to pay. It would be the same, he said, with the negroes. The convention, both thought, would go no further than to ask that, if ignorant white men were allowed to vote, ignorant black men should have the same privilege. On that point the two men were at one, but they differed still as to the question whether all men, without distinction of color, should have the right of suffrage, or only the intelligent men of both races. They agreed, too, that there was very faint hope of the convention's being able to effect anything in reference to that matter, whatever good might flow from its efforts to obtain a system of laws regulating the price of labor.

Unlike the negro population with which I have been best acquainted, these men, as well as others of their race whom I have met in Virginia, seem to look for an improvement in their condition more to their own exertions and to local action, and less to the general Government and the people of the North. They are decidedly more intelligent than the negroes of Southern Georgia and South Carolina, and evince their superiority by their language dress, and alertness of demeanor.

As one sits in the hotel parlor or in the cool piazza after tea, it is probable that the group surrounding him consists of men from all parts of the South. Military titles are frequent, and the majority have on, if not a full suit, at least some article of clothing made of Confederate gray cloth, or of butternut brown. Few are without a pipe and a tobacco pouch. Among themselves they are very frank in manners and speech, nor do I observe that a Northerner is treated with particular coldness. The old gentleman from Columbia whose property has all been destroyed, and who is on his way North to make a composition with creditors whom he will never be able to pay in full; the man from Louisiana who thinks he has as good a right to live in this country as any other man, who is going to stay and live easy if they leave him his property, and stay and take it rough-and-tumble if they don't; the gentleman who was born and raised in East Tennessee, and who has left his native State because he considers it unsafe for any man that has been a Southern sympathizer to try and live there, and who is now looking for a place to locate; the young man from North Carolina who deserted from Lee's army after Gettysburg and worked as a farm-laborer in Maryland—all furnish a share of the smoke and the talk. The last named person, however, does not, like the rest, confide his past history to the company in general. He tells it to me, knowing that I am from the North, and adds that he reckons "they'll be pretty hard on a man round here if they knew he didn't go plum through to the surrender. Down in Moore Co. he has two brothers that were just as strong for the war as any two fellows could be. He don't know what they'll say to him. He reckons they stuck it out. He'd like to get a good mule and carry on with him when he goes."

The conversation relates to the crops, the condition of the negroes, the behavior of the Yankees in each man's neighborhood, the probable action of the Federal Government, Southern prospects in business and politics, the state of public opinion in the North, all mingled with stories of the war—perhaps an anecdote of "Prince" John Magruder, an adventure with bushwhackers, a description of the wholesale destruction caused by Sherman's march, or of midnight robbery of a rebel family in Tennessee.

A remark made by the Tennesseean attracts the attention of his neighbor, who says: "Ah, doctor, have you been North recently?" "Yes, sir, I had to leave my home in Tennessee. My wife is a New England woman, and I've been staying with her folks. In fact, I hadn't any other place to stay at, and was very thankful to stay there."

"Oh, we're all poor together, sir; and no Southern man need be ashamed to confess it. How did you find the people up there?"

"Well, of course, they think they were right, and they're mighty well pleased to think that we're subjugated, but everybody was kind and pleasant. The business men were all glad to see Southern men coming back. You see they never liked the Western men so well as us. Westerners would often buy when they meant to fail and smash up, but we Southerners never had the name of doing that, and they like to see us again."

Here the gentlemen from South Carolina interrupts. He is a short, small man, quite sixty years old, slow of speech but emphatic, and with a careworn expression of face.

"Were you owing much, sir, at the North?"

"Well, yes, sir; I owed near forty thousand dollars when the war broke out."

"What did they do with you? I am expecting in a few days to meet creditors of my own, and I would like to know how they feel up there."

"They'll treat you well. Very likely you'll find that your creditors are not the men that you think. Some of my paper had passed into second and third hands. The original holders had failed, been smashed up by the war, and my notes were sold at auction. I got them back cheap. I heard of one Norfolk house whose paper had been sold in that way, and they got it again for ten cents on a dollar. Others of my creditors asked me for a full statement, made on my honor, of what my debts were, and the amount of property that I had saved. I gave it, and they dealt very fairly with me. I couldn't pay fifty cents. Oh, they leave a man a little. Of course it depends a good deal on the kind of a man the creditor is, and a good deal on your own character."

"Will they let a man have more goods?"

"On credit?—no, sir. Won't do that. You may get them to fix it up in the way of consignment."

"Well, sir, is it reasonable for them to expect us to pay our debts? Now here am I. I may say that I haven't a cent in the world. Sherman's army burnt my store and my house."

"Sherman says he didn't."

"He did, sir. There can be no doubt of it. One of the Yankee officers told my wife not two hours before the fire began, 'Columbia is a doomed city.' I cannot but think that the moral obligation resting upon me to fulfil my contracts with my Northern creditor is neutralized. That was not civilized warfare. May be it was not my creditors who were responsible for that devastation. But some of us down here were innocent of the sin of secession, yet we had to suffer with the guilty. Why should not the innocent and the guilty at the North suffer together in the same way? I do not believe that I am morally bound to spend my old age in toiling to repay my Northern creditors. I ought to be legally released from my indebtedness, and not feel that there is a burden upon me which I can never shake off."

Thereupon followed an animated discussion. The question, considered as one of pure abstract morality, was decided against the old man; but it seemed to be the general opinion that he would have little practical difficulty in settling his affairs with his creditors. The company seemed to think that whatever might be abstractly right, they, individually, if they could not discharge all their obligations, would prefer paying a Southern creditor in full to making a division amongst Southern and Northern creditors.

"Well, doctor, how do the people up there feel about negro suffrage?"

"I think they're in favor of it. In New England they are, at any rate. In the first place, there's a class that think if the nigger gets a vote, they'll come down here and ride into office right away. Always been friends of the black man, philanthropic, and that sort of thing, you know. They all go in for it. Then there's a very large class who think that the South will always be raising the devil, seceding or something, if they don't give a vote to the niggers. 'The niggers have all been loyal,' they say. They all go in for it. Then a good many think that we, at the South, if we are left to ourselves, won't treat the niggers well; and that class goes in for it. I wish all our people could see it as I do, and they'd go in for it, too."

"How's that? Do you believe in negro suffrage?"

"Yes, I do; and I'll tell you why I do. It will work just the same here as it does there. The class of people there that represent our niggers, the laborers, have a right to vote. My father-in-law employs thirty-five Irishmen. They always vote the right ticket, and he tells them which is the right one. Now, major, if you hire thirty-five niggers, work 'em well, pay 'em well, and feed 'em well—they don't know Wm. H. Seward from a foreign war, they care nothing about the country (we all know what their 'loyalty' amounted to—Cuffee struck out for himself)—now how are they going to vote?"

"Why, they're going to vote as you say."

"Vote themselves white wives more likely," said a young man from Charlotte county. "No, no, sir; you are mistaken," said another, and there was a general expression of dissent. Some other way than that must be discovered for the South to obtain political power in the Union.

"The Northern friends of the negro," said the major, "if they want to benefit their protegé, had better abstain from any interference in that matter, for the Southern people will not be apt to stand it. Everybody admits that the negro is incapable of intelligently exercising the right of suffrage. Why give it to him, then? No people every fought more bravely than ours have fought for the last four years. We have been obliged to succumb. With how small forces we carried on the war has never yet been told. General Lee could tell, and some time may. We were outnumbered five to one, and here we are subjugated. History records no example of such a war, followed by such a peace. Our people are quiet. No one talks of insurrection. We go peaceably about our business. Every difficulty that has arisen in our streets is directly traceable to Yankee soldiers and the teachings of Yankee negroes. Why should the North profess to fear that we are not yet conquered, or are not honest when we say so? We are conquered, and all our actions acknowledge it. We may not love the Yankees; I don't think we pretend to do that, do we, captain? but we have made up our minds to behave as peaceable citizens. We can keep these States in the Union, and we mean to do it. We have tried our best to take them out, and we admit that we can't." This, in substance, the major delivered in an oratorical style, and seemingly with the approbation of all present. He then continued, "But, of course, doctor, the North is not unanimous on this question? I am given to understand that Mr. Johnson is opposed to negro suffrage."

"Yes, he is. He takes the same view of the thing that I do, and you may be sure that he'll be like a flint. They won't turn him."

"You know Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir, I saw him when I was on there."

The conversation continued, and it seemed the conviction of all present that nothing could be more preposterous, and nothing was more improbable, than that Virginia should grant the right of suffrage to her negro population. If such a thing should happen, nothing but calamity could be reasonably expected. The national debt would be repudiated. What negro would deny himself a pound of sugar in order that he might honorably pay his share of the interest on it? The negroes could vote us into a war at any time. Anything would serve as a pretext. Cuba was full of slaves, make war on Spain and free them.

Every demagogue would do with them precisely as he chose. The doctor might talk of laborers voting as the capitalist directed, but if the laborer could vote he'd soon vote himself a living out of the capitalist's property. And even if he should obey the directions of his employer, that would be of little good, as the great majority of them would never have a regular employer.

A young man residing near Fort Monroe thought that a great many niggers would find employment in the Federal army, as he had been told by an officer whom he met there that the Government intended to distribute nigger regiments here and there throughout the South to keep the people quiet.

This statement provoked a good deal of indignant comment. Nothing would make the people angrier than that. It was said the people would universally regard it as an insult. They had borne a good deal, and were ready to bear more; but to have negro troops put over them was not a natural consequence of their defeat, and they would not bear that. There was a point at which forbearance ceased to be a virtue.

These remarks were made by the younger men of the little circle. The major enquired if the Federal officer who had made the remarks reported had seen service, for, said he, "he does n't talk like an old soldier. Did you find out how many fights he'd been in?"

The young man replied that the officer was a surgeon, who had entered the service with a view of improving himself in his business, and who, when asked about his battles, replied that he had never seen so much of the active operations as he would have liked. The young man found him in his mother's house. His mother, much against her will, had taken him as a boarder, because the surgeon very much wished it, and offered to have a guard put on the property if the lady would consent to receive him.

"You are not likely to hear such talk from the old soldiers on either side," said the major, who seemed to fill the position of mentor in the party. "I do not believe the War Department proposes to follow any such plan. If Mr. Stanton does adopt that policy, it will produce great evil, and postpone the day of peace. He need not put the negro on top of us. We will stay down without that."

ENGLAND.—THE RESULT OF THE ELECTIONS.

London, July 15, 1865.

Whig and Tory are terms gone out of fashion except in remote rural districts. Throughout all the recent elections, what has struck me most has been the sedulous care with which either party has avoided identifying itself with the old historic appellations. There are few candidates bold enough to call themselves Tories, fewer still old fashioned enough to call themselves Whigs. We are all now-a-days Liberals or Conservatives; indeed, most of us profess to be a compound of both, and are either Liberal Conservatives or Conservative Liberals. Thus, as I foretold, the elections have had throughout a hybrid and indecisive character. If, according to the fashionable doctrine, the issue submitted to the country is simply whether Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston ought to be the Premier, it is clear that the country has no very decided opinion on the matter. It now seems pretty

certain that the relative proportions of the members who will take their seats on the opening of Parliament on the right hand or the left of the Speaker, will not be materially affected by the elections. The English boroughs were the uncertain element in the electoral problem; and the issue of these borough elections has left the Ministry and the opposition very much where they were, as far as mere numbers are concerned.

Some American friends of mine, who were present at our metropolitan elections, expressed great surprise at the apparent tameness of the whole proceedings. Certainly with you, I suspect, the practice of voting must be far more general than it is with us. The extraordinary anomalies of our electoral system have a good deal to do with this apathy as to the exercise of the franchise. Let me cite my own case as an illustration of how the system works or fails to work. I am, I regret to say, considerably past thirty. I am in possession of sufficient income to be persecuted by tax collectors. I have been for years connected with newspapers. I have been editor, proprietor, correspondent, contributor, anything, in fact, except compositor. I have had some experience in election matters; and may say, without any inordinate vanity, that I have contributed to the rejection or return of more than one candidate; and yet, till this week, I have never voted at a parliamentary election in my life, simply and solely because I had not a vote, and was what Mr. Bright delights to call "a political serf." At last I have acquired the privilege of a freeman, not because my present abode is more expensive than my former ones—the rental, I am glad to say, is decidedly lower—but because the staircase, on which my chambers are situated, happens to have no outer door, so that my rooms count as a single residence. Thus, with our well-to-do and educated classes, it is a matter of complete uncertainty whether you have a vote or not; and this fact tends, I think, to destroy, or at any rate impair, the feeling that the discharge of your electoral functions is in any sense a moral duty. It is quite surprising how small a proportion of the electors vote in our large constituencies. At Westminster and Lambeth the contest this year was unusually keen, and excited very general interest; but in either borough little more than half the constituents went to the poll. In large cities, the reasons which render many country voters unwilling to vote at all are entirely inoperative. There is no more trouble in voting in London than there is in taking a railway ticket, and infinitely less danger of being hustled or annoyed. Yet, somehow or other, electors will not bestir themselves enough to vote. The explanation I take to be, not that the public are indifferent about political questions, but that the class to which the vast majority of voters belongs under our present system is so well represented, that it cares very little about swelling the numbers of the majority by which members are returned. A poorer class, which would be admitted by any important extension of the suffrage, would probably vote much more energetically, simply because it would not be so adequately represented in Parliament.

However, if things were too quiet in London, they have been lively enough at some of our provincial towns. In Nottingham the military had to be called out, in order to protect the voters on their way to the poll. At Grantham the hustings were torn down by the mob, and the election had to be suspended till order could be restored. At Chippenham there was a riot after the result of the poll was announced, during which the vicarage was attacked, and the windows smashed in with the tombstones torn up from the graves of the neighboring church-yard. At Tavistock the successful candidate had to bolt for his life, and, it is said, escaped from his constituents in disguise; and at many other boroughs the war of eggs and brickbats was waged with a fury worthy of the good old times. Of course in Ireland we are used to such occurrences, and look upon them as the normal rule of election days. At Belfast the court-house, where the nomination of members takes place, was occupied by a mob of Protestant factory hands, who, according to a local account, "rushed in with yells of triumph, each flourishing a bludgeon or 'skull cracker,' not round, but square, except the handle"—and, armed with these moral persuaders, evinced a determination to hear nobody except Sir Hugh Cairns, the Orange candidate, and the future Chancellor, by the way, of the next Tory administration. "If," we are told, "an unfortunate Liberal, Presbyterian or Catholic, had fallen into the hands of the mob, his life would have unquestionably been sacrificed, for the police could not get in to the rescue, and the Orangemen were absolutely frantic." At Belfast, however, and other Irish boroughs, which have been disgraced by similar outrages, there is at least the excuse of strong sectarian and political prejudices to justify the excitement. In England the election riots have almost universally been created by one of those local squabbles which appear unintelligible to outsiders. At Nottingham the real contest lay between three Liberals, and the partizans of one candidate broke the heads of the other's supporters with a sublime indifference to all political considerations. Indeed, this Nottingham election was eminently characteristic of our English social life. The candidates were Samuel Morley, the chairman of the defunct Administrative Reform Association, a radical manufacturer of the most advanced Manchester school; Mr. Paget, an eminently respectable Whig banker, of great local influence; and Sir Robert Clifton, or "Bobby Clifton," as his constituents delighted to call him. This gentleman's position cannot well be made intelligible to you without a lengthy disquisition. I suppose, however, most of you have read "Pendennis," and remember Sir Francis Clavering. Well, if you suppose Miss Amory's step-father to have been endowed with dauntless pluck, a sort of devil-may-care wit, and a rough power of slap-dash speaking, you will form some conception of the social position of the man whom the electors of one of the most radical boroughs in the country have returned as their representative. His Liberalism, such as it is, was of the most doubtful order; he had been, throughout the war, one of the most ardent supporters of the Confederate cause; he had taken an active part in hustling Mr. Stansfeld out of office, and in showing subserviency to the French Government—a sin of all others the most unpardonable in ordinary English eyes; he had no money to bribe; his impecuniosity was a matter of notoriety in the town near which he lived, and for which he has been returned. But, in spite of all, the electors could not overlook the fact that he was the last of the Cliftons—of a race of baronets whose family had held property near Nottingham for centuries; whose ancestors had represented the borough scores and scores of times. A "born gentleman" who will consent to be "hail fellow well met" with any tradesman and mechanic he happens to encounter, has a sort of hold on popular respect and liking, even in our most democratic constituencies, whose power cannot easily be over-estimated. As long as a man is young, and good-looking, and plucky, "our people," as Thackeray observed, "hardly think the worse of him for sowing his wild oats plentifully." And so, the old Liberal member, Mr. Paget, was turned out; and Sir Robert Clifton was returned to Parliament as the free choice of a borough which has always been the especial home of Chartism and ultra Radicalism.

However, now that I have spoken of the unpleasing side of the recent elections, let me turn to their brighter aspect. Few events can be more gratifying to thoughtful English Liberals than the result of the metropolitan contests this week. The great London boroughs approximate very closely to what all our constituencies must be whenever any large electoral reform is inaugurated in England. It is clear that with an extended suffrage we cannot maintain our present system, under which Milton, with a couple of hundred voters, returns as many members at the orders of the Fitz William family as Manchester with its half a million inhabitants. In some form or other, we shall be compelled to have large electoral districts, closely resembling the London boroughs both in their extent and in the absence of any distinct local characteristics. Now, hitherto, the experiment of such districts, as exhibited in London, had not been satisfactory. The name of a "metropolitan member" had become almost a term of reproach. That no gentleman or man of education had any chance of contesting these constituencies, that the election lay in the hands of pot-house cliques, that vulgar demagoguism of the lowest order was the only description of talent which would be recognized by such constituencies, were assertions made habitually by the opponents of reform, and to which it was not easy to find an honest answer. In the last Parliament Mr. Edwin James was returned for Marylebone, and Mr. William Roupell, now of Her Majesty's Penitentiary, was the elect of Lambeth. The colleagues of these gentlemen in the representation of the metropolis, though less notorious, were hardly more promising specimens of advanced Liberalism. Mr. Cox, the "Pet of Finsbury," as he used to be called, was a second-rate attorney, whose blunders rendered him the laughing-stock of the House of Commons. Williams, of Lambeth, was a poor caricature of the late Joseph Hume. Messrs. Ayrton Butler, Peto Shelley, Locke, and Doulton were all respectable mediocrities, who carried no weight in the House. The only two metropolitan members of political or general repute were Mr. Layard and Sir De Lacy Evans. The metropolis had come to be looked upon as a sort of Tom Tiddler's ground for political adventurers. Pushing barristers of doubtful Old Bailey repute, advertising tradesmen of the Barnum order, vestry celebrities, and debating club orators, had learned to consider themselves the class from which our metropolitan representatives ought to be selected.

The abuse had grown to be so great that, like most abuses in this country, it worked out its own remedy. A determination was come to by the leading men at these boroughs to see if their character for incompetency in the choice of representatives was really deserved. It was resolved to bring men of sterling repute before the electors, and to see whether they would know how to distinguish true merit from its pinchbeck counterfeit. It was owing to this resolution that Mr. Mill was brought forward for Westminster,

Mr. Hughes for Lambeth, and Mr. McCullagh Torrens for Finsbury. All these gentlemen proceeded on one principle. They relied solely upon their reputation as writers or men of thought; they discarded all the ordinary mechanism of electioneering. They had no public houses as committee rooms; no local solicitors in their hire as "confidential advisers;" no paid canvassers; no system of "sensation" placards or broadcast advertising. Every electioneering authority declared beforehand, and I believe sincerely, that without puffing, placarding, canvassing, and treating, it was impossible for any man to get in for a London constituency, unless he had that sort of popular notoriety enjoyed by old "Charley Napier," Lord Dudley Stuart, or poor "Tom Duncombe." Now most assuredly neither Mr. Mill, nor Mr. Torrens, nor even Mr. Hughes, had anything of this peculiar popularity. Their names are not "household words" amongst Englishmen. Yet on strict purity principles they were returned one and all by very large majorities. No doubt they owed their election mainly to an agency novel in electioneering affairs. The cheap penny press has virtually become a power in the state since the last elections; and by means of a paper whose circulation is as large as that of the *Daily Telegraph*, the electors of London can be canvassed to an extent to which personal solicitations could afford no parallel. Still the press could have effected nothing if the electors had not been sincerely anxious to choose the best men they could find. Money and elaborate canvassing, and even local popularity, were powerless against the resolution of the constituencies to return somebody who should be a credit to them. Since the event the Tory papers have endeavored to account for the return of Mill and Hughes by saying that their success was due to the zeal with which the electors were canvassed by their friends. I can only say that I saw a good deal of the working of both these gentlemen's committees, and that I never knew a contest carried on with a less display of activity on the part of the successful candidates. I should think there never was an election at which so many votes were given unsolicited. The success of Mill, Hughes, and Torrens was, I think, really due to two facts. In the first place, a large number of electors, who had never taken part previously in metropolitan elections, came to the polls as soon as they found they had a chance of returning a creditable candidate. In the second place, the working-men took a keen interest in the return of men whose names were known as champions of their cause, and showed a power of volunteer organization for which, I candidly confess, I should not have given them credit. When the reform question is discussed in the next Parliament, we shall, at any rate, hear no more about the degraded condition of the metropolitan constituencies.

Throughout the elections, the *Times* has maintained a most unusual silence about the whole contest. Having once assured its readers that nobody cared anything about political issues, and that the only issue to be tried at the hustings was whether Lord Derby should succeed Lord Palmerston, it has systematically ignored the elections. The only reason I can assign for this is that the "leading journal," with the strange absence of political insight which has recently signalized its management, had a half belief in the truth of the "conservative reaction," and fancying that the next Parliament might possibly inaugurate a Tory régime, was anxious to leave itself unpledged to either side in the contest. But the real truth is, that though the elections will effect very little change in what Mr. Disraeli termed the other day "the distribution of political power," they will produce a marked change in the constitution of Parliament. The Ministerial party—if we count Liberals of every shade as supporters of the Government—has gained some half dozen votes in the boroughs, and will certainly not lose in the counties. If, therefore, a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry should be proposed when the House next assembles, it will be rejected by a larger majority than in the late Parliament. But, on the other hand, the terms Ministerialist and Liberal will be far less identical in the newly elected legislature than they were in the old. There was not, as I anticipated, a signal increase in the number of independent Liberals returned to Westminster. Now Mr. Mill, in his last address to his constituents, defined clearly enough the policy of the party to which he has brought such an accession of strength. As between Tory and Whig administration, they will always vote for the latter. "We could not conceive," he said, "the circumstances under which any Liberal Ministry would not be preferable to any Conservative one." There is, therefore, no risk of any Tory-Radical coalition. But, at the same time, no Whig Ministry can continue in power without the aid of the advanced section, which will number some forty to seventy votes. And, therefore, the future policy of the Government will inevitably be moulded to a great degree in accordance with the principles of which Mr. Bright is the most distinguished advocate. I do not mean that the Government will be under the control of the Manchester party, but it will be unable to disregard their wishes with the same sublime indifference it manifested during the crisis of the American war, when the adherence of the moderate Conservatives enabled Lord Palmerston to defy the hostility of the Radicals. It is a significant fact that not one of this section of the Liberals has lost his seat as yet at the hustings.

Lord Amberley has failed at Leeds, partly because he traded too much on Earl Russell's somewhat tarnished popularity—and a great town never likes to elect a man simply because he is the son of a living father—partly because *Punch* invented for him the nickname of "Namberley Pamberley." Mr. Gladstone will have a hard fight for the University of Oxford, though his son, more happy than the youthful Russell, has been returned for Chester. Professor Fawcett has got in at Brighton, and will be the first blind man who has ever been elected a member of Parliament. We have had every other description of physical invalid cases. We have had lame, deaf, and one-armed members. Happily, we have had many dumb ones—by choice, however, rather than necessity—but, till now, we have never had a representative who could not employ the time-honored phrase of "catching the Speaker's eye." Mr. Trevelyan, the nephew of Lord Macaulay, and the author of some smartish Indian sketches in "Macmillan's Magazine," has been elected at Tynemouth, and Sir Wentworth Dyke, proprietor of the *Athenæum* newspaper, is now a member for Wallingford.

Other than election news we have none this week whatever. The harvest is getting on rapidly, and will be gathered in the moment that the county elections are over.

MEMS FROM WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE legal world of London is undergoing its annual process of disintegration. The circuits have commenced, and the Guildhall sittings end to-day. The general elections, combined with these disturbing causes, have placed everything legal in the condition known familiarly as "sixes and sevens." The new Parliament is to be very strong in the forensic element. Nearly all the most distinguished Queen's counsel have seats, but as the numbers elected bear but a small proportion to the competitors, silk and stuff within and without the bar, who have been disappointed, the excitement among the denizens of Westminster Hall, till results were known, and during the early part of the week, was enormous. Every second man we met was a candidate, or the proposer or seconder of a candidate, for a provincial borough. Stuff was backing silk, and silk was seeking preferment, in anything but Hamlet's vein, by that near cut to the bench which lies across the hustings. Monday and Tuesday were the nomination and polling days in the city, and your correspondent, who was unlucky enough to be engaged at the Guildhall, wandered up and down like a lamb in search of its dam, or, to be more classical, like Æneas in Hades seeking his leaders, but never finding them. One had gone to Canterbury, a second to Exeter, a third to Manchester. Nervous attorneys ran hither and thither, jostled by poll-clerks, freemen-voters, spectacle-makers, breeches-makers, and merchant tailors, in hope that the errant Q.C. or his clerk might be discovered, even in wreck, amid the turbulent and noisy crowd. At last, after long delay, the great man's clerk appears, breathless and hot. He has just arrived by train, and Mr. Silk is at Stoke Pogis addressing the electors; so there is no hope. Among the leaders best known to fame thus absent were Mr. J. Coleridge, the son of the ex-judge, who has been returned for Exeter; Mr. Edward James, the leader of the Northern circuit, who is now member for Manchester; Mr. Digby Seymour, who has failed at Southampton; Mr. Bovill, Q.C., returned for Guilford; Mr. Roebuck for Sheffield; Mr. Huddleston for Canterbury; Mr. Thomas Chambers, the Common Sergeant, for Marylebone; Mr. Hawkins, and many others.

But in spite of general elections the law business of the realm must go on, and the sittings of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey and the assizes have already commenced, and I proceed to record some few of the more notable decisions which have marked the close of the sittings after term at Westminster.

One of these is reported for the first time during the current week, although decided nearly a month since, and determines for the first time the long and much vexed question, whether a master can maintain an action for such an injury to his servant as prejudices or hinders the affairs of the employer. The action was brought against a railway company by a firm of brewers. Their traveller, while journeying on their business, was injured by a collision, or in some manner through the negligence of the company. The proceedings were to recover damages by the masters for the alleged injury which they had sustained, the servant being unable to perform his duties. The decision was in effect that the service performed by the railway company was a duty based on contract, and that by a well-known rule of law the only persons who can sue on a contract are the parties to it. The judgments of Erle C. J. Willes, Byles, and Montague

Smith, J. J., were given at great length, and are full of legal erudition, the Common Pleas being at present one of the strongest of the superior courts.

Of less legal importance, but involving a question of some legal difficulty, was another railway case, Stewart *v.* the South-Western Railway Company and Sanders, decided in Chancery on the 1st of July. The facts were simple. A man and his wife travelling by the company mentioned were injured by a collision. The surgeon of the company "fraudulently" and by misrepresentation induced them to take fifteen pounds in compensation for the injuries inflicted, and to give a receipt in full for all claims. The injured man, after signing the receipt, became worse, had a long illness, and found the money paid altogether inadequate. He commenced an action at law, and the company pleaded the receipt in full as bar to the action. The plaintiffs now applied to Chancery for an injunction to restrain the defendants, the railway company, from putting in such receipt, as it had been obtained by fraud. The Lord Chancellor Westbury granted the injunction. He said: "He considered the bill asking the injunction sought relief upon an old and well established ground of equitable jurisdiction. The court was asked to stay its hand, because the bill was for an injunction merely, when it should have asked also for relief by compensation. It was not necessary that the plaintiffs should extend their claim. It would have been an inconvenient course. The prayer was properly limited to such relief as the court could not refuse without repudiating its own jurisdiction, and the bill would have been wrong, if extended, it had asked relief, which probably the court would have refused to grant."

The past week has seen the first trial at the Central Criminal Court of the Old Bailey of the working of the Hon. J. Denman's act of Parliament, which gives to criminal advocates a right to sum up the evidence before the reply of the prosecution. In other words, the act, which came into operation on the 1st of July, assimilates the procedure in criminal to that in civil cases, and allows a prisoner or his defender to make two speeches. The rights of prisoners on trial have been, in spite of the boasted justice and liberality of antique law, a matter of gradual concession and enlargement, extending over the entire annals of criminal jurisprudence. Till very recently, the prisoner or his defender was not permitted to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution; and it was not till the year 1836 that the persons on trial for felonies were allowed personally or by counsel to address juries in defence. The state trials of Throgmorton, Udale, Parsons, Raleigh, and of the Stuart reigns generally, were full of acts of injustice and hardship. The present act is a further concession to justice and humanity. For if it is found an advantage in the elimination of truth, when the question to be adjudicated on is a piece of goods, that counsel should sum up, it can hardly be denied to be a gain when life and liberty are at stake.

A peer, Lord Winchilsea and Nottingham, a man some fifty years of age, and in that sense old enough to be wiser, refused to appear before a magistrate the other day, on the ground that he possessed or believed he possessed as a peer some fancied privilege of Parliament. He wrote a note to this effect in answer to the magistrate's summons, but on advice appeared in answer to a second and peremptory summons, and then alleged another excuse. The charge was for smoking in a railway station, and the noble peer was fined. Peers, like barristers, pilots, and other specified classes, are exempt from serving on juries, but their privileges are limited, and, save as to legislation, do not go greatly beyond this. They are not liable to arrest for debt; but their legislative powers are their chief possession, and the only one which may be considered dangerous or inimical to the interests of the community. They of course enjoy privileges of an indirect and even of an illegal kind, but these have no constitutional importance, and are due rather to the frivolity of citizens than the frailty of legislation.

The new act conferring on county courts a limited equity jurisdiction, one of the chief of the late Lord Chancellor's reforms, has just been printed. It comes into operation on the 1st of October, but it has immediate effect as to the rules and costs to be reframed. It bestows on county courts power and authority to administer equity, as they have hitherto administered common law, in all suits in which the real or personal estate does not exceed £500, and generally in all suits over which equity alone has jurisdiction to the same amount. The act contains twenty-three sections, and these generally enforce the relationship of county courts to the existing courts of Chancery that has heretofore subsisted between the county courts and the superior common law courts. The Lord Chancellor Westbury, in his scheme of legal education, insisted on a general acquisition of equity by students for legal honors, and the new jurisdiction will turn this branch of education to account. Trust accounts, suits for foreclosure and redemption, for specific performance, proceedings relative to wards and infants, to the trustee relief acts and bankruptcy, can all in future be administered in the county courts, where the sums in issue do not exceed five hundred pounds. The act was printed, and bears date the 5th of July, and may be quoted as the 28 and 29 Vict., c. 99. On the same day the new act to amend the law of partnership was also issued. At one stroke this act is to remodel the law of partnership, as it has existed since the end of the last century, when settled by Lord Chief-Justice Eyre, 34 G. III., and Gould and Heath in the Common Pleas, in the case of Waugh and Carver. It was then decided that a share of profits made a share of losses, and that that in point of fact created a partnership—or, in the words of Tindal, J., that a "partnership is a mutual participation in profit and loss." The present act revokes that decision. The advance of money on contract to receive a share of profits does not now necessarily constitute the lender a partner. The mere fact of such a loan shall not of itself constitute such a partner—that is the purport of the first section. The second determines that if a servant or agent is paid by share of profits, he will not be necessarily a partner. The third, that an annuity out of profits, by the widow or child of a deceased partner, will not constitute the annuitant a partner. The act contains two other clauses, excepting a receipt of profits in consideration of a sale of good will, or any such lender of money as has been referred to, in the event of bankruptcy, from the incidents of partnership. This act, it cannot be doubted, will still further revolutionize the commercial resources of the country, and enlarge the operations of the trading community much beyond the limits reached even by the operations of the joint stock companies.

By Lord Westbury's retirement the digest of the statute law will doubtless be retarded. The pious hopes of Edward the Sixth, "when time shall serve, that the tedious and superfluous statutes were brought into one form together and made more plain and short, to the intent that men might better understand them," are not yet to be fulfilled. Reforms grow slowly in England. James the First cavilled at "the cross and cuffing statutes." Sir Nicholas Bacon mapped out a digest, and his son, the great chancellor, Sir Francis, put that digest into shape. There was a committee of law reform sitting during the great fire of 1666, another in 1816, then in 1826, '33, and '55, but still there is no digest, and the retirement of the chancellor virtually postpones it *sine die*. The resignation of Lord Westbury under conservative pressure and the animosity of his personal enemies is felt to be legally a great loss. He was active and unremitting in the pursuit of his professional duties. The business of Chancery was wholly cleared up. His decisions were esteemed sound and unimpeachable, and his reforms have been, if not always successful, well conceived, and of a high class. The testimony of the supporters of the Government is uniform to his innocence of the charges laid against him and to his freedom from reproach, but it was felt by the country that patronage had been unwisely bestowed, if not corruptly, and that it was desirable to vindicate the honor of the public service even by the sacrifice of so illustrious and dignified a victim.

The trial of the Mercantile Bank of New York *v.* Windsor took place on Thursday in the Queen's Bench, to recover the sum of £36,000 from the man Windsor, the amount of his alleged deficiencies or defalcations. It resulted in a verdict for the plaintiffs, a conclusion which had been foreseen by the counsel on both sides, as a more hopeless case could not have been submitted to the jury than that for the defence. The two leaders were away on election business, and the defence rested on Mr. Edward Clarke, a young man of two or three and twenty, recently called to the bar, who displayed considerable acumen and energy in his address to the jury on behalf of his client. His argument was, in effect, that some one else other than Windsor had been the real culprit, that great irregularity had existed in the manner in which affairs were conducted, "the cash of the bank had not been counted for two years," that the vault-banks were unsafe, and that it was impossible with any degree of certainty to fix the alleged losses on the defendant. This was undoubtedly a judicious line of defence, and the jury for some time refused to find a verdict for the plaintiff, on the ground that the case had not been made out, but ultimately, when sent back by the Chief-Justice, gave a verdict as described. The case was in no wise remarkable, other than that Windsor had been applied for under the Extradition Treaty, and that the application had been found untenable. TEMPLAR.

LONDON, July 18, 1865.

THE HUMORS OF THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS.

BEFORE the rebellion there were few European writers on ethnology or anthropology who did not assert that the white race in America had already begun to decay, and that but for the new blood continually infused into it by the hordes of emigrants who flocked to our shores in the hope of bettering their condition, it would very soon become extinct. As it was, even with all the advantages of a constant regeneration, its identity could not possibly be maintained for more than a few centuries, and then the people who had civilized a continent, enriched the world with their contributions

to science, literature, and art, and founded an empire based upon the principles of human liberty, would take their place in history by the side of the Egyptians, the Aztecs, and the other nations which have either disappeared or else live only in a few scattered fragments sunk in the lowest depths of effeteness and barbarism. Before proceeding to adduce the evidence which effectually dissipates all these apprehensions, we propose to cite a few extracts from late authorities, which will show how superficially we have been studied by the scientific men of Europe, and which, if they do not instruct, will certainly amuse, our readers.

Some ten years ago, M. Desor, a German anthropologist, visited this country, and soon afterwards published the results of his observations in a journal devoted to the science he represented. There are few persons pretending to a scientific status who would in so short an article make so many erroneous assertions and deductions. For instance, he says:

"A chief characteristic of the American is the length of the neck, not that it is absolutely longer than amongst us, but appears longer on account of leanness. The Americans again soon recognize the European by the opposite characters. 'He is a stranger,' they will say, 'look at his neck; an American has no such neck.'"

Certainly, the longest necked persons we ever saw were in Germany and Switzerland. We are, undoubtedly, a sharp and discriminating people, but we question if there are many amongst us who are able to tell a foreigner by the length of his neck. It is only necessary for a person to open his eyes and walk down Broadway to lead him to doubt M. Desor's authority on the neck question. Again, he says;

"The most intelligent Americans clearly perceive that the increasing delicacy of form (especially in the women) ought, if possible, to be arrested. Despite of their instinctive aversion to the Irish (forming the largest contingent of immigrants), they are aware that the development of the glandual system of that race is well calculated to neutralize the influences of the climate for a considerable time. It has been observed that the finest women are descended from European parents."

Hence, to save ourselves from destruction, our women are on the lookout for Irish husbands, and our men seek their wives in preference from the daughters of Erin! That "the finest women are descended from European parents," admits of no doubt in our opinion. We have met persons, however, who give the palm to those of Asiatic, African, or aboriginal origin. But to continue:

"The influence of the climate is not merely shown in the descendants, but in the parents. There are few Europeans who get fat in the United States; the Americans, on the contrary, who reside a considerable time in Europe, become more healthy and portly. What still more characterizes the North American is his stiff lank hair. There is a striking contrast in this respect between the Englishman and the American. We look in vain among American children, despite of all the care taken by their mothers, for curly-headed children, so frequently seen in England.

"This influence on the hair is probably owing to the dryness of the climate. Hair, as is well known, curls when moist; we are, therefore, not surprised that in England the hair is inclined to curl, whilst it remains lank in America. The hair of the European becomes in America drier, and requires pomatum, etc., to keep it glossy and soft; hence also there is a very large number of hair-dressers in America.

"Every European who arrives in New York, Boston, or Baltimore, will also be struck with that feverish activity the American displays. Every one is in a hurry; the people don't walk, they run. Something like it is no doubt seen in the larger commercial towns of England, but the activity of the Englishman seems more under the control of reason; that of the Yankee is instinctive—at any rate, the result of habit or of an innate restlessness. They even exhibit this accelerated activity during their meals, which, even if they have nothing important to do, are despatched in less than no time.

"One of the first physiological characteristics of the American type is an absence of corpulence. On travelling the streets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, etc., you will among one hundred persons scarcely see a portly one, who, moreover, will frequently be found to be a foreigner."

There are only two or three of these absurdities which require notice. In the first place, if M. Desor speaks the truth, the United States would be the sanatorium for all those unhappy persons who, like Mr. Banting, have more adipose tissue than they can conveniently carry. Instead of undergoing torture as did this poor gentleman, by restricting themselves for many months to a non-saccharine and non-amylaceous diet, they would only have to pass a short time in this country, stuff themselves to their hearts' content on sugar and starch, and then return to their own land reduced to the coveted dimensions. The circumstance, however, that more copies of Mr. Banting's little book were sold in this country than in England is perhaps an indication that there are still some fat persons left among us, and if any one desires further evidence of the fact, we would suggest that he make a tour of the banks, insurance and railway companies' offices, and examine into the physical condition of the presidents and directors of these institutions. Then let him go to the mercantile and manufacturing establishments, and inquire for the senior partners, and subject these gentlemen to a like inspection. This done, he will probably arrive at the conclusion that nine out of ten of those whom he has looked upon are as portly in appearance as any he has ever seen in any quarter of the globe. There is no doubt, however, that Americans begin to get fat a year or two later than the people of other countries. This is due to the fact that they continue longer in active business habits. After the age of fifty, there are as many stout Americans to be met with as Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, or representatives of any other nation.

But is obesity a sign of high physical and mental development? By no means. If it were, we should look for perfection in these respects among the Daniel Lamberts and the fat girls who have at various times astonished the world with their amplitude. The reason why the obese period is a little postponed with us is, as we have said, the fact that we labor longer and more energetically with our bodies and minds than the people of any other nation of the world. We have work to do, and we do it with a will. Under these circumstances we cannot get fat. We have the alternative of torpor and obesity or activity and leanness. In the early part of our lives we take the latter; as we get older we choose repose, and then we grow in width and depth. When we wish to fatten hogs, we subject them to a certain regimen. We restrict their bodily exercise, give them as much as they can eat, and keep their minds in as tranquil a state as possible. The same process carried out on the human subject would be just as effectual. Whether it is worth while for one to try it who has other objects in life than obtaining a protuberant abdomen, is a question which we in this country have long ago decided for ourselves.

In regard to the hair, M. Desor is even more absurdly wrong. In the first place, every young woman who has ever curled her hair knows that the effect of the weather is just the opposite of that he asserts it to be. In dry seasons the curl is tight; in wet ones it is almost impossible to retain the semblance of a twist. The curliness or straightness of the hair is not a matter of climate at all, but one of race or of individual peculiarity. In the Caucasian or white race, it is generally slightly inclined to wave, but may be either very straight or very curly; in the Mongolian, or red and yellow race, it is always straight; and in the negro, or black race, it is always crisp and tightly curled. We have only to consider the facts connected with the climates of the regions inhabited by these races to see that the amount of moisture in the atmosphere has nothing to do with the character of the hair as to curliness or straightness.

In regard to the rarity of curly hair among Americans, M. Desor's assertions are altogether erroneous. As many curly-haired boys and girls and men and women are to be met with here as in any European country, and a great many more than in several we have visited. The Irish, the Hollanders, the Spaniards, the Italians, the Hungarians, and the Scandinavian nations, generally have straight hair. In the Germans, the French, the English, and the Scotch, there is no marked predominance of either curly or straight haired people. In the United States, the two classes appear to be about equally numerous.

There are other points of M. Desor's remarks which we might touch upon but for the fact that there are more important personages awaiting our notice, whose eccentricities in anthropological science bear about the same relationship to his that a Fresnel light does to a tallow candle. To these gentlemen we therefore ask the reader's attention.

Within the last two or three years a number of British gentlemen, actuated doubtless by the most praiseworthy and disinterested motives, met together and organized the "Anthropological Society" of London.

As the name of the association indicates, the object of its founders was the cultivation of all knowledge bearing, however remotely, upon the natural history of mankind. They and their associates were to institute enquiries relative to the anatomical structure, the origin, the habits, the customs, the ceremonies, the modes of life, etc., of man in all parts of the globe. They were to search out the causes which had led or were supposed to have led to the extinction of races, and to suggest means for obviating their effects in future. The laws which govern man's development, which relate to his fitness or unfitness for particular avocations, which bear upon his food, his clothing, his habitations, or the thousand other circumstances which affect his well-being, were all to be considered, and his relations to the inferior animals were indicated as a special subject deserving of the most thorough and persistent thought and research.

Among the members were several gentlemen who had already achieved deservedly high reputations in science, but, as is always the case with young societies, the great majority were either altogether ignorant of anthropology, or else just possessed of that modicum of learning which, when

acquired by a weak or shallow mind, leads its possessor to think himself almost omniscient.

At the second meeting of the society of which any record was published, a paper was read by a Mr. Bollaert, on the past and present populations of the New World. In this production it is said that true liberty belongs to the white races of Europe, that the whites in the United States are becoming extinct, that they are lawless and ungovernable, and that the people of that "late lamented institution, the United States of America," might do something better than slaughter each other in a sanguinary civil war. This paper was the text for the following most extraordinary debate. If there is anything like it in the annals of any other learned society, we should like to see it.

"Dr. Berthold Seemann said that he could, from his own experience, confirm Mr. Bollaert's observations respecting the comparative infertility both of the descendants of Europeans living in America, and of the offspring of mixed marriages. He had generally found that Americans have only two or three children. In Panama the mulattoes often have many children, but they die early. Dr. Seemann stated that he fully believed that the present population of the United States would die out if it were not constantly recruited from Europe. The Americans seem, too, to be assuming the characteristics, both mental and physical, of the aboriginal Indians. They are moody, often sitting for long together without saying a word, but when excited talking with extraordinary vehemence; they are very lean, have no calves, and their hair is long and straight, very seldom curly. In some parts of the United States, however, very fine men are found, especially in Kentucky. Dr. Seemann thought they were of German origin—he had himself conversed with a Kentuckian seven feet nine inches high who spoke German.

"Mr. Bendyshe enquired whether there is anything on record about the prolificness of the Indian women before the conquest. As an instance of the deleterious effect of the climate of North America, he mentioned the case of a gentleman who after ten years of married life in Canada was childless and almost imbecile, but who on returning to Europe was restored to health and had a child. Mr. Bendyshe also ventured to express an opinion that the gigantic Kentuckyman had come from Yorkshire."

There was some other conversation to the same effect, in which the present degradation and ultimate extinction of the whites of America were asserted to be beyond the possibility of a doubt, and then Prof. Marshall exhibited the brain of an idiot boy, which was remarkable for its smallness. Perhaps he might have found better examples of microcephaly among the learned fellows who surrounded him.

Who Dr. Seemann and Mr. Bendyshe are we have not the slightest idea. The former appears to have travelled, and, like other voyagers of more renowned character, he delights in "long yarns." He does not limit the injurious effects of the American climate to the human family, however, for, at a subsequent meeting of the society, he says:

"The influence of climate on race appears to be considerable. Cattle taken to America become so stupid that they lose the instinct of self-preservation, and the trains on the American railways are obliged to be provided with cattle-catchers, as the animals will not get out of the way."

The worst of it all is, that this twaddle went on without a word of dissent. There there should be asses in the Anthropological Society of London is not very wonderful, but that scientific men like Professors Owen, Busk, and Marshall, and men of the world like Captain Burton, could listen to such stuff, and consider it "science," is something strange. In reading the remarks made at various times, and the papers contributed to the "Anthropological Review," the organ of the Society, it is very evident that a spirit of intense hostility exists on the part of many of the members towards America and everything appertaining to the country. In fact, it will be very evident to any one who takes the trouble to look through the Transactions of the British Association, that the Anthropological Society is mainly made up of a pestilent set of men, who are seeking their own notoriety rather than the furtherance of science, and at the last meeting of the Association, at Newcastle, they received several rebukes, which it would be well for them to remember. We can therefore afford to pass over such false science as is contained in the passages we have quoted; but as the opinion that the white race in America has degenerated is held by some European *savans* of eminence, and is even entertained with a lingering dread by some of our own people, who base their views upon foreign ideas, instead of looking around them, we propose to adduce a few facts to show that the Caucasian race in the United States is as high in the scale of human development as it is in any other part of the world to which its enterprise has taken it.

The report of the Provost-Marshal General is before us, and supplies ample evidence to sustain this position. In the military services of most civilized nations a strict examination is made of recruits, and if there are reasonable grounds for apprehending a deficiency of stamina or the existence of any disqualifying physical or mental infirmity, they are not allowed to enter the army. The results of these examinations, based upon the inspection of many thousand men, afford very trustworthy data in regard to the strength and vigor of nations, because the life of a soldier is such that the highest degree of physical development is necessary, in order that its hardships and privations may be endured. In our service, it appears that the ratio of men rejected for disability of all kinds was 285.52 per thousand, whilst in the French service it was, in the years from 1831 to 1843, 324.4, and in 1859 317. In the British army it was, in the years from 1832 to 1862, 317.3, and in the Belgian army, from 1851 to 1855, 320.6 per thousand. The advantage is thus shown to be very greatly in favor of the United States.

If it be said that the requirements were less rigid in our service than in that of either of the nations mentioned, it can be answered with perfect truth that the reverse was the case; for whilst we had thirty-six disabling causes the British had but twenty-three and the French but twenty. When we examine the tables giving the results for individual diseases, we see that, in regard to many of the most important, the superiority is with our people.

It is considered by military authorities advisable that the circumference of the chest of a recruit should be equal to half his height. If it is less than this, the individual will probably prove deficient in stamina. From a table in the report cited, we find that the average height of Americans is 66.44 inches, the circumference of the chest at full inspiration 35.16 inches, and at full expiration 32.75 inches. When moderately expanded, therefore, the average American chest is fully up to the severe requirements of a military life.

It is to be recollected that the data contained in the Provost-Marshal General's report relate to American males of all ages between fourteen and sixty-five, the average being 30.59, at which age every anatomist and physiologist knows the full development of the thorax has not been reached. There is, therefore, no room to doubt that in strength, in freedom from disease, in physical development, and in all the elements which tend to show tenacity of life, the American white is not surpassed by the people of any other country in the world.

But are statistics really necessary to prove these points? Are they not abundantly shown in the powers of endurance, in the energy, the unfaltering spirit, the calm, quiet, resolute will which our whole people, and especially our soldiers, have shown throughout the sanguinary war which has so happily been brought to a close? If there ever was a nation which has proved its manhood and its vitality in the face of almost insurmountable obstacles—obstacles before which other people admit they would have succumbed—that nation lives in the United States of America; and, our word for it, now that success has attended their efforts, there will be no lack of arguments to prove their vital tenacity, even from those who have hitherto disputed it most, and we should not be surprised to learn that even Dr. Seemann and his *confrères* had begun extolling not only the human family as found in America, but the whole animal kingdom.

OCEANIC TELEGRAPHY.

THE memory of New York is none of the best, but she cannot have forgotten the celebration of the laying of the submarine telegraph in 1858, and the festivities and glorifications thereupon attendant. We know how we all counted our chickens before they had chipped the shell. The city feast was a meat-offering thrown away. The illuminations illustrated nothing more than the streets. The poets who fathomed the depths of the bathos with their lines, as that of the telegraph did those of the sea, strung their lyres in vain. If their odes had no other elements of poesy, they were, at least, pure works of the imagination. The glory of the Grand Cyrus was but for a day. The philosophers who had averred that the thing could not be, and who had been put to shame for a little season, exalted their heads again among the stars. The telegraph, after a few stammering utterances, held its peace. De Sauty disappeared into the mysterious darkness whence he issued, and became, indeed, what he had always been suspected of being, a myth. In short, the cable refused to talk, and the telegraph was a failure.

And yet not altogether so. The possibility of conversing three thousand miles off was demonstrated. A single word was enough to prove that, and there were a good many more than one, first and last. Still, it was not a success, excepting so far as its mistakes furnished the elements of knowing how they might be avoided, and we were a little ashamed of our precocious rejoicings, and did not delight in hearing the matter talked about. But Mr. Field, with an honorable perseverance and a living faith in his idea, which

is the badge of all the tribe of benefactors of mankind, did not despair of success, and succeeded in inspiring his confidence into the sluggish soul of capital. It took time to recover from the depression of the first mishap; but the good time came, a new cable was woven, and the *Great Eastern* is even now depositing its strands along the bed of the ocean stream. There is good reason to believe that the marvel is on the eve of accomplishment, and that the Old World and the New are about to talk together, as friend with friend, with most miraculous organ. Not only will deep cry unto deep, but continent unto continent. The children of men will be brought nearer to one another, and will know each other more, and, it is to be hoped, like each other better. The cable may be the cord that is to bind nations together in a closer friendship than they have ever yet known, and be, indeed, a link in the chain of events that is to secure peace on earth and good-will to men.

Should it be successful, as it will be, this time or the next, what a revolution it will work in many of the doings of men! In fact, Field will do for the continents, which the ocean has hitherto held apart, what Morse has already done for the continents separately. It has already, in connection with steam, revolutionized diplomacy, and it will work mighty changes in the way of doing business. The foreign affairs of nations are transacted on a totally different footing and in an entirely different way from what they were fifty years since, and so must be the foreign affairs of individuals. And the change will be, on the whole, in favor of honest dealings in matters public and private. The time is gone, never to return, when the delay of a courier by a flood can unseat a favorite or upset a prime minister, as happened in the case of the Princess des Ursins and Cardinal Alberoni. Steam and lightning have simplified the science of diplomacy by making many of its old arts and artifices impossible. All the aid it drew from mystery and darkness is gone, inasmuch as facts are known in London as soon as they happen in Madrid or Vienna. Even Talleyrand would be forced to make his exception the rule of his conduct, and tell the truth when he wished particularly to deceive, when all crooks and crannies are brought to light by the magic flash of telegraphic lightning.

And so it will be with private mercantile affairs. When all men are put on an equal footing of intelligence as to prices and markets, the advantages that used to come from private advices, or even from sagacious guesses, will disappear, and all fair traders have equal chances. Good judgment and practical experience will not be as liable as now to be outstripped by cunning and chicanery. Some kinds of enterprise, indeed, will suffer a sea-change from this submarine whispering-gallery. Adventurous spirits who love to deal with the property of other men as if it were their own, will find their wings singed and their flights checked. Enterprising men of business who have possessed themselves of the funds of other people; cashiers and bank clerks who have subjected the plethoric institutions to which they belonged to a little wholesome phlebotomy; ready writers who have had the ungenerous modesty to prefer writing somebody else's name at the foot of a bit of paper—these, and such as these, will be apt to find their deeds blazed abroad by the intrusive telegraph, and their shrinking natures subjected to the parade of a public reception on their arrival, and of a complimentary escort on their return to their native shores.

The newspapers will have their share in these telegraphic overturnings, and whether it will be for their advantage or not remains to be seen. All history will be contemporary, and foreign nations will no longer stand to each other in the relation of posterity. Much fine writing and profound wisdom will be rendered useless or have to seek new occasions for its display. With what heart, for instance, could the London *Times* or *Standard* have indited those miracles of political skill in which was demonstrated the certain success of Jeff. Davis and the inevitable victories of Lee, when the next morning the sea might have given up the fact of the surrender of the one and the flight of the other! But there is one particular in which the telegraph may read an excellent lesson to editors as well as to public men of all sorts. And that is as to the value of brevity. Brevity, that soul of wit, will be enforced under fearful penalties. Speech is golden indeed at a guinea a word, address and signature included. Suppose a similar tax could be laid by Congress on public speeches and newspaper articles, what a promoter of conciseness it would be, and what a retrenchment in the weapons of our logomachy! To be sure, Congress could not be expected to tax its own manufacture of speeches, any more than to rectify its own mileage. But public documents, Fourth of July orations, caucus speeches, might be assessed at so much a word, to the great advantage of the revenue and the greater relief of the lieges. However, we only throw out the suggestion, and will afford an example of the conciseness we desiderate by stopping at once without following out any of the many leadings branching out from our topic.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

III.

TRIALS AND FEATS OF CORRESPONDENTS.

Unsatisfactory as the average merit of army correspondence has been, it is nevertheless true, as already admitted, that the productions of certain correspondents, on special occasions, deserved no mean measure of praise. Moreover, besides these few, there was quite a number of others, who, although lacking what was most indispensable for a successful pursuit of their calling, viz., natural and acquired intelligence, comprehensiveness and accuracy of observation, fluency and polish of style, yet proved themselves possessed of certain subordinate qualities, such as power and patience of physical endurance, disregard of personal discomfort and danger, ingenuity and amplitude of resources, persistency of purpose, and indefatigable energy. For the display of the latter they deserve as much credit as they invite unfavorable criticism for the lack of the former, and this credit shall be as freely awarded them as their shortcomings have been unreservedly exposed. Probably no less than one hundred and fifty persons assumed the part of army reporters in the course of the war. The experience of most of them was varied enough to enable each to fill a voluminous record. Hence to recount individual adventures will be impracticable, and only a general reference to them can be made.

The locomotion of many of the army reporters was wonderful. The great distances marched and vast regions traversed during the successive invasions of rebel territory by the loyal armies have been favorite subjects of national pride and praise. But the moving about from North to South and East to West of correspondents exceeds by far even the travelling in search of employment done by the most useless of our generals, whose fate it was to be ordered from one army to another, only to be returned with protest to the War Department by the several commanding generals. Many of the managing editors made it a rule to keep their most efficient correspondents continually in motion, by sending them from one part of the theatre of war to another, as the public interest shifted from point to point according to the time and character of the operations of the various armies. A battle being over and "done up" by a correspondent in Virginia, he had hardly time enough to rest from this culminating labor of a campaign, before an order reached him from his chief to start without delay and repair as hurriedly as possible to Tennessee, or Georgia, or Louisiana, or North or South Carolina, as the anticipation of events in another quarter might compel. From the banks of the Mississippi or Red River, the mountains of Georgia, or the Atlantic or Gulf coast, he would be again ordered to Virginia or another centre of interest in a few weeks or months. And thus it fared with them from campaign to campaign, from season to season. Their yearly reckonings of travel would foot up thousands and tens of thousands of miles. That this chronic migration from time to time was attended with no little personal discomfort and injurious effects upon health will not appear strange.

However, this professional vagrancy was by no means the worst trial correspondents had to undergo. The hardships and perils incurred while in the field with active armies taxed them far more severely. It is strictly true, that if not at all, at least at certain, times they endured as much as the soldiers in the ranks, or even more. Ordinarily they messed with officers—if practicable, at some headquarters. But it happened not unfrequently that their duties and the movements of the army compelled them to forego the comforts of fixed quarters, and for weeks, during offensive operations, take their chances of finding shelter at night and in inclement weather, and of satisfying the cravings of hunger. What this means, those only who have marched with armies limited to a certain amount of rations for a certain number of days, can fully understand. Hospitality is one of the characteristics of the soldier, but it becomes as difficult to extend as to receive it when, as frequently occurred, the supplies were reduced to a few days' rations, and these of bacon and crackers only, with no definite prospect of replenishment before them. Then it became literally true that neither love nor money could be relied on to secure food. The poorest beggars in the Atlantic cities then fared no worse than the correspondents. Whole days without a morsel of nourishment, and weeks upon the scantiest fare, was to them no unusual occurrence. The necessity of providing food not only for themselves, but also for their horses, added much to the misery of their existence.

To this periodical starving were added other hardly less trying bodily vexations. Upon the march their baggage, like that of officers and men, was of the most limited extent, and even what little they could find transportation for was often lost or stolen, so that for weeks they had to get along as best they could without a change of upper or nether garments. Of course, they suffered as much from exposure and the variations of weather

during the different seasons as any one in the army. To sleep on the ground in the open air, in rain, cold, or snow, was no uncommon necessity with them. To dry their clothes on their backs in the summer sun, or to find them ablaze upon awaking from hugging the camp-fire too closely while seeking sleep in the winter nights, was also frequently their lot. Perhaps their worst vexation was to find, on rising from weary slumbers, their steeds gone—wandered off during the night in search of food, or led off by remorseless blue coats, who would rather endure the pangs of conscience than the pains of sore feet. To be obliged then for many livelong days to struggle afoot, rain or shine, in the mud and mire or sea of dust alternately produced by the march of armies, was the very climax of tribulation.

With these sore personal experiences were joined the risks of war, to which they were continually exposed. To venture within the range of rifled or round shot or shell, or minié or ordinary musket balls, was not required of them by their employers. Nor can it be safely asserted that very many of them improved the opportunity to test the effect of these various "messengers of death" upon their nerves by coming voluntarily within sight and hearing of their parabolic flight. It is a fact, nevertheless, that not a few of their number never showed this natural and excusable shyness, but finding that, without going under fire, the possibility of observation while an action progressed was very limited, they took, in order to be able to discharge their duties more faithfully, the chances of battle as much as any general or staff officer did, by riding along the lines, following columns of attack, and posting themselves at prominent and exposed points for a better view of the field. Some, carried away with the wild enthusiasm which the noise and fury of battle are apt to kindle in a manly breast, went even further at times, and kept up with the charging columns until they closed with the lines of the enemy; or volunteered their services as temporary aides-de-camp to general officers, and served as such as gallantly and diligently as any regularly commissioned officer. Two or three of these paid with their lives for their zeal; others bear lasting remembrances of the war in the form of scars from wounds of greater or less severity; and again others had horses shot under them. The official reports of several generals bear witness to the personal bravery shown and valuable service rendered by correspondents as volunteer aids in some of the bloodiest battles. Their intrepidity, having been without the line of their proper duty, may have partaken of foolhardiness. They certainly received but a modicum of praise for it. That they were, however, bold and fearless without the selfish motive of prospective reward, is all the more to their credit.

Captivity, no less than balls and bullets and bayonets, made part of the personal hazards incurred by correspondents. About a dozen tasted the bitterness of rebel prisons for more or less protracted periods. The circumstances of the capture of several form some of the most striking and adventurous incidents of the war. To fall into the hands of the enemy involved for them a far greater risk than for the officers and men of the army. The latter were sustained by the hope of exchange while prisoners of war. The captured correspondents had no right to ask, and no reason to expect, anything but imprisonment to the close of the war. The boldness and fortitude exhibited by several in the manner of their escape are well known, and will live among the chief romantic chapters of the conflict.

Not the lightest grief of the correspondents was the persecution they received at the hands of some of the commanding generals. The right of generals in command of independent armies to permit or prohibit the presence and regulate the status within their lines of all that come under the head of "army followers," cannot be disputed. But this right did not privilege them to allow established regulations to remain dead letters as against correspondents generally, and insist upon their enforcement only in case of their violation by certain writers for the press against whom they had personal grudges on account of certain strictures on their official conduct printed in the papers which they represented. Right or wrong, it is a matter of record that they did persecute a number of correspondents by banishment from the lines, imprisonment, trial by court-martial, and even by the most humiliating petty punishments, such as are inflicted upon private soldiers for minor breaches of discipline.

The greatest enterprise was shown by correspondents in the manner of writing out their reports for publication and ensuring their prompt transmission to their destination. When they had no important event to describe, they took their time in the collection and working up of matter, and used the regular army mails, or at best the special messengers with whom the leading Eastern and some of the Western papers had provided their correspondents for the conveyance of despatches, and who acted as a sort of go-betweens from the army to the nearest post or telegraph office from which the means of direct and quick communication with the place of publication could be fully relied on. But when they had great movements and actions to report, they usually strained their own energies, both as to quickness of preparation and the most expeditious transmission, to the utmost. To save time then became their principal object. When darkness had put an end for the day to marching and fighting, and all the army, save those watching for its safety from surprises—men and beasts—were seeking and finding repose and new strength for the coming work, the correspondents could be seen with weary eyes, busy the whole night through, with pen or pencil, at the dim light of camp fires or commissary candles, enlarging their notes into many long columns. And with the break of day they would saddle and mount their horses, speed to the nearest landing or station, and then journey on many hours and often days until they had deposited the fruits of their labors in the hands of their employers. Frequently they started from the battle-fields immediately after actions were over, in order to lose the least possible time in getting their reports through, riding whole nights and days through regions infested with the enemy's marauders, and jumping aboard steamboats or trains, devoting every available moment of the entire journey to the drawing of maps and writing out of notes. Several of the best battle accounts printed were prepared wholly on railroad trains by correspondents, who upon starting had not a line ready for the compositors, and upon arriving at their destination were able to deliver their reports in full to the managing editors. It was an established rule with the latter to instruct their correspondents always to come through with their reports *in propriis personis*, not only to ensure their safe delivery, but also to superintend their printing and assist in the preparation of editorial comments. Journeys for this purpose were made to New York and other Eastern and Western cities from Fort Donelson, Shiloh, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, Chattanooga, Charleston, and other distant points. When reporters missed railway connections while *en route*, or ascertained that rivals were ahead of them, they often used the telegraph to transmit complete reports, filling columns. Cairo, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Washington, and Baltimore, were the places from which these voluminous despatches were usually started over the wires.

It will be admitted that these efforts required extraordinary energy of body and mind. Nor did those who displayed it go entirely unrewarded. It is true that none even of the most successful correspondents either attained a reputation likely to be lasting, or accumulated anything out of their regular salaries. But the more generous and well to do of their employers sometimes allowed extra compensation for achievements of the kind described. And many of the journals have not been slow, both during and since the close of the war, to make permanent use of the fine journalistic capacities developed by army reporters while in the field, by attaching them to their respective editorial staffs. In most of the leading newspaper offices throughout the country ex-army correspondents are now found holding important editorial positions, and in this wise, if in no other, has army correspondence proved a positive gain to journalism. While war reporting from its very nature could but be an ephemeral vocation, an abnormal, short-lived journalistic outgrowth of the times, and war reporters as a class have passed out of existence, individuals belonging to it continue identified with the profession and infuse new vigor and enterprise into it.

It may not be out of place to conclude this review with some statements relative to the amounts of money expended by the several journals for army correspondence, for which, upon the whole, they received such inadequate returns. The salaries of the correspondents formed the least item of expense. They ranged from $1,000 to $3,000 a year, reaching the latter figure only in a few instances. Their current expenses, which they were allowed in addition to their salaries, often amounted to as much as these figures and more. Each correspondent may be said to have represented an average yearly investment of from $1,000 to $5,000. Special messengers were paid lower wages, but also allowed their expenses, which were frequently larger than those of the correspondents, owing to the heavy expenditure continually incurred in passing to and from the armies. Then came the cost of horses and equipments and general campaigning outfit of the correspondents. Of horse-flesh a great deal was used up by them owing to the irregular feeding and grooming their animals received, and the constant exhausting use they were put to while active campaigning was going on. Some of the correspondents were mounted half-a-dozen times in a single year. The transfer of correspondents from one army to another far distant, often from want of means and time for transportation, compelled the abandonment of their entire outfit and a replenishment in their new sphere of duty. Property thus left behind was hardly ever recovered. Last, not least, was the expense of telegraphing reports. The expense either of journeys of correspondents with their reports from the field to the place of publication, or of sending their reports over the wires, made the cost of single battle accounts at times many hundreds of dollars.

In the first two years of the war, all papers, East and West, employing correspondents spent money most lavishly. The expenses of the New York journals each were not less than from $60,000 to $100,000 a year. The Boston, Philadelphia, and Western papers invested from $10,000 to $30,000 each in the same way. Later, the diminished incomes of newspapers compelled retrenchment. Only one New York paper continued its expenditures on the same scale to the end of the war. All others reduced them more or less. The greatest expenditure, however, by no means always ensured the greatest success.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have now just ready for publication Sir Charles Lyell's "Elements of Geology, or the Ancient Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, as illustrated by Geological Monuments." This is reprinted from the new sixth edition lately issued by Mr. Murray. Ten years having passed since the fifth edition was brought out, it is necessarily very much enlarged and improved, with the view of reflecting exactly the present state of the science that it teaches. The actual additions form about 150 pages, and the original name "Elements" is restored, as the volume has outgrown the dimensions of a "Manual," under which title the fifth edition appeared. It now makes a bulky volume of 800 pages, with 770 wood-cuts —Bourne's "Hand-book of the Steam Engine," a key to the author's well known "Catechism" of the same subject, containing all the rules required for the construction and management of engines, etc., with wood-cuts, tables, and examples—and the much talked of "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," by W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. This work has just reached a second edition in England, and, as the first work of a young author, is considered to exhibit greater promise than any first literary appearance since the days of Ruskin and Buckle. Messrs. Appleton & Co. will also bring out during the fall Murray's elegant "Illustrated New Testament." Having purchased an edition for the American market, they will be able to offer it below the usual cost of importation. The embellishments (with the exception of a few historical subjects) are true and accurate views of the places they represent as they exist at the present day, not "made up" or artistically beautified, and are mostly derived from photographs or original sketches. The notes are intended to supply a plain explanatory comment for private or family reading. In typographical and pictorial execution the work may be regarded as the "high-water mark" of excellence reached in those departments.

—There is always much curiosity among the intelligent classes to know the solid rewards of literary toil, the substantial returns that successful authorship produces. In the case of the Earl of Derby's "Homer's Iliad," the noble lord supplies the public with the data necessary for ascertaining the measure and quantity of his reward. He announces his purpose of founding a scholarship in the newly established Wellington College, and says that the sum already received will enable him to endow it with £54 a year. An easy calculation, based upon the current value of money in England, shows that the amount in question must be about eleven hundred pounds. This, though not equal to the small fortune secured with so much artful management by Pope for the like labor, is considerably more than Cowper ever received for his translation of the Iliad, and it must be remembered it is derived from less than one year's sales only. An association with Homer seems indeed part of the traditional inheritance of English statesmen. Not to mention Mr. Gladstone's Homeric studies in three solid octavos, and the beautiful "Grenville" Homer, edited by the minister of that name, Matthew Arnold, in his recent "Essays on Criticism," quotes a striking instance of familiarity with the poet in the famous Earl Granville (better known as Lord Carteret, and whom Horace Walpole declared to be the most brilliant genius of the age), who applied to himself, with marked emphasis, the famous speech of Sarpedon, while completing on his death-bed the treaty of Paris, which put an end to the Seven Years' War, in 1762.

—Professor Bopp, the founder of comparative philology as a scientific study, is alive and well in his seventy-fifth year, at Berlin. His friends trust that he will continue so until the 16th of next May. This will be the fiftieth anniversary of the day of publication of his work on Sanscrit, from whence is dated a new epoch in the science of language. A movement for a wide and general manifestation in honor of the professor on that day commenced in Berlin and is spreading to England and France. It is proposed to establish a fund for the advancement of the studies which owe so much to Professor Bopp, to maintain and annually revive the memory of their founder, or, at all events, to present to Professor Bopp, on the day mentioned, the sum so raised, leaving to him the decision of its disposal and the drawing up of the necessary regulations.

—Mr. Robert Dale Owen has undertaken to write a life of President Lincoln. It will form two volumes in small octavo of three hundred and fifty pages each, and will be issued with as much speed as the necessary attention to authorship will allow. It will probably be accepted as the standard biography of the late President. Another life by Dr. J. G. Holland is also in preparation. The latter is, however, intended for sale by canvassing agents exclusively, and will be of a more popular character. A "History of President Lincoln's Administration" is preparing by Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois. In France at least three biographies have appeared or are in progress; the most elaborate one, by Achille Arnaud, is entitled "Abraham Lincoln, his Birth, Life, and Death, with a Sketch of the War." In Germany a full and elaborate life is announced, to meet the strong national feeling and sympathy for the man and the cause for which he died.

—The discovery of a new lake in communication with the Upper Nile, through which the river is said to flow, just made by Mr. Baker, and christened with very bad taste the "Albert Nyanza," rather complicates than settles the much vexed question of the source of that river. Everything that occurs goes to confirm the opinion of Dr. Beke, that until we are fully acquainted with the limits of the Nile basin, the extent of the region drained by its streams, and the size and direction of its tributaries, any discussion of its source must be undertaken without the true conditions of scientific certainty, and is unquestionably premature.

—In the new number of the "Westminster Review," Mr. J. S. Mill (M.P. for Westminster, as we may now write since the result of the late election) continues the masterly review of the writings and philosophy of M. Auguste Comte commenced by him in the previous number. It is chiefly occupied with the works produced in the second stage of his intellectual career—works so strangely at variance with his former writings in form and spirit that they are usually ignored by his admirers, and passed over without remark, so that they are little known out of France. Mr. Mill exhibits their faults unsparingly, but without bitterness. His general conclusion is that Comte most closely resembles Descartes and Leibnitz among philosophers, both in his excellences and extravagances. He says: "Were we to speak our whole mind, we should call him superior to them, not intrinsically, but by exertion of equal intellectual power, in a more advanced stage of human progression, but also in an age less tolerant of palpable absurdities, and to which those he has committed, if not in themselves greater, at least appear more ridiculous." It is to be feared the exactions of a metropolitan constituency will lessen Mr. Mill's opportunities for philosophical discussions, at least for some time to come.

—The approaching retirement of Mr. Antonio Panizzi from the post of principal librarian of the British Museum is announced. There are few persons whom it will be so difficult to replace worthily as a public servant—none, perhaps, to whom men of letters throughout the world owe so great obligations. When a political refugee from Italy, engaged from necessity in literary pursuits, he attracted the attention of Lord Brougham, and by his influence was placed in the position he now occupies. The narrow illiberality that would have debarred him from it as a foreigner, received a well-merited rebuke by the splendid success that has attended his exercise of its functions. His untiring energy overcame the dead weight and *vis inertiæ* of boards of management, trustees, etc., and for some years he has practically had uncontrolled sway in his department. Many Americans have studied under the dome of the Reading Room, that magnificent temple of science that owes its erection to his inspiration, and can testify to the liberal facilities afforded to its frequenters. This, and the library itself, now approaching to 800,000 volumes, and trebled in extent since his accession to office, are testimonials of his services that no lapse of time can obliterate.

—Among the evidences of refined taste and high artistic culture given by the late Prince Consort of England, in spite of the absorbing public calls on his time and resources, was the formation for his private study of a Raffaelle collection—an assemblage of every work of art that could illustrate the genius and productions of the prince of painters. A very interesting account of this collection, and the means taken to extend it, is given in the

"Fine Art Quarterly Review." The foundation was laid by the choice Raffaelle drawings in the English royal collection. Correspondence was opened with all the galleries of Europe that could contribute to the object, and photographic copies of every sketch and picture, and every known engraving that could illustrate the genius of the artist, were secured and arranged so as to illustrate its progressive development and final achievement. It is in partial fulfilment of this design that the Cartoons have been removed from the gloomy gallery built for them by William III. at Hampton Court, where they were dimly visible to sauntering holiday makers, and placed in a spacious hall at Kensington. Here they are placed on a level with the eye in the order they were intended to occupy in the chapel for which the designs were executed—each Cartoon being separated by ornamental pilasters with Raffaellesque arabesques, etc. This room is decorated with contemporary furniture and articles of virtu, as old carved Italian caskets, Tazzas of Majolica or Raffaelle ware, Milanese velvet chairs and couches, etc., etc., so that these unrivalled works can now for the first time be studied with the care that they deserve. One gratifying result of the close examination that can now be given them is, that scarcely any great works of art have descended to us in so pure and genuine a state, the identical touches of the master being everywhere visible, free from repairs or restorations. An easel picture by Raffaelle has also just been added to the National Gallery. It has long been known to connoisseurs as the "Garvagh Raffaelle." It represents a Holy Family, and is fourteen inches wide by eleven in height. It was brought to England from the Aldobrandini Palace during the French occupation of Italy at the commencement of this century, and was sold to Lord Garvagh in 1802 for £1,500. The price just paid for it by the nation is £9,000, a rise in value almost equalling that of New York real estate.

—The New York Historical Society is making rapid progress in the accomplishment of a plan for the publication of original historical materials from its manuscript collections. This plan has some novel features. The society issues 1,000 scrip shares for twenty-five dollars each, the proceeds of which form the publication fund, and pays interest in cash on them until publication commences; after that time it guarantees to print every year an octavo volume of not less than 500 pages. Every holder of a share will be entitled to a copy, and none will be printed for sale or attainable in any other method. The Colden, Gates, Steuben, and Duer collections of papers, and many others of miscellaneous character, throwing a flood of light on the colonial and revolutionary history of the State and country, are among the sources that will contribute to the value of the series. The largest portion of the shares are taken up, and printing will shortly be commenced. The editing of the volumes will be done gratuitously by members of the society.

—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce for reproduction in this country a book whose enigmatical title may excite some curiosity: "Frost and Fire: Natural Engines, Tool-marks, and Chips. With Sketches taken at Home and Abroad, by a Traveller." It is a work completely *sui generis*, by a Scotchman of honored name in the Western Highlands, Mr. J. F. Campbell, of Islay. His subject is the configuration of the surface of the globe, as affected by volcanic and glacial action—the "natural engines" whose "tool-marks" and "chips" he has hunted out in most countries of the globe. Fire holds but a secondary place in his affections. Icebergs and glaciers are his idols, whose tracks he follows across the continent of Europe, from Iceland to Greece, and through the wilds of Canada and the States of the American Union. Mr. Waterton's enthusiasm for his birds hardly equals Mr. Campbell's passion for his beloved boulders, and 120 illustrations, drawn with admirable force and spirit, depict them and the scenery where they are found in every aspect. He has even invented a shorthand way of describing a landscape by characters indicative of the forces that shaped its leading forms, so that a few cabalistic marks on the margin show to the initiated eye the "rock basins," "ancient sea terraces," "lines of denudation," etc., that make the scene dear to the geologist. Even the cover of the book offers a fac-simile of the "ice-marks on a slate rock in the street at St. John's, New Brunswick." The notes of travel bring out much quiet Scotch humor, and altogether the book is full of individuality, a quality most rare in these days of stereotyped resemblance between man and man. We trust it will be produced in all its original wealth of grotesque and exuberant illustration, and not "shorn of its beams" by a meagre reprint.

—Modern pilgrims do not wait till death has consecrated the scene and object of their pilgrimage, and in this day of locomotion no spot is so secluded as to escape the search of the hero worshipper. A recent traveller, Mr. Walter White, who has published several home tours in England, thus describes the birthplace of Alfred Tennyson in his "Eastern England, from the Thames to the Humber:" "Another descent brought me into a warmer vale, where cots peep out from masses of wood, the road curves, and, shadowed by tall trees, a streamlet tumbles over a dam and makes a cool and cheerful murmur, and the seclusion seems complete. No prettier scene did I see in Lincolnshire. Another bend, and there is a deep lane ascending between grander trees, with a clear and gentle spring at the foot of the bank, reflecting the hart's-tongue and other ferns that grow around it. I drew out one of the ferns to carry home as a memorial of the place. It is living yet. And this is Somersby, and in this delightfully sequestered spot the poet-laureate was born." Mr. White got a cup of tea at a cottage where the woman had lived servant at the vicarage, and "remembered Master Alfred," though delicacy seems to have prevented him from any enquiries as to the youthful days of the poet. He is able, however, to testify, for the lovers of minute facts, that of

> "—— the poplars four
> That stand beside my father's door,"

three "yet wave" behind the house, one has disappeared.

—Of all the contributions of American scholars and cultivators of Italian literature to the great Dante celebration at Florence, none was so elegant and appropriate as the small privately printed volume by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, "On the Original Portraits of Dante." The purpose of the tract is to prove the authenticity of a mask, as being in all probability a cast from the face of the poet after death, by comparing it with the undoubted portrait by Giotto, discovered in the frescoes of the Bargello, in 1840. Beautiful photographs of this head in its genuine state, before the reparations that destroyed its character, and of a cast from the mask, are given in various lights and positions, so as to bring out the identity of the two representations of one subject, allowing only for the alterations produced by the distinctive characteristics of youth and age. The recent discovery of Dante's remains, lately mentioned, has led to a scene so curiously at variance with our northern ideas of the solemnities that should wait upon "reverent, grave, and mighty death," and so characteristic of the southern familiarity with the urns and sepulchres of mortality, that it deserves to be chronicled. The discovery was followed by the exhibition of the remains. "Within a magnificent glass tomb, elegantly ornamented and raised on a noble dais, beneath the arches of the chapel of Bracciaforte (temporarily transformed into a most appropriate theatre for the occasion), was visible the skeleton of the immortal poet, extended on white drapery, the head slightly raised upon a pillow." To this scene are we told "devoted crowds flock with a tearful interest," previous to the transference of the remains to their former resting place.

—The serious loss to literature inflicted by accidents like that which has recently destroyed the unique library of Mr. Offor, recalls the frequency of other catastrophes equally disastrous to books. No doubt a very appreciable percentage of the existing stock of them in the world is doomed to destruction by the agencies of shipwreck, fire, and warfare, that have already to answer for the devastation of much beyond human means to replace. Even at the present day war is by no means stripped of its terrors to non-combatants, and men of letters have suffered largely by its inseparable accompaniments. The library of Wm. Gilmore Simms, amounting to 10,500 volumes, was entirely destroyed during General Sherman's march through South Carolina, and the valuable oriental library and collections of Wm. B. Hodgson (well known to *savans* by his researches in the African languages, etc.) shared the same fate in the neighborhood of Savannah: these are isolated instances that have come to our ears, but may be paralleled in most parts of the country. Of all known losses by shipwreck, the great typical one is that of the copy of Dante illustrated by marginal designs from the hand of Michael Angelo—a volume that would *now* be as nearly beyond price as any we can imagine. It was the property of a Florentine architect, Antonio Montanti, who shipped it with his goods at Leghorn for Civita Vecchia, when he was appointed architect to St. Peter's at Rome, in a vessel that foundered at sea. Few valuable books are now exposed to the waves of the Mediterranean in all probability. It is between Europe and America that the great commerce of literature now is carried on, and the Atlantic gathers its tribute of books as of man's lives and fortunes. A fine "first folio" Shakespeare from the library of the Pagets at Beaudesert went down in the *Arctic*, as well as some of the rarest and probably unique books on American history collected abroad, which perished with their owner. Independently of the great national calamities by fire, such as are historical and easily remembered, as the burning of Moscow, the fire of London, etc., it is likely that the greatest losses to literature have been occasioned by conflagrations at the houses of English country gentlemen, where untold wealth is often stored, unknown perhaps to any one even in the immediate neighborhood. Thus perished the invaluable collection of Col. Johnes (the translator of

Froissart) at Hafodd, the unique library of the Wynnes at Wynnstay (leaving a complete gap in Welsh history), the grand library of the Marquis of Bute at Luton, and possibly hundreds of others. There are at this moment in England four private collections of manuscripts which would, if brought together, exceed in number and value the great national manuscript library of the British Museum; each are exposed to all the casualties that every private dwelling is liable to.

—The most strictly professional work of that delightful writer, Dean Stanley—on which his fame as a scholar and divine will probably depend—is his "Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians," with philological notes and dissertations. It has been very scarce until the appearance of a new (third) edition, just brought out. How directly he grapples with the difficulties of the subject, in defiance of old conventionalities, may be seen in his vivid parallel of the style of the Apostle Paul with that of Thucydides and Oliver Cromwell! "In all these," he says, "there is a disproportion between thought and language, the thought straining the language till it cracks in the process—a shipwreck of grammar and logic as the sentences are whirled through the author's mind—a growth of words and thoughts out of and into each other, often to the utter entanglement of the argument which is framed out of them. In the case of St. Paul there are also peculiar forms of speech, which he finds it impossible to resist—that almost always act with disturbing force on the sentences in which they occur." Other peculiarities of his diction and rhetoric are as powerfully characterized, ending with "his sudden rise into successive ranges of flight through the various stages of spiritual life, not halting till he reaches the throne of God." The work gives the Greek text of the Epistles, a corrected translation, a paraphrase, critical notes, introductions to the Epistles, and separate dissertations on every subject of interest brought out in the teaching of the apostle.

EDUCATION AT THE GREAT ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.*

Mr. Atkinson's valuable pamphlet is based upon the report in four folio volumes, issued in 1864, of the recent Parliamentary Commission to investigate the condition of the great English public schools. It contains in brief an abstract of the most important conclusions arrived at by the Commission in respect to the results of the favorite English academical system, with a commentary by the author full of good sense, ingenious reflection, and pointed argument, and distinguished by moderation of statement and excellence of style. It exhibits an extraordinary picture of the complete failure of the English system of academical training as a means of education, if by education be understood the proper development and discipline of the powers of the mind, not only as applied directly to intellectual pursuits, but as involved in the formation of those habits of reflection and reasoning upon which the culture of the moral faculties in great part depends.

The only mental discipline for boys in the famous public schools of England, with exceptions so slight as to be unimportant, is that which is derived from the study of Latin, Greek, and a very little mathematics. At Eton, and Westminster, and Harrow, and Winchester, and Rugby, boys pass six, eight, or ten of those years of life of most importance for the cultivation of the faculties of observation and reflection, and for the acquisition of the foundations of general knowledge, wholly employed, so far as school learning is concerned, whatever be the natural diversity of their faculties or the differences of their tastes, in the study of Latin and Greek grammar, Latin and Greek prose and verse, and the most elementary mathematics. They leave school as ignorant as they entered it, so far as direct instruction is concerned, of natural history, of physical science, of every branch of learning that has to do with the faculties of observation; and not only of these, but of political history and geography, and, as a general rule, of any of the modern languages. They have not acquired even the rudiments of what are called the practical branches of knowledge, or of those arts, like music and drawing, which are to be regarded as essential elements of a complete education. They enter the university or go out into other fields of life with their minds wholly unopened to the vast interests of science, wholly unacquainted with the charms of literature, wholly unprepared by elementary acquisitions to proceed in any studies but the three already enumerated. And this is not all. But a small proportion of the pupils acquire even in these studies thorough knowledge or facility for further progress. Knowledge has not been considered as a means of intellectual development. They have been taught unscientifically even those things in which they have been instructed. Rev. W. Hedley, tutor of University College and public examiner, says, and his testimony is supported by that of many others equally qualified to pronounce an opinion:

"I am sorry to say that many boys come to the university from school knowing next to nothing. . . . I have sometimes had to remind my brother examiners and myself, in the final examination for B.A., that we were not at liberty to pluck for bad spelling, bad English, or worse writing. . . . Hitherto it has seemed useless for the university to enlarge her course to suit the tastes of men whose minds have never been formed at all by any methodical teaching, and who really cannot be said to have any tastes. . . . It is difficult to say what proportion of candidates for matriculation can translate a new passage of a Latin or a Greek author. At my own college, we consider such a test as much too severe: the college would be left half empty if it were insisted on. . . . Of arithmetic and mathematics few of them know anything more than the amount insisted on by the university, and many of them barely that; the extent of their knowledge not reaching beyond vulgar fractions and decimals. . . . Their acquaintance with history is very meagre, and so exceptional, that where it does exist I should be induced to attribute it more to domestic training and individual taste than to the systematic teaching of schools. Much the same may be said of geography."

This, then, is the general result of the English aristocratic system of education for boys. That the system has no good results it would be wrong to assert. It does turn out a certain number—a small proportion—of good Latin and Greek scholars. It does furnish to a few the sort and measure of intellectual training fitted to their capacities and tastes. But even of these a considerable part acquire the externals of good scholarship rather than its essence; are better fitted to detect a false quantity than to appreciate the literary and moral elements of a noble style; are mere critics and pedants rather than large-minded scholars; are good at translating trifles in Greek or Latin verse, but have acquired neither the taste for, nor the knowledge of, the glory, the beauty, and the worth of the literatures of Greece and Rome.

That there are other results of the system pursued in the great English schools besides those pertaining to the methods of instruction and the studies pursued, is no doubt true. But these results are separable from the methods and subjects of instruction, and would not be affected by changes in the course and manner of study. The direct instruction—the exclusive classical and mathematical training which is substituted for a liberal education, and miscalled by its name—is a lamentable failure.

"The crying evils," says Mr. Atkinson, "in English higher education, and the sources of its failure, are two, though very closely connected: first, that it utterly neglects the principle, patent to all who will give the least attention to the study of the human mind, that men are born into the world with the most diverse mental aptitudes, requiring, instead of one, a great variety of means for their development—of means capable of combining, and requiring to be combined, in varying ways and proportions, to suit the varying circumstances; and that, therefore, it is simply preposterous to attempt to run all minds in one mould, to fit all to the Procrustes-bed of one narrow system; and, secondly, that the system itself with which the experiment is tried is antiquated and obsolete, in that it utterly ignores the great body of modern physical science which has come into existence since it was established in the days of Laud and William of Wykeham."

The question inevitably arises, Why is such a system maintained? or what gives it force and vitality enough to maintain itself in the light of modern ideas and improved methods? The answer to one acquainted with English institutions and habits of thought is not difficult. The strength of the system lies, first, in its long traditional authority. A tradition is sacred, especially if it be embodied in an institution, to those whose rank, title, wealth, and social position are all alike founded on tradition and not on natural right. Moreover, and this is the second source of the strength of this perverted system of education, it is "a protected monopoly of the strictest kind," supported by "bounties that are almost prohibitive of any other style or quality of teaching." Fellowships, scholarships, church-livings, the lucrative masterships in the schools themselves, are the premiums offered for certain classical accomplishments. A Greek epigram is a qualification for a bishopric, and a Latin verse may secure a deanery. Dr. Moberly, late head-master of Winchester, testifies that he knew a boy repeat a whole play of Sophocles without missing a word, and adds that it secured him a fellowship—that is, a good maintenance and good social position—"the prize of a struggle," to use Dr. Moberly's own words, "which was over at fourteen, and success in which was won, in a great measure, by a hard strain on a retentive memory."

But this state of things will not last for ever. The English suffer abuses patiently and long, but at length grow weary of them, and by degrees correct them. The recommendations of the Committee, which accompany their report, all tend to moderate, gradual, but tolerably efficient reform. The rapid improvement during the past few years in middle class education, the great attention which this subject is now receiving, and the vigorous measures adopted to increase the opportunities for education of this class, will compel the aristocratic class to improve the system of aristocratic education.

* "Classical and Scientific Studies, and the Great Schools of England: A Lecture read before the Society of Arts of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, April 6, 1865. By W. P. Atkinson. With Additions and an Appendix." Cambridge: Sever & Francis. 1865. 8vo pamphlet, pp. 117.

Mere enlightened self-interest will be the great agency in the work. The ruling class in the state, if it would retain its authority and its privileges, must be, in the largest proportion, the best educated class. An ignorant aristocracy will not be respected by an enlightened and well educated middle class. The English aristocracy have always shown their appreciation of the political axiom, that reform is better than revolution.

But how is it with our own higher school system? *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.* "Under a changed name the story is told of thyself," is the epigraph on Mr. Atkinson's title-page, and though he does not enter on the application of the lessons that may be derived from English experience, he allows us to infer that he thinks we have lessons to learn from it. Indeed, if we may judge from the tone of his pamphlet, he thinks that our universities, in insisting so much as they do upon classical studies as a preliminary to entrance upon the university course of instruction, compel our higher schools to give too much attention to these studies, and to require too great proficiency in them from their pupils.

"It seems to me," he says, in speaking of the reform required in the English system, "that no reform will fully meet the case that shall stop short of establishing a course of liberal education in which linguistic studies shall be represented, first, by a study of the Latin language and literature, more thorough and effective than it usually is now, inasmuch as it should be treated as the foundation of a future knowledge of the modern languages of the same family; but in which the study of Greek shall be wholly superseded by a real study of the mother tongue and these modern languages, and in which the study of physical science, begun from the earliest moment that the child's observing powers begin to be active, shall be continued in such a thorough manner as shall develop the full disciplinary power it possesses."

We do not readily understand, nor would we readily accept, Mr. Atkinson's complete exclusion of Greek from the course of school studies. If the language is ever to be known, its rudiments may best be learned in youth. Perhaps it is not well to insist upon it as a universal qualification for admission to college, but that it should at least remain as an alternative qualification we believe, and we cannot believe that Mr. Atkinson himself would differ from us in this opinion. Very few of those who learn to read Greek keep up their knowledge in after years, but it is not saying too much to assert that not one of those who does keep it up regrets its acquisition or would willingly exchange it for the knowledge of any other language.

We have no fear that too much attention to the classics is likely to be exacted in our colleges and schools. They are not close monopolies, or for one class, like those in England the condition of which is so forcibly presented by Mr. Atkinson. On the contrary, they are essentially popular institutions, and subject to the influences of popular opinion. They have no uniform, compulsory system; a truly liberal spirit pervades them; and even our best endowed and most independent colleges and universities give constant and satisfactory proof of the disposition of those who control them to keep them at a level with the wants and needs of the community, and to make them represent in their systems of instruction the most enlightened and sensible thought of the times. If the study of the classics is still insisted upon in them, it is because they estimate the true importance of that study in any genuinely liberal system of education, and because they recognize that the tendency of modern and especially of American civilization is to give undue importance to mathematical and physical science as a means of education, because of the practical utility of these branches of knowledge, and of the material advantages which may result from acquaintance with them.

A true system of education, such a system as we believe is developing here, will embrace all branches of knowledge as its instruments, giving undue prominence to none. It will endeavor to draw out the best powers of each individual, although this must in a great measure be done by methods determined mainly by the capacities of the mass. It will take into account the various elements in the education of the child outside of the academic instruction; and in a community where newspapers abound, where lectures are popular, where the rapid growth of wealth leads towards materialism, where scientific pursuits are favored because of their application to the arts of life and of money-making, where there is a general even if not well cultivated activity of the observing faculties, and where the higher and purely intellectual pursuits are but little followed or honored, it will do its part towards preserving the balance between the spiritual and material elements of life, by insisting on those studies which bring in no return of pecuniary gain, but which widen human sympathies, refine taste, cultivate imagination, discipline the soul as well as the mind, and enlarge man's conception of himself and of his destiny, by bringing him into communion with the spirits of men long dead, and creating in him a sense of the historic continuity and perpetuity of the race, and of the intimate responsibility and relation of every generation, however remote, to those which succeed it upon earth.

Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet should be widely read. It is eminently readable, and, as we have already said, of uncommon excellence both in style and thought. It is of not less interest incidentally to the student of the political and social conditions of England than to those readers most directly concerned with its special subject.

PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI AND ALEXANDER I. OF RUSSIA.*

WHATEVER we may think of the influence of the Czartoryski family in general, and of that of the late Prince Adam in particular, upon the destinies of Poland, it must be owned by every candid reader of history that that nobleman—whose birth preceded the first partition of his unhappy country, and whose death took place so little before its last struggle for independence, the patriot warrior of 1792, the adviser of Alexander in the eventful period of 1805–6, the curator of the University of Wilna down to 1823, the President of the Polish Revolutionary Government in 1831, the exiled magnate who so eagerly declared his adhesion to the democratic movement of 1846, the nonagenarian of the Hotel Lambert, who had never ceased to be a protector of the needy and a patron of the learned—forms not only an important but a highly imposing figure in the modern annals of his people.

His life may be divided into two equal parts, the first of which embraces his connection with Alexander, almost down to the death of the latter in 1825; and the other, the checquered period in which he is but a Pole, by wealth, authority, patriotism, and munificence almost the foremost in peace, in the revolutionary tempest, and in exile. A collection of (or, probably, a selection from) his correspondence with his Russian imperial friend, recently published by his son Prince Ladislas, allows us a clear insight into the personal and political relation of the first period; and through that part of his career, as illumined by his writings, we purpose following him with our reader, without assuming to fill up the chasms, to guess at what may be intentionally omitted, to judge as a critic, or to write history. Candor is evidently one of the features of the character before us, and as history, though often severe in its strictures on the political course of the Czartoryskis, happily in no point contradicts the pages of that correspondence, we can without hesitation follow its guidance.

When the battle of Maciejowice was fought, and Kosciuszko became a captive of the Russians, our Czartoryski, together with his brother, was carried as a hostage to the court of St. Petersburg. A young man of high culture, developed at the schools of France and Great Britain, he was introduced by the old Empress Catherine II. into the society of her favorite grandson Alexander. This youthful prince, who was destined to ascend the throne of the czars over the mangled corpse of his always eccentric and wild, and frequently ferocious, father, Paul, was of a character and disposition diametrically opposite—mild and calm, emotional and addicted to romantic musings—a Telemachus who lacked only manliness and truth to be capable of real greatness.

We find them together, in one of the early days of the spring of 1796, in the vast and beautiful garden of the Taurida Palace, traversing its walks for hours. The grand duke is charming; the flight of his ideas forms the most extraordinary contrast with his position and his future. He expresses his warm sympathy with the misfortunes and fortitude of the exiled brothers, the esteem and confidence he bears them, and the necessity he feels of being known to them fully in his real character; his condemnation of the policy of the empress, of the ideas and doctrines that rule the court; his grief on the fall of Poland; his admiration of Kosciuszko, whose cause was that of justice and humanity; his detestation of despotism in all its forms; his love for liberty, the inalienable right of all men; his lively interest in the French Republic in spite of its excesses; and his veneration for his republican teacher, the virtuous Swiss, La Harpe.

The hostage listens with delight, with gratitude and hope. He can hardly believe his ears. "Is it not miraculous," he thinks, "that in an atmosphere and surroundings like these such noble thoughts, such high virtues, can spring forth?" Himself, he writes later, was then "young, full of exalted ideas and sentiments, not easily astonished by extraordinary things, and inclined to believe what appeared great or virtuous." Though the son of the wealthiest family of Polish aristocrats, he was deeply imbued with the liberal ideas of the age, for which his friends had labored and bled; the French Reign of Terror itself had not cooled his ardor for liberty; the French Republic was

* "Alexandre Ier et le Prince Czartoryski. Correspondance particulière et conversations, 1801–1823. Publiées par le Prince Ladislas Czartoryski. Avec une introduction par Charles de Mazade." Paris. 1865.

["Alexander I. and Prince Czartoryski. Private Correspondence and Conversations, 1801–1823. Published by Prince Ladislas Czartoryski. With an Introduction by Charles de Mazade."] Paris. 1865.

then seemingly marching towards a future of boundless prosperity and glory; its brightest period, that of 1796–7, had begun; "the empire had not yet poured its icy cold over the warmest partizans of the revolution." Strange words from the lips of a Czartoryski, of him who one day will see the democrats of his country, the Lelewels and the Mieroslawskis, arrayed in bitter hostility against him!

Could Czartoryski resist the temptation of such advances, full of promise, as they were, for Poland as well as for himself? He was convinced of their sincerity, and the Polish exile and the future czar formed a friendship which only the death of the latter could entirely sever, though its warmth was, perhaps, gradually diminished by age and circumstances. An accident brought it about—fate worked against it. Alexander was to rule the Russian empire—Adam would not cease to be a Pole. They loved and esteemed, their countries hated each other.

Catherine died soon after, and her son Paul succeeded her. The influence of Czartoryski upon the crown-prince appeared to him pernicious, and the exile was again exiled, being sent as ambassador to the court of Sardinia—a kingdom which at that time had ceased to exist. He profited by the circumstance, devoting himself to historical studies in Rome. But scarcely was Alexander placed upon the throne, in March, 1801, when he recalled him. Prince Adam, whose fatherland had been entirely annihilated by its third partition, hastened to join his friend, from whose liberalism and magnanimity he hoped for its restoration. Two years later he became his minister of foreign affairs.

The devotion of the Polish emigrants to the cause of France had been cruelly betrayed by Bonaparte. The bones of hundreds of Polish legionaries who had gallantly fought under his banners in Italy now lay scattered among the swamps of St. Domingo. The assassination of the Duc d'Enghien and the final overthrow of the French Republic made both Alexander and his friend decidedly hostile to the usurper. Czartoryski counselled an alliance with England and Austria, and bold measures against Prussia, should she refuse to join it. The restoration of his country was involved in the scheme. Prussia was to be compelled to give up her part of the Polish prey, Austria to be compensated for hers, and Alexander to combine the whole of ancient Poland into one kingdom, united only in his person with Russia. But this prince, whom the circumstances of his education made fatally inclined to hesitation, indecision, and double-dealing, was altogether incapable of a straightforward and bold course of policy, either in war or in peace.

Without compelling Prussia to join him or persuading the Poles to aid him, he rushed headlong with Austria into the war of 1805, fought the battle of Austerlitz, and immediately after pusillanimously abandoned his ally. The two letters in which Czartoryski asked for his discharge from office subsequently to these events are models of eloquent persuasion as well as of manly frankness. He openly tells the emperor that his vacillation and indecision; his want of foresight, of confidence in the measures adopted, and of consistency in carrying them through; his readiness to enter into propositions with the conviction of their impracticability, coupled with his inability, from weakness, to resist their execution; his misplaced friendship for the King of Prussia, who ought never in the eyes of a monarch to have represented a person, but a kingdom; his presumption personally to influence the decisions of the councils of war, and to hamper by his presence in the camp and on the battle-field the movements and check the decision of commanders more experienced and bold than himself; his sudden departure from the army after the defeat, which was almost a signal for desertion; and many other mistakes committed by himself, were the real causes of the disasters of the campaign. All this is told in the language of sincere friendship, whose aim it is to instruct but not to wound, and interwoven with lessons of statesmanship which reflect no little credit upon the sagacity of the adviser. It is equally creditable to the czar to have listened with composure to the undisguised reproaches of his subject, and to have preserved the friend while parting with the minister.

The campaign of 1807, in which Alexander took part, and with no better success, on the side of Prussia, was followed by the creation of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, which was a restoration of a part of Poland, a measure by which Napoleon achieved for himself what Alexander was so often advised to do by Czartoryski. The latter was now without political employment, but continued to fulfil with patriotic zeal the duties of curator of the University of Wilna, which he had entered upon in 1803. On this neutral field of action he was able to render immense service to his nation without sacrificing his friendship to Alexander. He took no part in the warlike events of 1809, when his imperial friend sided with Napoleon. One of the results was the aggrandizement of the Grand Duchy. But mightier events seemed now preparing. A decisive conflict between the two great powers of the Continent—France and Russia—was becoming unavoidable. Prince Adam, who had never ceased to plead for his country, and again and again urged Alexander to assume the initiative in its complete restoration, but in vain, could not but be perplexed in the extreme by his delicate position. The gulf between him and the czar was growing wider the more the interests of Poland and Napoleon seemed to coalesce. The idea of an independent Poland now became alarming to Alexander, and Czartoryski felt that the moment would soon come when even a shadow of a political connection with him would be a stigma on his patriotism.

"In my opinion," he told the emperor, speaking of the Grand Duchy, "a man who is not attached to his fatherland is a despicable creature. To deny one's faith, one's parents, or one's country, is equally odious in my eyes. . . . . Besides, I have my brother, my sister, all my family, in that new country, and I must confess to your majesty that this is one of the reasons which makes me desirous of severing all connection with affairs here. I cannot be satisfied with being pure, right, and sincere in my actions; I must be so also in my sentiments and thoughts. . . . . My first aim is to preserve my self-esteem; the next, to preserve the esteem of those whom I love and honor."

Alexander refused to allow him to leave his service definitively. But it was less friendship that inspired his gracious refusal than the fear of losing the prestige in the eyes of his Polish subjects which the allegiance of Czartoryski cast upon his rule. How different did he already then appear to the Pole from the Alexander of the Taurida Palace garden. The perils of a French war were continually looming before his eyes; and in order to avert them when already approaching, he induced Czartoryski to sound the intentions of his compatriots by promises of a semi-independence under his sceptre. The attempt, as could be foreseen, proved futile. The Poles were full of enthusiasm for Napoleon, and it was from him that they expected the regeneration of their country.

And soon his eagles again took their flight eastward. The campaign of 1812, his "second Polish war," was begun. A Polish Diet was assembled, and this was presided over by Prince Adam Casimir, the father of our Czartoryski. The latter could hesitate no longer. Lithuania itself, the province in which he lived, was evacuated by the Russians; he was again *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a citizen of Poland. In a fine and touching letter he announces to Alexander his return to his native allegiance, but still begs to be voluntarily discharged. He receives no answer. He writes again and again—in vain. In the meanwhile, the whole of the situation is reversed by the great catastrophe which overtakes the French grand army in Russia.

A few more months, and two-thirds of ancient Poland are under the sway of Alexander. The wonderful events of that time have again exalted the spirit of that monarch, while plunging his thoughts into the depths of mystic revery. He yearns to become the benefactor of his peoples, of mankind. He remembers his youthful vows for the regeneration of Poland; he recalls his Polish friend. Czartoryski works for him in Poland, accompanies him through Germany, is at his side during the deliberations of the Congress of Vienna. Will Poland be regenerated? No. Alexander is more feeble than magnanimous. The interests of the Austrian and Prussian Governments, the prejudices of the Russian people, struggle against his better will, and prevail. A small part only of the former Polish provinces, consisting chiefly of the territories of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, is erected into a nominal Polish kingdom, to be united with Russia and endowed with a sufficiently liberal constitution.

None of the letters before us show that Czartoryski at any time enjoyed this partial restoration of his country. Several of them are devoted to expositions of infringements on the new constitution, and of shocking abuses committed by the brother of the czar, the Grand Duke Constantine, who, as commander-in-chief of the Polish army, was the virtual governor of Poland, while the nominal one, the old Polish General Zajonczek, as the writer had so often reason to observe with bitterness, was unable, from infirmity of body and mind, to oppose the arbitrary will of the czarevitch. Czartoryski speaks with his old frankness, still in the tone of a friend. He sends warning after warning. He clearly foresees and foretells that such a condition of affairs can be productive of no good. He urges the recall of the grand duke. He prays for it. His warnings, his prayers, remain unheeded. Evidently the czar has become inaccessible to the influence of Polish advice, of Polish friendship. The mysticism of Mme. Krüdener, the diplomacy of Metternich, the insinuations of old-Russian surroundings, carry him in a direction opposite to that of sincere constitutionalism and Polish autonomy. The spirit of Poland moves one way, that of czardom the other. No Czartoryski will prevent a collision. Even the University of Wilna becomes exposed to the persecution of the Government. Czartoryski resigns his curatorship in 1823.

Two years later Alexander dies at Taganrog, tired of reign and of life.

A MELANCHOLY POET.*

"I know the critics shall be kind at last,"

says or sings Mr. Dorgan, and we will be kind now, for there can be no doubt that he has suffered genuine pain in writing many of his verses, and we have no heart to add to his sorrow. Mr. Dorgan, though a ready versifier, is not one of the mob who write with ease. His poems are the expression of his unrest, or his discomfort, or his remorse, or his despair. He is always in agony or in tears. In his very first poem his heart after sobbing, and "shaking the panting stars," and lying in dungeons, falls into "agonies of ultimate despair." A little after, in a succeeding poem, his heart is old and cold, and his spirit beats its bars, and trembles for the happy stars which his heart had just before been shaking. And in one of the very last poems in the volume we regret to find that his soul is still beating its bars, having meanwhile broken its pinions, and blooded its hands.

Mr. Dorgan is often naturally in tears; he has very troubled sleep, he complains of feverishness, and both life and death, he declares, are curses and accurst. He almost wishes some one would bring him poison. Nature does not solace him, for the forest is haunted by ghastly shapes, and the sea either hisses like a snake or is dead, and the night is dead, and the moon is drowning. Everything, in fine, is very disagreeable to him. We truly pity him, for

> "Doom and desolation, and of hell
> The anguish, wheresoe'er he turns, are nigh."

It is not in jest, it is in all seriousness, that we say we pity Mr. Dorgan. For he is a man capable of doing better than thus to devote himself to the expression of his morbid feelings, and of a sickly melancholy which he mistakes for a "divine despair." The volume of his poems gives indications of his possessing the poetic faculty to a degree that would enable him to write poems that should be read and prized, if he would refuse to dwell on himself, his real or fancied woes, and would strive after that simplicity of feeling and expression which some strains of his verse afford evidence of his capacity to attain.

If Mr. Dorgan be a very young man, youth and inexperience of life afford some excuse for the faults of his work, and strengthen our hopes that he may grow out of his present passion for revealing himself in his forlornness and weakness, and produce verse that shall be strong with the vigor of self-restraint and health. There are better things for one's self and for one's readers than to tell the world, in the eagerness and self-absorption of youth, of one's own morbid conditions. It is the hardest lesson for a young poet to learn, that however important and interesting the study and expression of his morbid feelings may be to himself, they are of very little consequence to the public. The subjective school of poets, even though it includes some great names, is not the school of the highest masters of the divine art. The greatest poets are the most reserved; they recognize the sanctity of their own feeling; they shrink from self-exposure; they honor the modesty of their souls. Moreover, a man of genuine manliness, whether poet or not, is averse to showing or indulging his own weakness. Strength is the foundation on which genuine excellence of character or of work must rest. If a man be weak, let him not parade his weakness, but let him discipline himself in quiet to overcome it.

Mr. Dorgan may find our criticism harsh and hard, but it is, as we began by saying, truly kind. Even in his poorest pieces, even in those too frequent poems in which he strives to be intense and falls into the manner of Mr. Alexander Smith, carrying what Ruskin calls the pathetic fallacy to a great excess, or in those in which he most displays his sickly fancies and humors, there is often an element of such true poetry as to make his faults seem the worse by comparison. He has tenderness, sweetness, grace, and fancy, and that he has manly strength enough to give promise of writing well hereafter, let the following striking poem witness to our readers:

MENE! MENE!

Speak not to me of power that builds its throne
  On outraged rights; for it shall pass away;
Yea, though its empire stretch from zone to zone,
  And bathe in endless day.

Even when the mirth is loudest shall the wine
  Grow bitter, and the shivered wine-cup fall;
For in that hour shall come the Hand Divine
  And write upon the wall.

Weep, if thou wilt, sad seer! thy land's decay;
  Weep, if thou wilt, the hopes that shall expire;
Weep, if thou wilt, the wearisome delay
  Of earth's august desire.

But weep not ever-during Truth as fled,
  Though deserts howl where once her temples rose;
Nor weep for Freedom, dreaming she is dead,
  Fallen amidst her foes.

For God remains alway; and to the Truth
  Shall incense stream from many a grander fane;
And, in the blinding glory of her youth,
  Freedom shall rise again.

* "Studies by John A. Dorgan. Second edition." Philadelphia: C. H. Marot. 1864 12mo, pp. 223.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEASURES IN CONGRESS.*

The framers of the Constitution of the United States did not dream that the compromises with slavery, which they so reluctantly consented to incorporate in that instrument, enclosed the seeds of the wickedest and bloodiest civil war that the world has ever seen. Believing a union of the States indispensable to the national life, and therefore a paramount necessity, they were too easily persuaded that, for the sake of achieving so great a good, they might safely make terms with the supporters of a system which they acknowledged to be inconsistent with republican principles and a blot upon the national character, but which they thought was sure of extinction at no very distant day. But the attempt of a nation to shield with the forms of law an institution in flagrant antagonism with its highest professions, and with the principles of justice and humanity, is alike impious and demoralizing, and, if long persisted in, is sure to undermine the foundations of social order and public security.

In our country the bitter fruits of national injustice and oppression were apparent at an early day. From 1789 to 1861—a period of more than seventy years—the Southern lords of the lash, through the concessions made to them in the Constitution, were almost as much masters of the general Government as of the slaves on their plantations. Their property in human flesh, under a vicious and anti-republican rule of representation, increased their political power to such an extent that, by acting always as a unit, and adroitly taking advantage of party divisions at the North, they were able, from the very beginning, to control the legislation of the country for the support and perpetuity of their hateful system. With the exception of the ordinance by which slavery was excluded from the Northwest Territory, and the act of 1808 abolishing the foreign slave trade, the records of Congress from 1789 to 1861 exhibit no act unfriendly to the system, but many acts calculated and designed to give it strength and protection. The Constitution, according to the highest judicial authority, conferred upon the general Government no power to interfere with slavery in the States; and so watchful were the guardians of the system, and so imperious in their demands in its behoof, that they were always able to prevent the adoption by Congress of even constitutional measures that were likely to expose it to the slightest peril. Subserviency to the slave power became the fixed habit of politicians and parties at the North, insomuch that the petitions of the people for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and of the slave trade between the States—measures admitted by eminent statesmen of all parties to be within the constitutional prerogatives of Congress—were contemptuously laid upon the table, at the moment of presentation, without debate or reference. Many of our readers are old enough to remember the contest so valorously waged by John Quincy Adams, nearly thirty years ago, in support of the people's "right of petition," and the insolent attempt of the cohorts of slavery to expel him from the House for simply enquiring of the Speaker if it would be in order to present a petition purporting to be signed by slaves. That simple question so provoked the rage and fury of the Southern members that they threatened to break up the Government if a way could not be found of putting a stop to anti-slavery agitation at the North. The House was, for days, a scene of unparalleled excitement and disorder, and there were fears in some quarters of the flow of blood upon the floor.

Mr. Wilson's book records another and a brighter chapter in the history of our country. The rebellion of 1860–61 swept away in a moment the constitutional restrictions by which slavery had been so long protected, and the withdrawal of the Southern senators and representatives afforded an opportunity to the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses to expunge from the statute book the whole series of measures designed to strengthen and perpetuate slavery, and to propose to the Legislatures of the several States an amendment to the Constitution abolishing and for ever prohibiting it on every part of the American soil. Nothing could better illustrate the power which slavery had acquired over the Government than the hesitation of an anti-slavery Congress to undertake this work of expurgation and reform. The habit of regarding the system as beyond the jurisdiction of the national Government was so strong that members found it hard to believe, at first, that the old limitations were removed, and that they were actually at liberty to legislate in accordance with the principles of impartial and universal liberty. It took four years to do the work which might and ought to have been done in a single month. But the work, thank God! is done at last. The statute book

* "History of the Anti-Slavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United States Congresses, 1861-5. By Henry Wilson." Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co.

of the United States is no longer defiled by a single line or word supporting or tolerating slavery, and measures have been adopted by the highest legislative authority to secure the complete extirpation of the cruel and bloody system.

We venture to affirm that no other legislative body ever adopted, in the short period of four years, a series of measures so important in themselves and of such wide-reaching beneficence as those of which Mr. Wilson has given us the history in this volume. The men to whose unyielding persistency and devotion we owe these grand measures have claims upon the gratitude of their countrymen no whit inferior to those of the men who led our armies in the bloody conflict with treason and rebellion. But for these measures, indeed, our victories in the field would be of little worth.

The preparation of this volume required much patient labor and no common degree of judgment and discrimination. It is divided into twenty-six chapters, each one giving us the history of a distinct measure, from the moment of its introduction to its final passage in either House. The amendments adopted or rejected are carefully stated; and the spirit and substance of the debates impartially set forth, so far as possible, in the very words of the speakers themselves. The narrative, unencumbered by needless details, embraces all that the general reader will care to learn, and it is far from being dry or dull. In preparing it, Mr. Wilson has added another to his many claims upon the gratitude of a nation redeemed from the crime and curse of slavery.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Sybil: A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By John Savage. (James B. Kirker, New York.)—The incidents of this drama, we are told in the preface, so closely resembled the actual history of a well known Kentuckian, that the play was for a time interdicted at Louisville. The plot, which is ingenious enough, the action, and the catastrophe are in fact truly Southern, and calculated to delight the community in which the characters would be at home. We have a seducer, duellist, and unscrupulous politician in Wolfe; in Sybil, his victim, who practises target-shooting in the spirit of Miss Mary Harris, until, being pressed by the suit of Clifden, she yields to him as an avenger rather than a lover. Chance favors—the author and the Southern public would say compels—the vicarious execution of her bloody purpose; and if Sybil had been familiar with the enlightened usage of Southern society, she would have survived her husband's trial, in the perfect assurance of his acquittal. The literary merit of the tragedy is exceedingly slight. The heroic vein of discourse is interrupted absurdly by commonplace conversation, which would seem to defy the best effort of the actor to relieve it of flatness. For all that, we can see that "Sybil" has qualities which fit it for successful representation, and that the "moral" it contains will be applauded nowhere more enthusiastically than among those who are depraved enough to commit the crimes against nature which the dramatist condemns, and that against social order which he approves. This is not different from the phenomenon that may be witnessed at any theatre whose votaries are treated to "Jack Sheppard," "Paul Clifford," and the like sensational performances. The pit, which is the demonstrative friend of virtue and innocence, dissolves into the rabble that feeds the police courts. There are nations which exhibit the same inconsistency. One would think that the English code and people were peculiarly humane in their respect for womankind if he accepted the conclusion of Blackstone—"So great a favorite is the female sex of the laws of England"—or the *mot* (not down in the play) of a stage supernumerary—"And allow me to add that him as lifts his arm, except in kindness, against a woman, is unworthy the name of a Briton."

The Jest-Book: the Choicest Anecdotes and Sayings. Selected and arranged by Mark Lemon. (Cambridge: Sever & Francis. 1865.)—This book might be called more appropriately, and with some saving of words, "Joe Miller, edited by Mark Lemon." The collection of anecdotes and jokes is large, and, though it undoubtedly contains the "choicest," it also contains a great many very bad ones, which Mr. Lemon might have judiciously omitted. There are some dozen that it was a shame ever to set afloat, and which a professional joker, like the compiler, ought to have had too much respect for his calling to put into a permanent shape. The sense of humor a century ago was not so nice as it is now, and people laughed at a great many things at which they will never laugh again. Still Mr. Lemon has done good service in rescuing several good modern jests from oblivion, in old newspapers and little read memoirs, and many more have now for the first time been transferred from common room and mess-table gossip into print.

The Cottage Library. (Bunce & Huntington, New York.)—The numbers of this series thus far issued are: "Home Ballads, by Our Home Poets," "The Song of the Shirt," and other of the poems of Thomas Hood, "Under Green Leaves," a book of rural poetry, edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. The last-named collection is almost exclusively from English authors, with a liberal representation of the oldest and best. The publishers aim at obtaining a popular circulation for these volumes, and have shown good judgment in determining their size and style. The price they ask would not be dear except that it ought to purchase much better workmanship. The people have a right to all that their hard-earned money can fairly claim as an equivalent. A little more pains would have produced much better typography, and have given their proper meaning to the engravings, which show slovenly printing. No apology of haste can be offered in works of this character. It is inexcusable that the frontispiece of No. 3 should deface the title-page by being bound up with it before the ink was dry.

A Smaller History of Rome. By William Smith, LL.D. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—The old and standard work of which this is an epitome is well enough known. Mr. Eugene Lawrence has continued the narrative from the establishment of the empire to its fall in 476. There is a profusion of illustrations, but not too great for the youth whom they will serve. The index is incomplete, as one may see by turning to the title *Vespasian*. The colosseum, however, is duly catalogued.

The Culture of the Observing Faculties in the Family and the School. By Warren Burton. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—In the reaction against our present system of instruction from primary schools up to and including colleges, this little book bears a useful if an humble and unpretentious part. Its special aim is to set forth the advantages of object-teaching over the discipline of words and rules, and to propitiate for the young a kind of training which shall call into activity the senses by which all knowledge enters the understanding. Nature and natural operations—the field, the sky, the wood; dew, rain, and snow; the flying bird and distant mountain; the insect and the quadruped—whatever appeals to the perception of color, size, shape, position, weight, number, time, texture, taste, sound, or smell—are all impressed as educators of the growing boy or girl. When we add that Mr. Burton furnishes examples of the mode in which tuition of this sort may be disguised as play, and invested with all the attractiveness of childish amusements, we shall have indicated the scope of his work. His hints will profit all who have the charge of youth, or influence immediately their bringing up.

Our Great Captains. Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and Farragut. (Charles B. Richardson, New York.)—We would not call this a catch-penny publication, yet we apprehend it to have sprung from a shrewd regard to the general curiosity of the hour, rather than from a conscientious desire to extend the domain of critical biography or to rear an enduring monument to the military genius and patriotism of its five justly famous subjects. The proof of this suspicion lies in the fact that the book was in type before the operations of the war had culminated in the *coup de grace* of the rebellion, and therefore is deficient in those latter exploits which throw new light upon the character of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan at least. Other marks of haste are not wanting: the paper is inferior, the portraits moderately faithful, the compilation—though it doubtless cost labor and trouble—no whit better than that which is made for the daily press or monthly magazines, nor more trustworthy. For instance, Sherman is said (p. 97) to have declared two hundred thousand men necessary for a forward movement in his department, in the fall of 1861. The public has just learned from the general's own lips that he only asked for sixty thousand, but added that the larger number would be needed before the South could be subjugated. Perhaps two hundred would have sufficed for this business if he could have obtained his sixty.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

William Shakespeare. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. Patrick Donahoe, Boston.

The Great Victory: Its Cost and Its Value. An Address by Hon. M. Russell Thayer.—Proceedings of the Union League of Philadelphia. July 4, 1865. Oration, by Charles Gibbons. King & Baird, Philadelphia.

"Under Green Leaves." A Book of Rural Poems. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

A Business Man's Views of Public Matters. By Sinclair Tousey. American News Company, New York.

Camps and Prisons. Twenty Months in the Department of the Gulf. By A. J. H. Duganne. J. P. Robens, New York.

An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. By John Stuart Mill. Two vols. William V. Spencer, Boston. Sheldon & Co., New York.

Argument of John A. Bingham, Special Judge-Advocate in the Trial of the Conspirators for the Assassination of President Lincoln. Washington.

Science.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

Quite marvellous results have lately been noted from the use of ice applied to the spinal nerves. Its frequent application in some severe cases of apoplexy has relieved the patients. It is applied to the lumbar plexus of nerves over the spine, alternated with hot water to the feet. A case of undoubted hydrophobia has been cured by following that treatment. The patient was bound to the bed, face downward, and a thorough wet cupping from the head down the whole length of the spine, followed with ice applications for two or three days uninterruptedly. Pulse and breathing became quiet, pains gradually left him, and complete recovery was the result. In the French hospitals the ice treatment, in cases of nervous debility, paralysis of the motor nerves, prolapsus uteri, convulsions from teething, and puerperal convulsions, has been successful without a drop of medicine. The great secret of this mode of treatment consists in using the ice long enough to get its tonic effects only, which is a nice point, and requires great care from the attendant, as short applications of ice are powerfully neuro-tonic, while its too lengthy application debilitates the patient and

does more harm than good. In diphtheria some of the happiest cures have been effected by allowing or compelling the patient to eat ice continually, and use stimulating applications like mustard or capsicum to the neck.

—A chemist has lately been making gas from the gases of the sewers, which is said to be equal to coal gas. His invention consists in pumping the sewer gas into a receiver, and passing it thence through naphtha into the streets—the fixed gas of the sewers retaining the naphtha vapor sufficiently to carburet it. *Nous verrons.*

—To produce grapes without seeds, early in the spring or late in the fall make a slit in the vine, open and take out the pith, and put some putty in place of the removed pith, close the opening, and bind up with some surgeon's adhesive plaster to exclude the air.

—There are hundreds of oil wells or dry holes in the oil regions of no use but to give éclat to some flaming prospectus of companies just formed. We should like to have some company put down a few inches of two-inch rope of gun-cotton attached to a battery and explode it. If that didn't reach the vein, no "rimmers" would, on which so much money has been expended. A charge of powder was tried once with fair success, but too small a charge.

—Mildew on grape vines may be effectually removed and prevented by sulphur. The powdered sulphur may be blown on the vines with a rubber syringe. This kind of syringe may be found at any drug store.

—Wheat and barley or different kinds of wheat may be amalgamated in the following manner: Take a hollow glass tube with the inside about the size of a pipe stem, not large enough for two stalks of the wheat to grow separately. Put the two varieties of grain to be amalgamated in the bottom of the tube, which should be filled with soil; stick the tube in the ground; the two grains of wheat or barley will sprout, the roots going downwards; the stalks of each compressed into one by the smallness of the tube will grow upwards out of the tube as one stalk and one kind of grain, differing from the parent seeds and possessing properties of both. This is one way of making new seed wheat.

—A beautiful red ink is made as follows: One-fourth ounce of aniline red from petroleum and coal oil, dissolved in one ounce of alcohol. This is to be added to one gallon of water with four ounces of gum-arabic.

—Polish blacking from petroleum and its products: One pound of bone-black powdered, one pound of molasses, one-quarter pound of the waste sulphuric acid from refineries, and one and a half pounds of residuum of petroleum. Mix.

Fine Arts.

SOMETHING ABOUT MONUMENTS.

Let us assume that about one-half of the memorial buildings which it is now proposed to erect within the United States will be built during the next two or three years. It appears, then, that many American cities and villages, now somewhat bare of other ornament than wayside trees, will either be adorned by good buildings or disfigured by very bad ones, and that many cemeteries will either gain their first good monuments or be more than ever burdened by those which are poor and tame. For it is difficult to build a monument of negative merit. Such buildings, as they have no utilitarian character, must be truly beautiful, or they are ugly and hurtful; they cannot be respectably because appropriately designed; like statues, they must be noble, or they are worthless. And there is a necessity, similar and almost as positive, of great artistic excellence in those buildings which unite a practical use with their monumental purpose.

It will be well, therefore, if those who intend to give money or time to build monuments will give a little thought on the subject as well. We Americans are not so sure of ourselves in artistic enterprises that we can afford to omit the common precaution of thinking about the work we mean to do. Good monuments are not so plenty anywhere in the world that habit has grown to be second nature, and that monuments in the future will somehow be good also. But, in both these cases, the converse is true. Of thousands of sepulchral and commemorative monuments built during the last three hundred years in Europe, statues, triumphal arches, columns, temples, towers, obelisks, scarce one in a thousand is good. Out of hundreds of architectural enterprises brought to some conclusion in America, scarce one in a hundred has been even reasonably successful. There is no undertaking for which most people in the United States are less ready than this of building the monuments which they earnestly desire to build—monuments to their townsmen, college-mates, or associates, who have fallen in the war—monuments to the more celebrated of our military heroes—monuments to the honored memory of our dead President.

Peculiar difficulties will surround and hinder these undertakings, because nearly all these proposed memorials will be built, if at all, by associations; few by private persons. When a gentleman of average intelligence wishes to erect a monument to his brother or friend, there is a reasonable chance that he will employ an architect or sculptor of reputation and professional ambition, even if not of the first artistic skill, and so get a memorial that neither artist nor employer need be ashamed of. But there is much less chance of this in the case of action by a community or association. If a city or society employ an artist, without experimenting with a "competition," they very seldom select the best or even one among the best of the artists within their reach; political influence, private friendship, personal popularity, accidental availability, or temporary popular favor, always interfere to govern the choice. If they resort to competition the result is not practically different; for, supposing the most absolutely fair and careful consideration by the judges of the submitted designs, and supposing the submission of a great number of good designs, what likelihood is there that the judges are fit to judge? How many committees of management, or boards of trustees, or building committees with power, contain each a majority of men who understand the complex and many-sided art of ornamental architecture? How many persons are there in the land, not professed architects or sculptors, who can select the best among twenty or ten designs, each design illustrated only by formal and technical drawings, or by these aided by a fancifully colored and shaded "perspective view" of a building which it is proposed to erect? It is not enough to have "good taste"—to have a correct natural feeling for beauty of form, or to be accustomed to drawings. No man is at all fit to pick out one design among many, unless he has some knowledge of what has been and of what can be done in actual marble, stone, and bronze. There is apt to be a gentleman on every committee who has travelled in Europe, and who gets great credit for knowledge and judgment, and great influence over his colleagues on that account. But that gentleman must give proof of a better than guide-book knowledge of what he has seen, and of a less confused memory than most travellers bring home, and of having bought photographs of the best buildings instead of those most beloved by *valets de place*, before he can be considered an authority by sensible stayers-at-home. It will often be better if the judges will decide by lot—as judges have been known to—among the designs laid before them. There will then be a reasonable chance that they accept the best design, which chance dwindles indefinitely when most committees of selection attempt to select.

It will be well, therefore, if the people will give some thought to this matter during the months that are to come, that they may learn to bring some wisdom of choice and some appreciation of beauty to their chosen task of grateful remembrance, and that the nation may give its best art and its most poetical feeling, as well as its material abundance, to honor its noble dead. We proceed to offer to our readers some suggestions concerning parts of the general subject.

Private tombstones are not included in the class of monuments we are considering. But there is one simple and not necessarily expensive kind of monument which is often used for a private tombstone, and which will answer as well for many other occasions, namely, the obelisk. The word means any object of the well known shape, square in plan, higher than thick, gradually diminishing in size from the base upward, until the gradual taper suddenly ends at a sharp edge, and a square pyramid with much inclined sides terminates the whole. The form is wrongly used in such cases as Bunker Hill Monument, because so large and expensive a building can be much more effective and beautiful in another form; the famous monument named has the one merit only of being likely to endure a long time. It is wrongly used in such cases as the monument at Munich to the Bavarians who fell in Napoleon's Russian campaign, because bronze cannot be more foolishly used than by being cast into flat plates, and so built up into a hollow square tower, and the cannon which were melted to make this monument would have been better employed if they had been piled in pairs like a child's corn-cob house. The obelisk should always be a monolith, a single block of granite; and in that case it is not a contemptible ambition to get your obelisk as large as possible, and pay largely for quarrying, transporting, and setting up a great stone. It would not be a work of art, but it would be a labor of love and a worthy work for a city, to try to get out of American quarries a rival of the Egyptian Obelisk at Paris, red syenite, seventy feet high, and half a million pounds in weight; or the equal of the yet vaster one at Rome; or one such as a czar might have had, according to the story, a hundred feet high, had not his workmen obeyed orders too literally. But the purpose of an obelisk is not all fulfilled when it is

smoothed and set up. The Egyptian idea of this monument was the idea of an excellent place for inscriptions. They covered their obelisks with their picture-writing, from base to summit. Not as the Worth Monument in New York carries the names of battles, cut in raised letters, at great expense; not as the same ugly structure carries its bas-reliefs, and "trophies of arms," in cast bronze; but simply cut into the smooth face of the granite, these inscriptions can be seen from a far, and will remain for ever. The obelisk shares with the pyramid the honor of being an emblem of eternity. The granite monolith is indestructible by time, and nearly so by the hand of man. Cut, to-day, your inscription, half a volume long, on the four smooth faces of a monolithic obelisk of hard granite, and there is no reason why three thousand years rather than one year should efface the letters.

The obelisk has generally been injured in effectiveness as a monument by the addition to its simplicity of other members, making it part of a composition. The simplest and lowest base is the best. And any attempt at union between this and other architectural forms is sure to fail, as in the noted instance of that most inappropriate and offensive design for the great monument to Washington at our national capital; a circular temple, over a hundred feet high, surrounding the base of an obelisk-shaped tower rising four hundred feet above the temple's roof. A very recently built monument, that at Lowell, in memory of Ladd and Whitney, the soldiers of the Massachusetts Sixth who fell at Baltimore on the 19th of April, 1861, is a similar instance of unsuccessful combination of parts. The singular infelicity of the idea of erecting what seem to be four sarcophagi, two of them—the longer two—bearing the names of the two soldiers, and the other two bearing inscriptions in their honor, is equalled by the want of harmony in the design. These four seeming tombs project from the four sides of the base of an obelisk, forming a cross of two longer and two shorter arms. The central tower itself is made up of three plinths or bases, one upon another, the obelisk crowning the highest; the entire height, of which the obelisk itself is about half, reaching twenty-seven feet and six inches. There can be no doubt that a very noble monolith could have been brought to Lowell and erected, with two inscriptions cut upon two opposite sides, for the money that has been spent on this feeble design. And there can be no doubt that the plain obelisk would have been as good a monument as this is in every way unsatisfactory.

Almost all forms of monument that have been sanctioned by the use of ages, and are in themselves excellent, are more or less associated with sculpture. And memorial sculpture is, of course, generally portraiture. It will be found that most of those monumental forms which are the best and the most universally loved, were originally intended for the reception, protection, and exhibition of portrait statuary; such, for instance, is the monument in Trinity Church-yard, New York, in memory of those who died in British prison-ships during the Revolutionary War. It is a canopy of four Gothic arches, raised upon a high base, and surmounted by a tall spire. It is pleasing in outline and in detail, but the open canopy is blank and empty, nothing being seen through its arches but the sky beyond. The original type of this form of monument is found in those canopied tombs of the Gothic time, so numerous once in northern churches, still so numerous in Italy both in churches and in the open air. And, looking back to these, the models—models, also, of all artistic excellence—we find the canopy put to use, covering nearly always that modification of the ancient sarcophagus known as the altar tomb. These tombs vary in style and character with the different ages of the art, but the typical form is a sarcophagus two or three feet high, long enough to receive a life-sized effigy, and wide enough for one such effigy or for two. Upon the slab forming the cover was laid the figure of the dead, as if asleep, the head upon a round pillow, the feet together, and often resting upon a lion or hound, or else crossed one over the other, the hands brought together as in prayer. These effigies were sometimes carved in marble or stone, sometimes cast in bronze. The sides of the tomb were decorated with heraldic devices or with figure sculpture representing incidents in the life of the deceased, or, more simply, with little arcades or with tracery. This representation of the figure as in placid and motionless sleep is perfectly appropriate and right. It has been felt by the best sculptors of our own time to be the most fitting form for memorial statues, and, with the revival of mediæval architecture in Europe, the sarcophagus and effigy have been restored to use. It is hard for modern sculptors to retain the composed stillness of the early statues; the figure must be less stiff to suit modern notions of gracefulness, and much of the pathos and dignity of the old work is lost when the change is made. Baron Marochetti's statue of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., on the tomb erected to her memory by Queen Victoria, is one of the loveliest portrait statues of modern times; but, lovely as it is, it is open to the objection that it has too much action for the effigy on a tomb. In some modern tombs in Germany, the carefully modelled statues are made ridiculous because couched upon an elaborate mattress and pillow, and because posed in different attitudes of uneasy sleep.

Many tombs remain to us from the best times of art without the life-size effigy on the top, but covered with a heavy stone, figured only with a cross and sacred monogram, but having the sides panelled, and each panel filled with sculpture in relief. This plan has also been followed in modern times, in cases where the portrait statue was not to be had, as in the case of soldiers who have died away from home, leaving no sufficient material from which a portrait could be made. But, as we have said above, memorial sculpture will generally be portraiture. No other casting or carving can be so fitting as a likeness of the dead whom we wish to remember and honor.

The tombs of the Scala family at Verona, deservedly celebrated as the most perfect monuments known to us, have the sarcophagus and effigy, as was customary at the time, but also the statue of the dead chief as in life. The figure on the stone coffin is clothed in the long gown of peace, and wears a simple fillet around the head. The sides of the sarcophagus are carved with incidents in the life of the dead man. A noble four-arched canopy, resting on slender shafts, is raised above it, and the arches support a square, steep roof or spire, which is truncated, and bears upon the flat top a small equestrian statue of the chief in his armor of battle. These tombs, or the best two, those of Can Grande and Can Mastino della Scala, are as perfect in design and execution of details as in general feeling, and are models of excellence in monumental work.

It should be observed, though, that these monuments, consisting of the sarcophagus and recumbent figure, are designed for tombs proper—designed, that is, to be placed over or to contain the body itself. They are not suitable for memorials, merely, to be erected in memory of one who lies elsewhere. There is a certain difficulty in fitting any monumental building, if of the nature of a tomb, to this purpose. No structure yet proposed is as suitable as a life-sized portrait statue, erect or in sitting posture. The difficulty is, of course, to get the statue. The cost may not be an objection. Money can be raised to pay for the noblest figure, in bronze or marble, of McPherson, or Wadsworth, or Stevens, but who is the artist that is to carve it? There are one or two sculptors in the country who have approved ability, and they should be kept busy for the five years to come modelling nothing but portraits, that we may rightly remember our gallant dead. That they should be left to waste their time on fancies and "ideals" proves a radical deficiency somewhere in the glorious laws of supply and demand.

The need of statues of eminent soldiers suggests inevitably the appropriateness to this need of equestrian statues. And in connection with this theme, as the bronze horsemen at Rome, at Venice, and at Padua occur to the mind, the need of some knowledge on the part of our people of what other people have done to honor their illustrious dead becomes evident. Cannot something be done to reproduce by a carefully made cast—as was done for the Sydenham Crystal Palace Company—the great statues of Colleone and Gattamelata? When shall we learn that the way to teach people art is to show it to them? One great work of art is worth a thousand lectures on art. If the lectures also are good, they will be better when the work of art is present to enforce their doctrine..

If the newspapers speak truly, some of the great colleges propose to build memorials to their graduates who have fallen in the war for the national life. It seems that one of these great colleges has put head and heart to the consideration of the matter, for the rational and worthy conclusion is arrived at to build a hall for her living alumni in honor of the dead. A good building thus serving each present generation, and full of memories of a past generation of heroes; greeting every graduate who enters to share in literary or social festivity with welcome from a noble past; holding up, within and without, the names, to honor, of good men and true, who have gone before—such a building would certainly be better than any huge pile erected to memory only. But it must be a good building. It must be a noble building. Every memorial must have these two characteristics, or it is worthless; it must be rich and ornamental, and even profusely decorated; and it must be built to last for ever. A plain building, well fitted to its purpose, and intelligently designed, such as would make a good alumni hall, would not serve for a memorial. There must be the evidences of lavish expense of money, all well spent indeed, but also *freely* spent, of beauty sought for itself, and ornament loved for its own sake, and used to dignify the building. Then durability—of course no public monument is to be allowed to rival those wooden head-boards which are still set up in German village grave-yards—the Harvard memorial should stand as firmly as Bunker Hill Monument itself.

This Friday morning, as we conclude, the *Times'* correspondent sends us his account of the action of Yale College in the matter: and it seems that a

sort of sub-chapel to the proposed new University Chapel of Yale is the form proposed. This plan is so far good that it gives a good chance to set private memorials—tombs, tablets, memorial windows, and pavement slabs—where they can be well seen. It would seem, however, that this purpose is as well suited in an independent building, and that an independent building would be a better monument to the soldiers, one and all.

In another case, a *campanile* has been proposed, a tall tower within which a gradual stairway or inclined plane should ascend continually from base to summit—those who have ascended the great bell tower of St. Mark, in Venice Square, will remember the slow ascent to the belfry chamber—the walls of the stairway to be incrusted with the tablets in memory of the dead. And other forms of building have been and will be proposed. We return to our first request, and ask the American people to think a little of all these things, and see to it that their willingly-given money shall be well spent. No afterthought will avail. We must all give our minds and hearts to it now, or we shall only perpetuate our carelessness with our sorrow, and compel pity for our ignorance and narrowness of mind when we seek to inspire admiration for the gallant deeds of our dead servants.

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ASSETS, January 1, 1865, - - - - $1,140,628 89

DIVIDEND, Thirty-seven and One-half per cent.

This Company insures against MARINE and INLAND NAVIGATION risks on Cargo and Freight.

No Time Risks, or risks upon Hulls of Vessels, are taken.

The Profits of the Company, ascertained, from January 10, 1855, to January 1, 1864, for which certificates were issued, amount to.....	$1,437,700 00
Additional profits from January 1, 1864, to January 1, 1865.....	324,385 73
Total Profits for ten years.....	$1,762,085 73
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NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1865.

ALFRED EDWARDS, Pres.
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THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

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Paid up Capital, - -	**$2,250,000 00**
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Offices, 144 and 146 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.

Cash Assets, over - - - - -	$13,500,000
Income for current year, all Cash, - - -	3,500,000
Paid Claims by death (22 years), - - -	6,000,000

Surplus Divided during Five Years, 1858–'62,

THREE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS,

Being larger in amount, and in proportion to premiums paid, than was ever declared by any other Life Insurance Company.

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The following descriptions of Policies are issued by this Company, the premiums on which may be paid yearly, half-yearly, or quarterly, at the option of the party assured:

1st. LIFE POLICIES.—These are issued for the whole term of life, payable, together with the dividend additions, after the death of the party assured, to the person entitled to receive the same.

2d. ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICIES.—These are issued to persons desirous of making provision for advanced life, or any other purpose, and are payable, together with accrued dividends on the same, to the assured party on attaining a certain age, say 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, or 65, or in case of his death, before arriving at that age, to his heirs or assigns.

N.B.—Particular attention is requested to the advantages afforded by the payment of the premiums, on both LIFE and ENDOWMENT assurance policies, in TEN ANNUAL INSTALMENTS. The rates of such premiums charged by this Company are lower, while the dividends are greater, than in any other life company in the United States: and the Company will, on the surrender of such policy, issue a paid-up policy for an equitable sum, which they will guarantee SHALL EXCEED the proportionate amount.

For instance, on surrender of a policy for $10,000 (other amounts in same proportion) on which the premiums are payable in ten annual instalments, the Company will issue a PAID-UP POLICY which they WILL GUARANTEE

After the payment of	2	premiums shall exceed	$2,000
"	3	"	3,000
"	4	"	4,000
"	5	"	5,000
"	6	"	6,000
"	7	"	7,000
"	8	"	8,000
"	9	"	9,000

This privilege is NOT CONFINED TO NEW POLICIES ALONE. Every policy now in force is NON-FORFEITABLE to the extent of the amount which its present value would purchase, on application to the office, as a paid-up policy.

This plan of paying for a policy by a definite number of annual instalments must commend itself to every thoughtful man, as it obviates one of the greatest objections to life insurance, namely, the uncertainty of being able to continue the customary payments of premiums during the later years of life.

3d. ENDOWMENT POLICIES FOR CHILDREN.—These are payable when a child attains the age of 18, 21, or 25 years, either with or without the return of the total premium paid, in case the party assured does not attain the specified age.

SURVIVORSHIP ANNUITIES.

The officers of this Company have the satisfaction of offering to the public rates or premium by which SURVIVORSHIP ANNUITIES, at all combinations of ages, may be secured.

By this plan the insurer pays a certain sum per annum to the Company during his life, to secure a sum annually thereafter to one or more persons, for the balance of their lives.

Thus a husband may secure to his widow the payment of an annuity sufficient to maintain her in comfort and independence during the remainder of her life; and, in like manner, a whole family may be provided for, and more economically than by any other method, by taking a policy for each person separately, with the additional advantage of being able to modify the annuity to suit each individual case.

This form of annuity supplies an actual want or necessity that exists in the minds of a large number of persons, and one that increases with the wealth of the insured; for it often happens that fortunes or bequests are lost in much less time than it has taken to accumulate them. This necessity is particularly apparent in the case of a wife or daughters, who are always dependent upon advisers, who may prove injudicious or adversely interested, and human experience has amply proved that a provision of this kind is often of equal importance with the bequest itself.

This provision is not only free from the ordinary dangers of investment and dependence upon other persons, but is punctual, and full payment is secured upon the promises, good faith, and large resources of this institution; which thus, to a certain extent, becomes the GUARDIAN OR TRUSTEE of the survivor, and hence the provision may be considered, humanly speaking, beyond any adverse contingency.

These considerations have induced several of the officers and trustees of this Company both to avail themselves largely of this form of life insurance, and to fully recommend it as the most comprehensive and perfect method known whereby may be insured a definite, certain, and permanent support to a surviving nominee, whether wife, parent, child, or friend.

The Rates of Premium have been calculated, at great labor, upon a basis that has been submitted to and received the unanimous approval of some of the most able managers and actuaries in Great Britain as well as in this country.

All premiums paid may be made returnable to the insurer in case the nominee, or person for whom the annuity is intended, should die first. This feature is especially recommended.

The Dividends are as large as upon any other form of policy issued by this Company, and may be applied, as on other policies, as follows:

1. As CASH in part payment of annual premiums commencing at end of first year.

2. To increase the amount of the annuity.

3. Accumulated dividends may, at any time, be used to cancel the premium for any one year, or series of years, until exhausted.

The premium for any one year, on any form of policy in this Company, may be thus paid by relinquishing the CORRESPONDING VALUE ONLY of additions.

POLICY MAY BE MADE NON-FORFEITABLE.

Should the insurer desire, at any time, to discontinue the payment of annual premiums, he has the option of receiving either its equitable cash value or a paid-up policy for an annuity, in proportion to the amount he has paid to the Company.

Rates of premiums for all combinations of ages, or any other information desired, may be obtained on application at the office of the Company, 144 Broadway, New York, or to any of the authorized agents.

DIVIDENDS ANNUALLY.

DIVIDENDS, OR DISTRIBUTIONS OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS, will hereafter be made ANNUALLY, the next being February 1, 1866.

Policy-holders may use their dividends as CASH IN PAYMENT OF THE PREMIUMS for any current year, or to augment their insurance, as heretofore.

Dividends may be thus applied IMMEDIATELY; WITHOUT ANY DELAY FOR THE REDEMPTION OF SCRIP, as in some other companies.

When premiums are paid in ten (or other) annual instalments, whether upon Life or Endowment Policies, the Dividends will be based, during the term, upon the amounts actually paid. After the payments shall have ceased, and until the Policy becomes a claim, the Dividends will continue as upon other paid-up Policies. The Dividends under the present system may be used, during the ten years, as cash payment of the premium, and afterwards as an absolute cash income, or they may augment the amount insured as heretofore.

The ASSETS of the Company are invested exclusively on Bond and Mortgage on Real Estate in the City and State of New York, worth in each case at least DOUBLE the amount loaned, in United States Stocks and Stocks of the State of New York: the solidity and security of this disposition of the Company's funds will be conceded.

N. B.—The Company will issue policies on A SINGLE LIFE to the extent of $20,000, but only in cases where the physical condition and family history of the applicant are entirely unexceptionable.

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GENERAL AGENT FOR NEW YORK AND VICINITY,

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Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - - - - 400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
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ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

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CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS - - - - - - - -		$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages - - - - - - - - - -	$134,672 00	
Temporary Loans - - - - - - - - - -	92,630 00	
Real Estate - - - - - - - - - - - -	10,000 00	
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank - - - - - - - - -	5,000 00	
Government Sec., value - - - - - - - - -	144,514 00	
Cash on hand - - - - - - - - - - -	18,042 34	
Interest due - - - - - - - - - - -	3,085 58	
Premiums due - - - - - - - - - - -	6,785 26	
PRESENT LIABILITIES - - - - - - - - -		$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS - - - - - - - - - - -		198,733 26

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At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,

pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

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of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

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the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

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ASHER TAYLOR, President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

BUSINESS through the week has again been active in the line of foreign importation. We have had quite a fleet of steamers from Europe laden with dry goods, and the usual number of arrivals from the Indies with sugars, coffee, teas, etc. Trade in the domestic commission line is also fair, while in domestic produce, near the close of the week, prices were rather in advance of the limits on recent orders from abroad for export. The whole export movement of the week, exclusive of specie, which is light, and of the U. S. 5-20 bonds, which go out on a liberal scale, amounts to $2,950,000. The arrivals of cotton from the South are over 20,000 bales, or 5,000 bales in excess of last week and the week before. But of these receipts, we find that scarcely one-tenth is taken up for export, the remainder being subject to local speculation and the regular demand from the New England manufacturers. The stock on hand is steadily accumulating, and we have reason to believe that in another week or two the export will be materially increased. The accounts from the States recently in rebellion in reference to the old stock of cotton in the country continue to perplex the trade, because of the wide differences of opinion on the subject in the letters from New Orleans, Georgia, Alabama, etc.

Within a day or two past the harvest advices from the West are not so favorable, and this change has partially enhanced speculation on the Corn Exchange. It appears that the recent heavy rains caused some trouble to the gathering in of the wheat crop, and material damage in some sections of the West to the oat harvest. These reports are of a private rather than press authority, and may be exaggerated for speculative purposes. The telegrams to the Associated Press represent the mischief as limited. We shall soon have the official reports on the subject through the Agricultural Bureau at Washington.

There is a rise—or rather recovery—in United States 5-20s of 2 per cent. since last Saturday, the quotation returning to 105¾ to 106 per cent. The orders to buy from abroad have been coming in freely by every steamer through the week, and at such limits as to price as enabled the parties here to whom they were directed to fill them at once. They have been favored by the higher ruling of gold, from 143 up to 146 per cent. This advance is of a speculative character. The party who are reputed to have been very large buyers of late held the market steady until the rumors of apprehended trouble on the Rio Grande enabled them to demonstrate for a rise. The highest sales were at 146½ Thursday night, from which the price receded to 145 per cent. on Friday.

Exchange on London has fallen to 108½ to 108¾ per cent. for gold, which, of course, shuts out all export demand for gold. The Custom House demand to pay duties has again been very large through the week, but this has been qualified by some sales of gold out of the large interest surplus in the Treasury office. The July interest, $9,750,000 in amount, is payable in gold, being 3 per cent. on the 6 per cent. gold-bearing loan of 1881, and 2½ to 3 per cent. on the old funded loans of the United States. The payment has been made this month without diminishing the heavy gold balances with which the Treasury entered upon the new fiscal year. The customs for July at New York will equal this sum, leaving $3,500,000 at the outports to be added to the previous gold balances, if not turned into currency to help pay the 15th August interest, amounting to $10,950,000, or 3.65 per cent. for 6 months on the first series, $300,000,000, of the 7.30 loan. The September interest, $4,319,000, is payable in gold, being 2½ per cent. on the 10-40 years' stock. No stated interest falls due in October, while in November the gold interest, $18,167,085 in amount, comes in, being three per cent. on the 5-20 stocks.

The money market worked easy in the early part of the week, but is now up to 6 to 7 per cent. on a demand to carry up the gold and railway speculation. The amount of gold thus held is on the increase, as there is no export demand, and the Treasury is supposed to be selling its current receipts from customs. The leading railways have suddenly gone up 3 to 5 per cent., and even 10 to 15 per cent. in one or two instances. The common stock of the Erie Company led off in this movement, and from 82½ per cent. nearly touched par (99¼) on Thursday. The company have declared their half-yearly dividend of 4 per cent., to be paid on the 21st August.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

As remarked above, the European demand for 5-20s, original issue, has been large—estimated at three millions for the week. They have advanced from 104 to 104½ to 106 to 106⅛ per cent.; the new issues from 104 to 104½ to 104¾ per cent.; the 6 per cents. of 1881 from 106¾ to 107¼ to 107½; the 10-40s, 96¾ to 97¼.

The 7.30 per cent. loans, first and second series, are at par and interest. The third series has been closed out, $230,000,000 in amount, through the agency of Mr. Jay Cooke, though a considerable part of the money is still undrawn in the various National Banks that subscribed to the loan for their local dealers.

Treasury certificates of indebtedness, twelve months to run, carrying 6 per cent. interest, are selling at 97¾ per cent. for the 1865, and 99½ for the 1864 issues.

STATE SECURITIES.

We have nothing new to report under this head. A few sales are making of the Border State bonds, such as Virginias, Missouris, and Tennessees.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The large advance in Erie common stock has also advanced the fourth mortgage bonds of the Company, which are convertible at the will of the holder into common stock until 1868. They are now selling at 99 to 100. Erie shares have advanced from 82¾ to 98; New York Central from 94½ to 95½; Reading from 103 to 109, and then returned to 107; Hudson, 108 to 115½, returning to 113½; Michigan Central, 108 to 109; Michigan Southern, 65¼ to 69¾, returning to 67¼; Pittsburg, 68 to 75, returning to 72¾; North-West, 27½ to 28; North-West, preferred, 61½ to 64½, and back to 62⅝; Fort Wayne, 98 to 98½; Rock Island, 107¾ to 108¾. Market firm this morning.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Atlantic Mail has declined from 164 to 156½; Canton 40 to 39⅝; Mariposa advanced from 12¾ to 13½; Cumberland from 42 to 42¾; Brunswick fell off to $10¾.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold is about 145¾. Bills on London for this day's steamer close very weak, with sales as low as 108⅛ to 108⅜ per cent.

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THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

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The Nation.

VOL. 1.—NO. 6. THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1865. $3 PER ANNUM.

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The Week.

THE public debt, according to a statement by Secretary McCulloch, amounted on the first of the present month to $2,757,253,275 85, divided into $1,108,662,641 80 bearing interest in coin, $1,289,156,545 bearing interest in lawful money, and $357,906,969 not bearing interest. The annual interest in coin is $64,521,837 50; in legal money, $74,740,630 78. Of legal-tender notes in circulation there are $685,236,269; of fractional currency, $25,750,000. The amount of coin in the Treasury is $35,338,000, and of currency, $81,402,000.

THE Board of Visitors to the United States Military Academy at West Point, after attending the annual examination of that institution, have made their report. They were abundantly satisfied with the proficiency of the cadets as soldiers, but in point of scholarship find them not distinguished above the pupils of any first-rate educational establishment. Between the sections of the graduating class the inequality was far too great, and in all there was a general lack of precision and distinctness in their replies, and "frequent and inexcusable errors of pronunciation and of grammatical construction." The Board, as an aid to their inspection, resolved to call upon the Superintendent and the several members of the Academic staff for views and suggestions touching the management and needs of the Academy. They were obstructed, and to some extent defeated, in this design, by the action of the Superintendent, Brigadier-General Cullum, who insisted that his staff should communicate with the Board through himself. This interference was not tolerated without protest and an appeal to the Secretary of War, who sustained the right of the Board to obtain testimony directly, though the Superintendent chose to construe the decision otherwise. The Board make a number of recommendations for promoting the efficiency of the Academy: that the superintendency be thrown open to the whole army, and not confined to an officer of the Engineer Corps; that the corps of cadets be gradually increased to four hundred, without preventing a desirable system of commissioning a large proportion of officers from the ranks or from civil life; that English grammar, descriptive geography, and the history of the United States be added to the requirements for admission; that the law be modified so as to oblige the appointment of cadets one year before the date of their entering, and that competitive examinations for cadetships be held in the various States; that seventeen and twenty-two years be made the limits of the age of admission, with a special exception in favor of those young men, not older than twenty-four, who have been more than two years in the service; that the cadets be allowed to wear beards and moustaches at pleasure, with such uniformity in trimming as may be deemed advisable; that profane swearing among them be checked, and a distinction be made in punishments between offences against conventionalities and those involving moral turpitude. We are somewhat surprised that while recommending a first assistant professor in Spanish the Board did not also recommend a professor in German, whom, if we are not misinformed, the Academy has not—a singular omission, when we consider what the German nation has contributed to the history, practical illustration, and improvement of military science.

THE Fifth National Temperance Convention was held at Saratoga on the first three days of the month. There were 332 delegates present, including six women, and representing twenty States and four foreign nations. One Indian tribe was also represented. Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, presided. Essays and papers were read on the early connection of the temperance cause with religion; on the unnecessary and injurious use of alcohol as medicine; on prohibition; and on the need of a temperance journal. Among the speakers were Ex-Gov. Dutton, of Connecticut, and Gen. Neal Dow, of Maine, who defended the prohibitory laws of their respective States, and urged their extension to other communities, together with the co-operation of temperance men in their enforcement. Addresses were also made by Rev. John Pierpont and Hon. Gerrit Smith. The latter was in favor of doing away with wine in medicine and at the sacramental table. These two subjects, in fact, were the chief cause of controversy in the convention, unless we except an invitation to Maj.-Gen. Hooker to attend, which was not pressed to a vote, simply because the general had left town, it was learned. Resolutions were adopted giving thanks for the overthrow of the rebellion; reaffirming the doctrine of total abstinence; constituting a committee of seven to perfect a plan of organization for cities, towns and villages, and the nation at large; rehearsing the original and constant sympathy of the church with the temperance cause, and affirming the duty of ministers and church members to help on the movement; against the use of intoxicating wines in Christian ordinances; in favor of educating the people up to prohibitory laws, and the young in the ways of temperance; setting forth the perils involved in the use of home-made wines, and discouraging their use; and recommending the medical profession to be cautious in prescribing alcoholic drinks, especially for trifling ailments. Among the resolutions presented, but lost sight of, were one advising abstinence from spirituous liquors as food, drink, or medicine; another condemning the use of tobacco; and a third and fourth urging Congress to forbid the importation of liquors ascertained to be adulterated, and recommending the removal of the New York State License Commissioners. The statistics of the order of the Sons of Temperance show that it has organizations in twenty-six States, and embraces 113,000 members.

THE burning of the ship *William Nelson* is closely followed by that of the British steamship *Glasgow*, of the Inman line, which left this port for Liverpool on the morning of the 30th ult. She took fire shortly after noon of the next day, but happily we have no loss of life to record. Captain Manning maintained good order in spite of the inevitable panic which prevailed, and every soul on board was safely transferred to the American bark *Rosamond*, together with the ship's valuables and some baggage. The steamer *Erin* afterwards came up with and relieved the over-laden bark, and brought the passengers to this city again. The cause of the fire is yet unknown.

The freedmen are meeting with many obstructions in their endeavors to work for pay, as was to have been expected. On the Eastern Shore of Virginia they complain that they cannot obtain the compensation which is due their faithful and productive toil. The planters will not keep their word, and are most reluctant to submit to the altered condition of labor. At Memphis, Brig.-Gen. Tillson has issued a circular concerning the enticement of freed people from their employers, after contracts fairly made, by persons temporarily in want of laborers. This pernicious practice affects both parties injuriously—the employer with a direct loss, and the laborer with forfeiture of his previous earnings. Col. Bentzoni, at Helena, Arkansas, to prevent further outrage of the blacks by their former owners and other evil-disposed persons, directs all instances known to the superintendent of freedmen to be brought by him before the provost-marshal in the form of charges. Trial and stated punishment will follow. Colored men are in every case to choose their own employers, but must fulfil all approved contracts when once made. Employers, however, "are prohibited from taking the law into their own hands under any circumstances." Gen. Fisk has issued a circular for the instruction of whites and blacks in his department, which embraces Kentucky, Tennessee, and Northern Alabama. He explains the intentions of Government in regard to the freedmen—to protect their industry, to settle them in homes of their own, to ensure their absolute freedom, to promote among them virtue and intelligence. They will be encouraged to support themselves, and to cultivate lands for an interest in the crop. Freedmen's camps and refugee homes will be discontinued as soon as practicable. Difficulties which involve colored testimony will come before the officers of the bureau for settlement. It is asserted to be "a common remark among the colored people of Raleigh that they have suffered more from the abuse of Union soldiers than they ever did during the whole period of the rebellion." A tale of horrible atrocity committed upon a colored woman by members of a Pennsylvania regiment, is confirmatory of this strong statement. Superintendent Conway reports that less than thirty-five (hundred ?) freedmen are maintained by Government in Louisiana. Only the sick and helpless receive rations. There is a crisis in the educational system of Louisiana, which, as the legacy of Gen. Banks, is not favored by Gen. Canby, and is almost destitute of means. A tax was long ago ordered for its support, but, though estimated and prepared, has never been levied. The thousands of colored youth and adults who are now enjoying its beneficent privileges, are liable to be stopped short in the career of knowledge on which they have entered with so much zest.

We stated last week a little inaccurately, that General Palmer had proclaimed emancipation to all the slaves in Kentucky who should choose to leave the State. The fact remains that there is an extensive exodus of this class of the population, but the cause of it must be referred, not to the military authorities, but to the slaveholders themselves. We have already recorded the consequences of their equally foolish and wicked representations to their slaves, that freedom never would be granted them. The troubled bondmen thought it time to betake themselves to States where black people had their liberty. Hence a widespread desertion of the plantations, and a crowding of the cities bordering on the Ohio. The municipal officers appealed to Gen. Palmer. He adopted the simple plan of furnishing a pass to every negro willing to move on "in search of employment." In this paper the bearer was merely described as "colored." Gen. Palmer writes to the President that he always "presumed" the applicant was free, and adds: "To presume slavery from color alone is contrary to justice; to presume freedom without regard to color, and give protection accordingly, is to end slavery." It certainly is.

Governor Peirpont informs the justices of the county courts of Virginia, that in a number of counties persons have been illegally elected to the offices of commonwealth attorney, sheriff, commissioner of revenue, clerk of court, etc. They are disqualified by having held office under, or been members of, the Confederate Congress or Legislature. The justices are directed to consider the designated offices vacant wherever they have been filled in the manner described, and to order new elections immediately.

Where the liberty of the press cannot be trusted, it would seem as if the liberty of the ballot ought not to be. Maj.-Gen. Ruger, commanding the Department of North Carolina, has suspended (not inappropriately) the *Daily Union Banner*, a disloyal publication of Salisbury. It is thought other newspapers deserve the same treatment. We quoted last week from the Raleigh journals their not flattering descriptions of the state of society there, and the dismal prospect of reaction consequent upon the withdrawal of the United States troops. Two citizens of North Carolina, sojourning in this city, were alarmed lest they should be unable to induce emigration to so unpromising a State. They accordingly addressed a note to Gov. Holden, requesting a denial of what *The Progress* had said. His answer merely expresses his belief that what is threatened by the insolent aristocrats will not come to pass. He does not deny that they boast of a speedy return to power, and of the vengeance they will wreak on Union men and negroes. Nor would he recommend that the troops be removed.

Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, has been addressing the clergy and laity of his diocese. He thinks that Davis is past praying for, professedly because there is no longer any "President of the Confederate States," but really, we mistrust, because the chances seem slim that the state prisoner will go unscathed. The Bishop is inclined to hold on to the separate organization of the Protestant Episcopal Church South. He says the Church of Scotland gets along without quarrelling with the Church of England, though both exist as distinct organizations under one civil rule. He will not recognize the war-power of the President of the United States as a part of that authority which the Church is enjoined to heed, nor, consequently, substitute Johnson for Davis in the prayer for the powers that be—that is, so long as there is martial law at the South. Cæsar will get his dues when he marches off his centurions; till then, not a penny. We doubt if this mode of collecting taxes will be approved at Washington. The concluding advice of the Bishop is not so perspicuous as might be desired. Here it is:

"In regard to the taking of oaths, it is beyond all question the duty of every citizen to render faithful allegiance to the government under which he lives, and an oath of fidelity to the government is only the formal and solemn acknowledgment and expression of an already existing obligation. If, therefore, the oath of allegiance should be lawfully required of all citizens, there is no good reason why such an oath should not be taken, provided that all things be done (see 39th Article) 'in justice, judgment, and truth.' All false swearing is an abomination."

A curious case was recently decided in a Cincinnati court, Judge Woodruff presiding. A colored man named Tabbs Gross and a late slaveholding secessionist, Gen. Bethune of Georgia, contended for the keeping of "Blind Tom," a feeble-minded colored lad, who has been much celebrated throughout the country as a musical prodigy, though his talent, like his blindness, has been called in question. During the rebellion he was employed by the general, who owned the large family to which he belongs, in giving concerts for the benefit of Confederate regiments. He is now held by the same person on the strength of a contract with his parents, Mingo and Charity, approved by the local superintendent of freedmen, and binding him for a term of five years for a stipulated share in the profits of his performances. Gross, who has been showman of a panorama, had arranged with the general to join in the enterprise of exhibiting Tom, but by some means was afterwards rejected as a partner. He then applied for papers of guardianship in Indiana, on the ground that Tom was illegally restrained, and obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, which came up before Judge Woodruff. Both parties to the controversy were evidently more concerned for their own interest than for Tom's, and Gross's counsel asked that Levi Coffin might be made a veritable guardian. The court decided that Gross had no legal claim on the boy, who seemed to have sufficient intellect to choose, and preferred to go with Bethune.

The remains of the late Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania are being brought home from California for interment. His career, and that of his brother, the Bishop of this State, furnish one of those rare phenomena on which the theory of the presence of talent in the blood is based. One is astonished, in watching the course even of the families which

have won most distinction, to find how generally they owe it all to the achievements of one member in each generation. The spectacle of two or more brothers reaching the summit of their profession is even less frequently witnessed than that of a famous father followed by a famous son. Bishop Potter's claims to cordial remembrance and respect, however, are due even less to his labors in the Church, than to the valuable influence he exercised on the world by his opinions and teachings on the great questions of the day.

We find in the *Times* of this city an announcement that some of our wealthy citizens, who were incorporated last winter as the "Home Building Company," have begun to erect in Williamsburg, near the ferry, a block of twenty-four houses. These will be of brick, somewhat after the Philadelphia pattern as regards internal arrangements and accommodations, and will consist of two stories and a basement. Gas and water will be introduced. Twenty-five hundred dollars is the estimated cost of each house, which will be sold for this price to worthy applicants or rented at a simple interest on the outlay. The company will prosecute their undertaking further according to the results of this experiment. One of their number is abroad collecting plans of similar structures in the great European cities. We read in the London *Times* a report of the fourth half-yearly meeting of a company set on foot by Mr. Alderman Waterlow, to provide the working classes in the metropolis with suitable dwellings at easy rents. Lord Stanley, the chairman, presided. The capital amounts to only about £30,000, of which all but £6,000 has been expended in buying land and erecting buildings. The results have been very gratifying. Occupants have been found without difficulty, and from the returns thus far it was reckoned that a *minimum* dividend of five per cent. could be permanently relied on. Still, the need of greater capital was acknowledged, and the company thought they might fairly appeal to the public for contributions to an enterprise which had been proved to be commercially successful, as well as highly beneficial to the working classes.

We are enabled to compare the exhausting effects of the war upon North and South by a statement of Gov. Parsons of Alabama, that one hundred and twenty-two thousand men of that State were engaged in the service of the Confederacy, and that seventy thousand have perished or remain disabled. By the census of 1860, the entire number of white males in Alabama, between the ages of fifteen and fifty, was little more than a hundred and twenty-six thousand. Connecticut, with about the same population, sent only forty thousand men to the field, which was six thousand in excess of her quota. The military age, it should be remembered, is from eighteen to forty-five. Alabama had to rob the cradle and the grave.

Signs of the old contempt of human life are rife throughout the South. A mulatto woman, formerly the slave and mistress of a man living in the suburbs of Wilmington, North Carolina, abandoned his plantation for the city. He pursued her, ordered her to return, and on her refusal shot her dead. At Eastville, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, a colored man was murdered, on the 31st ult., by two Confederate soldiers or by a citizen, as it is variously reported. The story of a slave made free by our army at Jonesboro', Tennessee, has just come to light. For attempting to escape to our lines, his master took him to a Confederate hospital and had his legs amputated above the ankles, with no subsequent dressing by the heartless surgeon who performed the operation. He survived, contrary to the expectation of his tormentors, and was cared for by some of his own people. The other day he dragged his mutilated limbs to the Freedmen's Bureau in Washington.

The call for a Democratic State Convention in Iowa includes "all persons opposed to striking the word 'white' from the article in our State constitution on the right of suffrage, and in favor of sustaining President Johnson in his plan of reconstruction." They do things differently in Massachusetts. The last Legislature passed an act prohibiting any distinction in places of amusement on account of color or race. Mr. Robert Heller, the magician, gave recently one of his exhibitions at Salem, and two colored citizens, either from a curiosity to witness his dexterous juggling or from the love of music, of which he is so distinguished a professor, applied for tickets in the usual way. Being refused admission, they complained to the authorities, and the agent was arrested next day in Newburyport. He pleaded ignorance of the law, said he had only followed the New York custom, and willingly paid the costs. Mr. Heller apologized handsomely, and sent free passes for his next entertainment to his prosecutors.

The colored people of Michigan recently held a State Convention, at which they discussed the elective franchise and common school education for themselves. The colored men of Virginia assembled in convention at Alexandria on the second. Their proceedings were marked by great decorum. On the third they adopted an address setting forth the grievances of the black people of the State, and asking for the right of suffrage with equality before the law. On Friday, they adopted a supplementary address, showing why they are entitled to all the privileges of freemen.

Was the Emancipation Proclamation legally operative and efficient the moment it was uttered? or, as many have maintained, only so fast and so far as our armies reached the slaves or the slaves our armies? Col. Charles Bentzoni, commanding at Helena, Arkansas, adopts the former view. In an order dated July 7, he notifies those employers who have restrained laborers of their liberty since January first, 1863, that they "will be required to pay them their back wages at the rate established" at Vicksburg, in March, 1864, by Adjutant-General Thomas. The provost-marshal will try all cases of non-compliance, and, after approval by the colonel commanding, enforce the payment. Certain of the freedmen in Virginia are said to have arrived at the same conclusion, and have requested Colonel Brown, of the Freedmen's Bureau at Richmond, to help them collect their claims for the labor of which they have been defrauded for more than two years past. Gen. Howard has been applied to for instructions. The doubt is not of the equity but of the expediency of the measure, yet we shall not be sorry for a verdict in favor of the Proclamation. A little logic in the matter of human rights would straighten wonderfully the affairs of the nation.

The counsel of Capt. Wertz, the infamous keeper of the Andersonville prison, now awaiting his trial at the hands of the Government, ask the public to suspend their judgment for a while. The wretch himself never suspended judgment when there might be a doubt on which side "the dead line" a Union prisoner was. He shot him for merely raising the doubt. "We protest," say these legal gentlemen, "against trying the Southern Confederacy in the person of Capt. Wertz." Will they tell us how that culprit is to be brought to justice? The Confederacy is a myth: its spirit resides in the flesh and bones of Wertz and Davis.

France is troubled by the vision of our troops in Texas and along the Rio Grande. Many here are disposed to magnify the chances of a collision with the Imperial forces, and many even to wish for such an occurrence. But the War Department has ordered Sheridan to disband all the white troops that he does not need, and meanwhile Gen. Grant is travelling for pleasure at the extremity of the continent—in New England and the Provinces.

There has been an engagement between the forces of Paraguay and her allied enemies. Corrientes was recaptured on the 25th of May by Gen. Paunero, with his Argentine brigade, assisted by the Brazilian fleet and some artillery and infantry of the same nation. The fighting was stubborn, and the losses relatively heavy on both sides. Reinforcements were telegraphed for by the Paraguayans, and the city was abandoned by its captors. Elsewhere Lopez seems to maintain his three army corps in their latest positions—at home on the Paraná, in the heart of Corrientes, and on the river Uruguay, threatening an invasion of the Brazilian province of Rio Grande. Altogether, the allies appear to outnumber the Paraguayans. It is reported that Presidents Lopez and Mitre will both take the field in person. We learn from Rio Janeiro

that a bill opening the coasting trade to foreign vessels has passed both Chambers, but a bill for abolishing the holding of slaves by foreigners was negatived without discussion. The Lower House, by a large majority, has voted a subsidy to the steam line between Brazil and the United States.

News from the continent tells of heated weather in France, somewhat injuring the harvests. The chief theme of interest is the approaching pleasure trip of the combined iron-clad fleets of Albion and "*La Belle.*" Austria has requested permission to join the armada, but without success. Probably Italy would have desired in that case to be represented. No doubt it would have been convenient to have an Austrian fleet in the North Sea, in case the wrangle with Prussia about the duchies had come to blows; at the same time Venice would have wished her oppressor a prosperous voyage to the bottom of the sea. The resolution of Spain to recognize the kingdom of Italy produced immense opposition to the O'Donnell cabinet, of course from the priesthood, who are busy in exciting popular discontent and intriguing at court. Nevertheless, the official recognition has gone forth and been received at Florence. All over Europe there are fears of an invasion of cholera from the south. There have been isolated cases from Naples to Birmingham.

We are promised a singular memorial of our late President from Rome. The National Committee, that secret organization which directs the Italian party under the shadow of the Papacy, is preparing to send to this country a fragment of the mound or wall of Servius Tullius, which dates back as far as 570 B.C., and whose vestiges may be seen in the gardens of Sallust. On this will be placed the following inscription in Latin: "To Abraham Lincoln, President of the American Union, the citizens of Rome have dedicated this stone from the wall of Servius Tullius, that the memory of these two valiant defenders of liberty may be associated together. A.D. 1865." The address to President Johnson which accompanies this relic establishes a parallel between the two characters whose names are thus conjoined:

"Servius Tullius resembled in many respects the great citizen whom America has just lost. This king admitted the people to all the rights of citizenship, distributed among them the territory of conquered nations, favored the laboring classes, instituted the census, facilitated for the slaves the purchase of their liberty, and made citizens of freedmen; in short, he gave order and unity to the Roman people, and, to accomplish this, had to contend against the ambition of the patricians, who regarded the common weal as personal detriment. Nevertheless, just as Servius would deserve to be called the second founder of Rome, since he changed her institutions to assure her future grandeur, so, to our minds, Abraham Lincoln is worthy to be known as the second founder of American grandeur and liberty, since, if the primary laws of the federation left open the wound of slavery, which in time might perhaps have annihilated the Union, the courageous President labored to cure this wound, and to keep all the members of the nation bound stoutly together.

"Lincoln fell beneath the knife of an assassin for having meant to abolish slavery, and maintain the unity of America. Servius Tullius was the victim of a parricide, seconded by the patricians who were opposed to the emancipation of the people. Both, therefore, at an interval of twenty-four centuries, essayed the same task and were smitten by the same malice; and therefore the Romans consecrate to the memory of Lincoln a souvenir of Servius Tullius."

According to an account in the *Moniteur*, there has been a rare discovery at Pompeii. They have laid bare a temple of Juno containing more than three hundred skeletons of women and children, whom the fiery ashes enveloped, perhaps in the midst of a sacrifice to the goddess, imploring her protection against the volcano. One skeleton, conjectured to be that of the chief priestess, was covered with rich jewels, and still held a golden censer, filled with calcined perfumes, attached to her arm by a ring of the same metal finely chased. The censer resembles in form those now in use in the Catholic Church, and is studded with beautiful stones. The eyes of the statue are of enamel, and it wears on its arms, ankles, and neck jewels and bracelets of precious stones, highly finished and of elegant shape. The peacock by its side is almost wholly of precious stones. The tripod before the altar is all gold, marvellously wrought. Lamps of bronze, silver, and gold were also found in the temple, carved with the foliage of trees and vines, combined with flowers and fruit. There is a mosaic pavement about the altar which is well preserved; that of the spot on which the sacrifices were made is of marble, and all the instruments for this purpose were found on a bronze table. The rest of the temple is flagged with white agate and purple bronze in triangles. The skeletons crumbled away on exposure.

It appears that M. Renan was at the bottom of the breach between the Mexican embassy and the Holy See. A hundred and fifty copies of his "Life of Jesus" arrived with other merchandize at Vera Cruz. The collector of the port applied to the Secretary of the Interior to know if the book should be admitted customs free or not. The Secretary referred the matter to the Empress, in the temporary absence of Maximilian, and she could not bring herself to refuse the admission of a book which circulates in every country of Europe. Her favorable decision incensed the clerical party in Mexico, and heightened the suddenness of the rupture with Rome. If the act complained of were not the pretext rather than the cause of the Pope's manœuvre, he might well withhold a concordat from the continent of Europe, which pays not the slightest heed to the books that he places on the "Index," and snaps its fingers at the Encyclical.

It may not be generally known that the Empress of the French is at the head of a committee for investigating the condition of the juvenile inmates of prisons and houses of correction. Already she has visited those in *la Roquette*, and the young girls of *Saint-Lazare.* In her desire to meliorate their lot, she would fain substitute for the present establishments large penitentaries located in the country. Strongly opposed herself to imprisonment in cells, she has just obtained a vote of the committee condemning it, though the division was so close that M. Emile Ollivier alone turned the balance in favor of humanity. The committee have no power to act in the premises, but their adoption of the views of Eugénie must aid her not a little in her appeal to the Emperor.

The old arsenal of St. Petersburg, after having been vainly put up at auction, has been converted into a court-house. Its immense chambers will become audience halls for the new tribunals whose proceedings, for a wonder in Russian jurisprudence, are to be open to the public. A large attendance is predicted, based on the experience of courts-martial, which have long been distinguished from the civil by their publicity, and on the novelty already remarked.

Garibaldi was asked to attend the ceremony of interring the bones of Dante at Ravenna. Unable to comply, he writes that the sacred trust of guarding these remains is an eternal protest against the Papacy. "The custodians of the sepulchre of Dante will therefore reject any conciliation with the butchers of Rome." Apropos of this subject, the city of Catana is determined to hold within its walls the body of the illustrious composer Bellini, who died and was buried in Paris in 1835. The municipal authorities intend to open a subscription throughout Italy to defray the expenses of transportation. One would think the dead might lie quieter in a region less subject to earthquakes, visited as this was by one as lately as the 16th of last month, to the destruction of life and property.

The appearance of a new journal in Paris—*La Liberté*—excites remark because of the difficulties of such an enterprise in the face of the virtual monopoly of the established presses. The editor, M. Charles Muller, is said to have begun by saluting liberal ideas. "This salutation," says a witty writer, "considering the 'warnings' of Damocles and the perils of the arena, is sometimes in danger of resembling that of the gladiators: *Morituri te salutant!*"

"The most celebrated representative of French eloquence," as M. Berryer is styled, was recently on the eve of being forced to relinquish his estate d'Augerville. Report had it that Lord Brougham had generously advanced the means to prevent this necessity; according to others, the Count Chambord. It is stated that arrangements with third parties, who have an interest in his affairs, have sufficed to secure the orator in his favorite retreat.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NEWSPAPER AND THE READER.

THE immemorial usage which imposes or seems to impose on everybody who subscribes to a newly started periodical to forward his advice to the proper quarter as to the manner in which it should be conducted, has, we need hardly say, been faithfully observed in our case. The result is, that we have before us a large mass of material on this subject which we are unwilling to have entirely lost to the world. Much of it is very good and very sensible; much is incomprehensible, and much more sheer balderdash; but taken altogether, it affords a good survey of the mental condition of a portion of the community at this moment, which, though it would be an exaggeration to call accurate, is nevertheless worth studying.

We find that one large class objects to THE NATION on the ground that it requires them "to think;" and this is invariably spoken of as a great hardship, if not a positive fraud on the part of the publisher. Those who make this complaint have apparently not been in the habit of reading or talking at all except for amusement, and any demand on their reflective powers they look upon as a species of extortion. They want "light stories," "pleasing anecdotes," and would like to have all the great questions of the time disposed of in at most half a column, and apparently by somebody who has never troubled his head enough about them to have very much to say.

The glimpse we get of the feelings of this class on this subject gives one a tolerably fair idea of the influence of the daily press upon them, and, as far as we can judge, it seems to be very trifling. We have no difficulty in inferring that they never read the editorial articles, or at most only the first four or five lines, to get an idea of which side the writer is going to take; but we should judge that, if he shows signs of becoming argumentative or drawing distinctions, they drop him. We see the result, we believe, in the great development of the art of "paragraphing" in the daily press, in which the weightiest questions of morals and politics are settled in from three to five lines, or an opponent squelched by some pleasant though not very relevant observation on his appearance, his name, his place of birth, or what he said some place else, or what he will probably do if he gets full swing.

How large this class is it is impossible to say. If we were to believe our correspondents, we should conclude that it contains all American women and children and all business men. If this were an accurate statement, it would puzzle one to make out how a community can get along in which thinking is so carefully avoided by so large a proportion of it that it has become painful. It is not strictly correct, however, to say that they admit that there is no subject on which they have bestowed careful thought. There appears to be one on which they have profoundly deliberated, and in which they have, no doubt after a hard struggle, attained the absolute, and that is the best manner of conducting a weekly newspaper. The maturity of the views expressed on this topic, the intimate acquaintance displayed with the wants of the public and of the age, and the confidence with which judgment is pronounced as to the precise manner in which the great questions of the day should be treated in such a paper, prove that the writers really do not do themselves justice, and that they have thought, and do think, a good deal more than they would have us believe.

Still, after making all due allowance for exaggeration, it is impossible not to conclude that there is a much larger portion of the community than any one who is interested in its highest welfare would like to believe, who do deliberately cultivate both in themselves and in their children the habit of avoiding reflection, of trying to shoot all their game flying, and who are content if they knock off a few feathers, and who value above everything what is called "intelligence," that is, a very slight and imperfect acquaintance with a large number of things. When this is united, as it so often is in young men, with "the gift o' the gab," the consequences are sometimes awful. Now, if every man or woman would only for one year read any newspaper carefully enough even to differ with it, and know why, or to be amused or disgusted by it, we have no hesitation in saying that the effect would very soon be visible in the press itself, on the platform, and in the pulpit. The next generation would at all events be better educated, although we should rejoice in the possession of fewer persons competent to solve the greatest problems in political economy, international law, and moral philosophy, off hand. For there is nobody who fancies he knows so many things thoroughly as your man who refuses to think.

Another class—but this is a much smaller one—is of opinion that we should carefully avoid all comments on the acts or policy of the Government which are not of a laudatory character. They believe that inasmuch as the Government have all the facts before them, while editors have not, it is something like presumption for the newspaper to find fault with them. As one gentleman expressed it, "In the long run, a constitutional government will, in its proclamations, despatches, and papers of record, represent the most enlightened and sober sense of the land (*i. e.*, without any criticism from the newspapers); and," he adds, "an editor stands at a great disadvantage, as the President and his advisers have to guide them a mass of facts which no editor can command." This remark reveals a state of mind so singular that we have reproduced it verbatim. As no constitutional government has ever existed without exposure to public criticism in one shape or other, we have no means of knowing how such a government would get on without this criticism. In all ages and countries, as soon as criticism by the public has been suppressed, the constitutional government has come rapidly to an end; and there could hardly be a better illustration of what one correspondent calls the general "laziness in thinking," than the failure of an educated American to perceive that the Government is enabled to embody "the enlightened sober sense of the land" in its acts solely because the course it ought or proposes to follow is the subject of constant debate on the part of the people on the platform and in the press.

It ought never to be forgotten, though it is now forgotten by a few persons, that a republic without a press is an impossibility, almost a contradiction in terms. The modern newspaper is the equivalent of the Greek agora, the only means possessed by the citizens of interchanging thought and concerting action, and Americans ought to be the last people in the world to talk of its uselessness. There is no country in which it is half so necessary.

"The facts" are not always before the public, it is true; but principles are; the experience of past ages is; and whenever any government shows itself forgetful of these things, it is the duty of every editor, as at least representing his readers, to remind it of them. Nor is it true that, even during the past war, the Government was always right and the press wrong. The press saw and pointed out, sooner than even Abraham Lincoln did, the intimate connection between the rebellion and slavery. He sought to separate them, failed, and acknowledged his mistake manfully. Moreover, the press preached that very policy of concentration by which the great victory was at last achieved, nearly two years before the Government saw fit to adopt it. And to come down still later, when it was proposed to try the assassins of the President in secret, the press protested against it, and the Government admitted its mistake, and—with that generally prompt and ready deference to public opinion which, and not its disregard of it, has, in our mind, during the last four years constituted its strongest claim on the national confidence and gratitude—tried them in public. Now, in this particular case, the facts were nothing, the principles everything. The experience of all nations, in all ages, has shown that no judge, however upright, or pure, or learned, is fit to try a fellow-creature for his life without having the eye of the world upon him; and it has shown, too, that one of the strongest guaranties of a witness's veracity is found in making him reveal himself and give his testimony publicly, so that if there is anybody to be found anywhere capable of impugning what he says, he may have the time and opportunity to come forward and do it. The Government might have had facts in this one case which the press had not, but the press had, however, the facts of a thousand similar cases, with the deductions from them of the wisest and ablest jurists and statesmen that ever lived. It would have been very absurd to halt between their judgment

and that of either the Judge Advocate or Secretary of War, honest and able as we believe them to be.

If we thought that this feeling about the relations of the press to the Government was diffused through any but a very small portion of the public, we should certainly conclude that the languor which has in other countries preceded loss of liberty had set in in this. But it is very certain that except in a few localities, and amongst a few men, the old robust faith in the wisdom as well as of the force of public opinion, however expressed, in the superiority of principles to men, still lives and flourishes. There is indeed a kind of criticism of which the public is thoroughly tired. It is tired of blackguard abuse of high public officers; of the imputation of every official act to the foulest motives; of seeing official station regarded, not as a title to unusual respect and forbearance, but as depriving the holder of all the defences against ribaldry and slander by which private persons are surrounded. Of this Abraham Lincoln was made the victim, but the spectacle which the nation has enjoyed of seeing his worst revilers eating their own words after his death, has probably carried a lesson with it which will protect his successors for some time at least from similar treatment.

How this desire to exempt the Government from newspaper criticism, and to set aside the old maxim which makes vigilance so important a safeguard of liberty, has arisen amongst any portion of the community, is, we think, not difficult to explain. It is partly due to that feeling of excessive confidence in the Executive, and leaning to arbitrary measures, which is produced in every country, in the minds of some portion of its population, by great wars or great public dangers. People are so profoundly impressed by the risks they have run, that they very naturally feel profound confidence in the men who have brought them through them—a mental state which, in its exaggerated shape, throws popular government overboard, abuses congresses and parliaments in the Persigny style, as mere collections of "rhetoricians," and thinks the "chief of the state" "knows best."

It is partly due also to the fact, and it was a very unfortunate one, that there has during this war been no honest opposition for whose criticism the public had any respect. The main body of the opponents of the Government have been throughout persons who were notoriously in sympathy with the public enemy, and desired his success, and the struggle lasted just long enough to create in the public mind a not unnatural association between unfavorable criticism and downright treason. How great a misfortune this has been it is impossible as yet to tell; and how great a misfortune it might have proved had the war lasted longer, or our Executive been less upright, we can, of course, only conjecture from the experience of other countries.

Of one other thing our experience so far fully satisfies us. There is throughout the country an enthusiastic desire for an "independent" and "impartial" paper, which shall always take each reader's own side of every question. It is impossible for anybody who is not in constant contact with the public to understand how widely diffused this feeling is; and the bitterness of the complaints which come in, when it takes somebody else's side, are evidently due to a sort of vague impression that when a man subscribes for a newspaper or review the editor enters, by implication, into an agreement to supply him with his (the subscriber's) own opinions ready cooked. Now, that may be a true construction of the relation existing between a purely party "organ" and its readers, but there is another kind of journal, of which we seek to make The Nation, which supplies opinions to be weighed and examined, not swallowed, and which everybody is at perfect liberty to reject if they don't please him, it being well understood that their failure to give satisfaction is a good reason for further discussion but not for ill feeling.

WHY AND HOW.

A correspondent signing himself "L.," and whose opinions and even prejudices are worthy of respect and consideration, asks certain questions on another page, which, though not new, are entitled to answer.

He is evidently under the impression that the fact that in most of the free States the negro is either totally excluded from the franchise, or only enjoys it under restrictions which are not imposed on the whites, precludes or ought to preclude us here at the North from raising any agitation on the subject. But it does not; and for the simple reason that we are as much opposed to this inequality here as there, and are as anxious for its abolition. We think it is, as far as simple justice is concerned, just as great an outrage to disfranchise a man because his skin is black in Connecticut as in South Carolina, and a far greater scandal; and we hold it to be the duty of every man in the free States, while clamoring for the removal of this odious distinction at the South, to do what in him lies to procure its removal also if it exists in his own State. The one he is to do, and not to leave the other undone. The reason why we do not ask the President to interfere in the matter at the North is, that he has no power to do anything of the kind, and that he and we both know it. He has become possessed of that power in the Southern States by the simple fact that those States have risen in insurrection; that their own governments have been swept away by the storm of war, and that he has exercised, and is now exercising, and we believe rightly, in all those States, the authority of the commander of a victorious army on conquered soil. His emancipation of the blacks, his disfranchisement of the disloyal whites, his suspension of the civil tribunals, or disregard of their decisions, are all done in virtue of this authority; and the use of it is imposed on him by the most imperious necessity. He has to reorganize society at the South; somebody must do it, and he is the only person who has the power to do it. To contend that the national Government may overthrow the armed forces of a rebellion, but must, as soon as this is done, retire from the rebel territory, is to contend that it may win victories, but may not profit by them. Such a doctrine as this would convert the late war into useless butchery, and while allowing the republic the power to defend itself, would deny it the power to take any precautions for its safety. One of these powers never exists except in combination with the other. Had Connecticut lost her standing in the Union by the same acts as those of which South Carolina had been guilty, we should recommend her being reorganized by the same means. As she has not, politeness, as well as common sense and the Constitution, prohibits our troubling the President about her shortcomings.

"L." asks, "How can Pennsylvanians assume to force the inhabitants of South Carolina to grant the privilege of voting to masses of enfranchised slaves, embruted by generations of chattelism, when they refuse that privilege to the comparatively unimportant colored population of their own State, who for nearly a century have enjoyed the benefits of freedom and education?" The answer is, that those Pennsylvanians who are in favor of negro suffrage at the South do not ask South Carolina to do anything of the kind. What they do ask is, that "if ignorant and embruted men" are not fit to vote, the whites of that kind be excluded from the polls as well as the blacks; that if education, intelligence, and property, or good character, be deemed requisite in a voter, any man who can prove the possession of them, in the manner appointed by law, be permitted, no matter what the color of his skin, or from whom he may be descended, to come forward and vote; that, in short, an utterly irrational distinction, based on a barbarous and unchristian prejudice, be not allowed any longer to deprive any portion of the population of political rights. We confess we are puzzled by the persistence with which the ignorance and degradation of Southern negroes is brought forward in opposition to the agitation for negro suffrage. We do not ask, and never have asked, that ignorant negroes be enfranchised unless ignorant whites are. What we do ask is, that whenever they are disfranchised, ignorant white men be made to share the same fate.

We can go on a step further than this, however, and affirm that even if there was not one State at the North in which a colored man was allowed to vote, the North would still be justified in asking that all political distinctions based on color be abolished in the South. The total number of persons disfranchised under such a rule at the North would be, by the census of 1860, 237,218; the total number of those who are disfranchised by this rule at the South is 4,201,000. We count in for the sake of simplicity the whole colored population in each section. Now, looked at in the light of expediency, in the light of its

effect on public security and tranquillity, on the administration of justice, or of the national unity, the disfranchisement of 200,000 people in a population of 19,000,000 is a small matter; looked at in this same light, the disfranchisement of 4,000,000 in a population of 12,000,000 is an immense matter—startling, momentous, full of danger; and it is still more startling and more dangerous when we remember that the barrier which separates them from civil rights is impassable, can never be surmounted either by genius or industry or good conduct. In all political questions numbers are the greatest of forces. Nobody can overlook or make light of them. The wrongs or disabilities of one man or a hundred men may smell as rank before heaven as the wrongs or disabilities of a million; but in the ear of any human lawgiver the cry of the million must always be the loudest and most impressive, because their griefs threaten the security of the state. Our naturalization laws, which convert every foreigner who lands into a citizen within five years of his arrival, and which now begin to exercise such marked and, as many think, prejudicial, influence on the elections, are, in our opinion, called for by the public safety. If there were but 200,000 foreigners in the country, their exclusion from a share in the Government would be of little consequence; as there are 5,000,000, and the number is increasing, it would threaten the very foundations of the Government. And we confess we do not know how any calm reader of history can sit down and contemplate with complacency the future of a democratic country in which one-third of the population is deprived of the rights of citizenship, by those who hate and have injured them, on account of a physical peculiarity.

The real solution of the question is, in our opinion, *not* "to be found in submitting it to the people in the shape of a constitutional amendment," for two reasons. The one is, that in the existing state of sentiment at the South, the passage of such an amendment would be very doubtful; the other is, that if it were passed, it would be by the aid of a Northern majority, and therefore everything done under it would be just as distasteful to the Southern whites, and have to be forced upon them by just the same means as if the work of the President and Congress alone. In other words, our opponents would not "acquiesce in the division with the readiness which distinguishes our people when a verdict is rendered by the tribunal of last appeal." We hear by every mail from the South that any attempt from any quarter to give votes to the negroes will be resisted to the death, and how "L.," with the events of the last five years fresh in his memory, can ask such a question, or expect an affirmative answer, we do not well see. No matter, in short, in which way the franchise may be conferred on the negro, his exercise of it will be resisted by his white neighbors, and will have to be protected by the military power of the Government for a while. That the whites will eventually reconcile themselves to this, as they are now reconciling themselves to his freedom, we do not doubt.

And we protest against the notion that, in asking the President to refuse in reorganizing the South to take any note of distinctions of color, we are asking anything novel or monstrous. There was not, at the time of the foundation of the Government, nor for long after, a single State in the South, except South Carolina, in which this distinction was recognized in the Constitution, in which the free black did not vote under the same restrictions, and no other, as the white. It is not very many years since color was made a disqualification in every part of the South, in compliance with the ever-rising and insatiable spirit of slavery propagandism. What we ask now is, that the South be forced, if need be, as a condition of her re-entrance into the Union, to retrace her steps, and act on the maxims which, in her earlier and better days, she deliberately adopted. We shall say little here of the obligations which the democratic principles we profess impose upon us, in the eyes of the world and of coming ages; nor yet of obligations we have incurred to the negro for his conduct during the war, because these are considerations which, powerful as we believe them to be, the singularly confusing influence of the negro's color on the judgment of most of our opponents prevents their recognizing.

But nothing is more certain than that, if, after having called the negroes to arms, and used their blood freely in carrying on the war, we now relegate them even to political subjection to our enemies, and their old oppressors, without exacting a single guarantee for their elevation, it will be recorded in history as one of the strangest breaches of faith ever committed. And last of all we ask "L." to consider calmly the following calculation drawn by Mr. George S. Boutwell in a recent speech:

"If these nine millions of people in the South are to elect ninety representatives, they will elect one for every one hundred thousand white persons represented by the voting population; while in the North it will take one hundred and fifty thousand persons to constitute the basis of representation; that is, two voters in the South will have equal power in the government of the country with three voters in the North. I submit that the people of the North, unless they are infatuated, so that there is no hope of their being able to comprehend the means necessary for their own salvation, will reject—once, twice, thrice, continually reject—every proposition which recognizes those States as States of the American Union. One of two things must happen—either that the negro shall be allowed to vote, or that, by an amendment to the Constitution, the representative power shall be based upon voters; and if, as is contended by those who oppose negro suffrage, these eleven States are States in the Union, as it requires three-fourths of the States to make an amendment to the Constitution, and as the eleven States are more than one-fourth, and are interested in the maintenance of the present condition of things, there is no hope of an amendment of the Constitution."

WESTBURY'S WOES.

British politics have been enlivened by an event that belongs to the *Chronique Scandaleuse*. The Lord High Chancellor of England, Baron Westbury, the man who had his sovereign's conscience in charge, was so far from being himself conscientious, that he pursued a line of conduct that led the British House of Commons to censure him by a direct vote, which compelled him to give up his great place under circumstances of the most humiliating nature. Never since Lord Macclesfield was punished in 1725, has such a proceeding outraged the respectability of Britain. The greatest of English chancellors, Francis Bacon, confessed that he was guilty of corruption, and was punished. Most English chancellors, after Bacon's fall, were honorable men, or not behind the morality of their times. Clarendon did some things that would not be tolerated now, and Shaftesbury was the reverse of a saint; but neither of these renowned politicians could be called a corrupt man, regard being had for the dissolute age in which they held office. James II. outraged decency by making Jeffreys chancellor, for Jeffreys was the most corrupt as well as the most cruel of mankind, and his punishment, terrible though it was, was hardly equal to his crimes. After the Revolution of 1688, English chancellors were as much improved as English judges of the law courts. Somers, Cowper, and Harcourt were great men, and sat worthily on the woolsack. Macclesfield did not want for talent, but he had a very imperfect conception of his duties. The Court of Chancery became a sink of iniquity while he was at the head of it; and not only suitors' money, "but the estates of widows and orphans, became a source of private peculation." The outcry was great, and he resigned the Great Seal; but that did not save him. He was impeached, and after a trial that lasted twenty days, the House of Lords unanimously pronounced him guilty. He was fined £30,000. "The unanimity of his judges," says Earl Stanhope, "might seem decisive as to his guilt; yet it may, perhaps, be doubted whether they did not unjustly heap the faults of the system on one man; whether he had not rather, in fact, failed to check gradual and growing abuses than introduced them by his authority or encouraged them by his example." Even if this were so, the judge who tolerates and permits the increase of corruption deserves the severest punishment. That others do not reform a bad system, is no reason that the chief of that system should countenance its growth in wickedness.

After Macclesfield's punishment, English chancellors kept as clear from corruption as men well could. Some of them certainly were men of strange habits. Lord Northington, who held more than one high office, was qualified to stand as "the awful example" to a temperance lecturer. Horace Walpole, writing in 1766, says: "The Chancellor [Northington] is President of the Council, in the room of Lord Winchelsea, with a pension of £4,000 a year into the bargain. I neither approve

the pension nor the person, for he is never sober after dinner, and causes are only heard before the council in the afternoon." Mentioning that he went to balls, Horace adds, "but I believe had rather go to the alehouse." He calls him "the old drunken uncle;" and, alluding to the presidency of the Council, observes: "It is a drunken place by prescription; Lord Granville had it, and Lord Northington has." Such was the royal conscience-keeper a hundred years ago, and it is not strange that George III.'s conscience permitted him to do so many wicked things, if Northington had any weight with him. Lord Thurlow was as bad a man as lived even in those times, and would swear like a whole troop of horse, and did swear on most days of his life. He would not marry, but had several illegitimate children, which was not exactly the correct thing in the man who was bound to keep the monarch in the path of moral duty. Wedderburne was a thorough rogue; and when George III. heard of his death, he declared that he had not left a greater rascal behind him in his dominions—a speech that Thurlow quoted as showing that the king was not insane. Yet neither Thurlow nor Wedderburne ever was suspected of official corruption. Eldon was a hard drinker, but Northington would probably have pronounced him a milksop; and some of his political actions indicate a degree of immorality that contrasts strongly with his perpetual appeals to heaven, by which he "wore out his accountability." Erskine, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, and Cranworth were "all honorable men" as chancellors; nor had any chancellor been denounced for corruption for 140 years until the charge was brought against Lord Westbury, and he appears to have been rather careless than corrupt, less rapacious than reckless. Had he given ordinary attention to the matters that he was engaged upon when he blundered, he would never have got into the scrape which has ruined him. Perhaps his fall is due to a sort of contempt that he has for the opinion of other men, which led him to suppose—if he thought at all on the subject—that there was no power that could shake him from the woolsack. And it is possible that the business might have been smoothed over and hushed up, had it been aired in the first year of the Parliament, and not in the last year—had it been brought forth just after an election in which the Ministry had triumphed, and not just before an election, the event of which was considered somewhat doubtful. The Tories took up the matter as a part of their stock in trade, and made political capital of it. They, being in opposition, wished to exchange places with the Liberals. They sought to get out of the shade and into the sun. Knowing how sensitive their countrymen are on the subject of judicial purity, they thought it would pay to convict the Whigs of supporting the highest of all law officers after it had become notorious that he had, to put it mildly, been guilty of carelessness that warranted suspicion of corruption. So they pushed the matter to a parliamentary censure, and succeeded. Yet it may be believed that they erred, and that they injured their cause by the very course that they adopted in the hope of promoting it. Lord Westbury had done enough to show that he was unfit to be chancellor, but it was impossible to make it appear that any party was to blame but himself; and therefore the Tories had the discredit of stirring a scandal, for factious purposes, that all good Englishmen would have put out of sight and hearing. That has been made palpable and patent which might have been left in the dark. The nation is satisfied with the action of the House of Commons, which has ousted the sole offending minister, and it refuses to hold the Ministry responsible for that which it could have done much to prevent. The chancellor tendered his resignation months ago, but the Premier preferred not to accept it, and his decision, though it is now easy to see that it was wrong, was right at that time. Much that was known when the Commons expressed its condemnation of Lord Westbury's conduct, was unknown last February, and Lord Palmerston felt that he was bound to stand by his associate until something definite should be established against him. Cambacérés said to Napoleon that the case of Robespierre was decided without having been heard; but though it may have been right in the French Convention to get rid of "the sea-green incorruptible" on any terms, such a course of proceeding does not become an established government, which has time for enquiry, and which cannot afford to run the risk of doing that which might prove to be unjust.

KILLING NO MURDER.

The doctrine of Woman's Rights has shown a new phase within the last week or two. It has extended its domain materially, and vindicated a fresh prerogative for the fairer part of creation. A Washington court and jury have decreed that a maiden, if she be but young and fair, whose young affections have been trifled with, may take justice into her own hands, and put to death the fickle swain who dared to be false to her charms. The verdict is substantially that of the Irish "crowner's quest," which sat on the old woman who undertook to run across a race-course just before the start, and then and there finished her own career, "*Sarved him right!*" It was at worst but an amiable weakness, a pardonable eccentricity. It was only "pretty Fanny's way." The gallant burgesses of Washington were too polite to think of making the fair Miss Harris exchange a lace collar for one of hemp around her lovely neck for this slight exaggeration in her notions of the feminine proprieties. So she was discharged from the bar, amid the joyous shouts of the spectators, with no severer punishment for having slain a man and made a widow than that of being kissed in open court by her senior counsel. How far the demands of justice may have been satisfied by this expiatory penance, we cannot pronounce with authority, having no personal knowledge of the parties in question.

A philosopher for whom we have a great respect has pronounced with authority that it is the duty of every woman to be handsome. We would improve upon the dictum by affirming that she ought also to be young. The force of these definitions of moral duty is illustrated signally in this shining example. Had it been young Burroughs who had shot Mary Harris under precisely the same circumstances, does any one doubt that the pretence of insanity would have been laughed out of court, and he subjected to the extreme penalty of the law? Or had it been a scraggy old maid who executed vengeance on a bulky bachelor, or stooping widower, would the hearts of the Washington panel have yearned towards her as they did towards the young and pretty Mary? We trow—*not*. It was the virtuous power of youth and good looks that saved that enterprising young person's neck, in our opinion. We are not sorry that she escaped the gallows. Voltaire says that the worst use a man can be put to is to hang him, and there are certainly many better uses to which a pretty young woman can be applied. But we think criminal justice should be done without regard either to fear or favor. Let us glance at the case. A young man has a flirtation with a young woman—nay, more, a serious attachment to her. He promises marriage. He changes his mind, and marries some one else. He was wrong not to have known his own mind better; but not wrong in refusing to marry the woman he had ceased to love. To have married her would have been the real injury under the circumstances. There is no pretence that he had injured his first love, otherwise than in her affections. The attempt to prove that he had entertained base designs against her broke down signally. The forsaken fair pursues her fickle lover to Washington, and shoots him in open day. The fact, and the deliberate purpose, were as well proved as evidence can show anything. Because she had shown signs of the strong emotion and deep passion that nerved her hand to this deed of blood, the disbursers of justice at Washington hold her not responsible for what she did! A murderess then is safe in those latitudes, unless she can approach her victim and complete her crime with the sweet tranquillity with which she would ask for a cup of tea or cheapen a yard of ribbon!

It is fearful to contemplate what may be the social consequences of this legal precedent, if its binding force should be generally accepted. Young ladies would be erected into an even more formidable power in American society than they now are, should they be thus armed with the power of life and death to compel flirtation to take the shape of betrothal, and betrothal that of matrimony. They would no longer have to depend on the hostile interference of hirsute brothers to oblige a backward lover to declare what his intentions may be. A dainty, jewelled revolver may become an essential part of full dress or *demi-toilette*, the knowledge of the neighborhood of which, loaded and capped, would have a wholesome effect in restraining lady-killers from prosecuting their designs on youthful female hearts. When it is understood that young ladies may be *killing* not merely in poetic metaphor, but in good set earnest, the knowledge must have a controlling influence over

the intercourse of society. For there is no knowing to what a point of indulgence the tenderness of judges and juries towards the sex may carry them. It may come to be ruled that it is justifiable homicide to put to death a delinquent partner, or one of those awkward wretches who are the terror of every well constituted "*German*." Some of these latter offenders, we can tell them, would have a very brief expectation of life, should the leniency of the law be extended so as to expose them to the outraged sense of justice of the damsels they have provoked by their saltatory misdemeanors. In the matter of matrimony, at least, such a construction of criminal law would bring many matches to a hymeneal flame that now end only in smoke. There would hardly ever be a "flash in the pan," when it was known that a percussion lock was close by, and a little white hand that knew how to use it. As far as the supply of marriageable men went, such law might cure the inequality between the sexes which Governor Andrew lamented to his Legislature last winter. But then it cannot be denied that it might have the effect of making the game shy, so as to keep itself out of the range of the fair markswomen.

Such a termination as rounded the Harris trial is not without its ridiculous side certainly, but it has a very serious one as well. Washington courts and juries have not won for themselves a very honorable name for their mode of administering criminal justice. The acquittal of the California Congressman (we forget the wretch's name) who shot a waiter for not getting him his breakfast, and that of another homicide (whose name we all remember), in spite of evidence which would have insured conviction and execution in any other country and in any northern portion of this, have not left a good odor about the courts of the metropolis. And this one will not improve its savor. They furnish the Government with a perfect justification for their course in trying the conspirators against Mr. Lincoln by a military commission, and will do so should they subject Davis and his accomplices in murder and treason to the same trustworthy ordeal. We do not believe that the conviction of a single culprit connected with the assassination or the rebellion could be had in that or any Southern city by the ordinary tribunals. The general mind there has been so depraved and besotted by slavery that the judicial condition of mind, superior to all the solicitations of prejudice and influence, essential to criminal justice, is all but impossible. It is one of the blessings which the abolition of slavery that has crowned the war is to bestow on Southern society, that it will make the administration of civil and criminal justice without fear or favor a possibility;—a blessing which will be forced upon it in its own despite.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

For suggesting, in our first issue, that there were sound reasons for delaying reconstruction at the South until we were better acquainted with the materials for this business and the chances of success, we elicited the satire of some of our contemporaries. We asked then if the Executive could not have waited profitably to learn the present capacity of the Southern people for self-government, especially under the conditions of loyalty and republican liberty. We were told that such an enquiry would exhaust the patience and the years of this generation. But nobody could pretend that it did not logically precede any effort towards restoring the States. Scarcely had the President appointed his last Provisional Governor, preferring to involve all the States in the fate of his experiment rather than to be guided as to the rest by the example of one or two, when he dispatched Gen. Schurz to make a tour of the South, and collect the very information which was needed at the outset. In fact, the General's observations will have weight not so much at the White House as at the Capitol, and he is not the only investigator whose report will affect the action of the new Congress. The Chief-Justice has visited the circumference of the late Confederacy with a view to examining the districts which are to fall under his jurisdiction, and obtaining some guidance for his decisions. Mr. John Covode, also, will have something to communicate in December, particularly in relation to Louisiana and the Gulf. Still more systematically and statistically the Assistant Commissioners of the Freedmen's Bureau are furnishing, and will continue to furnish, the knowledge which is so desirable. And lastly, the correspondents of the Northern press are daily enabling Government and people to understand the true relations of parties and classes at the South, and the actual workings of the policy now in force.

We have, we trust, little of that spirit which would sooner be able to say, "I told you so," than to see its predictions of evil unfulfilled. Not boastfully but regretfully we contend that the political reorganization of the South is justifying all our fears and our entreaties for delay. In Virginia it is shown to be eminently premature. There is an election at Norfolk, inaugurated with riots against the negro and carried by the suffrages of rebels. The military, who withdrew in favor of the civil rule, march back again and turn out the police. There is an election at Portsmouth, and Gen. Mann claps the mayor under arrest. There is an election at Richmond, and Gen. Turner reverses it *in toto*. We submit that the work of reconstruction has not made much progress in the Old Dominion. The frog in the well who falls back two feet for every three that he climbs up, has a not less lively prospect of reaching the top. We are encouraged, it is true, by the manifest determination of the President not to suffer the fruits of the war and the purposes of the nation to be swamped by a reaction in the mastered territory. But meanwhile what becomes of the system he has been at such pains to establish? and what, for example, is the exact value of Gov. Francis Peirpont to Virginia? A more ludicrous and helpless figure it would be difficult to imagine.

The instance just now cited is not the only indication that the President's haste has outstripped his discretion. Tennessee is palpably in a sorry plight. North Carolina is fast gravitating towards the political preponderance of the leading secessionists. The privilege of pardon itself is used for this very end, since only those who have obtained pardon can be candidates for office. There, as in Virginia, oaths are valued at precisely the cost of the stamp which is affixed to them—five cents in currency. And the opposition to emancipation is outspoken and insolent. Take a single day's bulletin from Raleigh as we find it in the morning papers:

"The Hon. William A. Graham, ex-member of the rebel Senate, and the political leader of this State, who is to be a delegate to the coming State Convention, says that under no circumstances will he consent to the return of North Carolina into the Union if the negro suffrage question is made a condition.

"J. H. P. Russ, of this city, who has recently received a Federal appointment, and who has been designated to represent this district in Congress and also in the approaching State Convention, defines his position on the slavery question by saying that if he had the power he would re-enslave every slave who is now free.

"Some of the county meetings which have nominated rebel leaders as candidates to the State Convention, instruct them to favor by constitutional or legislative enactments the binding out of liberated slaves to their former masters for a term of years.

"This is the material already designated to represent North Carolina in her Convention and also in Congress."

The very best witness we could summon against the Government would be itself. Without having the courage to proclaim the abrogation of the black code at the South, it is everywhere erecting special military tribunals before which the colored man and the white stand on exactly the same footing in all respects. Does any one ask the reason? Let the case which we noted last week as pending in Mississippi answer. It shows that the blacks are not secure of their lives, let alone their rights, if they have to trust to the civil courts alone. A planter, it will be remembered, shot a colored laborer in his cotton field for no greater cause than a respectful contradiction. Two weeks were allowed the civil authorities of Washington County, appointed by Gov. Sharkey, to take cognizance of the affair. At the end of that time Col. Thomas, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen, arrested the murderer Jackson, to await a trial by military commission. On a writ of habeas corpus being sued out, Col. Thomas telegraphed to Washington for instructions, the sheriff and his posse meanwhile making an ineffectual attempt to rescue the prisoner. The President sustained the Commissioner, and once more the laws were silent. Now we are asked to believe that a people which is not fit to execute justice within its own domain, is fit to legislate for its courts, and quite prepared to assist in making laws for the nation. It is useless any longer to beseech the President to stay his hand, for he has achieved what he undertook. We do urge all good

citizens, as we shall the coming Congress, to postpone the recognition of these States, and to continue the military régime, till loyalists of whatever color are ensured supremacy and safety.

QUALIFY AND QUALIFICATION.

We publish elsewhere an able criticism on our recent article on "Republics and Equality." In that article we argued the question with reference to slavery, simply because we were thus enabled to argue it *à fortiori*. To maintain, as "A." does, that the Declaration of Independence, when it affirmed that "all men were born free and equal," and were entitled "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," only meant citizens and did not include slaves, in our opinion renders it valueless for the very purpose for which he cites it—as a key to the Constitution. If these phrases did not affirm every human being's title to his own person and the wages of his labor, we do not believe that any known rule of construction will extract from them an assertion of every man's claim to vote, without regard to his color. That Declaration does not say that all "citizens" are born free and equal, but "all men;" and it was not addressed to American lawyers, to whom the distinction between men who were citizens and men who were "chattels" was familiar; but to the civilized world, who knew nothing concerning it.

That the Declaration of Independence was unfortunately not considered a guide by the framers of the Constitution, we are warranted in inferring both by the history of the time and by the fact that the Constitution recognized slavery, against which the Declaration of Independence was in words as solemn a protest as was ever uttered. That a "republican form of government" was not used by them in the sense now sought to be placed upon it, we conclude from the fact that South Carolina was admitted to the Union with the very clause in her constitution, which it is now maintained she has no right under the Constitution to keep there, excluding all but white freeholders from the franchise; and that thirty years later Connecticut inserted the very same clause in her constitution, so far as we know without any opposition on this ground from any quarter.

Probably no one exercised as much influence on the political thought of the last century, amongst the best class of minds, as Montesquieu. He was the first writer in the modern world who attempted to introduce accuracy and definiteness into political nomenclature, or to apply the historical method to the study of political philosophy; and there was probably no author with whose works the founders of the Government were more familiar. He defines a republic as "that in which the body or only a part of the people is possessed of the supreme power;" and adds that "when the body of the people are possessed of a supreme power, that is called a democracy; when the supreme power is lodged in the hands of a part of the people, it is then an aristocracy." What the historical testimony all goes to show is, that the framers of the Constitution believed that these two kinds of republic could exist together in the same federation, or that they would perhaps become assimilated in the natural course of events. We have found out that they were mistaken, and we propose so far to revolutionize the government as to make the whole body of the nation democratic. Where "A." differs from The Nation is as to the means of accomplishing this. He thinks it best to apply to the Supreme Court to meet the emergency, by calling on the various States to conform to what the judges may pronounce, in defiance of the historical argument, to be the "spirit of the Constitution." We for our part think the Supreme Court entirely unfit to be entrusted with any such task; we think appeals of this kind to it, at such crises as the present, are, if it responds to them, full of danger as precedents. We have already had one specimen of its legislation, and we never desire to see another. The President and Congress can do the work, in our opinion, far more effectually, and with far less shock to the body politic. "A." has, however, the consolation of knowing that no hostile criticism of his plan will be likely to impede its execution. At the same time, if he intends to rely on the Supreme Court alone, no amount of popular agitation will, or at least ought to, help him.

Correspondence.

THE SUPREME COURT AND NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

Boston, July 30, 1865.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Upon page 101, in No. 4 of The Nation, appears an article upon Republics and Equality, in which it is argued that any attempt to secure equal rights to the colored citizens of the South under the clause in the Constitution which guarantees to every State a republican form of government, is inexpedient if not impracticable, and at any rate inconsistent with the acknowledged meaning of the word republican.

One-half of the article is upon the thesis that there is nothing in a republican polity that necessarily excludes slavery. Slavery being dead, if not absolutely abolished, we may practically admit this. No one now proposes to attempt the abolition of slavery under the clause in the Constitution. What is proposed is to secure to the colored people who were slaves, but who are now citizens, the equal rights as citizens to which they are entitled, unless both the letter and the spirit of the Declaration of Independence are to be ignored.

We are told by the writer of the article in question that justice and necessity require equal rights before the law for the colored citizens of the South, and that they are to be secured to them, not by a strict interpretation of the letter of the organic law, or by an interpretation not heretofore given, but because the safety of the nation requires such equality as security for its own existence, and for that reason President Johnson has the same power to require the right of suffrage for colored citizens that President Lincoln had to abolish slavery. This is very true; but slavery was abolished under the war power held by the President as commander-in-chief, no one else can exercise this power, and President Johnson may not see fit to exercise it to secure equal rights. Are we then to give up the whole case?

Shall we not rather look to the spirit of the Constitution—to the letter of the organic law, and see if we have not our remedy?—a remedy which, if there found, can be availed of at once, without waiting the slow and possibly uncertain action of Congress. May we not find in the clause guaranteeing a republican form of government, taken in connection with the clause by which the several States are allowed to prescribe the qualifications of voters, a latent power to meet the case which has not been found before, simply because no case has ever been brought before the Supreme Court to procure a decision upon the meaning of these clauses?

This guaranty means something, else it would not be in the Constitution. We cannot find its true meaning in the history of any, or all, preceding republics, nor can we find it in any decision of our courts yet given. Because it has lain dormant for so many years is no reason that it contains no vital force: we must seek to give it life and action by the inspiration of the idea by which the nation lives and has its being. For the very reason that other republics have varied so much from each other, we are bound to seek for the special republican form of government intended by the framers of the Constitution in the idea upon which the nation is founded, of which the Constitution is but the exposition—and that idea is the declaration of equal rights before the law contained in the Declaration of Independence.

Equal rights for whom? Not for the slaves; they were chattels (the framers of the Constitution were so far untrue to their idea as to admit that men could be chattels and not citizens), but equal rights for all citizens without distinction of color.

In the Constitution there is no mention of color, and in the majority of the States which elected the members of the Convention that framed the Constitution there were colored men, not chattels but citizens, who voted for the members of the Convention. They were part and parcel of the people who ordained that "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Did these colored men—citizens, voters—intend to establish justice for whites only? to promote the general welfare of whites only? and to secure the blessings of liberty, not for their children and their posterity, but for the children of others?

Now if the idea of which the Constitution is but the exposition is clearly that all citizens, if not all chattels, are entitled to equal rights, there is in that idea a limit to the power of any State to impose qualifications upon such citizens as the condition of the franchise.

Qualifications may be imposed, but they must be equal in their bearing

upon all citizens. They may be sex, age, property, or ability to read and write, because all these are qualifications which bear on all alike. They are equally a barrier to the white or the black woman. They are equally within the power of all male citizens, white or black, to attain or to acquire.

But color is not a qualification, it is a quality which the citizen cannot change; it is an absolute barrier to some, of no effect to others; it is unequal, and therefore not in harmony with the fundamental idea of the nation, and therefore unconstitutional.

The use of the word qualification in the Constitution, if considered in the light of the idea of equal rights, implies ability to qualify; and if a passive quality is included among the requirements of any State, it cannot be admitted, because no man can qualify himself to vote by changing the quality of his skin.

Because the framers of the Constitution temporized and compromised with the sin of slavery, and admitted in their organic law that men could be chattels personal; because they did enact that chattels had not equal rights with citizens, it does not follow that they admitted that one class of citizens could have rights not attainable by another class of citizens.

They believed that slavery would soon cease; and while recognizing its temporary existence, they framed their organic law to secure equal rights to all after slavery should have ceased. They so framed the law that for this even the letter should need no change.

Slavery has lived long, but is dead at last. The time has come to which our forefathers looked—for which they built. Their foundation was laid upon a rock; they builded well; the key-stone of their arch of triumph was equality. They left a rough scaffold, thinking that the cement was not firm set. The scaffold has stood until now, marring the beauty of the structure and poisoning the air with its decay. It is destroyed, and the arch stands revealed in its perfect proportion. No new keystone is needed. A.

PLAIN QUESTIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

GENTLEMEN: Observing that you invite free discussion on all national topics, and believing that your object is to arrive at a correct solution of the various perplexing questions which are involved in the re-adjustment of our political machinery, I take the liberty of asking you to relieve some of the doubts which assail me whenever I endeavor to determine for myself the position which I should hold on the subject of negro suffrage. The opinions and convictions of an individual, however conscientious, are of course of the smallest possible importance, but I think I represent a class whose aggregate may not be without weight in the closely contested elections which are to be foreseen in the near future. I mean the class of men who have surrendered, or are ready to surrender, the ancestral prejudices concerning the negro inseparable from his enslaved condition; who are neither negrophilists nor negrophobists; and who will support, with more or less energy, any measure, however radical, which they can persuade themselves to be right and expedient. Presuming that there are enough of such men, not yet convinced but yet open to conviction, to be worth the trouble of converting, I would respectfully ask of you to reply to one or two questions.

In how many States of the North does the negro enjoy an equality of suffrage with the white man? In how many has he the elective franchise under discriminating restrictions? In how many is the ballot-box absolutely closed to him? How can we, for instance, citizens of the great State of Pennsylvania, which set the example of emancipation, assume to force the inhabitants of South Carolina to grant the privilege of voting to masses of enfranchised slaves, embruted by generations of chattelism, when we refuse that privilege to the comparatively unimportant colored population of our own State, who for nearly a century have enjoyed the benefits of freedom and education, and who are as well qualified to discriminate between candidates and policies as a large portion of our white voters? This, I confess, is a point which I cannot conscientiously either evade or determine in favor of the Southern negro.

Again, is not the real solution of the question to be found in submitting it to the people in the form of a constitutional amendment? From my somewhat limited sphere of observation, I should conclude that President Johnson has the vast majority of the public with him in declining to interfere with State autonomy in this respect, and the arguments, logical and otherwise, concerning the war power and the *salus populi suprema lex esto*, I fear, are thrown away upon a perverse generation. And yet the question has got to be decided, and, what is more, we of the North must have a voice in the decision if we wish to secure the advantages which we have won with our bow and spear, and to protect the unfortunate freedman from a slow and relentless persecution, which in the end may prove worse than slavery itself. Therefore, I would ask you whether the result, which we all have at heart, will not come more satisfactorily from an amendment to the Constitution, which shall prescribe for the whole country the exact status of the negro, and shall admit him to the ballot-box under such restrictions as to education or property as shall seem best adapted to train him for the duties of the citizen, by stimulating his intelligence, thrift, and self-reliance, rather than from an exercise of temporary power, which so large a proportion of the people regard as of doubtful authority? If such an amendment could not be carried, would it not show that the public is not prepared for the change, and would not sustain it if made by the Executive? If it were carried, would not its opponents acquiesce in the decision with the readiness which distinguishes our people when a verdict is rendered by the tribunal of last appeal? And would not a settlement made in this manner be regarded as a finality, to which our local institutions would speedily be made to conform; while an arbitrary decision in favor of the negro would be looked upon as a matter to be set aside at the first turn of the political wheel, and meanwhile to be resisted and evaded—to be reduced, in fact, almost to a nullity while awaiting impatiently its formal appeal? And, finally, would not this recognition of the negro in the organic law of the land do more to elevate him as a member of the body politic than any other possible measure or device?

But I find that my questions are assuming a form rather argumentative than inquisitive, and as my object is not to ventilate my own opinions, but to elicit your views on points which I have not yet seen properly discussed, I will not further intrude upon your space.

Trusting that you will recognize my enquiries to be those of an earnest seeker for the right, I have the honor to remain

Your obedient servant, L.

MR. BARNUM ON MUSEUMS.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 29, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

"THE NATION" is just the journal *our* "nation" needed, and it delights thousands besides my humble self. But the article on "Museums" in the last number exhibits a little of the slashing style of the London *Saturday Review*, or else I am blinded by my prejudices or interests.

I am not thin-skinned, and I know my Museum was not so refined or classic or scientifically arranged as the foreign governmental institutions, for mine had to support my family, while those require annually from the government thousands of pounds. "That class for which it [my Museum] would seem to have been originally intended" would *not support* a proper museum pecuniarily. More's the pity—but such is the stern fact. Hence, to make it self-supporting, I was obliged to popularize it, and while I still held on to the "million of curiosities," millions of persons were *only* induced to see them because, at the same time, they could see whales, giants, dwarfs, Albinoes, dog shows, *et cetera*. But it is a great error to state that I ever permitted "vulgar sensation dramas." No vulgar word or gesture, and not a profane expression, was *ever* allowed on my stage! Even in Shakespeare's plays, I unflinchingly and invariably cut out vulgarity and profanity. It is equally incorrect that "respectable citizens did not take their wives and daughters" "to see a play on that stage." Your writer doubtless supposed he was stating facts, but let him enquire, and he will find that *nothing* could be further from the truth. I am sensitive on these points, because I was always extremely *squeamish* in my determination to allow nothing objectionable on my stage.

I permitted no intoxicating liquors in the Museum. I would not even allow my visitors to "go out to drink" and return again without paying the second time, and this reconciled them to the "ice-water" which was always profuse and free on each floor of the Museum. I could not personally or by proxy examine into the character of every visitor, but I continually had half a score of detectives dressed in plain clothes, who incontinently turned into the street every person of either sex whose actions indicated loose habits. My interest even depended upon my keeping a good reputation for my Museum, and I did it to a greater degree than one out of ten could attain who had charge of a free museum, or even a free picture gallery. Now, I beg of you to submit the above to the writer of the article in question, and ask him, as an act of justice, to set me right before the public. Humbug with me has had its day, and although I always gave the money's worth of that which was *not* demoralizing, I often grieved that the taste of the million was not elevated. But now, having made *my* "million" nearly twice told, I really aspire to do a good and great thing, and I ask hereby the aid of you and your writer in accomplishing it. *Listen:*

If I build another museum—1st, It will be fire-proof; 2d, It will be almost infinitely superior in its collections and its classifications and accommodations to the old one; 3d, When I build a new American Museum, I shall also erect a large wing, or an additional adjacent building, the contents of which shall form and be a *Free National Museum.* There I will place classified specimens of natural history, paintings, statuary, armor (especially that worn by historical personages), old weapons of war, musical instruments, costumes and furniture of the middle ages, and a thousand other useful and novel features which will be an honor to our country. Here, too, will be placed *all* free contributions of novelties from *everybody,* including missionaries, ship-owners, foreign persons of distinction, and foreign museums. The Smithsonian Institution can loan its duplicates, the Patent Office, War and Navy Departments can lend their trophies, models, etc., gentlemen can loan their statuary and other objects, and myself, my heirs or assigns, shall always exhibit the whole *free* (I paying expenses by means of rent of stores and out of my own pocket), and whenever we fail to do so, every article not loaned by individuals to the Free Museum is vested in the *general Government,* and may be removed to a suitable building in Central Park or elsewhere. Indeed, if my *paying* Museum prospers as I expect, myself or heirs will eventually erect and present to the public the land and a proper building containing these curiosities, which in ten or twenty years will have accumulated to an amazing extent if properly pushed and encouraged. I have tried to hire Bayard Taylor to scour Europe with me to make purchases and obtain contributions of duplicates from institutions abroad. He *will* go next summer; but this summer I want an educated, intelligent gentleman, like the writer of that article on Museums, and will pay him liberally to aid me, for, after all, his taste, so far as a Free Museum is concerned, exactly coincides with mine. I know Europe pretty well, and for the Free Museum I shall be manfully backed up by the leading officials of our Government at home and abroad, and, with my experience and *vim,* I can in a single year accomplish more in this line for "The Nation" (I mean the American people) than the sleepy Historical Society could do in half a century. At all events, at the least I can form a magnificent nucleus for a Governmental Free Museum. I owe the youth of this nation a debt of gratitude, and I am anxious to pay it, at least partially. I hope that the fire of the late Museum will have fumigated and burned out the humbug from the public mind to such a degree that it can discover that Barnum has got neither horns nor hoofs, and that he has as much love for refinement and the elevation of the race, especially in this country, as even your excellent writer, "or any other man." I merely hope that this writer will carefully and *impartially* ponder this hastily written letter, and manfully give me *justice.* If he will, at the same time, lend me a helping hand in the way of counsel, he will confer a great favor on myself, which I will endeavor to transfer for the benefit of my countrymen.

In great haste, truly yours,

P. T. Barnum.

STATE OF THINGS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, July 21, 1865.

There are three things of which every dispassionate observer in South Carolina must be convinced. Two of them I mentioned in my last letter—that slavery and rebellion are both dead, beyond the possibility of revival. The other is no less important in an historical point of view. It is that the South Carolina aristocracy is destroyed. I do not believe that the ruin of the French nobility at the first Revolution was more complete than is now that of the proud, rich, and cultivated aristocracy of the low country of South Carolina. The splendid mansions are burnt down—Ashley Hall, Middleton Place, the Porcher House, and so on—the plantations are divided among the negroes, and the owners are wanderers on the face of the earth, glad to earn a dollar to keep themselves from starving. To be sure, the fee of the land, except on the Port Royal Islands, has not yet been meddled with. It is treated simply as abandoned, disposed of in this manner as a temporary arrangement. But even supposing the owners have found the means to pay the taxes, and have succeeded in escaping confiscation, even then there is absolutely nothing left to them but land—land so burdened with debt and of so low a market value that it can no longer form a foundation for an aristocracy. The best they can hope for is to become small farmers on the few acres they can afford to keep, or to enter into partnership with Northern capitalists. Add to this that nearly a generation of the young men of these families has perished in the war. No man of suitable age and strength could keep out of the army, and only a poor remnant of the flower of South Carolina return now, dispirited, to their desolate homes. I have no pleasure in drawing this mournful picture. "Whoever," said an officer of our army who has peculiar means of knowing about these things in my hearing the other day, "wishes these people more severely punished than they already are, must be very fond of revenge." I simply state the fact as one which ought to be understood. I believe this rebellion had its root rather in aristocracy (slave aristocracy) than in slavery, and in the destruction of its cause we have the surest guaranty of peace.

These three are accomplished and unquestioned facts. But there remains one point, of the highest practical importance, which is not by any means certain. In saying that slavery is dead, and is acknowledged to be so, I do not say that its spirit is dead, and that there is no danger of adverse legislation in regard to those who have lately been slaves. Neither do I say that there is any serious danger of this. When men of the highest position and character, who have the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and have taken great pains to learn their sentiments, tell me, as they have done, that they feel certain that the intentions of the community are humane and honorable, I have no right to suspect their fairness or their sincerity. I believe they mean well. I am not obliged, however, to have the same confidence that they have, and to believe that the State of South Carolina will certainly go with them. That is for the future to decide.

It is, in my opinion, upon this point alone that the great question of the day rests—the ability of the negro to take care of himself. I call this an open question, because in the mind of the Southerner it is so. In any true sense of the term it is not an open question. Wherever the negro has received just treatment, and has reaped a just and prompt reward for his labor, he has worked and become self-supporting. This is so abundantly proved at Port Royal and elsewhere, that it seems like a truism to us; but we must bear with the ignorance of sincere enquirers, and welcome all the evidence that we can get. I have not any definite information about affairs at Port Royal this year, but I have taken considerable pains to ascertain the state of things on the islands nearer Charleston, where a no less important experiment is going on. Edisto, Wadmelaw, John's and James Islands, being all abandoned by their owners, were set apart, under General Sherman's order, for the exclusive use of the freedmen, no white men being allowed there except General Saxton's superintendents. As these were too few in number to find time for anything but the absolutely necessary supervision of the islands, the crops have been carried on by the negroes, with no assistance but seed, tools, and rations. The result is highly encouraging. On the two plantations that I have myself visited there are large and fine-looking fields of corn—enough without doubt to give the freedmen a very excellent start for next year. And it was an entertaining sight on our return to see the crazy little steam-flat in which we had ventured our lives crowded with colored people who were carrying their produce to market—tomatoes, okra, huckleberries, water-melons, chickens, eggs, and bundles of light-wood for kindling. There is no doubt that these people who are left to themselves are doing well. We must understand that they do not work according to the Northern standard. I do not suppose that they have planted as large crops as they ought. In one district in St. Paul's parish—a district badly disturbed by the war—2,350 people (of all ages) on sixteen plantations have 1,900 acres of provisions, besides a little cotton. But we have no right to judge them except by their own standard; and all we have a right to require of any set of people is that they shall be self-sustaining; and that these people will be as soon as their crops are in.

Of all these islands, Edisto, which was settled first, is doing best. There is a promising crop of cotton here, and I suppose there is none anywhere else in the State except at Port Royal. But when we leave the islands, and come upon "the main," we find almost a state of anarchy in many parts. The chief trouble is caused by the return to their plantations of owners who were away when the crops were put in, and who now claim to be allowed to make contracts for a share of the crop on the same terms as those who never left their homes. So there have arisen disputes and violence—both parties, from all I can learn, being very much to blame. The great plantations on Cooper River—perhaps the wealthiest tract in the State—are in an especially disturbed state; and on the Santee things have come to such a pass that Gen. Hatch has just sent a company of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment to preserve order. I am told that throughout these low-country parishes, wherever contracts are made in good faith and lived up to, things are working well; but best of all on the abandoned plantations which are carried on by the negroes themselves.

The colored people of Charleston got up a fair, to be held the week of the Fourth of July; but it was broken up by the riots. They have held it again this week, in a different place, and I was able to attend it. It was a well conducted affair—managed, I believe, by a ladies' sewing circle, and for the benefit of the poor. As a general thing, these people suffer for the want of harmony and of good leaders. There has been a good deal of jealousy between the blacks and the mulattoes, between the free and the

freed. For my part, I see no ground for this. Here and at Columbia I should not be able to say which class is superior. Both are intelligent and eminently law-abiding. Mr. Redpath did much, while here, to counteract this feeling; but there were many influences against him.

An important point was gained two or three weeks ago, at a court martial, in taking the testimony of colored men against a white officer. All the proceedings have been published in the *Courier*, and citizens begin to ask what it means—are negroes to testify in United States Courts? In such a thing as this, to make an idea familiar is the first step towards getting it accepted; and I do not believe it will take long for the practice to spread from martial to State courts. MARCEL.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IV.

LYNCHBURG, VA., July 24, 1865.

THE Southside Railroad Company promises in its advertisements to take passengers through from Richmond to Lynchburg, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles, in twenty-four hours. Packet-boats ply between the two cities, but that mode of travelling, besides being very slow and tedious, is made uncomfortable by the heat, and I decided to make the journey by rail. At half after six in the morning, I was assured, the train would leave the station; so breakfasting at five, I set out for the south bank of the James River. All the railway bridges were destroyed by Lee's retreating forces, and trains going southward start from the town of Manchester. I found no depot nor baggage-master. Half a dozen dilapidated cars were standing about, and a rusty looking engine was cracking and puffing up and down, shifting them from one track to another, and making up a train. Of this two passenger carriages formed a part, both on the outside adorned with a painted representation of two Confederate flags, and splashed half way up with the yellowish-red mud of this region, and, inside, both dirty and exceedingly uncomfortable.

Long ago, I suppose, cushions had disappeared, the only vestiges of them that remained being an occasional wad of horse-hair, or a shred of faded plush still clinging to the frame-work of the seats. In the window-sashes were many broken panes, and where the glass was wholly gone wood had been substituted. The floors were filthy. Such as they were, these two carriages were given up to the occupancy of ladies and the gentlemen accompanying them, together with a number of sick and wounded Confederate soldiers; other passengers found sitting and standing room in the freight cars. Even at that early hour the sun began to shine hotly down upon the baked and cracked soil of the railroad, and moving my trunk into the shadow cast by the leaving train, I sat and watched the crowd assembled at the station.

There were, perhaps, a hundred and fifty people collected together. Negro drivers, liberal of the whip and vociferous in expostulation with their mules, drove loaded wagons to the baggage cars. Dirty looking whites and dirtier negroes were selling "fried pies" and other uninviting edibles. A crippled negro was retailing cider, which he poured from a jug with a cornstalk stopper into a tin can that once had held preserved salmon. Newsboys were crying the New York *Daily News* and *Herald*, and the Richmond morning papers. Here in Virginia it is possible, I observe, to get a copy of the *Herald* for some time after every copy of the *News* has been sold. At last the train was got together, and at about half after seven o'clock we began our southward journey, pitching and jolting slowly along.

Indeed, throughout the day the rate of speed was but seldom so great that an active man might not have got off the train and on again without inconvenience or danger. I was told that even in the times before the war the trains never made much more than fifteen miles an hour. The country through which this railway passes lies south of the James, and at a distance varying from ten to forty miles. Between Lynchburg and Richmond the river makes a great curve to the north, that it may skirt the elevated ridge of land on the crown of which the road is built. The land is comparatively unproductive, and Virginians ask the traveller not to form an opinion of the fertility of their State from the appearance of this particular region. Yet there is some good bottom land. The country has many creeks, for in this ridge, close by the line of the road, are the head-waters both of the streams that flow north-easterly into the Appomattox and James, and also of those which seek the tributaries of the Roanoke on the south. I saw but little land under cultivation; indeed, the greater portion of the surface seemed to be not cleared at all. An occasional field of wheat-stubble, a cluster of farm buildings, surrounded by a field of corn, the railroad itself, here and there a tortuous footpath, winding away into the hot and solitary forest, furnished for the greater part of the way the only indications that the almost unbroken woodland was not an undisturbed wilderness. Every hour or two the train is stopped; the passengers get out and drink water at the tank that is supplying the engine; negroes beside the track are busy chopping the wood short for the furnace and throwing it on the tender; nobody seems to be in any hurry. When two screams from the whistle give the signal, we leisurely get aboard again.

At longer intervals a way station presents itself, where two or three passengers get on or off. Commonly a country road crosses the track, and two or three mean buildings are in sight; probably some Federal soldiers are standing about, and an officer inquires for newspapers. A dozen or more negroes, one or two men in Confederate gray, and some white women offer for sale cigars, apples, and peaches at ten cents a dozen, or for a quarter of a dollar will sell "a right good snack." This, in some instances, consisted of corn-bread with the leg of a fowl; in others, I saw tied together into a compact package a piece of bread, three fried eggs, and a slice of ham. At some places there were, I should think, as many as thirty people engaged in this traffic, which, however, seemed not to be lucrative, except, perhaps, at Burkesville Junction, where was a train loaded with two or three happy regiments of Kentucky soldiers, who seemed overjoyed at the prospect of being soon at home again. They were as boisterous in their delight as boys, and the Burkesville market was speedily cleared of eatables and drinkables.

It was understood that passengers for Lynchburg were to change cars at the Junction, while the other train proceeded to Danville. At the depot I could find no one to tell me when the train would leave, nor whether it would start from that station. The train itself, meantime, was nowhere to be seen, nor could I learn where it was to be found, till at last a man who had heard me several times making fruitless inquiries, told me it was "up thar a short piece," pointing to a curve in the railroad. Getting a negro to carry my trunk, I walked along the track for a quarter of a mile till I came to an engine and three freight cars, into one of which I put my luggage. Some negroes loading freight thought the train went to High Bridge and Far'ville. A white man whom I approached on the subject "reckoned it did," and went on chewing tobacco. A conductor I could not find, but finally a brakeman whom I asked, after carefully scrutinizing me as if to see if I might be trusted to keep a secret, told me that it didn't go to Lynchburg, but was the Lynchburg train; that it would start from the place where it stood, and added that I would have to look out for my own baggage. It was then about one o'clock, and a little after three we started. We went on a little way, then stopped and went back. Some one connected with the train had dropped a five dollar note, and the conductor returned to let him find it. Then we set out again, the engine in the rear of the train, pushing us along to High Bridge. This structure is a trestle-work viaduct, about twelve hundred feet long, and resting upon twenty lofty brick pillars that span a valley, through which runs a narrow creek. Lee's army destroyed the timbers at the western end of the bridge in its retreat before Sheridan, and it became necessary for us to change cars. Carriages of various descriptions were at hand to remove passengers and freight to the other cars. The fare from Burkesville to High Bridge, a distance of twelve miles, was a dollar and fifty cents. The wagon ride from one end of the bridge to the other was about half a mile in length. The fare charged was one dollar for a passenger with a trunk.

One could not help being impressed with the desolateness of the scene as we rode over the pits and gullies of the road. Up or down the narrow valley I could see no dwelling and no cultivated field. On a little knoll near the bed of the creek was a dark-red fort of earth standing out distinct amid the green. High aloft on our left hand broken fragments of trestle-work projected into the empty air between the last pillars of the bridge. We passed over a little bridge of logs, whose timbers were blackened by fire and burnt nearly through. In the open wagon in which I was riding an old North Carolinian, dressed in homespun, sat silent upon a rough board coffin containing the corpse of his son, and his seat was shared by two wounded Confederate soldiers. Everything around seemed to have felt the fire and sword of the war. We found the train awaiting us in the middle of an earthwork, built by the Confederates to protect the bridge against Federal raiding parties. Here we had another hour or two of tedious waiting in the blaze of the afternoon sun. But at last the conductor addressed the engineer, "Well, Oscar, reckon we'd better go"—and we took our departure for Farmville. This little town presents a not unpleasant aspect. The land in the immediate vicinity seems more fertile and better cultivated than any other which I had seen during the day. The principal business of the place is the manufacture of the tobacco raised in the adjacent districts. Here were more Federal soldiers, and an office of the United States military

telegraph. Soon after leaving Farmville the cars became more comfortable, for it was near sunset, and the heat somewhat abated. It was not pleasant, however, to learn that we should be compelled to pass the night in the train, which would reach Concord at twelve o'clock, and there wait till six in the morning. I asked if a bed could not be obtained, but was told that there was nothing at Concord but the railroad depot.

With the man who gave me this information I had some further conversation on a variety of topics. He was going up the road, he said, to see about the loading of a material train which would go down to High Bridge the next day with timber for repairing the trestle-work. I asked him if green timber was used in the repairs. He said, "Yes, it's safe enough; we allow for shrinking." But on the very next day the same train broke through a defective trestle-work, about ten miles from this city, and was precipitated over a bluff nearly fifty feet high. Thirty or forty people were injured, seven of them severely, and two men were killed. What I have said of the inconveniences of railway travelling at the South has been said merely to give some account of the matter. Probably it would be very unfair to blame the companies for the worn-out rails, comfortless cars, and long delays of which I have spoken. And, perhaps, it is not the companies but the military authorities who should be held responsible and blamed for such accidents as this one. To take passengers over a railroad in the present condition of that between this city and Richmond, is to put them in fear and imminent danger of death. Yet the eagerness of the people for mails and transportation is so great that repairs of the most temporary character are made, and probably will continue to be made for months to come, unless some authoritative inspection is instituted. The scene, as described by eye-witnesses, must have been most impressive and distressing. The accident happened about midnight; nearly everybody on board was more or less injured. There was no assistance rendered by any of the country people till morning, for none lived at all near.

By the light of a fire kindled among the ruins of the cars the wounded were removed to a bank of sand in the dry bed of the creek, and the wounds of some were dressed by a Confederate surgeon who was among the passengers. Watches, money, and jewelry were taken from those who lay insensible by some marauding soldiers who robbed in the dark. Of these some who were seen at their work were forced to give up a part of their plunder, but a much greater part was not restored. One gentleman from the North is reported to have lost many thousands of dollars in Government bonds, and others lost sums amounting to hundreds of dollars. I have heard of no investigations into the accident or the robberies.

My travelling acquaintance said he was then going up the road for a load of timber. The gang of hands of which he had charge were getting out stuff in the woods, and it was to go down the next day. He had both black and white laborers.

I asked him what wages were paid. White men that were good carpenters got fifty dollars a month and their board. Ordinary laborers got eighteen dollars a month and the same board as the others. The company had the food cooked for them. It consisted of bread, bacon, vegetables, sugar, and coffee.

I asked if the company got laborers in sufficient numbers, for I remembered having seen an advertisement of theirs in the Richmond papers.

"Can't get white men enough. They're too damned proud to work. Rather loaf round Richmond and Petersburg. But they'll have to come to it. I've had to pull off my coat since peace came. I lost what money I had in the great fire. I had thirty-seven hogsheads of tobacco burnt thar. It would have been worth more than twenty thousand dollars in gold to-day. When this war broke out I had one hundred and sixty-one hogsheads in store. But I had to live off it. Had a wife and four children, and I couldn't begin to keep 'em on my pay. They conscripted me, and I had to serve eighteen months. Well, I got a little money from the government, but Lord! you'd have to give two months' pay in Confederate money before they'd let you give one look at a barrel of flour. Well, I had to sell a hogshead every now and then till I got it reduced down to thirty-seven, and them they burnt. So I had to go to work, and more than me 'll have to do it. No, if we could get white men enough we wouldn't hire niggers."

"They don't work so well?"

"A nigger's work a'n't much. Rather have one white man than three niggers. They'll work a day, and then they want to lay off a day. Now with me they used to lay off after they got their week's rations, and I wouldn't see anything of 'em for two or three days. But I broke 'em of that, just set 'em to work till they'd worked out what the rations come to, and then I told 'em to leave."

"You don't board negroes like whites, then?"

"No; we give 'em an allowance—fourteen pounds of meal a week and three pounds of bacon."

I asked if any negro mechanics were employed, and found there were none. The negroes are paid fifteen dollars per month, which is the amount paid hotel servants in this town and in Richmond. On the railroad the colored laborers when employed in cutting cord-wood are expected to cut what a white man usually cuts—three cords a-day. The railway company buys the wood as it stands growing for thirty-five dollars an acre, or already cut at the rate of one dollar and sixty cents a cord. It is piled up at the various wood and watering stations along the line, and the hands are employed in chopping the four feet sticks in two. It is at this work, as I suppose, that a man is required to go through three cords in a day. In the other kinds of work done on the railroad I was told that the negro did not perform nearly so much labor as the white man, and that he needed so much watching and driving that one white man was worth as much as three colored men.

Having discussed the negro in his capacity of working-man, I asked what he thought of the extension of the franchise so as to make the negro a voter. Like almost every other man with whom I have talked in this State, he was utterly opposed to it. The negro was not fit to vote; it wasn't in his nature ever to become fit to vote; and the Southern people wouldn't stand it if the North should put the negro and the white man on an equality. That would make the South fight. All the secessionists to whom I have mentioned the subject, plant themselves firmly on those three propositions. Let the negro vote, and the Southern people will have to be kept down by a standing army. The point will have been reached at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and perhaps at that point they will have to make a virtue of necessity, but it will be because the bayonet forces them.

Among Virginian Unionists also opposition is manifested, and is based upon grounds hardly different. There is already far too much ignorance and depravity existing among the voters. The servant will be almost sure to vote for the master's favorite candidate.

Ask a Unionist why, if the negro vote would be so much at the service of the masters, the masters as a rule are so strongly adverse to negro suffrage, and the reply is that just at present the master is inclined to hate the newly emancipated slaves; that, moreover, the former owners of slaves expect very soon to get the States back into their own hands, and have no fears that they will not be able, as in old times, to get a majority to carry the measures which they propose. If they needed the negro vote, they would hardly take it, and till they do need it they would much prefer that the freedmen be kept in a condition as nearly as possible resembling their former slavery.

If you then ask the Unionist, who is, I may say always, a disbeliever in the professions of loyalty made by his neighbors who have been in rebellion; who always predicts repudiation of the national debt, a factious questioning of any acts of Congress that were not passed when all the States were represented, persecution of Unionists, and a practical re-establishment of slavery—if you ask him what remedy he sees for these evils of the future, *he* will tell you that he has no hope except in the maintenance of a standing army throughout the South.

The Unionist and the secessionist both declare that the suffrage should not be made more but less extensive. The former seems to think so because he believes the rebellion could not have begun if a majority of the voters in the Southern States had been sufficiently intelligent to comprehend clearly the state of affairs in the country, and to discern their own interests. This has been said to me by several Union men—by one no longer ago than this morning, and in nearly the words I have used. The secessionist, when he says so, proceeds immediately to deduce the conclusion that it would be most unwise to give the right of voting to several millions of people who now are without it, and who confessedly are very ignorant. Which party is with most justice afraid of the negro vote, and which party will longest continue to fear it, I do not undertake to say.

"How do the negroes behave since they became free?" was the next question I put to the man with whom I was talking in the car.

"Sassy and lazy. They go round stealing. Two niggers were shot up here at Appomattox a while ago. They got into the way of going round to the houses, and taking what they wanted. The people complained, and a guard was sent after 'em; they wouldn't stop when they were ordered, but run, so the guard fired and shot 'em both."

I asked the same question of another person, saying that the general report was that they had become impudent and idle.

"Don't you believe it," he replied; "they behave well enough. But some people can't see a nigger go along the street now-a-days that they don't damn him for putting on airs. They are pretty much all at work. Their wages are not what they ought to be yet, but that matter will soon regulate

itself. A good many of the masters forget pretty often that their niggers are free, and take a stick to them, or give them a cuff with the fist, though they don't attempt to administer a regular flogging."

This view of the case, so far as concerns the deportment of the negroes, I find confirmed by the Lynchburg *Virginian* of July 24, which, combating a report that there had been a negro riot in the city, says:

"There has been no riot here, nor anything bearing the slightest resemblance to a riot. The negroes have been orderly and respectful in their deportment, and the whites have been kind, just, and considerate towards them. The *entente cordiale* of old between the classes has been well preserved. There have been a few individual cases of insolence on the part of the one, and of unkindness on the part of the other; but such cases are exceptions to the rule."

The white people of the neighboring county of Franklin do not, however, appear altogether satisfied with the state of affairs in their district, and on the 13th of July held a meeting at the court-house, and passed a series of resolutions. The first acknowledges the supremacy of the Federal Government, and announces that the citizens of Franklin "are willing to discharge their duties as citizens, and are ready to appreciate and properly reciprocate a forbearing and conciliatory policy towards them on the part of the authorities and the people of the Northern States." The second resolution declares that "without expressing any opinion as to the constitutionality or expediency of the measures which have been used for the emancipation of the slaves, they are desirous to adopt such measures as will most alleviate the evils and best develop the good likely to result from so great a change in our social and industrial system." The resolution goes on to say that the laborer must content himself with small wages, or in the present bad condition of the country he will have to go without work. Arrangements already made this year ought not to be disturbed by the military authorities. The right is claimed of punishing minors whose parents will not keep proper discipline over them, and of summarily dismissing for idleness and misconduct adults and those properly dependent on them.

The resolutions were published in the Lynchburg papers of Monday, and on Tuesday morning appeared an order of General Gregg, directing his subordinate in that county to notify the persons holding the meeting that "their proceedings are disapproved, and that their resolutions, or any part of them, will not be carried into effect."

The wages now paid to farm hands in this section of country, under the arrangements with which the citizens of Franklin deprecate interference, are in no case higher than five dollars a month. While some planters allow their servants to cultivate a patch of ground for themselves, others do not. On the very great majority of plantations no tobacco is growing this year. A very well informed resident of the city told me that he knew of but four farms where any attempt was making to raise it, and on those the quantity planted was very small. Of corn and oats the yield will be so large as to be remarkable.

Money, however, is exceedingly scarce, and less business is done in proportion to the size of the place than in Richmond. The shopkeepers are not yet wholly free from the habits of Confederate times, and when one asks the price one is told two prices—so much in gold, so much in greenbacks. But this practice, it is said, becomes less common daily, and less and less gold is seen. "Business will be stagnant," says the general voice, "until we can find out what is going to be done with the thirteenth clause of the Amnesty Proclamation."

To return to my friend on the Southside train:

"I reckon I'll have to wait awhile, till they get things straightened out a little. Reckon my credit 's good at the North. Baltimore men tell me to come on thar and get what goods I want; and I could do it in New York. Don't owe a dollar up thar. I sent one pretty large bill through to a house in New York after the war had begun. But I reckon I'd better stick to the road yet awhile. I'll be ready for trade aginst the people are."

"I suppose when trade begins it won't be long before the North and South are friendly again?"

"Well, I reckon not."

"I have been told that your people are hostile yet in their feelings, and that if the Government was engaged in a foreign war—say in Mexico—the Southerners would be in arms against the North?"

"Well, now, there 's a hundred of 'em working right along with me, and mo'. I hear how they talk, and I know what their feelings are. They don't hate the North. Except the radicals; they hate them. But there 's nothing they 'd like any better than a war with France. England either. Those two nations encouraged us to fight, and then backed out and wouldn't recognize us. North and South together, reckon they 'd make short work down in Mexico. A good many of our people have n't anything else to do, and they 'd like it."

They seem to have nothing else to do. To judge by the numbers of able-bodied men that one sees lounging in the streets and in the bar-rooms, listlessly sitting about the railway stations, and by the difficulty that is experienced in getting white laborers to work on the railroad repairs, there may be some necessity for the recently promulgated modifications of one of General Gregg's orders, "so as to include all white persons found loafing about the streets, without any ostensible means of making a living." The number of idle white persons is much too great, and will account for much of the pilfering complained of by the newspapers.

ENGLAND.—THE TRIUMPH OF THE LIBERALS.

London, July 22, 1865.

What are the synonyms for Liberalism? is a question over which the genius of many writers must have ached throughout the last three weeks. Repetitions of the same word are a defect in writing, of which there exists an almost childish horror in English journalism; and in truth, the late Lord Macaulay would never have been allowed to write in our leading newspapers, if he had proved unable to alter his style. Yet, after all, no other term has yet been invented, except Liberalism, to express the creed of the Ministerial party. "Whiggery" is a doubtful compliment; "Radicalism" is regarded as a term of reproach; and the "cause of progress" savors too much of Chartism and mechanics' institutes. As to "democracy," I need hardly say that it is never mentioned in polite society. Under these circumstances there is nothing for writers on elections to do except to fall back on Liberalism, as neither expressing too much nor too little; and a weary time, I can assure you, many of us have had of it, playing an endless succession of tunes on one single string. Throughout the whole contest there has been presented on neither side any distinct issue or definite policy or intelligible programme. In a general way, the struggle has been between the abstract principles of Liberalism and Conservatism. But abstract ideas have a very faint hold on the British mind; and the absence of any practical test by which the value of these abstractions could be measured told severely against the interest of the contest. A staunch old Whig with whom I am acquainted remarked the other day, that this was the only election at which he had voted for his personal friends without any reference to their politics; and I have no doubt he only expressed openly the thought on which vast numbers of educated men have acted privately. Never, as I think I have written before, has there been an election so influenced by private and personal considerations as the present.

However, as a matter of fact, the Liberals have carried the day. In a speech delivered by Mr. D'Israeli on Wednesday last, the leader of the Tory party admitted that there would be only three hundred Conservatives in the new Parliament; or, in other words, that the Ministry would have a majority of sixty. He tried to console his audience by the hope that several of the Liberal members would be unseated on petition; by the reflection that the Conservatives who had lost their seats were not thick-and-thin supporters of Lord Derby; and by the trite though true remark, that after all the adverse majority might have been larger. Still, all the special pleading and ingenuity in the world will not alter the plain facts, that the Government have won the fight, and won it conclusively. Lord Derby will most assuredly not be reseated in office on the assembling of the new Parliament; but beyond this fact nothing can be absolutely predicted. Mr. D'Israeli, when he uses his own intellect, and does not try to lower himself to the level of his rural supporters, is perhaps the most acute of English statesmen. I own, therefore, to some satisfaction in finding that, in the speech I have alluded to, he forms a similar estimate as to the importance of the advanced Liberals in the coming Parliament, of which I have already spoken in previous letters. With the bitter satire of which he is a master, he announced that the time was past when the Government "could keep Mr. Bright, as the head of the Radical party, like a servant in the pantry or waiting in the hall." With the view of strengthening his own cause, or, more strictly speaking, of annoying his opponents, he represented in glowing colors the difference between the position occupied by the member for Birmingham in the old House, as a political John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, and that which he would occupy as the leader of "a considerable band, possessing talent, energy, and eloquence." Moreover, he remarked acutely enough that the loss of Mr. Cobden, however serious to the country, would raise the position of his most famous colleague. It is not, I think, unfair to state, as Mr. D'Israeli did, that, during the latter years of his life, the great free-trade agitator, "partly from ill health, partly from the dictates of his mind, acted as a drag on Mr. Bright." Now that Cobden is gone, Bright's

position, as acknowledged leader of the ultra Liberals, is admitted beyond the possibility of question. Nor will the party of which he is the parliamentary chief be an unimportant one in the division list, as this increase of the Manchester phalanx is, to my mind, the most important feature in the present elections. You must excuse my dwelling upon it somewhat at length. You will, I think, do so the more readily, because the men who compose this party were known, one and all, with scarcely an exception, during evil times as the persistent advocates in England of the Federal cause, as against the "slave power." The following may be taken fairly as a list of the members in the new Parliament who, on all important questions, will follow the lead of Mr. Bright:

Mr. Wyld	M. P. for Bodmin.
" Forster	" Bradford.
" White	" Brighton.
" Fawcett	" do.
" E. Potter	" Carlisle.
" Torrens	" Finsbury.
" Stansfeld	" Halifax.
" Akroyd	" do.
" Hughes	" Lambeth.
" Taylor	" Leicester.
" Cowen	" Newcastle.
" Gilpin	" Northampton.
" Morley	" Nottingham.
" T. B. Potter	" Rochdale.
" Moffatt	" Southampton.
" Pender	" Totnes.
" Mill	" Westminster.
" Baxter	" Montrose.

Making a fair allowance for the elections not already decided, it will not be too much to say that Mr. Bright will thus have a personal following of some four-and-twenty votes; that is, there then will be that number of members in the House who will require some strong inducement or conviction to persuade them to go into a different lobby from that of the member from Birmingham. Besides this, there are at least as many more Liberal members of the stamp of Mr. Clive or Mr. Neate, who, though not in any way identified with Mr. Bright, would yet vote with him on most political questions.

This knot of advanced Liberals may seem to you a very small one; and so in ordinary numerical calculation it is undoubtedly. The *Times*, in commenting on Mr. D'Israeli's vaticinations of a radical "régime," remarked with truth that the majority of the Ministerial party were as much opposed to Mr. Bright and his principles as the opposition itself. So it is; and I should deceive you if I led you to suppose we were on the eve of any great radical movement. The time, in my opinion, is not ripe for such an event. All I say is, that the increase of the Manchester party is not only important in itself, but is still more important as the harbinger of future change. For the first time in English parliamentary history, we shall have in the House of Commons a score or so of members pledged to what, in our Old World style, are called "democratic" principles. With regard, however, to the immediate present—not to the remote future—the real question is whether an alliance is possible between the advanced Liberals and the bulk of the party. As long as Palmerston lives and rules, no *entente cordiale* is possible; but by common consent it seems to be agreed that the Premier cannot last much longer. It is evident that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be the next Liberal leader, either as Prime Minister or as virtual chief beneath the nominal Premiership of some member of the House of Lords, possibly Earl Granville or Lord Clarendon. Now, in spite of all his High Church leanings and "doctrinaire" proclivities, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is by instinct a man of the people; and as such he has wooed the sympathies of the Whig land-owners to as little effect as his rival, Mr. D'Israeli, has succeeded in winning the confidence of the Tory gentry. If he is to become a political chief, it must be as a popular leader, not as the favorite of a party; and thus, as this conviction has dawned upon him, he has become more and more a champion of the popular cause. The defects which not unreasonably impair his influence in the House—the want of temper, the absence of tact, and a certain strange deficiency of political insight, are not appreciated by the public, who only perceive the splendor of his eloquence and the brilliancy of his statesmanship. From the time I first heard Gladstone speak, when carried beyond himself by the passion of debate, I came to the conclusion that nature meant him for a popular demagogue, and that the scholarlike moderation that his university training had imparted to his habitual utterances was a matter of education, not of instinct.

Now, if this view of Gladstone's character be correct—and it is the one held by many whose means of judging are far more extensive than my own—it will be easily seen how his rejection at Oxford is likely to influence his political career. It was at the grand old university that the son of the Liverpool teacher first made his mark upon the world. It was there that he became a partizan of the political and religious Conservatism of which Sir Robert Peel and Dr. Pusey were at the time the respective embodiments. It was there that he learnt the creed, put forward in his almost forgotten treatise on Church and State, which Lord Macaulay tore to pieces in the "Edinburgh Review," stigmatizing it as the work of a "foolish young man." It was as the typical representative of Oxford, of her High Church reaction, and her Liberal Conservatism, that Gladstone was elected member for the university a score of years ago. Since then times have changed, and both statesmen and Dons have changed with them. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the representative has changed more rapidly than his constituents; and each succeeding year has widened the distance between Gladstone and Oxford. Yet, in spite of the growing alienation between himself and his electors, the Chancellor of the Exchequer clung to Oxford. It was not only that the seat was a very pleasant one to occupy, but that the occupant valued it for its own sake. The friends of his youth, the men who had been the teachers of his mind, were still, for the most part, members of the body which returned him to Parliament. Nobody who has not been a member of our great English universities can quite understand the hold they have in later life on the men who first earn their honors there; and this peculiar attraction was one to which a many-sided mind, to use a German phrase, like Mr. Gladstone's was pre-eminently subject. Certain it is that, throughout the whole of his long political career, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has never been able to break with the traditions of his academic training. Thus he has always hitherto halted between two schools, and has never been able to get altogether on with his new love, because he could never completely get off with his old. But now the act of Oxford has severed the tie between the popular leader and the university. In his own expressive words, on the occasion of his first appearing before his Lancashire constituents, he feels himself "unmuzzled," and the result of this unmuzzling will be, if I am not mistaken, to throw him beyond retrieval into the arms of the Liberal party. It would not be fair, let me add, to assume that the rejection of her late member is an evidence of any Conservative reaction in Oxford; on the contrary, the university is far less bigoted in her adherence to Toryism than she was twenty or even ten years ago. The cause of her apparent back-sliding in the cause of Liberalism is that, first of all, Mr. Gladstone has left her behind by the rate of his mental development; and secondly, that the new system by which non-resident members of the electoral body are allowed to vote by proxy has completely altered the composition of the constituency, and not for the better. Henceforward the members for Oxford and Cambridge will be elected not by the professors and fellows and tutors—a class of whom Mr. Goldwin Smith is not an unfitting type—but by county squires and country curates, who have long escaped from the liberal influences of study and learning.

With the exception of Mr. Gladstone's election in South Lancashire, there has been little in our recent contests to interest any one but home politicians. Indeed, the only two facts I can recall worth mentioning are, that Mr. Beresford Hope, the proprietor of the *Saturday Review*, has been elected for the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent; and that Mr. Walter, the chief proprietor of the *Times*, has lost his seat for the county of Berkshire. However, the newspaper position of these two gentlemen had little if anything to do with their electoral fortunes.

Amidst the bustle of election time, even the trial of Constance Kent has passed by almost unnoticed. I should think the rumor of the Road mystery, with which all England was ringing five years ago, must have reached across the Atlantic. In the summer of 1860 a child of four years old was taken one night from its cot by its nurse's bedside, killed and hacked to pieces, while the corpse was carried out of the house to a shed adjoining the father's dwelling. The father was an inspector of factories, a man of good position, holding a Government appointment, and the crime created an excitement perhaps disproportionate to its real magnitude. Every parent felt it to be a personal peril that a child could be murdered in its own home without any clue being discovered as to the authorship of the crime. Repeated enquiries and investigations were held; large rewards were offered for the detection of the murderer; the nurse-maid and the step-sister of the murdered child were given in charge on suspicion, but nothing could be elucidated to substantiate the charge against them. Very general indignation was expressed at the non-detection of the crime, and popular suspicion pointed to Mr. Kent as the murderer. A not unplausible theory was invented to account for the crime. It was said that Mr. Kent had had an intrigue with the nurse-maid, that the child had woke while his father was in the room, that a something had been placed over his mouth to stop his cries, that unintentionally he had been stifled, and that when his death was discovered the child's body had been stabbed and hidden in order to divert suspicion. The story was improbable enough; but still it was less improbable than any other explanation which could be suggested; and the unhappy father undoubtedly was subject to the

suspicion of having had something to do with the murder. For months the Road murder was the one topic of conversation in England—the one theme almost of newspaper discussion. At last, however, people grew weary of trying to solve an insoluble problem, and nothing more was heard of it, except that in the flat time for news, the era of giant gooseberries and Methuselatic centenarians, paragraphs used to appear in our journals announcing some domestic incident with reference to the members of Mr. Kent's household. Suddenly, a few weeks ago, we were startled by the announcement that the step-sister, Constance Kent, a girl who was only sixteen at the time of the murder, had confessed her guilt before a magistrate. It seems now that from the earliest period the members of Mr. Kent's family were convinced that Constance was the murderess. She was sent abroad to a convent school, and then removed to a semi-monastic institution at Brighton, beneath the superintendence of a very High Church clergyman, Mr. Wagner. Here, at last, she was induced to confess her crime. On her own confession she was committed for trial; and when she was arraigned yesterday, she still pleaded guilty, in spite of the warnings addressed to her by the judge. Under these circumstances, with our law, there was no option except to convict her of the murder. She lies, therefore, at the present moment, under sentence of death; but there is no doubt the punishment will be commuted to imprisonment for life, in consideration of her sex, her extreme youth, and her voluntary confession. There was a very general wish to acquit her on the ground of insanity, but the medical men who were deputed to examine into her state could find no trace of madness. Altogether, the case still remains surrounded with mystery. How she contrived to commit the crime and destroy every article which could have incriminated her, is as yet utterly unintelligible. Motives, too, for the murder there can be none assigned, except a vague surmise that she may have been jealous of her stepmother and of the preference shown to her half-brother above the children by the first marriage. However, when once people know who did the Road murder, they care comparatively little to learn how it was done; and I do not expect we shall hear much more of the matter.

The week, indeed, has had more than its full share of horrors. We have just learnt the death of three young English gentlemen under very painful circumstances. For the last few years there has been in existence an institution called the Alpine Club, in which the qualification for membership consists in having climbed—I am afraid to say how many thousand feet above the sea. Scaling the Swiss Alps has of late been a perfect mania with our young collegians during the long vacation; and the Club created a silly rivalry as to who should ascend the greatest number of snow-clad peaks. One of the few unascended summits in Switzerland was, till the other day, the "Matterhorn;" and this peak was ascended this week by a detachment of the Alpine Club. The ascent was accomplished safely, but while descending one of the party, Lord Francis Douglas, lost his footing and slid down the snow, dragging his comrades, who were fastened with a rope, after him. Happily the rope broke, but three of the tourists and a guide were carried over a precipice and literally dashed to pieces, falling as they did a height of 4,000 feet. No doubt there is a good side to the Alpine Club, in the manliness and endurance it encourages; but it seems to me rather too much that men of sense and understanding should expose themselves to the risk of being smashed to death, simply for the sake of saying they have been up a peak more or less.

The *Great Eastern* has sailed at last with the Atlantic cable on board, and is now anchored in Bantry Bay. The old fatal mismanagement seems still to attend any undertaking in which this vessel is concerned. Owing to some unaccountable delay, the steamer having the shore end of the cable, which was supposed to have arrived long ago at Valentia, was met by the *Great Eastern* on her voyage and had to be taken in tow. Thus many days have been lost; and it is not expected the voyage across the Atlantic can be commenced before Monday. Moreover, during the passage from the Nore to Ireland, it has been discovered that the steam power of the *Great Eastern* can scarcely move her enormous weight even in calm weather; so that if a storm should come on before she has paid out any considerable portion of the cable, it is difficult to see how she can be manœuvred with safety. Altogether the prospects of the Atlantic Telegraph Company are much depreciated in popular estimation.

SO MUCH THE WORSE FOR THE FACTS.

When doctors disagree, it may be doubtful who shall decide, but all the world has a right to be amused. Not many months since, the French Academy of Medicine was the scene of a debate which, apart from its scientific importance, was of a highly piquant and humorous character. The point at issue was a phrenological one, and requires for its complete understanding a few preliminary remarks.

Whoever is conversant with the origin and growth of phrenology, is aware that it was neither promulgated nor bequeathed by its founder as a full-blown science. The localization of the various organs of the brain was reached by Dr. Gall very gradually, after the most laborious induction and at the cost of frequent mistakes, some of which he corrected or saw corrected in his own lifetime, while others were rectified amid fresh discoveries after his decease. As was predicted many years ago, phrenology has passed its crisis, and having survived the obloquy and opposition which it encountered at the start, no longer absorbs the public attention or excites the professors of physiology and anatomy. Its principles have come to be generally accepted as correct by the medical faculty, and have a certain not despicable practical application, in virtue of which men are aided to a better knowledge of themselves and of each other. Whatever development it is capable of or has received of late years, of course consists in a minuter subdivision of the mental functions and an attempt to fix their seat with greater accuracy.

Now it was the earliest of Gall's observations—made, if we may trust his biographer, when he was only nine years old—that the outward sign of a superior verbal memory was the prominence of the eyes. Subsequent investigations revealed as the cause of this the pressure of a convolution of the brain upon the posterior part of the orbitary plate; and the organ called "language" was accordingly located in this immediate neighborhood. Its place has never been disputed, but has received abundant confirmation of the usual kind. Since 1822 M. Bouillaud, a member of the Academy of Medicine, has entertained the belief that the same anterior convolutions govern the articulation of words. He has collected a hundred and fourteen cases in which a difficulty in the speech has been attended with lesion of these organs. Messieurs Auburtin and Broca, from observations of their own, have gone so far as to affirm that the third cerebral convolution on the left is the precise locality of the power of speech, and M. Bouillaud adopts their position. Consequently when this question arose at a recent session of the Academy, he supported his theory by presenting the list of cases just mentioned. To his surprise they were not deemed conclusive. M. Trousseau could tell of the entire destruction of a frontal lobe while speech was preserved; M. Vulpian, of the total loss of speech coincident with a lesion of the posterior lobes; and M. Lélut, of the preservation of speech when a whole hemisphere was gone. M. Bouillaud met these rebuffs by offering a reward of five hundred francs to any one who should bring him an authentic fact, establishing a serious alteration in one of the two anterior lobes of the brain without impairing the speech. This was the signal for a very lively debate, which we find reported thus in a French paper:

M. Velpeau.—"I am eager to compete for the prize of M. Bouillaud, but am restrained, I confess, by a single apprehension. I have a good memory. I remember that Delpech had proposed a reward of two thousand francs to the person who should show him a case where a fracture in the neck of the thigh had been cured without deformity. As was natural, a good many claimants came forward, but none of the observations adduced appeared to him conclusive. He always contrived to oppose some pretext for not admitting them. At length, one morning the newspapers announced that M. Delpech had in his possession a precious fact against which he had no longer any objection to urge. But he was himself the author of the discovery, and of course he awarded the prize to himself. I am afraid lest it be the same with the prize of M. Bouillaud. I should like, therefore, before submitting myself to the judgment of my colleague, to have him specify his conditions."

M. Bouillaud.—"Although I live not far from Gascony, I do not indulge in gasconade, and I am quite ready to award the prize to M. Velpeau, although he is richer than I am, if he can prove to me that he has fairly earned it."

M. Velpeau.—"I will accept it all the same for the benefit of the Paris Society of Physicians."

M. Bouillaud.—"I have said, and I repeat, that I wanted an authentic case furnished me in which the anterior lobules of the brain had been seriously deranged while the speech had been preserved."

M. Velpeau.—"Well, here is the case required by M. Bouillaud."

It was of a hair dresser, a most loquacious fellow, who in the year 1843 was placed in charge of M. Velpeau, at the Charity Hospital. He was absurdly merry, bright, and mischievous, having possession of all his faculties, a great laugher, an incessant chatter-box, and a nuisance to the occupants of the same ward. He was diseased, but no one would have imagined in the brain. Nevertheless, an autopsy showed that the whole anterior part of the two cerebral lobes had disappeared to within at least four centimetres of the anterior-posterior diameter, and for a corresponding breadth. In its place was a bilobed tumor, each lobe a hen's-egg in size. M. Velpeau continued:

"The observation was noted by my then house-surgeon, M. Delpech, now a member of this academy. I exhibited the brain and the tumor in this

very place in 1843. Special works and the journals recorded this exhibition. It appears to me the fact may pass as perfectly authentic, albeit it strikes a rude blow at the theory of the localization of the faculties. What does M. Bouillaud think about it?"

M. BOUILLAUD.—"Let M. Velpeau bring me a second fact like that, perfectly defined, and I will consider the prize to have been won."

M. VELPEAU.—"The question is not about a second fact, but about this one. I shall not amuse myself with running after another observation. That concerns the future. While listening to my honorable opponent, I could not help recalling the reply made to us by the embalmer Gannal. He had been asserting that his liquids would preserve a corpse two thousand years. And when we said to him, You are joking; 'Well, well,' was his answer, 'you shall see! you shall see!' M. Bouillaud objects that the fact has not a sufficiently authentic character. In general, whether the anterior lobes of the brain do or do not control the speech, is indifferent to me. But I cannot have it said that the observation noted is not certain."

Hereupon M. Delpech very magnanimously comes to the support of M. Velpeau, and declares that he took down the observation himself and presented the document to the Society of Anatomy. But a doctor who is backed by a hundred and fourteen cases is not to be "taken down" as easily as an observation.

M. BOUILLAUD.—"Well, then, M. Delpech has seen a miracle. I deny explicitly the fact, and consider it as impossible. I will never admit that such a lesion could be produced without the loss of speech, without even intellectual disorder."

M. Velpeau then reads from the Bulletin of 1843 the observation just as it was there inserted, and remarks that denial is impossible.

M. BOUILLAUD.—"The case of which M. Velpeau speaks merits the profound obscurity in which it has so long remained. It cannot solve a question of this sort. It lacks precision. If you will let me examine a patient, and, after having authenticated the trouble in his speech, you will show me the required lesion ——" (Oh, oh!)

M. GUÉRIN.—"What, pray! must we then kill the patient for M. Bouillaud?"

M. BOUILLAUD.—"Nevertheless I cannot renounce my hundred and fourteen cases which I have mentioned, and which prove peremptorily that it is materially, physically, morally impossible for a lesion of the brain to exist without a functional difficulty."

M. VELPEAU.—"I have no intention whatever of overthrowing the theory of M. Bouillaud; yet I cannot help remarking that the brain is an organ so strange, so complex, so little known, that there is hardihood in attempting to localize this or that faculty. Do we actually know well the point in the brain where the organ resides that governs the speech?"

M. BOUILLAUD.—"Nobody can dispute the truth of this proposition of Béclard, that there can no more be functional lesions without injured organs, than there can injured organs without disturbed functions. For the rest, Mr. President, I beg you to name a committee, and if they shall decide that I ought to award the prize, I am quite ready to perform my agreement."

M. VELPEAU.—"I knew very well I should not obtain the reward."

The debate is closed rather than decided by M. Guérin, who insists that the instance cited by M. Velpeau is decisive, and of itself is a solution of the whole question. Moreover, it unites all the desirable conditions of authenticity, having been established with proper care by competent persons, with no view to contradicting a theory which was not then on trial, and therefore thoroughly truthful and impartial. All it lacks is that it was not collected by M. Bouillaud, who exacts as a condition of accepting future facts, that he must have seen them and been enabled to verify them. This condition is illusory. Such facts are verified only after death, since during life there is a want of agreement between symptoms and lesions. M. Bouillaud builds upon his hundred and fourteen cases, but establishes nothing more than a coincidence. He chooses to assume, without demonstrating, a causal connection and subordination, and travels in a vicious circle when he opposes this theory to a conflicting fact like M. Velpeau's. The latter shows clearly that the two anterior lobes were almost entirely destroyed, without in the least affecting the speech. According to M. Bouillaud, the destruction of the organ considered as a cause implies the destruction of the function considered as an effect. This single fact is therefore the condemnation of his theory—its total and absolute ruin.

Here the report ends rather abruptly, leaving us to infer that the committee was appointed, and that the disputants await its decision. A critical review of the discussion is appended, from which we extract one or two sensible comments. M. Bouillaud is reproved for denying instead of examining carefully the observation adduced by M. Velpeau. He even abandoned part of his vantage. The precise locality of the organ controlling the speech he assigns to the third cerebral convolution on the left. It is not clear that this was invaded when only a portion of the lobes was removed. Furthermore, were the lobes really disorganized, or were they simply displaced, shoved back by the tumor, when they might still have retained their functions?

We may compare an instance, which is cited by Combe, of a gentleman who at the age of eighty-six experienced a total change of character, becoming violent from amiable, and, from being a fine linguist, losing the ability to make use of words. Dr. Abercrombie and Mr. Craig, on examining his brain after death, discovered an abscess in the posterior lobes, and to this they would have assigned indiscriminately the change of character. But Mr. Combe, who was present, remarked that this lesion was in the neighborhood of "combativeness," and therefore only partially explained the phenomenon. He divined that there must be a second abscess, and directed Mr. Craig to it. In fact, another was found in the line of the fibres of the organ of "language." In another case a patient suddenly forgot the names of things, and complained often of pain in his eyebrows. He died after two or three years, when a lesion was found in the left hemisphere of the brain, terminating about half an inch from the surface where it rests over the middle of the super-orbital plate. "It appears to me," says Mr. Combe, "that the lesion being on one side only, accounts for his power of understanding words while he had not the power of employing them." This agrees very well with M. Bouillaud's selection of the *left* anterior lobe as the seat of the power of articulation.

Not unworthy to be embraced in a general view of this interesting subject are the cases of amnemonomia consequent upon an excess of blood in the brain. Such was the case of an invalid afflicted with cerebral hemorrhage, who could write but had forgotten how to read, and had to be taught the alphabet and spelling anew. Another could never lay hold of a substantive when he wanted it. In asking for his hat, he would say: "Give me my —— what we put on our ——." The missing word "hat" or "head" he could pronounce if it were recalled to him, would repeat it vigorously a dozen times, and then, presto! it was gone again. Still a third could only say "So much the better!" to any remark which might be addressed to him. "There has been a terrible railroad accident in the Rhone valley." "Ah, so much the better!" and the tender-hearted unfortunate would weep sympathetically. Combe knew of the wife of a Presbyterian clergyman at Bath who had a stroke of apoplexy. She recovered, but her power of using words was impaired. She had right ideas, but her expressions were often ludicrously irrelevant. A slovenly minister was on one occasion her guest, and in attempting to ask him if he would have some soup, she blundered into the question, "Will you have some clean linen?"

But we must pause, with a promise to report the end of the difference between the learned members of the French Academy of Medicine, if we chance upon it as we did upon the difference itself.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

A publishing enterprise of considerable extent and importance has just been announced by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York, in conjunction with Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., of Boston. It is proposed by these gentlemen—who take an enlarged and liberal view of the capacity to absorb good books latent in the American public—to reproduce the works of the most distinguished theologians and preachers of England previous to the eighteenth century. Under the title of "Library of Old English Divines," they intend to place within reach of American readers the principal writers of Great Britain during the golden age of sacred literature, in a style equal to that of the best English editions, and at a much smaller price. The catholicity and comprehensiveness of the plan may be judged by the list of names of the authors whose works it is proposed to include in the series, though, of course, on this point the publishers will be guided by any future expression of the tastes and wants of subscribers. In it Churchmen of every shade of opinion are found in juxtaposition with Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, etc. It is as follows: Barrow, Bates, Baxter, Bull, Bunyan, Butler, Charnocke, Chillingworth, Clarke, Cudworth, Davenant, Donne, Flavel, Hall, Hooker, Howe, Latimer, Leighton, Owen, Pearson, Stillingfleet, Sibbes, South, Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson, Usher, and Waterland. It is proposed to publish only complete editions of an author; but should this rule be varied from in any particular instance, a complete treatise will always be given, without mutilation or abridgment. The first issue of the library, consisting of the Sermons of Dr. Robert South, reprinted from the Oxford University Press edition, is in press, and will appear during the current year, forming five volumes octavo, at a cost of $3 per volume to subscribers and $3 50 to all others. The importance of this undertaking is sufficient to draw attention to it, and we trust that the result may be alike creditable and profitable to the projectors and those whose support is enlisted for the plan.

—Among the members new to Parliament returned at the recent general election, one of the most noticeable is the successful candidate for the representation of Brighton, Henry Fawcett, M.A., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge, and author of a "Manual" of that science, now in its second edition. Mr. Fawcett labors under what is commonly considered as a disqualification for public life—being totally blind. At the meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Social Science, last year, he proved himself, however, to be an effective speaker, and no doubt his peculiar position will insure him an attentive audience. We do not remember any blind speaker in the House of Commons since the famous Colonel Barrè thundered from the opposition benches his attacks on Lord North's measures and the American war. In the preface to his work on political economy, Mr. Fawcett feelingly alludes to his calamity, softened, as it is, by the attention of friends and the good fortune which has given him a most patient and excellent amanuensis in the youth who is to him so faithful an attendant.

—The ethnologist or antiquarian who desires to examine the great collection of aboriginal remains found by E. Geo. Squier and Dr. Davis in their exploration of the Western mounds and earthworks, and described in their "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," will be disappointed if he undertakes a voyage to America for the purpose. The work just mentioned forms the first

volume of the "Contributions to Knowledge" issued by the Smithsonian Institution. In its museum at Washington or in the halls of the New York Historical Society this collection should have found an abiding place—typical as it was of all the varieties of objects yet brought to light by excavations and researches, and exhibiting in its carvings the highest known achievements of the stone age. Such, however, is not the case, and students must seek it at the quiet little cathedral town of Salisbury in Wiltshire, where it forms the chief attraction of a local museum lately established there by a native of that place. This gentleman, a Mr. Blackmore, is (we have understood) a lawyer in business at Liverpool, and so frequently brought in contact with American affairs. While on a professional visit to New York, two years since, he became acquainted with the existence of this collection, and having long intended to endow his native town with an institution of science and art, he at once secured it, with great liberality, as the nucleus of an assemblage of objects destined to illustrate the development and progress of the inventive faculties of man, in various regions and stages of society. Until another series of researches and explorations is undertaken with the same thoroughness and system as those of Messrs. Squier and Davis, of which there seems now to be no chance, it will be impossible to parallel this collection, and every year the difficulties of doing so increase from the disturbance and destruction that gradually overtake all aboriginal remains. Its loss to the country where it especially belongs must therefore be deplored.

—A striking revival of metaphysical studies has lately taken place in England, where, formerly, sometimes years would elapse without the publication of any book of importance in this department of enquiry. It dates, apparently, from Professor Mansel's attempt to enlist the metaphysical theories of Sir William Hamilton in the service of revealed religion, and has received an additional stimulus from the late work of Mill on Hamilton's pretensions as a philosophic discoverer. Among the books of the present season on the subject may be mentioned "Exploratio Philosophica: Rough Notes on Modern Intellectual Science," by John Grote, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge (and brother to the historian of Greece), 8vo; "Time and Space, a Metaphysical Essay," by S. H. Hodgson, 8vo; "Introduction to the Philosophy of Primary Beliefs," by Richard Lowndes, post 8vo; "The Senses and the Intellect," by Alexander Bain, new and enlarged edition, 8vo; "Recent British Philosophy, a Review, including Criticisms and Comments on Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton," by David Masson (who seems to have deserted his incomplete Life of Milton for severer studies), 8vo. The metaphysical world in France has also been stirred by the disinterment from the dust of a provincial library of the manuscripts of a certain Père Deschamps, a liberal priest of the last century. They prove him to have been a precursor of the Hegelian philosophy, and to have forestalled Hegel himself in many of the views heretofore supposed to be most peculiarly his own. Deschamps' work has been edited by M. Beaussire, a professor at Poitiers.

—Through all changes of literary taste, graphic accounts of savage life and adventure are always welcome in civilized communities, and some of the most successful books of modern times have been of this character, as all who remember the reception of Herman Melville's "Omoo" and "Typee" can testify. The latest reporter of the "manners" of a people who have not any, is a Mr. Frederick Boyle, who apparently from mere love of sport and excitement has explored the country of the ferocious Dyaks of Borneo, among whom all respectability and social weight arise from the possession of a stock of human heads, without which indeed no young man can hope to obtain a wife. The neighborhood of Rajah Brooke at Sarawak has scarcely leavened the mass of native savagery, and as there is no trace of religious belief among the Dyak tribes, missionaries find it almost impossible to make any impression upon them. Madame Ida Pfeiffer, who ventured into their territories and returned unharmed, was the first to report a good word for this people; and now Mr. Boyle declares them to be, when seen under favorable circumstances, "interesting and harmless." Their chiefs are of a convivial turn, and display a degree of jollity and good fellowship more European than Asiatic in its tendencies. One of the most formidable, "Gasing" by name, must afford a fine study for a painter in his grand gala costume at a three days' festival at which Mr. Boyle assisted. He wore a European consul-general's uniform coat; the top of a dragoon's brass helmet was bandaged round his head, with the horse-hair plume flowing down his back; a brass plate inscribed with the victories of a British regiment ornamented his forehead, and on his stomach was fixed the plated cover of a soup-tureen with a highly embossed pattern; this was understood to be the brightest jewel of his regalia, and the source of great envy and jealousy among the neighboring potentates. The weak part of this costume was the absence of trousers. Mr. Boyle's book shows good nature and sprightliness—giving an impression of the writer's tact and amiability not always found in English books of travel, where an undisguised contempt for the rest of the world is too often the characteristic of the genuine British tourist.

—An important transfer of literary property has recently been effected by the disposal by Mr. William Veazie, of Boston, of a considerable portion of the well known "Riverside editions" (so called from the place of their execution) to Mr. W. J. Widdleton, of New York, successor to the publishing business of J. Redfield. The important addition to his stock effected by this purchase includes the stereotype plates and stock of "Hallam's Complete Works" (Middle Ages, Constitutional History, Literature of Europe), 9 volumes; Charles Lamb's "Life, Letters, Works, and Uncollected Writings," 5 volumes; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 3 volumes; Milman's "History of the Jews" and "History of Christianity," each in three volumes; May's "Constitutional History of England" (in continuation of Hallam), 2 volumes; D'Israeli's "Curiosities and Amenities of Literature," 6 volumes; and several others. The same attention will be paid to their manufacture as heretofore, and the series will not suffer in Mr. Widdleton's hands. Among his miscellaneous publications, he has nearly ready "Poetry of the Revolution," by Philip Freneau, a collection of the most striking and characteristic productions of that prolific writer—the Tyrtæus of our Revolutionary War. It is edited by Mr. E. A. Duyckinck, with a portrait and memoir, embodying much new matter derived from family communications. The enlarged edition of Dr. Francis's "Old New York" is also just ready. Mr. Widdleton has in preparation, among novelties for Christmas, Edgar Poe's "Raven," illustrated by American artists.

—In this country we have experienced the evils arising from incompetent librarians and the want of intelligence among those where we most look for it—the custodians of books; but matters have hardly reached the point that they have done at Cambridge, Eng., where, we learn from a work by Dr. Todd, "all the librarians and their assistants at the public library of the university, since 1659, have uniformly though unaccountably declined to make themselves in any way acquainted with the manuscripts under their charge." The natural consequence was that a series of important documents relating to the history of the Waldenses, collected by Sir Samuel Morland, Cromwell's envoy to that people, and deposited by him in the library, have been reported missing for two hundred years. A brisk controversy has been carried on respecting them by Drs. Gilly, Todd, Faber, and others at intervals for forty years past, about the unaccountable disappearance of the documents, and accusations of foul play have been freely ventured on. At last a casual explorer (Mr. Henry Bradshaw, of King's College) laid his hand accidentally on the whole six missing volumes, in the places where they had stood, "under the very noses" of the librarians, for two centuries. The rediscovery has some bearing on the facts of ecclesiastical history. It is proved that the figures in the MSS. have been tampered with, and that the true date of the famous Biblical version in the Romance language, "The Noble Lesson," instead of A.D. 1100, is A.D. 1400.

—We are reminded by an obituary notice that Isaac Taylor, whose decease was mentioned recently in connexion with his writings, had other claims to distinction. His faculties, by a rare combination, were conspicuously exerted in literature, science, and art. A series of Scripture illustrations designed by him in early youth before he abandoned the practice of the fine arts, have been noticed by the few who have seen them as among the most intellectual and imaginative works of the British school. The machinery now in general use at Manchester for engraving patters on the rollers used in calico printing was invented by Isaac Taylor. The plates to his new translation of Josephus (interrupted and left unfinished by the death of his coadjutor, Mr. Traill) were engraved by a modification of this invention.

—No late American book has been received with such frank cordiality by the English reviewers as Mr. D. W. Mitchel's "Wet Days at Edgewood with Old Farmers, Old Gardeners, and Old Pastorals," reprinted in London by Messrs. Low & Co. from Mr. C. Scribner's original New York edition. The *Athenæum*, usually captious in its judgment of American books, calls it "a pleasant, picturesque, and gossipping volume, which in a most agreeable manner tells the tale of agricultural enterprise from the earliest date in the history of rural economy;" and says "sound common sense, good taste, and sufficient information are amongst the qualities of the writer, who may be regarded as the type of the American country gentleman—a character in whose existence intolerant politicians on this side the Atlantic are slow to believe. His style is pure and polished, and many of his pages are bright with humor." The *London Review* is equally eulogistic; after quoting a description of a deserted inn in Derbyshire, a leaf from the author's tourist experiences in England, it continues: "This is certainly admirable painting, and there is plenty more equally good throughout the work. The volume

is one of the most charming we have opened for a long while. It unites the freshness and open-air vigor of the country with the essence of the libraries; the smell of books and the reflected lights of science."

—A fine example of French conjectural etymology occurs in a statistical work, "Annuaire des Sociétés Savantes de la France et de l'Etranger" (2 vols., Bruxelles, 1865), intended to contain lists of the members of all the learned societies of Europe. The names, etc., of some of the English local societies are a sad puzzle to the editor, Comte d'Hericourt. Desirous of leaving nothing unexplained, he appends a note to the "Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire," saying, "It is well known that the English word 'ride' means a journey in a carriage or on horseback. It is therefore probable that this society is an equestrian one (*société hippique*), which, following the example of the British Association, instead of being stationary, travels over a section of the country, and thus extends the region of its happy influence."

—By the decease of Richard Hildreth on the eleventh of July last, American journalism has lost one of the most respectable and indefatigable of its members. Mr. Hildreth had reached his fifty-eighth year, and almost from boyhood had been connected with the periodical press of this country. He was one of the founders of the Boston *Atlas*, which under his management took high rank as an authority on questions of civil polity. Of late years the New York *Tribune* was his principal medium of communication with the public. Mr. Hildreth was a bold, vigorous, and fluent writer on current events. Having firmly settled in his own mind the principles that should govern the action of statesmen and legislatures in relation to the political questions of the day, their application to circumstances as they occur was readily made, and he never deviated from forming his judgment according to the elevated ideal always present before him. Though a constant sufferer from ill health, Mr. Hildreth found time for much literary labor. His largest and most important work is the "History of the United States," from the earliest traces of colonization to President Monroe's second administration. It is one of our most valuable books of reference, compiled according to a plan that is adhered to with conscientious severity, and consequently is deficient in the graces of composition that modern readers of history are accustomed to look for. Mr. Hildreth was appointed consul at Trieste by President Lincoln, but was incapacitated by sickness from filling the office, and died at Florence.

—The dispersal of the letters and papers of Joseph Cottle, the true and trusting friend of Coleridge, Southey, and Lamb, has thrown temporarily into circulation a quantity of material illustrative of the early days of those writers that is now "cropping out" in catalogues and periodicals, but will soon be absorbed by autograph and book collectors. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries" gives an account of a copy he purchased of Coleridge's first work, "Religious Musings" (1796), consisting of the original proof-sheets as sent to the printer with the author's corrections and notes. On one sheet, on the margin, Coleridge had written (as if talking to himself) a fragment worth preserving:

"The millennium, in which I suppose that man will continue to enjoy the highest glory of which his human nature is capable, and that all who have endeavored in past ages to ameliorate the state of man will rise and enjoy the fruits and flowers, the imperceptible seeds of which they had sown in their former life, and that the wicked will, during the same period, be suffering the remedies adapted to their several bad habits. And I suppose that this period will be followed by the passing away of this earth, and by an entering on the state of pure intellect, when all creation shall rest from its labors."

After this fine poetic vision he becomes jocose, and on the next leaf gives directions, "Begin the page here, it is absolutely cheating to give such open print;" after another blank space, "Good heavens! what a gap!" A little further on, at some fancied omission, he writes: "The motto, where is the motto? I would not have lost it for a kingdom; it was the best part of the ode."

—The last number of the "Quarterly Review" contains an article which shows conclusively into what insufficient hands the business of periodical writing often falls, even in quarters that have formerly witnessed its highest development. It is entitled "The Great Printers"—the Stephens, that family whose services to classical literature at the revival of letters, and sufferings in the cause of Protestantism, will always give them a claim to the remembrance of posterity. The writer has evidently "read up" his subject in one or two of the leading books relating to it, and details in a slight and sketchy manner, but attractively enough, the changing fortunes of the prominent members of the family. While correcting, however, his predecessors with an air of authority, and assuming a perfect mastery of the literary history of the age, he falls into various remarkable blunders on collateral subjects—blunders that indicate a denser ignorance than they exhibit, and truly remarkable in one who aspires to enlighten the public. The emendation of errors is always dull work, but we give an example or two, as briefly as possible. When writing of Francis I. the reviewer says: "The patronage of the sovereign was exerted, and successfully exerted, to develop the material beauty and splendor of books. Grolier was encouraged to bind, and Robert Stephens to print." He has evidently heard of the volumes, the work of Italian artists, bearing the legend "Jac. Grollerii and Amicorum," that remain, the ornaments of the choicest libraries, to testify to the liberality of that magnificent amateur, but as evidently knew nothing beyond the name, and so transformed the treasurer of Francis I. and his envoy to the court of Rome into a book-binder! Again, apropos to the embarrassments of Henry Stephens, caused by the expense in undertaking his Greek Thesaurus, he writes: "Sweynheim and Pannartz had ruined themselves by Greek," a new and remarkable fact, considering that these famous printers dissolved partnership and gave up printing in 1474, while the first Greek book ever printed—Constantine Lascar's Grammar—was executed at Milan in 1476. This is a fact, within the knowledge of that much quoted character, "every school-boy," though it seems a quarterly reviewer was ignorant of it. Coming down to modern times, he is still incorrect, as when he styles Mons. A. A. Renouard, the publisher and bibliographer, "a practical printer," which assuredly he never was. Errors of this nature would not have been suffered in the palmy days of the "Quarterly," and show a lowering of the standard of authorship upheld during the editorial reigns of Gifford and Lockhart.

—If science progresses much longer at its present rate, it will be difficult to decide on the point where the dividing line must be drawn between intellectual and mechanical operations. Two inventors are now begging for attention through the English papers, one to "The Balance of Nature, an instrument designed as a Calculus of Harmonic Proportions, and to illustrate the Principles of Aristotle's Ethics (!) and the great Doctrine of the Immutability of the Mean," the other to an object of less complex qualities, "The Metabolical Machine, a very ingenious mechanical contrivance for aiding the acquisition of languages." Some public-spirited person should report on the properties of these marvels; they remind one of Robert Stephenson's answer to a person who waited on him with a new infallible project for perpetual motion, "Sir, I will believe it, when I see you lift yourself up by your waistband, and carry yourself out of the room." Professor de Morgan says the principle involved was never more neatly stated.

—A brief account of the last illness of Mr. Waterton, the English naturalist, whose death we mentioned in a recent number of THE NATION, has been received by his old and valued correspondent, Mr. George Ord, of Philadelphia, himself a naturalist of no mean repute. We are permitted to make the following abstract from the letter communicating intelligence of his decease: "He had for some time been growing weaker and weaker, but still not so as to be confined to the house or alter his usual mode of life. He had continually been engaged in one little work or another for the convenience or ornament of this or that part of his property; and on the 25th instant (May), while assisting at putting the finishing hand to some small rural bridges at the head of the water, he caught his foot in a bramble, which tripped him up, and he fell heavily on his right side. He immediately returned home, complaining of very great pain, and expressing his fears as to the result. His medical men declared that he was suffering from severe concussion of the liver; and he gradually sank, expiring at half-past two o'clock this morning" (28th May).

While writing upon this singular man, we are reminded of an anecdote of him told with great amusement always to his welcome guests at Walton Hall. In riding up once to his home from London, he happened to be seated in the cars with a loquacious and literary woman. In the course of their conversation together, she asked him if he were acquainted with Mr. Waterton. He replied that he was. She enquired if he was familiar with his published writings. He answered in the affirmative. She then expressed her opinions in reference to them quite freely, accusing him of gross exaggerations in some, and what seemed to her positive untruths in others, instancing particularly an account which he had given in his last volume of a ride he had once taken in South America on the back of an alligator, which story she pronounced preposterous. At this point in their conversation the cars had reached the station at which Mr. Waterton was to alight, and satisfying himself with merely denying in general and gentle terms the *allegations* of his fair opponent, he handed her his card, and desired the pleasure of her company at Walton Hall—and she then discovered for the first time with whom she had been travelling. The explanation which he gave of this disputed fact was, that the alligator had been caught alive and been brought to shore, and that, being well secured, he

had mounted its back and been dragged along thus for a few feet. It was no wonder that without this explanation the woman had been slow in believing the account. We have not heard yet what disposition Mr. Waterton has made of his very large and valuable cabinet of curiosities in the animal and mineral kingdoms. We wish it might be available to our own students.

OUR TWO GREAT WARS.*

THE subject and the author of this work commend it to the thoughtful attention of intelligent and patriotic readers;—the subject, not only for its intrinsic and permanent interest, but on account of the new light and greater significance which recent events have attached to the War of Independence;—the author, because his previous "Historical Studies," especially those relating to Italian genius and literature, have amply vindicated his claim to excellence as a learned, acute, and accomplished interpreter of the past in its relations to the present and to humanity; and also because, as the direct descendant, in the third generation, from one of if not *the* most efficient military leaders in the Revolutionary War, he enjoys remarkable facilities for illustrating his present theme by means of the valuable and unpublished documentary evidence in his possession. Indeed, no one can read this "Historical View" without earnestly desiring that the Life and Letters of General Nathaniel Greene, long since ready for the press, may soon be given to the public. No more interesting or important contribution to American history now exists in an unpublished form; and we trust the appearance of the suggestive and attractive volume before us may induce such encouragement as will lead Professor Greene at once to give us the memoir and letters of his illustrious grandfather.

The first thing that strikes us in the "Historical View of the American Revolution" is the admirable method of the discussion. It resembles a modern and masterly French work in the lucidity of its arrangement and the chaste precision of its style. It deals strictly with facts, and is utterly free from those rhetorical exaggerations and generalized speculations which mar the unity of so much of American writing on national subjects. To borrow Matthew Arnold's phrase, it is wholly free from "the provincial tone;" it is the work of a patriotic scholar, whose mental discipline prevents him from indulging in any vague inferences, and keeps his thoughts calmly and clearly on the line of truth and in the sphere of philosophical deduction. Each salient topic of the Revolution is treated by itself. We have chapters on the causes, the Congress, the army, the diplomacy, the finances, the literature, etc., of the epoch discussed; all the essential facts are narrated and considered under their respective heads; and the result is that we have a fresh impression, a distinct idea, and a more comprehensive and correct view of a subject whose very familiarity is apt to confuse our perceptions. We do not think any reader of insight can fail to clarify and emphasize his knowledge of the American Revolution by the perusal of this "Historical View." It appears at the right time; it is calculated to enlighten as well as intensify patriotism; and it is an admirable illustration of the principles and commentary on the course and results and the war for the Union, which has just ended in the triumph of that faith and freedom whose initiatory and thrice-hallowed struggles and sacrifices are herein described and elucidated.

In every phase of the first Revolution we find parallels of the second. We here see that "had the rulers of England been statesmen," the war would have been avoided; George the Third, North, and Grenville wanted money, and devised the stamp act, just as the blind and wicked politicians of the South wanted slavery, and under-estimated the patriotic vigor of the North. The first period of the War of the Revolution was "a series of reverses and humiliations"—as was the first period of that just triumphantly closed. 1771 was a critical year for America, then, as was 1863; 1778–81 was a brilliant era, as is 1864–5. In the first war the committees of correspondence did very much the same kind of voluntary patriotic work recently achieved by our Union League Clubs and other private associations. Robertson and Adam Smith saw independence as a logical result then, as did Bright and Cobden the triumph of the Union in our times. Congress blundered then as now; but at last saw what was required, and did it. They passed a resolution that gave birth to our navy, since so illustrious. The same misrepresentations and calumnies attended the career of the purest and most patriotic. Washington was vilified as Lincoln has been; and General Greene charged with being a Cromwell, because he exercised a necessary authority in an exigency of the public service. In winter quarters our army suffered similar privations to those which our soldiers have lately endured when prisoners of war. The people then, as subsequently, had been accustomed to self-government, were familiar with legislative habits, and municipal rights, division of power, trial by jury, and popular authority; in a word, they were self-dependent and self-controlled, and so redeemed the errors of those in authority, cheerfully sacrificed self to country, and wisely worked out the problem of their own salvation, just as they have so heroically done in the war for the Union. Then, and now, we had "financial experiments," entailing much loss and trouble, but eventually working their own cure. Then, as now, short enlistments proved nearly fatal to the cause. The war, at first thought to be of brief duration, was prolonged for seven years, and this error produced the same disastrous consequences as attended a like mistake in our day. Then, as now, "zeal cooled until the day of expedients was passed." Then, as now, Congress "boldly adopting some measures, timidly shrinking from others." Independence "loomed gradually on the turbid horizon," as emancipation did with us. In short, this impartial and emphatic record reveals an almost identical series of crises, experiments, failures, successes, hopes, fears, discouragements, blindness, foresight, resolution, dismay, defeats, and triumphs which mark the course of the fierce struggle of the last four years.

The representatives of the people in both eras obeyed the impulse of public sentiment—"reasoning justly, reasoning falsely, but borne on by a current no human science could measure, no human strength resist." There was the same "social equality opposed to military discipline;" the same "slow Congressional co-operation;" the same "morbid attachment to State rights;" it "delayed the formation of the army;" but then, as now, was demonstrated "the *vital* importance of the Union." Political ambition played then the same base game of defamation and intrigue; the Conway and Gates cabal of Washington's day have had their parallels in ours; there was the Jersey Prison-ship to correspond with Libby and Andersonville, the old Sugar-house with the Tobacco Warehouse; there were the Tories, analogous to our Copperheads; there were men who only cared to make money out of the war, men who faltered in the true path, men who basely compromised their manhood and sympathized with the enemies of their country, precisely similar in poltroonery and selfishness to their prototypes of our day; and (thanks to God!) then as now there were brave martyrs, true patriots, consistent heroes, and intelligent and loyal people, by whose self-sacrifice, wisdom, faith, and courage the republic was established as the same noble types of humanity have now preserved it. The most remarkable lesson of this "Historical View" is perhaps its demonstration, from the past, of the necessity then realized of a "central power." The work completely annihilates the doctrine of State rights by its pregnant and practical illustrations of the fatal effect of their assumption and the miraculous benefits of their renunciation.

One other lesson of the hour it sadly teaches, and we trust not in vain—the want of gratitude and care towards the surviving veterans of the war. The army of the Revolution, we are told, "was disbanded without éclat," and traditions and graves only left to attest the services so coldly recompensed. The welcome now given our returned regiments, and the honors paid to the memories of our patriot martyrs, indicate a more just and generous spirit, which we trust will make ample and benign provision for the disabled soldiers of the republic. Meantime, we advise all students of American history who would trace intelligently the progress, process, and principles of civil liberty on this continent, as he ponders the "Rebellion Record," to consult and compare the "Historical Views of the American Revolution."

ON THE CAM.*

IN our grandfathers' days it was such a phenomenon for a young American to become an English university student, that one branch of a well known New York family actually adopted Cambridge as a Christian name from the fact of an ancestor having been educated there. Still, during any year since the war of 1812, two or three American students might be unearthed by the curious among the cloisters of Oxon and Granta. They were mostly Southerners at first, and generally preferred Oxford. It is hardly necessary to add that they belonged rather to the "rowing" (*ow* as in *cow*) than the "reading" portion of the academic population. In later years, the few representatives of Yankeedom have been more usually Northerners, and have affected Cambridge. Some of them made themselves more or less conspicuous as "reading men," *i. e.*, hard students. It is rather singular that the one who ought to have caused quite a *furore* at home, and to have been, for some weeks at least, "one of our most remarkable men," was never heard of. How many Americans, or English either, to say nothing

* "Historical Views of the American Revolution, by George Washington Greene." One volume 16mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

* "On the Cam. Lectures on the University of Cambridge in England." By William Everett, A.M. Cambridge (Mass.): Sever & Francis.

of the rest of mankind, know that we once had a senior wrangler from New York? Yet such is the case. On reference to the work profanely and popularly called by Cantabs the "Freshman's Bible," properly and officially the "Cambridge Calendar," it will be seen that the Mathematical Tripos of 1849 was headed by *Dominus* Pell of St. John's College. Now, "Pell of Johns" was a son of the late Gilbert Pell, of New York, and, what is more to the purpose, had received all his education in this State till a year before entering the university. And what became of Pell of Johns? Alas! the "unnatural old parent" incontinently annexed him, tempted him by the principalship of a college in Australia, actually shipped him off to the antipodes among "black savages," adding insult to injury, and so we lost our senior wrangler. Here it occurs to us that some of our readers may not have a very clear idea what a senior wrangler is, wherefore we hasten to inform them that he is the man who graduates (not *is graduated*) first in pure science—the first man of the first class in mathematics at the final university examination.

A rule which we laid down for ourselves in the first number of this paper prevents us from saying anything about Mr. Everett personally. Our business is only with his book—those who want to know what he did at Cambridge from 1859 to 1863 must consult the "Calendar." Appointed on his return home to deliver a course of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute (Boston), he took his *alma mater* for subject. The lectures were rather imperfectly reported at the time in a Boston paper; we are extremely glad to see them now collected in a neat volume of nearly four hundred pages. They were altogether too good to be lost, not merely for their literary merit, though that is considerable, but for the information which they contain about the English universities. We have few accessible and trustworthy sources of such information; yet it is highly desirable that we should know exactly how the ruling classes of so great and so peculiar a people as the English are educated. It is desirable, even if, after knowing it, we should condemn the system altogether. We may say nearly the same of the other great Western-European nations. But in the case of England there are these special reasons for curiosity—first, that the English university system is quite unique, altogether different from any other academical model now or formerly existing; secondly, that extraordinary respect is paid in England to the instructing class. We make a great fuss about our teachers sometimes, call them "educators" and other names of doubtful propriety, dub them professors and doctors on small provocation, but, in fact, the English teacher is much better off. His remuneration is more generous, his social position is better, his opinions have more weight.

Considering how much Mr. Everett had to say, and how limited a time he had to say it in, his work is remarkably well done. After touching briefly on some popular errors regarding the universities, he proceeds to explain their "complicated system, so different both from the pure university system of Germany and from the pure college system of America," terminating his illustrations with the analogy of our Federal Union, an analogy which, as he says himself, must occur to every one, though every one could not have expressed it so neatly. He then, after a brilliant historical review of European learning, and an enthusiastic defence of classical studies, unfolds the general principle of instruction at Cambridge and Oxford—written examinations in public prepared for by private tuition. Not that there are no public lectures, both university and college, but these always occupy a subordinate place. In this connection comes in appropriately a spirited defence of competition and emulation as means of instruction. Next we have an account of the valuable pecuniary incentives to study; then a sketch of the Trinity undergraduate's daily life; then a boat race—for of course there can no more be a description of English university life without a boat race than there can be one of German university life without a broadsword duel; then a general topographical view of Cambridge, showing how the different colleges are strewn up and down in that queer, straggling, picturesque (*pace* Mr. Everett) town of Cambridge. Next comes a muster-roll of Granta's great men from early times down to the present day; then a chapter on the relations of Cambridge to the English Church; finally, a number of *pros* and *cons* on the system, with a discreet and generous peroration on the mutual necessities and interests of England and America.

Mr. Everett's style is graphic and elegant, abounding in passages of great rhetorical brilliancy, which remind one of his lamented father. For these passages he thinks it necessary to apologize, as "better suited for a lecture than an essay." The apology is unnecessary, although we can well understand a scholar's distrust of anything *epideictic* after the popular misuse and abuse of ornate writing. But this is the very reason why a scholar should rather go out of his way to do a bit of rhetoric now and then, if it were only on the principle that Plato wrote his "Menexenus" on, to show that a man can do that sort of thing without being an arrant humbug. The objection to rhetoric is that impostors use it to cover their poverty of matter by show of manner. This objection does not apply to it when founded on and illustrated by real knowledge. The gorgeous *façade* is a deception then, and then only, when there is no building or a mean building behind it. Who objects to Macaulay's decoration? Who does not wish that Grote could somehow force a little ornament into his style?

Of course Mr. Everett likes Cambridge. We say *of course*, because the state of things there is so peculiar that no foreigner who did not like it very decidedly would ever stay there three years and a half. An Englishman can't help himself; he has to stay—to break off his university course before finishing it would be disreputable to him socially and injurious to him professionally. And much as we detest, on principle, all tyrannies of public opinion, we should not be sorry if a little of the same feeling prevailed here—if young men were not allowed to leave college according to their own sweet will, at whatever stage of the course they please, without their friends or the public thinking the worse of them. Probably a foreigner who likes the English university life enjoys it more even than a native, because his worldly prospects are less dependent on success or failure in the examinations. Our idea of Cambridge is that it realizes the conception of a republic of letters or literary guild more nearly than any institution that has ever existed. Many things tend to this—the scholastic air of the place, the large number of graduates in residence, many of them entirely devoted to general literature, the somewhat advanced age of the undergraduates, the thorough way in which they work up their specialties, giving the followers of any particular specialty an esoteric bond of union among themselves (a Cambridge mathematician once divided mankind into two classes, those who had, and those who had not, read geometry of three dimensions), and other influences which we cannot stop to discuss.

Mr. Everett has much to say then in favor of English university studies. What that much is we hope our readers will see for themselves in his book. At the same time, he does not seek to ignore what he considers the objectionable points. These (putting aside some that depend on external causes, such as the awful recklessness with which young men sometimes assume the responsibilities of the Christian ministry) he considers to be chiefly three—the vested rights and perquisites of the college retainers, the general expensiveness of living, and the preference shown to men of superior ability, often discouraging the inferior ones into giving up work altogether. The first of these is hardly anything more than a particular illustration of the second; the second he correctly assigns to the dearness of the whole country and the uneconomical habits of the people. On the third we differ from him *in toto*. So far from the Cambridge system being worse for inferior men than our own, we think it better, because every student can find tutors and examinations suited to his capacity. It is true that our system gets more nominal work out of the average men, by making them attend more recitations and chapels, and here we believe is the source of an error which has misled most writers on this point. Owing to the greater freedom from college roll-call, the idleness of idle English students is more ostentatious and visible. We see the same thing illustrated even more thoroughly in the case of the German universities. That a great deal of downright, sapping, grinding study is done in Germany, we know from the results; but if we trusted to the current literature on the subject, or the superficial impressions of travellers, should we suppose that the *burschen* did anything under heaven but fence with broadswords, smoke leathery tobacco, drink (very) leathery beer, and howl that utterly monotonous and stupid chorus about the Leathery Fox?

On the other hand, Mr. Everett has omitted to emphasize as such one very serious fault of the system, the almost entire absence of *viva voce*, making the men awkward and unready in verbal communication of their largely accumulated knowledge, and greatly contributing to their irrational horror of "rhetoric," by which they mean all facility in public speaking, from mere fluency to real eloquence.

And now, having agreed to disagree with Mr. Everett on one point, we will just go on to hint that there are a few things in his very pleasing and generally accurate lectures which are not quite incorrectly stated, perhaps, but stated so as to give incorrect impressions. Thus, pp. 83: "The mathematical treatises are all based on the forms of Euclid and Newton." Surely this assertion is somewhat too broad. Are *conic sections*, for instance, read geometrically at Cambridge, as they used to be, perhaps still are, at Yale? Are they not, on the contrary, treated analytically throughout? In his remarks (pp. 84) on the comparative classic-historical knowledge of English and American students, he seems to overlook the immense amount of "cram" got up by candidates for classical honors at Oxford. (P. 348): "The extreme High Church or Tractarian fever affected her [Cambridge] but slightly." Alas for human glory! Has the memory of the Camden (the ecclesiastical,

not the literary Camden) entirely faded away? Does Cambridge no more remember the rows it used to kick up, culminating in that Homeric contest over the altar of the Round Church, whose architectural beauties so impress Mr. Everett?—a contest immortalized (as we fondly supposed) in a couplet and a triplet of Ingoldsby somewhat to this effect:

"Condemned as Papistic in form, and on this count
With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount.
Vide Camden Society Cantabrigiensis,
Vs. Faulkner, *tert. prim., Januarii Mensis,*
With judgment reversed, costs of suit and expenses."

If so, surely our venerable friend the Archdeacon must have left the world in disgust, and found use for the epitaph which a saucy student once manufactured for him:

This 'ere corpse
Is Tommy Thorp's.

Afterwards shortened to

Thorp's
Corpse,

forming, in this amended version, the shortest poem in the language, except the poetical title to the works of our great medical poet:

Holmes'
Poems.

Within the last fifteen years, some of our largest colleges have partially adopted, with a wise discrimination, some of the best features of the English system. About which changes we should like to say more, but are almost afraid of having said so much.

MONTALEMBERT.*

Many an American desirous of learning the opinion of distinguished Europeans on the course of events in his country, but whom the powerful distractions of the last years prevented from observing the often changing stand-points of foreign political characters during that period, will open with doubt the pages of Count Montalembert's last pamphlet, bearing that inviting title, "The Victory of the North." For the imposing figure of this French writer and parliamentary debater comes up to most memories in a dubious light. Every one remembers the dazzling eloquence with which he defended Poland; but few have forgotten the sinister attitude which he presented to the friends of unlimited democracy in the debates of the Assembly in 1850, when the fate of European freedom seemed to tremble in the balance of oratorical encounters. His motto was once: *Le pape, et le peuple,* and under this sign he fought most of his brilliant parliamentary duels. Will the friend of Lamennais this time, we might have asked, be found on the side of the slave and his liberator, or the ultramontane defender of the Sonderbund again denounce the victorious cause of the majority? Little reading, however, will suffice to dissipate that doubt. The versatile and spirited Frenchman stands unequivocally on the side of the Union, of the republic, of liberty for all.

"It is well known," he says, on the second page of his pamphlet, "that we are not in the habit of strewing incense to victory, of applauding conquerors. We do it now for the first time in thirty years; be sure, we shall not abuse this novelty; it shall not become our habit. Allow us then to enjoy this rare pleasure without reserve, connecting our present emotion with those days, so rapidly vanished, when the Charter of 1814, the deliverance of Greece, the emancipation of the English and Irish Catholics, the conquest of Algeria, and the creation of Belgium, successively adorned the youthful era of this age, gladdened all liberal hearts, and marked the stages of true progress. Now, after so long an interval, we have again a happy victory. We see, for once, evil vanquished by good, force triumphant in the service of right. We have the rare and supreme enjoyment of witnessing, in this world, the success of a good cause, served by fair means and won by honest people."

You see it at once: sympathy with the people here drowns the sympathy with the Pope, although "a mighty and invincible, but perhaps involuntary, instinct has ranged on the side of the slaveholders all avowed or secret partisans of fanaticism and absolutism in Europe; all open or secret, political or theological, enemies of freedom." He remarks with pain how often liberty is checked by "opinions falsely religious and blindly conservative, such as in 1821 sided with Turkey against Greece; in 1830, with Holland against Belgium; in 1831, with Russia against Poland; and now sides with the slaveholders of the South against the abolitionists of the North." He grieves over the fact that, excepting Dr. Brownson, he can discover no champion of negro emancipation among the Catholics of the United States, and he marks with loathing the sacerdotal character in the anonymous author of "De l'esclavage dans les Etats Confédérés, par un Missionaire," a "shameful book," inspired by a "perverted moral sense." He regrets that old and instinctive aversion for America so wide-spread among Catholics, the origin of which may be traced back to the powerful influence of de Maistre, "a great man, who is indebted for his renown more to his exaggerations than to his great mind, and whose paradoxes have gained more success and fame than his genius and good sense." It is he who, speaking of the young American republic, said contemptuously: "*Laissez grandir cet enfant au maillot.*"

"Well," our author exclaims, "this child has grown up; it has become a man, and the man is a giant. That despised, ridiculed, and slandered people has shown, in the most formidable crisis through which a nation can pass, an energy, a devotion, an intelligence, a heroism, confounding to its enemies and surprising to its most ardent friends; it now takes a foremost rank among the greatest nations of the world."

We stop quoting here, as it is our object to introduce not only the pamphlet but its author to our readers. What he says of our republic, our people, our late contest, its cause and its issue, is more forcibly, more strikingly, more concisely and brilliantly said by him than, perhaps, by any other friend of the American cause; but it is not new, and can be instructive to intelligent Americans only as a recapitulation. His comparisons with the actual condition, and even with the historical character, of France, so flattering to this country, will be novel only to the French. His sarcastic allusions to the "saviours" of European society—the Cæsars—who, in reward of their services, "demand only honor and liberty;" the corporals so eagerly proclaimed "Messiahs" by "servile nations, who cannot be reassured or consoled by a temporary dictatorship, and find their ease and shelter only in abdication"—those sparks of republican ire may produce electric shocks in France, to us they are but flashes of *esprit.*

The son of a royalist count, who fought under Wellington against the armies of Napoleon, and was chosen to announce to Louis XVIII. his accession to the throne, Charles Forbes Montalembert was a youth of twenty when the catastrophe of July, 1830, drove the Bourbons into a new exile. Nursed in the faith and veneration for religious authority which had been revived after the terrible storms of the Revolution, and covered with so much new lustre by de Maistre, de Bonald, and Chateaubriand, but growing to manhood in a period when royalism was again daily losing its prestige—disfigured as it was by the littleness of Charles X., and the alternately sneaking or obstinate spirit of his tools or advisers—ardent, imaginative, and impetuous, he naturally became a disciple, and subsequently a co-laborer, of Lamennais, who, in October, 1830, raised his democratico-ultramontane banner in the *Avenir,* for "God and liberty, the Pope and the people." Lacordaire, who had independently reached the same range of thoughts, but could still be designated by some as "the best of Lamennais' works," was among their associates. The *Avenir* was a constant fiery protest, in the name of faith and universal conscience, against oppression and materialism, against caste and individualism, against inequality and centralization, against Gallican hypocrisy and state education. It fought the new dynasty, the university, the Gallican Church, and all foreign powers. Poland, Ireland, the liberty of conscience and instruction, were the principal themes of Montalembert. With Lacordaire and de Coux he also opened a free school, without permission from the university, in order to combat the more openly the contested rights of the Government to interfere in matters of education. The school succumbed, but the trial of the teachers proved a moral triumph to the accused. Montalembert having, in the meanwhile, inherited from his father the rank of peer, brilliantly pleaded his cause before the High Chamber on the eve of the abolition of hereditary peerage in France. At the same time, in November, 1831, the publication of the *Avenir* was suspended, owing to the general clamor raised by the Jesuits, as well as by the bishops, whose Gallican privileges were assailed; but the three principal editors repaired to Rome, in the hope of winning over the Pope to their doctrines. But Gregory XVI. was a different man from Leo XII., in whose oratory Lamennais had found his portrait, seven years before, and who had called him the last father of the church; and the Lamennais of 1831 was himself a different man from the Lamennais of 1824. A covenant between him and the Vatican was an impossibility; declared submission or declared opposition were the only alternatives. Lamennais chose the former with a reservation, his associates without any; the *Avenir* was condemned by a papal encyclical, and ceased to exist.

The three pilgrims returned to Paris, sadder, if not wiser. Lamennais retired into rural solitude, from which he issued, as a prophetic-like tribune, the author of that terrible revolutionary chant, the *Paroles d'un croyant,* and the boldest foe of both state and church, which he remained to the end of his career. Lacordaire, with the same intensity and ardor, verged to the other side, resigned all other guidance than that of the Roman Church, began to preach, returned to Rome, openly renounced the doctrines of the *Avenir,* entered the order of the Dominicans and the convent of Minerva, and finally we see him, a white-robed friar, with shaved head, in his

* "La Victoire du Nord aux Etats-Unis. Par le Comte Montalembert, l'un des quarante de l'Académie Française." ["The Victory of the North in the United States. By Count Montalembert, of the French Academy."] Paris, 1865.

chair of Notre Dame, in Paris, or travelling through the cities of France delivering glowing sermons, full of peculiar charm, to enthusiastic audiences, and re-establishing his order throughout the country. Montalembert held a middle ground between his two friends, according to circumstances leaning more towards the one or the other, but in the main preserving his former attitude. Decidedly more Catholic and orthodox than before, and inclined to religious pastimes in literature, among the numerous fruits of which is his renowned "Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," he became, as member of the re-organized Chamber of Peers, the untiring champion of unlimited freedom in matters of religion and education, as such the most vehement enemy of the university, and finally the recognized leader of the Catholic party; but at the same time he defended with equal ardor and with noble eloquence the perfect freedom of the press, the rights of the poor, the cause of oppressed nations, not only of Ireland against Protestant England, but also of Poland against Catholic Austria on occasion of the annihilation of the Republic of Cracow, which procured him one of his greatest oratorical triumphs. Comparing Poland to the fabulous giant buried under Etna, he exclaimed, "They thought to destroy a people; they have created a volcano!" The cause of the Swiss Sonderbund he zealously advocated, not only as Catholic, but as that of the weaker party, but it was far from being popular, or having the appearance of liberalism. Neither did he hesitate to eulogize the Jesuits. The Revolution of February, 1848, which he predicted, gave a new turn to his career.

In the spring of that year we find our three friends, formerly of the *Avenir*, united as members of one National Assembly, the Constituent, but divided by benches, which represent opinions. Lamennais has elaborated a radical constitution of his own, which is rejected by the committee as visionary, and which he refuses to modify. He protests by his silence against the doings of others, and being returned to the *Législative* leaves his Mountain bench only on the fall of the republic. Two benches from him sits Lacordaire, in his Dominican habit, but, despairing of finding listeners to his peculiar theories on the reconstruction of state and society, soon resigns his seat. Far from them, on the extreme right, we see Montalembert, who has declared himself a republican, but has also become a member of the reactionary "electoral committee of the Rue Poitiers." The spectre of vandalism, against which he formerly often struggled in matters of state and church combined, evidently frightens him now in the stormy political arena, appearing to him in the shape of socialism, communism, and red republican anarchy. Many another former friend of liberty sits near him, and occasionally they cast together a liberal vote. He, too, is returned to the Legislative Assembly, and it is here, chiefly after the signal victory of the socialists in the supplementary elections of March and April, 1850, that we see him in the full prominence of reactionary leadership. He speaks with the same flaming eloquence for the restriction of universal suffrage with which he formerly struggled for the equality of all. Victor Hugo is his antagonist, but hardly his equal in debate. Their duels are tremendous shocks; the Mountain and the Right, the "peuple" and the "bourgeois," applaud alternately. Neither is victorious in the assembly or in the nation; the wily prince president uses one against the other, and, overthrowing the constitution, makes himself sole master.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851 Montalembert protested against the imprisonment of the legislators, but allowed himself to be appointed a member of the consultative committee, which position he resigned, however, soon after. He was subsequently elected a member of the French Academy, and shortly after to the Corps Législatif, in which he sat till 1857, being for a time almost the only opponent in that body of the imperial Government. His hostility to the latter, the oppressor at the same time of the people in France and of the church in Rome, became from day to day more pronounced and intense. The "red" spectre had vanished; Bonapartism alone, which assumed even some of its features, was now the foe of everything sacred to Montalembert; he dared defy it. Tried for attacks on the constituted authorities, in the shape of a pamphlet eulogizing the English Parliament, he was condemned, but pardoned by the Emperor; he spurned his pardon, but remained unpunished. He returned to his former democratic convictions, though without renouncing his Catholic sympathies or allegiance to the see of Rome, even the temporal rights of which he defended against imperial or Italian encroachments. Defeated as candidate for re-election to the legislative body, he became more active as a pamphlet writer and contributor to literary and political periodicals. One of the fruits of that activity, always full of life, warmth, and vigor, is the excellent pamphlet before us.

In this we see him more decidedly democratic, and less Catholic, than ever. He still cherishes his former predilections; he speaks with tender fondness of the progress and services of the Roman Church; he still glorifies La Vendée and mourns Louis XVIII.; he still repeats his bitter denunciations of the violent suppression of the Sonderbund; he even defends the companions in arms of Lamoricière in the battle of Castel Fidardo, fought against Italian unity. But all this sounds like an echo of former convictions, like a remembrance of ancient loves. His really heartfelt sentiments are all for republican freedom, equality, justice, and humanity. His detestation of imperialism, slavery, constitutional or religious falsehood, is expressed in words well worthy of a true friend of Lamennais. He stands now nearer to the latter than to Lacordaire. His Catholicism does not restrain him from giving the palm for wisdom, virtue, and even religious greatness to a Protestant nation, Protestant statesmen, and Protestant presidents. He does it without reserve, often with passion. He speaks calmly, and mingles words of severe truth and censure with those of admiration; but warm affection is the prevailing sentiment. He has compassion, and even admiration, for the South; but he is convinced that "at no epoch of history has a great political struggle been carried on—has a political cause triumphed—with so little cost to justice, humanity, or the human conscience." "Liberty, civilization, democracy, have not the slightest reason to blush." The abolition of slavery, achieved by this Protestant nation, together with the abolition of the slave-trade, carried through by another, is to him "the chief conquest of contemporaneous civilization—its claim to redemption and eternal honor."

But, in conclusion, let the author, in a few passages, define himself his present political position, his political creed:

"The American Federation ranks now among the greatest powers of the world. All eyes will henceforward be turned towards it; all hearts will be agitated by its destiny; all minds will be illumined by the light of its future; for this future will be more or less our own, and its destiny will perhaps decide ours. . . . . We all belong to an irrevocably democratized society, ... though it is true that nations, like individuals, preserve under all régimes their free will, and remain responsible for their destiny. How to use this free will in the midst of the impetuous and apparently irresistible current of the tendencies of the time—this is the great problem. In order to solve it, we must, before all, comprehend these tendencies, be it to combat, to follow, or to direct them, according to the laws of conscience. . . . . The study of contemporaneous facts is not a matter of preference, but of instruction. We are not made to choose between things which we like or dislike, but between the things that are. I will not argue with those who have not yet done their mourning over the political past of the Old World—with those who still dream of a theocratic, monarchical, or aristocratic reconstruction of modern society. I understand all kinds of regrets. I share myself more than one of them. I honor some of those I share not. I have as much as others of the religion, perhaps of the superstition, of the past; but I reserve to myself the faculty of distinguishing the past from the future, as much as death from life. . . . . The modern world has become allotted to democracy, and there remains only the choice between two forms of democracy, but two forms differing as much from each other as night and day; between disciplined, authoritative democracy, more or less embodied in one all-mighty man, and liberal democracy, in which all powers are restricted and controlled by unlimited publicity and individual liberty; in other words, between Cæsarean and American democracy. . . . . My choice is made."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

RELIGIOUS DUTY. By Frances Power Cobbe.—A VIEW AT THE FOUNDATIONS. First Causes of Character. By Woodbury M. Fernald. William V. Spencer, Boston.

NINETEEN MONTHS A PRISONER OF WAR. By Lieut. G. E. Sabre. American News Company, New York.

GOMERY OF MONTGOMERY. By the Author of "Philip Thaxter." Two vols. Carleton, New York.

THE JOURNEYS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN: From Springfield to Washington, 1861, and from Washington to Springfield, 1865. By William T. Coggeshall. Columbus, Ohio.

THE WORDS OF THE LORD JESUS. By Rudolf Stier, D.D. Vol. I.—THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY. THE EARLY DAWN. THE DIARY OF KITTY TREVYLYAN. By the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

Science.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

A CHEMIST of this country has patented a new ink from the residuum of petroleum refineries, or the so-called waste product. Inks for printing have been made since the origin of printing from linseed oil and resin, and many substitutes have been tried with indifferent success. Linseed oil and resin have been very dear, and will continue so for some time, and any improvements in the printer's favor will be welcomed by the press. The present invention consists in taking the residuum, deodorized, and carbonizing it with the waste acid, thereby making a sort of wax for the foundation of the ink, which requires but little resin or lamp black. The ink is said to feed well, does not fill the type, and leaves a fine color without staining the paper. The price, as estimated by the cost of ingredients used, should be about half

that of linseed oil inks. Some fine colored inks from the aniline colors are also said to be cheaper and more brilliant than those made from vermilion. We have also a fine specimen of "white beeswax" made from petroleum, besides "tanner's oil," "pure sperm oil," and "sperm candles" from the same.

—Linoleum, or artificial india-rubber, is the subject of a new patent taken out in England. It is made from linseed oil, or rather linseed oil is converted by some chemical action into a jelly quite like rubber, and is said to be as impervious to acids and water.

—A new mode of engraving has just appeared in France. The metallic surface to be engraved is coated with a thick solution of chalk; when dry, the figure or lines are drawn on this chalk with an oil ink or thinned printers' ink. A soft brush is then used to bring the lines out in relief, and the whole is finally brushed over with silicate of soda or liquid glass, when it becomes as hard as stone.

—A chemist at Buffalo, New York, has patented a process for making soap which retains the emollient properties of glycerine. He puts the ingredients into a retort, and, under great pressure, combines the alkali and oil so readily that but one boiling is required. It is said a ton of soap can be made in five hours, and with a saving of some ten per cent. in material utilized above the old process. An addition of twenty-five per cent. quartz introduced into the retort with the other ingredients forms a fine silicated soap with the utmost ease.

—The manufacture of Waterbury brass, which is now a heavy business, employing several hundred hands, commenced with an ingenious mechanic making some coat buttons from sheet brass. Then a neighbor wanted some, and finally he constructed a simple machine for making them, by which he and his heirs got wealthy, and now a million dollars are invested in machinery in his native town.

—Theine dyes, even if made from tea, can be made as cheaply as the aniline colors, and equally as brilliant. So says a chemist who is perfecting arrangements for manufacturing them on a large scale in Europe. The demand for the aniline colors is remarkable, and the demand bids fair to exceed the supply.

—A new and cheap material for making paper is found in the *esparto*, or Spanish grass-hemp. It is asserted to be as good as manila, and grows on the plains of Spain in great abundance.

—Fleitman's new method of making oxygen, professedly with great economy, is as follows: Take a strong solution of chloride of lime, the stronger the better, and then add one part of peroxide of cobalt to one thousand parts of chloride of lime. Heat gently, and connect with gas-receiver. Pure oxygen gas is so necessary for chemists, and of such incalculable benefit in the arts, that any cheap method for generating it will be a most important discovery. The Drummond light can be made for light-houses very cheaply, and the principle of supplying oxygen in large enough quantities to support flame and fuel from common air may be put to practical uses. We should not be surprised if oxygen could be economically supplied to petroleum, to do away with the chimneys, as the insufficient supply of this gas in common air seems to be the reason why chimneys are required.

—A French chemist has invented for summer use a fuel of this description: Ground charcoal four parts, starch one part, made into paste-balls, which are dried. When kindled, they will burn without smoke or flame a long time, with intense heat. A four-ounce cake will boil one gallon of water, it is said.

Fine Arts.

THE PROPOSED DESIGNS FOR THE CENTRAL PARK GATES.

At the exhibition of the National Academy of Design were five large drawings, illustrating designs by Mr. R. M. Hunt for four entrances to the Central Park and for a terrace in connection with one of them. These drawings were named in the catalogue as if their "subjects" were already objective, for instance: No. 106, "Central Park—Entrance at corner of Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street," and No. 112, "Central Park—Rear View of Terrace at Entrance corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street." Photographs of these drawings are now for sale; the title of each picture is lithographed on the card-board on which it is mounted, and after each title are these words: "Designed by Richard M. Hunt, architect, and adopted by the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park." It seems, then, that the four southern gateways to the park are to be built after these designs. As the southern wall of the park is nearly completed, and is only waiting for the gateways, and as it is already a very long time since gateways were first talked of and reported about, it is probable that the work will soon be begun. These designs, therefore, demand the notice of all who care about the character of our decorative architecture.

There will be about twenty gates in all, but it is intended to build first the four at the southern end of the park at Fifty-ninth Street. It is for these four that Mr. Hunt has prepared his designs. We propose to criticize them briefly; and as the photographs are sold only at an extravagant price, and as the designs contain so many details that no memory could carry away any exact picture of the work, we shall describe as concisely as we can.

Of the four designs for entrances, that for the corner of Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street is much the best. In its general character it is simple and well adapted to the purposes of the entrance. There is this natural advantage in favor of this over the other main entrance on Fifty-ninth Street—namely, at the corner of Fifth Avenue—that the roads of the park, as they were originally laid out and built and still remain, are at this point the more naturally arranged, and lend themselves the more easily to help out a good design. The most is made of this advantage by the really successful adaptation of the architectural structures to the carriage drives and foot-path.

Two carriage drives enter the park at this place, one running nearly parallel and close to Fifty-ninth Street, the other running nearly parallel and close to Eighth Avenue. Between each of these drives and its neighboring street or avenue is a footpath. These drives and paths enter the park from an open area, given by the park from off its south-west corner, of the general shape of a quarter circle; and they seem to radiate from the centre of that quarter circle, one path and one road northward, one path and one road eastward. Now the natural way to place the gateways for this corner of the park is the way which, in the case before us, the architect has adopted. Across each foot-path, at its beginning, swings a double iron gate, hinged to high posts, apparently of marble, and not heavier than is necessary to bear the weight and swing of the valves. These posts take up none of the width of the walk, which, when the gate-valves are swung back, is quite uninterrupted. In order to separate the footpath entrance from the carriage entrance by something more than the thickness of a gate-post, and, at the same time, to take up nothing of the needed width of road, the carriage entrances are advanced more out of the park than the others; one post of each carriage gateway is set directly in front of the adjoining post of the footpath gateway, and a panel or bay of iron fence, like the gates in design, connects these two gate-posts, completing the enclosure of the park. This arrangement is much better, both in appearance and in convenience, than if the two gateways were immediately side by side. To each carriage drive are two gates of two valves each, so that the central post which divides the exit from the entrance gateway carries two gate-valves, one on each side. From a proper feeling it is made much larger than the others, not twice their size, only, but many times larger; and is treated, architecturally, in a very different way, being used for the pedestal of an equestrian statue. Between the two carriage gates is a part of the low enclosing wall of the park, here arranged with a continuous seat of stone.

The drawing which sets forth this design (it was No. 106 in the catalogue of the Academy of Design Exhibition) is a view from a great elevation, as from a balloon or high tower, of the whole site and surrounding of this entrance. It is probably not an isometrical drawing, as it seems at first, but rather, if we have rightly observed, an ordinary perspective view taken from a point of sight high above the ground. Owing to the nature of the drawing we have been able, in describing the general character of the design, to speak with as much confidence as if a map or plan of the whole were in question. The praise we have given the design it evidently deserves. But owing to the small scale of the drawing, it is impossible to see all the architectural detail, the minuter portions being lost. Thus it is evident that Ionic capitals are used, but whether they are good Ionic is not so clear. Indeed, there is some uncertainty whether these capitals crown pilasters in every case, or whether some of them belong to three-quarter columns. This uncertainty in regard to some of the details is the more to be regretted, because what is visible of this detail is not good. The design of the gate-posts, for instance—whether it is of four pilasters or of four engaged columns that the body of each is made—is very inappropriate. Each is a clustered pier, cruciform in plan; there is a base, in plan a Greek cross, and very high, about five feet high it seems to be; upon this stands the cluster of pilasters or parts of columns; four halves of Ionic capitals look four different ways; and upon these rests a full classical cornice, which breaks around and into the twelve angles of this cross about four feet in greatest dimension, as if around the corners of a temple. The whole pier is about fifteen feet high, and upon each pier is placed a globe with a spread eagle perched upon it. The design

seems as bad as it can be, until we find a worse one at another gate. The classical order could hardly be more improperly used than by this assembling together of its strength, four-fold, to hold up an eagle, while the blacksmith fastens into the face of the pilaster and into the base-mouldings or the plinth the iron hinges for the heavy gates. On the other hand, a worse gate-post could hardly be designed than by this selection of the least beautiful of the classical orders, and the use of it at considerable expense, where a granite block or a square brick pier would have been in every way better. The large central piers which support equestrian statues are each decorated with eight of the Ionic pilasters, leaving sunken panels between them. These larger piers are more graceful in shape than the small ones, but their details seem to be the same. They serve well for bases for the statues on them; as well, at least, as high, narrow, and isolated pedestals can serve, that is, they hold the statues up where they can be seen. Of course the worst place for a portrait statue is in the open air, and raised so high that the face cannot easily be seen. And these statues we suppose to be portraits. It is hard to say from the look of this design which of the four rather forced and fanciful names given to the Fifty-ninth Street gates may belong to this one, but it must be either the Scholars', the Merchants', the Artisans', or the Artists' Gate, and these horsemen must be portraits of persons eminent in one or another of these departments of human industry, since they certainly cannot be allegorical figures. Along the quarter circumference formed by the piece of wall which joins the two carriage gateways, and standing on little pedestals which rise just above this wall, are more statues, though these are on foot. Seven statues of marble or bronze (they seem to be marble), two equestrian statues, and eight eagles and globes! Truly the Commission should be very confident that they are using their statues in the best way—that they are setting them up where they can best be seen and enjoyed, most safely preserved and most useful to the park—before they spend the fifty thousand, sixty thousand, or seventy thousand dollars which this collection of them will cost.

The principal entrance to the park has always been that at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. Almost all New Yorkers know the arrangement and connection of the roads and paths at this entrance. There is an open area, given by the park from off its south-east corner, rectangular in shape and about two hundred feet wide by three hundred long. From the northern end of this five gateways open into the park, all side by side and in a line running east and west. The outer one on each side is for a foot-path, between are the carriage entrance in the middle, the carriage exit to the west, and the bridle-path gate to the east.

There are two drawings which illustrate the design for this entrance. One is a bird's-eye view like that of the Eighth Avenue entrance; the other is called "Rear View of Terrace near the Entrance at corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street," and shows, besides the terrace itself, the gate-posts from one side in ordinary perspective. The drawings differ slightly as to the statues upon these gate-posts, but not as to their character. In all other respects, except a minor one, they seem to agree. The gate-posts, then, are built of solid stone or marble, with slightly sloping sides, quite plain except for a Doric cornice at their tops. As the sides slope inward, in order to get a vertical "hanging-style" for the gates to swing from, a sort of pilaster is built up from the base to a sufficient height in the middle of each side. In height these piers seem to be about fourteen feet. The two which divide the foot-paths from the drives and rides between are about five by ten feet in size of plan, the others are about five feet square. All are used as pedestals for statuary. The two larger ones support what seem to be copies of the popular and much copied groups known as the "Horses of Marly." The smaller piers hold single statues of men or groups each of a man and a dog. But the statuary is not clearly made out, and it would be hard to give to this gate its distinctive name from this alone or from anything which this drawing shows. Passing the sculpture, then, we find the gate-posts themselves certainly much better than at the Eighth Avenue gate. There is nothing deserving of special praise—they are only solid and suitable piers; nor is there anything deserving of blame, if we except what seems to us the degradation of the Doric cornice, thus put, with all its triglyphs, to do duty eight feet above the eye, and to answer no purpose except partially to conceal the sculpture above it.

The most remarkable feature of this entrance is the terrace near it, a structure which, if it should ever exist except in drawings, will be more entirely an addition for the purposes of ornament than anything about the park. It continues the open area outside the gates, projecting out over the low banks of the lake to the westward. The top is semi-circular, and raised a few feet above the level of the footway at this point, with two flights of steps going up to it, and a dwarf wall and continuous stone bench for parapet. So it shows from the Fifth Avenue side. From the park it shows as ornamental water-works: the semi-circular structure that supports the terrace above rises out of a double flight of water-steps—little cataracts one above another, with spouting fountains to each step. Below we have a circular basin, into which these cataracts pour, and a fountain in this also. There is an archway in the circular wall of the terrace, and out of this and into the basin of the fountain rides a bronze Neptune in his car, drawn by seven (or six, the large fountain obscures the view) bronze horses, who, in the large manner of the equipages of the marine gods, prance and bound in seven different directions.

This terrace, with its accessories—itself an accessory of no value at all—would cost a great deal of money. Useless as it is, injurious, as Mr. Vaux has shown it to be, to the meaning and purpose of that part of the park, expensive as it must be, the city would bear the cost of it with a little more grace if it were only beautiful. But it is very ugly. It is bare where it needs ornament, and covered with badly-designed and false ornament where none is needed. Feeble and worthless details are bad enough where we need the structure they are of, and must accept them for lack of better; but here, parts of an excrescence that nobody wants, and which would please nobody to see built but the architect and contractors, every one of them is an injury and an offence. Here is the old stock-in-trade of modern French pseudo-classical ornament, emblematic, all of it, no doubt, crowded with meaning; if only it were not such bad art, if only the meaning were not so commonplace. The bronze vuglarities have their ruling group, also of bronze, on the top of a tall column of poor design, namely, the coat-of-arms and its supporters of the city of New York "in the round"—an heraldic device not familiar to heralds, and certainly not ornamental. But if the presence there of that group is intended to dedicate the whole gate and its surroundings to the city of New York; if this is to be "the New York Gate," and if all the gods, men, dogs, horses, griffins, lions, eagles, and splashing water are in any way emblematic or representative of the city, the citizens should seriously protest, and beg the Commissioners to re-adopt the name they gave it before.

We have been in doubt which of the four names of the four Fifty-ninth Street entrances might belong to the Fifth Avenue, which to the Eighth Avenue entrance. But there can be no doubt as regards the other two. Easily recognizable marble personifications are sitting about each. The Sixth Avenue clearly leads to "The Artisans' Gate;" the Seventh Avenue to "The Artists' Gate;" and there is no doubt or dispute possible.

The Sixth Avenue entrance is graced by the presence of six goddesses or genii (the word *genius* must needs be of epicene gender when we talk of allegorical personages), who evidently have charge of the mechanical arts. They are raised on huge and high pedestals, each decorated with moulded cornice and base, round pediments, and sunken panels filled with slabs or bas-reliefs. They are colossal; yes, many times larger than life. They sit in an eternal calm, as goddesses should, having nought to do but to guard the sledge-hammers, driving-wheels, and other utensils which they bear as their attributes. The Seventh Avenue entrance has but four muses in attendance, but each of the four has in charge the little naked boy who is usually found at the knees of any personified Fine Art. The "hard-grained muses" of the mechanical arts at Sixth Avenue are comparatively modern conceptions; if little boys had been sent to learn of these, they perhaps had been clothed; but it is a sacred tradition that the pupils of Sculpture and Painting shall be nude. The goddesses here, too, are recognizable by their attributes; at least, she on the left with the Ionic capital must be Architecture; she with the sphynx must be Sculpture; she on the right next the gate may be Astronomy, but the presence of her colleagues indicates that she is Painting; that the flat tablet is a drawing-board or a stretched canvass, and that the apparatus below is not, as it seems, a globe.

The worship of personified virtues and arts and natural forces is the worst form of archaic superstition that exists, paralyzing the arts wherever it has influence. The day of such vanities is gone, never to return. The only art that is good for any people is an art that has reference to things the people are interested in and understand. If there is anything in which the American people are not interested and which they do not understand, it is the mythological *repertoire* of the modern classical artists. Even the personifications of the Pilgrim's Progress are less familiar than they were, and are less *alive* since the literature of the nineteenth century began its reign. The stock allegories of art are interesting to us only as we are a little antiquarian in our tastes, or very much under the influence of the artists of the sixteenth century.

The Seventh Avenue entrance has for its gate-posts two high, square piers, with colossal busts upon them, made to look a little like the popular Greek abstraction of Hermes. And, if this artists' gate is to be Greek in design, our very limited knowledge of Greek allegory and glyptic art will

hardly supply a better emblem. But it should not be a gate-post; that much we think is evident; and it should be Greek and *not* French Greek, modern Greek, sham Greek, as these are. So with the Victory or Fame, who, perched on a lofty Ionic column, overlooks the scene and holds out crowns to the artists who are to throng this gate; a good statue of Victory or Fame is as good an emblem as we can get if we must have emblems; but the top of a high column is no place for it, and so badly designed a column as this, so clumsy, such a caricature of the Greek order, has no place on earth. And so at the Sixth Avenue entrance, the symbolism is not the worst thing; the worst things are the bad architecture, the poor and feeble bronze columns with composite capitals upon them and spiked globes for finials upon these, the little brackets branching out of the motley shaft, to hold lanterns and help carry the gates, the poverty of the details so plainly visible even in these small-scale drawings, the meaningless introduction of flagstaffs and "gonfalons," and the alteration of the whole face of the ground thereabouts, for the purpose of gaining a little commonplace "effect" on entering.

It is noticeable that Mr. Hunt has almost perfectly well *conceived* his subject. It is evident that he has grasped the whole matter in hand and can handle it. The accessories are all provided and set down as if already "in the form" somewhere. And this fact makes us the more sorry for the unmistakable badness of these designs and the more afraid of them. For it is clear that these are the designs themselves, matured and thought out and finished, and by no means crude and hasty sketches. The architect and the Commissioners know what they are about, it would seem, and are satisfied to go on and add these gateways, just as they see them in these drawings, to the beautiful Central Park.

For the community's sake we hope that something will prevent such a misstep as that. The fine arts in New York can hardly bear so severe a chill as that would be; they are not hardy enough yet. The people need no more examples than they already have of bad architecture and misapplied ornament. Let us have gates as plain as those of a farm-yard, unless the ornament shall be appropriate and the design beautiful.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

SINCE our last weekly notice, the Secretary of the Treasury has caused to be published the official state of the public debt of the United States, of all descriptions, as on 31st July ult. The following are the condensed figures:

PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES, JULY 31.

5-20s original	$514,780,500
5-20s new	91,789,000
6 per cents, 1881	282,961,450
10-40s, 5 per cents	172,770,100
Old 6 per cents	19,339,592
Old 5 per cents	27,022,000
Total gold-bearing	$1,108,662,642
7-30 per cents	$830,000,000
6 per cents, compound	212,126,470
5 per cents, notes	39,954,230
6 per cent. certificates	106,706,000
6 per cent. stock to Pacific Road	1,258,000
Deposits on interest	99,116,845
Total currency-bearing	$1,289,156,545
Greenbacks	$433,160,569
Fractional	25,750,032
Requisitions	15,736,000
Total free of interest	$474,646,601
Less on hand	116,739,632
Net Currency	$357,906,969
Debt past due	1,527,120
Total of all Debt	$2,757,253,276
Annual Interest in Gold	64,521,837
Annual Interest in Currency	74,740,630

The total debt of the United States on the previous statement of May 31 was $2,635,205,753, and it is generally admitted, since the appearance of the last exhibit, that the increase of $122,048,523 in the two months is much less than could have been reasonably expected from the extraordinary closing settlements with the army on the occasion of its being disbanded. The sudden cessation of the war in April and May devolved on the Treasury a large sum total of requisitions for June and July, which would have been otherwise spread over the fall months.

It will be noticed with much pleasure that the balances on hand in the

Treasury, on 31st ult., are unusually heavy; so that, after providing for the extra requisitions referred to, the Secretary has ample resources to conduct his finances hence to the meeting of Congress, by the economical employment of his cash balances and accruing revenues and the judicious use of his 6 per cent. certificates of indebtedness. His cash balances are:

In gold	$35,337,857
In currency	84.401,775
Total	$116,739,632

It is probable that Mr. McCulloch will not suffer his gold balances to accumulate further at present, as his gold interest for three months to come is very light, while he will require $10,950,000 in currency to pay the 15th of August interest on the first series of $300,000,000 of 7.30 per cents, which sum he can readily derive from his surplus gold customs, by the gradual sale of seven or eight millions of gold, now believed to be going on. His accruing customs and revenue for August, September, and October, all in gold, may be estimated thus, including the out-ports:

August	$13,000,000
September	11,500,000
October	10,500,000
Together	$35,000,000
Present balances as above	35,337,857
Total	$70,337,857

His gold interest, to be paid:

September 1, on 10-40s	$4,319,252	
November 1, on 5-20s	18,197,085	
		22,516,337
Gold surplus after November 1 interest,		$47,821,520

The gold customs for July turned out $9,908,000 at New York (being almost 72 per cent. of the whole) and something like $3,850,000 at the out-ports; making a total for the month of $13,758,000. For the first four days in August our customs at New York are more than equal to the daily average of July, but are scarcely expected to run so throughout the month.

The accruing currency revenues from internal taxation are coming in quite freely, and will afford in August an average of nearly a million of dollars per day; most of the revenue taxes being made payable every month.

The outstanding certificates of indebtedness, at twelve months' date, bearing six per cent., amount on the present statement to $106,706,000. This time last year they amounted to $180,591,000, and on the meeting of Congress last December to about $250,000,000.

Altogether, the present exhibit and prospect of our national finances afford ground for increased confidence in the conduct and security of our large public debt, and also reflect credit on the practical skill and sound management of the present finance minister of the Government. It would be desirable to have such plain, straightforward exhibits of the state of the Treasury and the condition of the public debt at the close of every *month* in place of every sixty days.

Business during the past week has been very active among the dry goods importers. They have paid customs on over three and a half millions of goods in value, and are said to find a free market for nearly all descriptions. The foreign general merchandize import entries are also on a liberal scale. The gold customs on the dry goods and general merchandize market will exceed two and a half millions.

The export trade has not improved on the present week's return from the Custom House, but we learn that a large amount of cotton is in the course of shipment for Liverpool, not yet cleared at the Custom House, but which will appear in the next or succeeding weekly returns. The breadstuffs export is not encouraged by the latest news from the European crops and markets. The orders for shipment previously on hand were interfered with by the rumors of last week of bad harvest weather in some sections of the West, which induced a sudden speculation in wheat for home account. As these rumors are now found to have been grossly exaggerated, the market has become quiet.

The receipts of cotton for the week are over 15,000 bales. The estimates of the stock of old cotton remaining in the South continue very unsettled, but the freedom of the recent receipts at New Orleans, Mobile, and Memphis has induced greater confidence in the estimates of about 1,500,000 bales at the close of the war.

The European demand for United States 5-20s was active early in the week, and amount transmitted this week nearly two millions—last week nearly three millions. This operation appears to keep down the rate of exchange on London, notwithstanding the firmness in gold and the large calculations indulged in by the gold speculators that the current heavy importation of goods must throw the foreign balances against us.

The firmness in gold is not so marked at the close of the week as in the beginning, and the quotation is 143½ as against 145¾ last Saturday.

Money is dearer to the brokers and at one time difficult to borrow at 7 per cent., but on Friday and this morning the disposition to lend at this rate is quite equal to the demand from borrowers on call. Mercantile paper is 7 to 10 per cent. per annum.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The U. S. 5-20s, old issue, rose to 107 per cent. at the beginning of the week on a very heavy order from London, but subsequently returned to 105½ to 105⅝ per cent. At the close they were 106 for the old and 105 for the new. The 6 per cents. of 1881 have slightly declined from 107¼ to 107; the 10-40s are the same as last Saturday, 97¼ per cent.

The 7.30 per cents (Currency Loans) fell to 98¾ for the second series early in the week on a momentary pressure of some large parcels from Government contractors, who subscribed to the loan last spring, and hypothecated the notes in bank for four months. The price is now 99¼ per cent. Treasury certificates are 97½ to 97¾ per cent. for the issues of 1865. The issues of last year have mostly found a resting place in bank, and cannot be had much under par value, as they are fast running to maturity.

STATE SECURITIES.

There is not much business in New York State stocks or in Border State bonds this week. Tennessees are 70½ to 71 per cent.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The mortgage bonds of most of the leading roads are firmly held, and but seldom offered at the stock exchange. The bidding is about as follows:

N. Y. Cen. 6s, 1883	92⅛	Chi. & N. W. S. Fund	91
N. Y. Cen. 6s, R. Est.	85	Chi. & N. W. Int. Bs.	75
N. Y. Cen. 6s, Subscrip.	87	Chi. & N. W. 1st M.	80
Erie 1sts, ex d., '68	101¾	Ham. & St. Jos. L. G.	90
Erie 7s, 2d mort., 1879	103⅛	Del. L. & W. 1st mort	103
Erie 7s, 3d mort., 1883	100⅛	Del. L. & W. 2d mort	103⅛
Erie 7s, 5th mort., 1888	95	Tol. & Wab. Equip. Bds.	60
Buf. N. Y. & E. 1st M, '77	93	Mil. & P. du C. 1st M.	97
Hud. R. 7s, 1st '69	100	Pitts., Ft. W. & C. 2d M.	93
Hud. R. 7s, 2d S. F., '85	102	Cleve. & P. 4th mort.	70
Chi., B. & Q. 8 per cent. 1sts	108	Chic. & Alt. S. F.	95
N. Ind. Gosh. Line '68	90	Chi. & Alton 1st mort	96
Mich. S. & N. I. S. F. 7 per cent.	95	Chi. & Alton Income	88
Ill. Cen. 7 per cent, 1875	112	Ohio & Miss. 1st M.	70
Alton & T. H. 2ds Pref.	70		

Erie shares this week declined from 98 to 87, and then went up to 90¼ to 91 per cent. New York Central is now sold *ex* dividend, and stands 93 to 93¼ as against 95½, including the 3 per cent. August dividend. Reading is 107 to-day, the same as last Saturday; Hudson River is 113 per cent.; Michigan Central 109, same as last week; Michigan Southern declined from 67¼ to 66¼; Pittsburg 72¾ to 71; North-West firm at 28; North-West preferred advanced from 62⅝ to 63¼ per cent.; Fort Wayne declined from 98½ to 97¾ per cent.; Rock Island 108¾, same as last Saturday. Market rather tame this morning.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

The changes not important since last week.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold 143¼ to 143½; bills on London 108 to 108¼ for gold.

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public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, has started on a journey through the South. His letters will appear hereafter every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

It embraces among its regular or occasional contributors the following names:

Henry W. Longfellow,
James Russell Lowell,
John G. Whittier,
Samuel Eliot (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford),
Professor Torrey (Harvard),
Dr. Francis Lieber,
Professor Goldwin Smith (Oxford),
Professor Child (Harvard),
Henry James,
Charles E. Norton,
Judge Bond (Baltimore),
Edmund Quincy,
Professor W. D. Whitney (Yale),
Professor D. C. Gilman (Yale),
Judge Daly,
Professor Dwight (Columbia College),
Professor Tayler Lewis (Schenectady),
Judge Wayland,
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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE week is garnished with a first-class defalcation—in the Phœnix Bank of this city, involving a large number of accomplices, a suicide, and an exposure of private immorality suited to the most corrupt taste; a first-class accident—the culpable collision of two steamers on Lake Huron, by which the *Pewabic* was sunk in five minutes, and nearly a hundred lives sacrificed; and a first-class failure, unless there be really a chance that it is not a failure—that of the Atlantic Cable, which, according to our latest intelligence, had been visited with a third total loss of insulation, at the end of twelve hundred miles. That the other defects have been repaired, however, still affords ground for hope.

The Union State Convention of Maine was held at Portland on the 10th. Its resolutions were clear and outspoken. They assert it to be the duty of Government to hold the rebellious States under provisional rule, so long as they cannot be safely trusted with the power of a free republic, and to demand as conditions of reconstruction the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, the removal of all disabilities on account of color, and perfect equality secured to all. They urge the punishment of the Confederate civil and military authorities, and before all Jefferson Davis, for the crime of treason. They recommend an amendment of the Constitution to make the representation to Congress equal and uniform. They declare the national honor pledged to confer on the people of color in fact as well as in name all the political rights of freedom. On the first ballot for Governor, Gov. Cony, the present incumbent, received 553 out of 564 votes, and was then unanimously nominated.

CERTAIN citizens of Oberlin have addressed a letter to Gen. J. D. Cox, the Union candidate for Governor of Ohio. They enquire, feeling somewhat afraid of a reply in the negative, whether he is in favor of amending the State Constitution by striking from it the word "white," and of giving the freedmen the privilege of suffrage. The very long letter which they elicit may be summed up briefly enough. The General believes that there is an insurmountable antagonism of races at the South, and that the only hope of a homogeneous population there lies in colonizing the blacks in a territory carved out of Florida, Georgia, and one or two adjacent States. This he would organize as a dependency of the United States analogous to our Western Territories, allowing full political privileges to the inhabitants. He thinks that thus the people of color will be enabled to develop their capacity to the utmost, and no longer be as at the North lawyers without a brief, or doctors without a patient. To tolerate the present commingling of blacks and whites he conceives to be the preservation of confusion, which the bestowal of the ballot upon the former would but make worse confounded.

A GANG of ruffians in Greenwich, Conn., on the night of Saturday week, attacked the house of a peaceful and respectable colored citizen named Davenport, for the purpose of outraging the persons of himself and wife, who happens to be a white woman. This marriage took place some two years ago, but the parties were obliged to retire to this city until the prejudices roused by the occurrence should be allayed. A few weeks ago they returned, and the riotous demonstration followed. It was headed by a notorious blackguard and dangerous character, who had worn the army blue without honoring it, and was a worthy member of the "Hellfire Club." The attempt of the mob to intimidate the inmates of the house was seconded by an onslaught with various missiles. They persisted, against the warnings of Davenport's aged mother, and she fired twice at them with an old-fashioned blunderbuss. The returned soldier fell, not undeservedly, and his supporters fled. Davenport was duly arrested, a coroner's jury empanelled, and a verdict of "justifiable homicide" correctly rendered. The prisoner was, of course, discharged. The most extraordinary part of the whole proceeding was the remarks addressed to Davenport by two of the jurymen, after their verdict had been announced. A Mr. Philander Button, deacon of the Congregational Church, instead of branding with infamy the disturbers of the peace, reproached their intended victim for marrying a white woman. This he conceived to be "doing a great wrong to the community." To be sure, it was not forbidden by law, but it was a great impropriety, and tended "to excite the strong disapprobation of citizens." As a friend, he advised Davenport to leave the town. While he stayed, he should be protected as he just had been, but he would be in danger, and had better go. He would not ask Davenport to abandon his wife; unfortunately that could be effected only through the laws of divorce. He acquitted him and his mother of all blame in this matter, but thought him deserving of severe censure for his behavior in other respects. Dr. Hoyt said ditto to Deacon Button, and was shocked to find that the prisoner seemed to glory in the act of self-defence by which a fellow-creature had been slain. "We must," he added, speaking for the jury, "by the usages of society and the laws of decency, disapprove of your life." The inhabitants of the town, however, think themselves well delivered of Ludlam Chard, and appear to have lost no particle of their former respect for Davenport, who is a sober and worthy man. Nevertheless he has prudently left Greenwich again, and, as a sad termination of the affair, his father has gone insane. We hear of no prosecution of the cowardly offenders.

GOVERNOR PARSONS, of Alabama, has issued an address to the people of that State, providing for the appointment of State officials, and the resotration of the civil authority. He is emphatic in his acknowledgment that "there are no more slaves in Alabama," and that "the Slave Code is a dead letter," and that "they who were once slaves must be governed by the laws of Alabama as free men." The address is in most ways unexceptionable, but the loyal Alabamians are, nevertheless, not satisfied. We have received a letter from a captain of the First Alabama (Union) Cavalry, now in Montgomery, in which he says:

"President Johnson has unjustly appointed an out-and-out rebel as Governor of Alabama (that is not the only State so served, either). Gov. Parsons, of Alabama, introduced a bill into the Legislature of that

State, while a member under the Confederate régime, to outlaw every Alabamian who enlisted in the Federal Army, striking at twelve hundred men of my regiment. Now he is appointed Governor under Federal authority, and that regiment reports to him. Many of the officers, including Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General Spencer and myself, immediately mustered out, refusing to serve any longer.

"We go home to live under laws approved and enforced by a man whom we have been fighting for four years."

Mr. Stanton recently authorized a statement to be made that he had, since Lee's surrender, sent 790,000 men to their homes from the Government employ. On being asked how many remained, he answered that the close of the war found 1,000,000 in the service. It is hard to say which is more remarkable, the skill and energy displayed in raising, organizing, clothing, and feeding such enormous hosts, or the skill and promptness displayed in breaking and scattering them. And in what other nation could such a host have been disbanded without communicating even a tremor to the body politic?

Three or four hundred soldiers paraded the streets of New York on Friday last in procession, to let the world know that they were in want of employment, and that the public was not dealing fairly with them. Considering the object they had in view, they cut a sorry figure; for, as far as we could see, they were all well dressed and able-bodied. The fact is, that many of these gentlemen are a little over particular about the kind of situation they will take, and display an unreasonable fondness for city life. Anywhere out of New York they can find work in abundance, and it is scarcely fair to blame the merchants here for the overcrowding of the labor market in this particular spot wrought by the laborers themselves. The shocking condition in which so large a proportion of the poorer classes live, is two-thirds due to their dislike of the country.

It is difficult to keep pace with the numerous official and unofficial reports of the condition of the freedmen. The municipal authorities of Washington have evaded a law of Congress directing them to provide for the education of the blacks at the Capital. The Eastern Shore of Virginia has lost in the course of the war two-thirds of its able-bodied black men and one-fourth of their women and children. The capable men who remain are earning ten dollars a month, with board and lodging, as farm hands, and are hired by the year. Nobody could believe, without unquestionable evidence, that the attack of the colored on the white railroad laborers at Acquia Creek, on the night of August 1, was wanton and unprovoked. The latest version of the affray traces the difficulty to an altercation between a negro and a white man, in which the former met firmly the threats and intimidation of the latter. The gang of whites conspired to seize and flog the negro, which they did unmercifully. The black gang undertook to avenge their comrade. An examination has resulted in sending the ex-Confederate soldiers, for such they were, to the chain-gang of Petersburg, imprisoning the superintendent who encouraged them, and reinstating the black laborers. In Stafford County a slaveholder named Allsop attempted to retain his slaves by force, until compelled by the military to set them free. The potency of the President's Proclamation *ab initio*—a point to which we alluded in our last—is to be tried in the person of John Minor Botts. He has refused to pay the wages of a negro servant whom he owned and held up to the time of Lee's surrender, though the slave had abundant opportunities to escape. An interesting case has just been decided at Norfolk. A colored woman sues for her hire as a cook since the occupation of the city by the United States troops, May 10, 1862. Defendants assert that she did not comply with the bond, and that the relation of master and slave had been so disturbed by the presence of the military that they were unable to compel her labor. Plaintiff denies that the status of the colored people was changed until the date of the Proclamation, and even then Norfolk was specially excepted from its operation. As no proof was adduced of a failure to comply with the bond, the verdict was given in the woman's favor. The hostile feeling between whites and blacks is said to be abating in Norfolk. At Fortress Monroe the Freedmen's Bureau of the district recently disposed of grain, lumber, and cotton, the products of the freed people, amounting to upwards of $15,000. Renewed abuse of the colored people has broken out in Richmond, so as even to elicit from them a petition to Gen. Terry. The colored men are forming a Loyal League, which is likely to be a numerous body. The colored schools in Richmond have closed for the season. From North Carolina we have more stories of violence, including the murder of four colored men in a manner that strongly recalls the worst enormities of the border-ruffians in Kansas. Some conflict has arisen between the civil and military authorities in regard to jurisdiction, with the usual result. The disarming of the negroes under an old State law has been stopped. In the interior of South Carolina the contract system is making some headway, and, as an experiment, is moderately successful; unless supported by troops, it would be nullified by the bad faith of the planters. The black colonists of the islands are doing well, as ever. Gen. Canby has informed the persecuting whites of Louisiana that the enforcement of State and local laws which discriminate against the people of color will not be permitted, and that the United States courts alone have jurisdiction in respect to the latter. Every county in Mississippi has now some officer of the Freedmen's Bureau. More than 10,000 contracts have been signed and registered by more than 50,000 freedmen. The crops look well, and the laborers are industrious. Not a dozen freedmen west of Little Rock, Arkansas, are receiving aid from Government, but all are self-supporting. Gen. Swayne writes from Mobile in high praise of the behavior of the freedmen of that city. They are subjected to the ill-will of the rabble, and to extortions by the city authorities. Gen. Fisk exposes the unnecessary distribution of rations to the people in his district, and calls for a reform. He has already cut off all "professional" refugees. The present system is promotive of ignorance, idleness, and crime. A case of downright bad faith—a three-fold breaking of contracts—on the part of an ex-slaveholder, has been brought before the court of the Freedmen's Bureau, in Nashville. Kentucky has furnished 28,818 black troops to the national army. They are all retained in the service, and a part have been sent to Texas. 24,000 women and children have been freed by their enlistment, under the law of Congress. The war has freed altogether 100,000 persons in Kentucky.

Another Southern bishop manifests scruples about praying for the President while military rule is exerted in his diocese. Bishop Green, of Mississippi, charges the clergy under him to await the restoration of the civil authority before they pray for the head of the nation. Like Bishop Wilmer, he hopes that the Church North and South will be kept as distinct as they have been made by the rebellion.

The only three Provisional Governors who are acquitted of all complicity with rebellion, are those of Florida, Texas, and Tennessee. Gov. Marvin, of the first named State, has undoubtedly the easiest task before him. He has been preceded and is supported by a judicious military rule, and the people are submitting quietly to the social revolution. His appointments are said to be discriminating, and not all in favor of a reaction. Gov. Hamilton, of Texas, is one who was expelled for his loyalty from the district to which he returns a potentate. He made a speech soon after his arrival in Galveston, elaborately contraverting the doctrine of secession. In a proclamation issued from that city on the 25th of July, he announces the registration of the loyal as preliminary to any election, and lays down the oath which must be taken. The convention to be assembled will be empowered to alter and amend the present Constitution of the State, *or frame a new one*—an important alternative, which we do not remember to have seen suggested by any other governor. The absolute, irrevocable destruction of slavery is dwelt upon. "The negroes are not only free," says Gov. Hamilton, "but I beg to assure my fellow-citizens that the Government will protect them in their freedom." How much is meant by a subsequent sentence we will not venture to predict:

"Candor compels me to say to the people of Texas that if in the action of the proposed convention the negro is characterized or treated as less than a freeman, our senators and representatives will in vain seek admission to the halls of Congress."

It may be remarked here that there is no mention of color or reference to State laws in the qualifications required of voters. Gov. Brownlow can congratulate himself on the orderly conduct of the Tennessee election of the 3d, even if only four loyal candidates out of eight were chosen to represent the State in Congress. Horace Maynard is one of these. Emerson Etheridge was defeated.

THE Kentucky election on the 7th resulted in the choice of at least five of the nine Union nominees for Congress, Rousseau defeating Mallory in the fifth district. Louisville showed what can be accomplished even in a slave State by a press from which the gags have been taken off. The city gave a handsome majority for Rousseau, and elected all her candidates to the State Legislature who were favorable to the Amendment. The Union party has overcome the pro-slavery majority of the last election, but it is doubtful if the Amendment will be ratified.

THE White House has been condemned as a summer residence, from the experience of the present and a long series of years. A Presidential mansion is to be selected on Georgetown Heights.

GEN. THOMAS said at Elmira, on the 10th, that "Maximilian would have to get out of Mexico, or we would hurry him out. The Monroe Doctrine must be enforced." We hope he had some better reason for this undertaking than that "we are now in a condition to hold our own against the world." It is easier to hold our own than to hold somebody else's.

WADE HAMPTON, who was one of the most determined of the soldiers who served under Gen. Lee, has written a letter to the editor of a Southern journal, in which he warmly urges all rebels not to think of leaving their country, but to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. This, he says, is the course which he intends himself to pursue. As no one is so weak as to believe that Mr. Hampton has become a loyalist, or that he has changed his political opinions in any respect, it would not be difficult, even had he been silent on the subject, to guess his motive of action. What that motive is he frankly states. He looks to a renewal of the old struggle in the Union. Having done his worst for slavery as a soldier in rebellion, he submits to the decision of arms, and purposes, not to accept the issue as final, and behave like a man of peace, but to fight as hard as ever he fought, but with the weapons that are adapted to political warfare. He is not without hope that the cause lost on the field may be retrieved at the polls. Knowing the country well, he is aware that "a united South" would hold out great inducements to a party in the North to come to its aid. Should the South become as one community, and the colored population remain disfranchised, it would be sure to regain its ancient position, could it prevail upon even less than a fourth part of the North to coalesce with it as firmly as they did in 1856. But it would much lessen the prospect of the South becoming united, were many of the disbanded rebels to leave the United States in disgust, either for Mexico, or Brazil, or any other country. Hence Mr. Hampton earnestly advises them to give up all thoughts of emigration, and to trust to the future and to the Democracy for bringing about the return of better days—that is, better days for the country's enemies, but decidedly worse days for the country. How far his ideas of restoration extend we have no positive means of ascertaining, but judging from the well known character and opinions of the man, we think we do not go too far when we say that probably he looks to the restoration of even slavery itself. There is nothing new in this. Partisans of a restoration are the most extreme of extremists. The hottest of liberal radicals is a man of ice compared to them. There were men in the first Parliament of Charles II. who would have restored even the Star Chamber and the High Commission Court; and it is not quite fifty years since *la Chambre Introuvable* would have restored the old monarchy in France, including the Bastile and *lettres de cachet*. We think it is Lamartine, himself a royalist of those days, who describes that chamber as being "like another France dug out of the ruins and the ashes left by invasion." We do not believe it would be possible to elect a Congress in the United States that would closely resemble the French Chamber of Deputies that met immediately after the second Restoration; but such men as Hampton and those who think with him would think it possible, and their labors would be governed by their belief. The effect would be to keep the country in a state of constant fever. Repose would be unknown. A new revolution would eventually take place. The struggle between parties would be not unlike to that which characterized French politics from 1815 to 1830. The Revolution of July was an effort on the part of the thinking men of the French nation to get rid of rulers who were determined that there should be no quiet in their country until it should consent to resume its old chains. We should have a similar struggle here, and the second rising against the slaveocracy would be fatal to them, unless they should chance to be victorious. The contest would have to be fought under flags that should indicate that no quarter could be granted by the victors.

ONE hardly knows whether to rejoice or to be amused at the honors now paid at the South to Labor, that hitherto much abused and despised divinity. The New Orleans *Picayune* says the demoralization of the negroes of Louisiana has led the whites to take hold vigorously and industriously of the necessary work, and, in consequence, they have produced some of the best crops now growing. The *Southern Cultivator* (of Georgia) shows the advantages that will accrue to the household from the mistress attending to it herself. Her æsthetic sense will no longer be troubled by a shabby row of negro shanties. She will not be responsible for the nurture of babies not her own. There will be no sick to attend to, nor idle and quarrelsome servants to keep busy and peaceable, nor any more cutting-out of "vast piles" of negro clothing. And domestic theft can now be easily traced and fastened upon the delinquent, and, "with the gang of little negroes turned off," there may be some fruit left in the orchard, and perchance some vegetables in the kitchen garden. In town, to be sure, the duties of the mistress will be considerably increased. But then, what a gain it will be to call upon her children for help! We may venture to say, that, for the girls to take care of their own chambers and the family rooms, yea, and even to be required to do it, "will be a life-long benefit to them." More yet: "If they have to pick up and arrange what they have carelessly scattered, to remove the dirt and litter they bring in, they will soon be educated to neat and orderly habits." After this, no wonder that the Lynchburg *Republican* can declare: "Labor is a duty every man owes to himself as well as to the community in which he lives," or quote Carlyle: "Consider how, in the meanest labor, the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work!"

THE sight of a cruel instrument for punishing and preventing runaways at the South, suggests the importance and historic value of a collection which shall for ever remain a mute yet powerful witness of the horrors of American slavery. The Tower of London might be rivalled in this department. We suggest to Mr. Barnum that he has here a field worthy of his best energies. But he must be active and betimes, for between the self-condemned slaveholder and the emancipated slave the evil vestiges of the late barbarism will fast be destroyed.

STILL further intelligence from South America acquaints us with the sanguinary progress of the war on the Plate River. On the 11th of June a naval engagement took place on the Paraná, near Riachuelo, a short distance below Corrientes. The Paraguayans had a fleet of eight steamers and six floating batteries, carrying forty-seven guns, besides a land battery of thirty guns. The Brazilian fleet consisted of nine steamers with sixty-two guns. The conflict was desperately waged from 9 A.M. till 4 P.M., the Paraguayans making the attack and being terribly defeated. Only four of their steamers withdrew. Their land forces, however, have been more successful. The army which was threatening Rio Grande crossed the Uruguay below San Borja in the face of slight opposition, and afterwards entered that place, which was abandoned by its garrison. The army invading Corrientes has been largely reinforced, and it seems doubtful if the Argentine commander

Gen. Urquiza, can check it. President Flores, of Uruguay, had arrived at Buenos Ayres with three battalions on his way to the field.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE has arrived in England. The friends of Bishop Colenso presented him with £3,330 on the eve of his setting out for Natal. It is rumored that Lord Palmerston will retire from office before the new Parliament assembles. Prussia is agitated with questions of free speech and free meetings. The working-men of Berlin have provided for a monster gathering to assert the latter right. The proposed banquet to the liberal deputies at Cologne was broken up by the military on the 22d. On the following day the members were reunited at Oberlahnstein, and were not interfered with till near the close of their proceedings, when the hotel was cleared and some arrests are reported to have been made. The cholera still infests the Mediterranean. Malta has suffered to an alarming extent, and by non-intercourse is now more than ever isolated. Spain has been invaded.

IT appears by the English emigration returns, that seven persons out of ten of those who leave British soil come to the United States. This is the strongest testimony that could possibly be offered of the general security and prosperity enjoyed in this country—evidence which no other kind of statistics could possibly refute. There are immense tracts of fertile waste land in Turkey, Russia, and the Danubian provinces, but who thinks of emigrating to those countries?

FOUR men have at last lost their lives in making the descent of the Matterhorn, and as one nearly lost his life last year, it is to be hoped that the "Alpine Club" will now subside for a while. The practice which Ruskin stigmatizes of using the Alps as "a greased pole" for young men to exhibit their dexterity upon has had a fair run, and neither the health nor character of the English youth is at all likely to suffer by their confining themselves during the next few years to the safer peaks and passes.

IT was one of the grievances of the old order of things in this country, that colored seamen from the North were detained in jail as long as their vessels tarried in many if not all of the Southern ports. Samuel Hoar was expelled from Carolina for attempting to contest the legality of this regulation, in behalf of certain citizens of Massachusetts who had been unjustly restrained by it of their liberty. Nor was any other effort to obtain redress effectual. We learn that complaints against the same iniquitous practice in Cuba have been laid before the French marine and colonial minister. In a circular to the chambers of commerce, dated June 30, he says that he is informed from the French consulate at Havana that the measure complained of is a general one, and has been often protested against to the Spanish authorities, without success. There is, however, a way to avoid the rigor of the law. Captains can retain their colored seamen on board by giving bonds, which are never exacted in money, the affidavit of the consignee being accepted instead. We hope, if any case shall arise involving the rights of a colored citizen of this country, that our protest will be vigorous enough to be respected. The world has got beyond being bullied by a slaveholding aristocracy, whether its head be in Richmond or Madrid.

AN immense Saengerfest has been held at Dresden, beginning on the 22d of July. More than fifteen thousand singers congregated there from all parts of Germany, besides representatives from the societies of London, Paris, Lyons, St. Petersburg, and New York. Each society had its banner in the grand procession, where more than a thousand of them waved together. At the concert given on Sunday, the King and Queen of Saxony, several princesses of the imperial family, and many ministers were present. When the performance was over, the seats were converted into tables, and the rest of the evening was spent in drinking toasts and making speeches.

AN international agreement was signed at Geneva on the 22d of August, 1864, and ratified at Berne on the 22d of June last by the representatives of France, Baden, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, Prussia, and Switzerland. The preamble sets forth the desire of the powers in convention to mitigate, as far as may be, the evils inseparable from war, to suppress useless rigors, and to ameliorate the lot of wounded soldiers on the field of battle. Ten articles follow, guaranteeing the neutrality of military hospitals and ambulances, so long as they contain either sick or wounded, and remain unguarded by a military force; also, of all those persons legitimately connected with them during the exercise of their functions. In case of occupation by the enemy, these persons may continue to discharge their duty under neutral protection, or may rejoin the forces to which they belong, at their option. If they prefer the latter course, they shall be forwarded to the enemy's outposts by the army of occupation. The property of hospitals remains subject to the laws of war, but those who withdraw from them shall retain their private property. Ambulances will be entirely released. The inhabitants of the country who shall bear succor to the wounded shall be respected as neutrals, and shall be so forewarned by the generals on either side; and whatever house receives a wounded soldier shall have in him a safeguard, nor shall any troops be quartered upon it, nor any war-tax exacted of it. The sick and wounded shall be collected and cared for without regard to their nationality, and commanders-in-chief may forward to the enemy's outposts his wounded during the conflict, when circumstances permit and both parties consent. Those who, upon recovery, are found to be incapable of service shall be returned to their country, and the remainder on condition that they will not take up arms while the war lasts. Evacuations, and the persons directing them, shall be covered by an absolute neutrality. A distinctive and uniform flag shall be adopted for hospitals, ambulances, and evacuations, to be accompanied in all cases by the national standard. An armlet will also be admissible to protect the neutrality of persons, but the bestowal of it shall be left to the military authorities. The flag and armlet will bear a red cross on a white field. The details of the execution of this agreement shall be left to the commanders of the belligerents, subject to the instructions of their respective governments. Other powers are invited to join those who have already contracted. Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, Greece, and the Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, have already signified officially their adhesion. Portugal, Hesse, and Wirtemberg only await certain necessary formalities before following suit. No doubt our own country will make haste to do the same. The Government acted constantly throughout the war in the spirit of this beneficent agreement.

PRIOLEAU, the partner in Liverpool of Trenholm, the late rebel Secretary of the Treasury, holds the bills of lading of a quantity of cotton consigned to him by the rebel government in its last hours, to be disposed of on its account. The cotton has arrived in Liverpool; he is out of pocket in consequence of his dealings with the "young nation" to the tune of £20,000, and consequently he holds on to it. The United States Government, as the legal owner of the effects of the Confederacy, has moved in Chancery for an order to restrain him from disposing of the cotton or bills of lading, and the cause was argued July 26, before the Vice-Chancellor. His decision is a curious one, but as it decides nothing, the order being simply interlocutory, there is not much to be said about it that would interest anybody but a lawyer. He holds that although the United States take the property of the defunct government, they take it subject to its contracts; and he has therefore allowed Prioleau to hold the cotton, as security for his debt, until the hearing two months hence.

THE length of the Mont Cenis Tunnel will be 12,200 metres. At the close of last year 4,083 metres, or a good third of the whole, had been pierced from both ends. To this has been added, between January first and June tenth of the present year, 654 metres. The boring machines are now greatly retarded by encountering a stratum of granite and quartz. This had been accurately predicted by M. Sismonda and other geologists, who assigned 2,000 metres as its probable distance from the exterior of the mountain. M. Sommeiller (who is evidently no sleeper) meets with it after advancing 2,090 metres.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—REDUCTION OF CURRENCY.

THE recent statement from the Treasury put at rest, quite suddenly, the wide-spread predictions of embarrassment which followed the closing up of the last 7.30 per cent. loan. It was said that the borrowing power of the Secretary was at an end until the meeting of Congress; that his wants through the ensuing four months would be great; and that nothing short of "forced loans" or discreditable postponements would save the Treasury from bankruptcy. So confidently were these rumors assumed as facts, that in at least one instance the opposition press in this city urgently advised the President to call Congress together, insinuating at the same time that he could do nothing else to save the public finances. There was more said of even a less charitable nature. The public debt was represented as having grown so rapidly since the termination of hostilities that the Secretary dare not make his statement to the country. The idea that he could control or command the money market to his "necessities" through the fall months was sneered at as something altogether out of the question. Even some of the leading spirits of the New York bank parlor were casting about —and we are not sure but a few of them still indulge the fancy—to see how and when they could serve Mr. McCulloch, expecting very soon, of course, to be called upon, and be sought, like old Trabois, in the "Fortunes of Nigel," to "come down" with a small loan "*for a consideration!*"

It is not within our present purpose to notice all the "plans" of bank "accommodation" which were supposed to be in embryo near the close of July, though some of them would, perhaps, be amusing enough to the financial if not the general reader. That they have not been matured, or, if matured, asked for by the Secretary, is one among many proofs that the official statement of July 31 is a surprise, and in more senses than one.

The condition of the Treasury established the fact that the Secretary is master of the situation. His debt was swollen by the sudden heavy requisitions made after the close of hostilities to pay off a disbanded and disbanding army and navy, of course, but not to the extent by one or two hundred millions which the wild and (some of them) wicked rumors had given out. The total for two months had been increased only $122,000,000, and his requisitions had been paid off almost to the last dollar. The remnant of claims in the Department, awaiting the proper audit or proper receipt, was less than sixteen millions, and he had one hundred and sixteen millions in his till, of which thirty-five millions were in gold. He had not used his power (which, by-the-way, is unlimited) to issue certificates of indebtedness as rapidly as he had paid off the old certificates maturing in the sixty days by twenty millions of dollars. The outstanding total of this class of paper had been reduced in the course of his five months' administration of the Treasury nearly one hundred millions, and to a point one hundred and fifty millions below the maximum of last November, on the eve of the meeting of Congress. It is also found since the statement appeared that the internal revenues of the Government are bringing into the Treasury from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 per month in currency, and the customs revenue from $11,000,000 to $14,000,000 per month in gold. From the last named source alone it is calculated that he could derive seventy millions in currency, if need be, from the sale of his surplus customs at any time before the 1st November, and yet leave a balance of $18,000,000 or $20,000,000 in gold, and the whole of the November customs, for the half-yearly coupons to be presented in the course of that month on the 5-20 loans.

It is thus seen that the ways and means for the four months to come are as ample as the progress of the public debt, and the prompt liquidation of the claims growing out of the close of hostilities is signally gratifying. In round numbers, the Secretary's cash balance to begin with is over a hundred millions, gold and currency, while the revenues for the four months should be, and we have no reason to doubt will be, over one hundred millions in currency and fifty millions in gold to the first week in December, when Congress will convene, while in addition to his power to employ new certificates to meet any deficiency, he has some unexhausted remnants of old loans, amounting in the aggregate, perhaps, to eighty millions, of which over half is authorized in compound legal tender notes. We do not know that he will resort to any of these balances. We are almost sure he will not increase, *but rather seek gradually to diminish, his interest-bearing legal tenders.* This will probably be his first step looking to a contraction of the currency. He has the assured ability to do so, by his present independent command of the money market, so far as his own finances are or were supposed to be dependent upon it; and while we look for nothing rash or precipitate from Mr. McCulloch, we believe he has the purpose to set about the gradual but certain contraction of the currency in the direction referred to.

Such a policy might check speculations in gold and railway stocks and in the commodities of the corn exchange, but it would conserve, if not advance, the public stocks of the Government. The real credit of these stocks undoubtedly rests, and their market value should rest, on the thorough soundness and security of the public finances, and not on the mere fact that the interest is paid in gold, and made by the high price of gold more valuable for the time than most other sources of income. While, therefore, the real or substantive attraction to these stocks is their solidity and security as an emanation of the public faith, amply backed by taxation, every holder should feel, as most of them did after the battle of Gettysburg in 1863, and after Lee's surrender last spring, that his bond is more valuable to him, and its credit a greater source of pride, with gold at 120 or 130, than while speculation, on the pretext of a redundant legal tender currency, holds it firm between 140 and 150 per cent. in the midst of peace.

The war loans of the Government were popularized from the start, with a very few unimportant exceptions. They were placed directly among the people, without sacrifice to the Government. They were subscribed for at par, and are still held for the most part, and will continue to be held, irrespective of the contingencies of ordinary speculation, whether on the stock or gold exchange. It is not too much to assume that they will rise in credit with the gradual fall in the volume of what is now played upon by speculation as a redundant Government currency.

The public debt, having passed through the fiery trials of the war against rebellion at the South and the menaces and misrepresentations of a discontented opposition at the North, seeking, through the Presidential canvass of 1864, to seize the reins of government, is now being rapidly cleared up for the peace establishment. Its assumed total of three thousand millions has ceased to be a terror to the loyal masses, as it was made to appear in the whirl of party politics and vicious gold gambling last fall. It has almost ceased to furnish aid to the demagogue and comfort to the disaffected. It is found that the burthen is not too great to be borne, in its amplest measure, nor too unwieldy to be diminished, year by year, by taxation and the development of the taxable resources, until the close of the next decade shall find the principal less than two thousand millions and the rate of interest no greater than five per cent. Beyond that period we shall not undertake to forecast the movement of our so-called war debt, which, even at its maximum, is less by a thousand millions than the war debt of Great Britain after the general peace of 1815. The difference in population and resources between Great Britain then and the United States now we need not comment upon. It is sufficient to know that we are as able to bear the burthen of interest, and even more solicitous to set about liquidating the principal. The cause in which both debts were incurred was too sacred for the thought of repudiation, even if our burthen were greater than it is, and the instincts of both peoples too honest as well as too practical and persevering to halt by the way under any discouragement. Such is the experience of the British debt for the past fifty years; such, we are assured, will be the experience of the public debt of the United States for the next fifty years, should it be suffered so long to remain unpaid, which we are far from believing.

INDIAN BLOOD.

Deacon Button's remonstrance addressed to the negro in Connecticut the other day for not letting himself be mobbed quietly for having married a white woman, suggests some enquiry as to the reason why the intermarriage of negroes and whites should be popularly considered so very outrageous, and even criminal, while the intermarriage of whites and Indians is considered either not blameworthy at all, or only an offence against taste. For Mr. Button, it must not be forgotten, is simply a specimen of a large class, and when he blurted out his sermon to Davenport, he simply expressed at an unfortunate time a feeling which is entertained by thousands of the same mental calibre, though more reticent than himself. If Davenport had been an Indian, Mr. Button would probably have said his say in his behalf, in his stupid way, as heartily as anybody, and been just as indignant over the attack on his domestic quiet as the more intelligent and Christian members of the community have been.

Now, why are the Buttons of the country less horrified by matrimonial alliances between whites and Indians than between whites and negroes? Or, to put the question more strongly, as well as more correctly, why is it considered not only no disgrace, but something to be boasted of, for a white man or woman to have Indian blood in his or her veins? Why do a large number of very respectable families throughout the country mention this as one of their genealogical claims to respect? Why is it that if one of Mr. Button's ancestors had married a squaw, he (the present Button) would probably mention the fact with a chuckle, and neither see in it, nor expect you to see in it, any impropriety beyond what might arise from the squaw's want of familiarity with the usages of genteel Caucasian society?

It must not be forgotten that as between the personal appearance of the Indian and the African, according to our notion of beauty, there is really either nothing to choose, or the negro has decidedly the advantage. The long-faced, eagle-nosed, gentlemanly-looking ragamuffin who figures as the "Indian warrior" in illustrated editions of Cooper, we need hardly say, has never been found anywhere else. The "stern reality" was always a flat-nosed, high-cheek-boned, low-browed, large-mouthed, heavy-jawed, villanous, and stupid-looking person. In mere expression, that most important attribute of the human countenance, there has probably never been an Indian who could be compared to two-thirds of the American negroes. The Indian, as we find him, and have always found him, wears two looks, neither of which is matrimonially prepossessing—the one of utter vacuity, the other of devilish ferocity. Most negroes, on the contrary, who have ever been relieved from the bestial drudgery of the plantation, have faces which, if homely in outline, at least light up, if not with high intelligence, with social instinct and sympathy.

In character it is difficult to rate the Indian too low. There is no proof that he ever raised himself above the condition of a hunter, and all attempts made to civilize the race by influences brought to bear from without, have proved such utter failures as to lead many to doubt whether it is capable of civilization at all—the very worst charge that can be brought against a race. He has lived for ages in the same condition, or, in fact, a rather worse one, than the tribes in the interior of Africa. The arts in which he has excelled are those in which all savages excel. He has displayed considerable skill and courage as a fighter, but his mode of warfare has always been of a kind for which the civilized world has little esteem. Of the possession of soldierly qualities, in the civilized sense of the term—amenability to discipline, sense of the value of subordination, mutual confidence, self-forgetfulness—he has never given any proof. His personal habits are dirty, his whole appearance revolting, and the defects of the race are, as usual, more marked in the women than in the men. Yet to have sprung from the loins of a cut-throat of this sort is actually considered to this day by the Buttons of America as, if not a feather in their cap, at least nothing to be ashamed of. The negro, on the other hand, even if we take him as his enemies describe him, has always had in this country a social value far beyond any that has ever been assigned to the Indian. He has proved himself capable, if not of the highest order of cultivation, of a very high degree of civilization. He has founded and carried on more than one political organization, which, even if imitative, is in every way respectable. He has filled most of the humbler spheres amongst ourselves with efficiency and credit. He was in the last century in nearly all the States a citizen. He is singularly facile in temperament, and takes what is called polish of exterior with remarkable readiness. His countenance is pleasing, even when ugly, and he has proved himself, in this country at least, as capable as large numbers of the whites of comprehending and acting upon the leading social and political ideas of the age. And he has submitted on the battle-field, both in our service and in that of other countries, to that supreme test of soldiership—standing in line or advancing under fire on open ground—with complete success—a test to which we venture to say no Indians were ever exposed or could be got to submit.

That there are objections to intermarriage between whites and negroes we freely admit, and it is not a part of our present purpose to examine them; but there is not one of them which may not be urged with equal force against intermarriage between whites and Indians. On moral and political, psychological and physiological, grounds, as well as on grounds of taste, there is just as much to be said against one as the other. Not that the Buttons ever go so far into the matter as this. Their objection to negro marriage is simply one of feeling. The word "nigger" contains in it something that inspires loathing, they cannot very well tell why; the word Indian does not.

The fact that so many negroes have been slaves will not account for this preference for the Indian. Men of other races have been enslaved without damaging the matrimonial prospects of their descendants, or making alliances with them seem an ineffaceable disgrace. The real ground of the preference amongst the Button genus, we think, is to be found in the greater ferocity of the Indian, and if it be the true one, it furnishes a curious commentary on what is called Christian civilization. Attempts to enslave, mob, rob, or maltreat Indians, they have generally met by cutting the throats of the perpetrators, and dashing out the brains of their children on the first favorable opportunity, while the negroes have usually submitted, if not peaceably, without much show of resistance. If the spirit of Christianity in practice pervaded our thoughts and feelings, and exercised as much influence on our judgment as it does in theory, this, instead of lowering the negro in our estimation, would have raised him. As it is, not only has it destroyed all respect for his rights, but it actually so completely blunts the moral perception of an ordinary man, that a Congregational deacon is led to consider his marrying a white woman of his own rank in life a good reason for depriving him of the protection of the laws.

The evil suggests the remedy. Instead of advising Davenport to leave Greenwich, which we believe he has been compelled to do, we should advise him and all others like him to stay where they please, and cause it to be clearly understood that attempts to commit violence on their persons and property would be repelled by force. Unless the negro can manage to infuse into his composition a little more of that strong feeling of resentment for injuries received which the Indian has in excess, and which nevertheless has atoned for most of his crimes, and made Caucasians consider him a good match, and which in the moderate and reasonable degree in which it is found in the Anglo-Saxon communities is really the foundation of social order—the basis on which governments rest and must rest—the work of elevating him will be greatly increased. No government can put a policeman behind every man's chair or at the head of his bed. The work of maintaining order and protecting private rights is done in the main in all communities by the thorough understanding which prevails that most men will defend life and limb, house and wife and children, with the first weapon that comes to hand. Flogging and knocking down at the South will never entirely cease as long as there are men who will submit to be flogged and knocked down. And there will always be Buttons who will lecture blacks for defending their homes against marauders, as long as there are not more blacks ready, like Davenport's mother, to shoot people who attempt to break their houses open and to murder or mob them.

PROBABLE EFFECTS OF SOUTHERN FREE LABOR ON NORTHERN INDUSTRY.

It has become evident that among the great changes which must result from the late war will be changes in the relative industry of the different sections and in the channels of trade. Some of these changes

will have been hastened by, but cannot be wholly attributed to, the war.

To begin with New England. A few years since, New England had a large population which was engaged in general farming—in the cultivation of large farms. The families of the farmers furnished operatives for the factories, the daughters constituting the larger proportion of the weavers in both the cotton and the woollen mills. But for many years it has become evident that New England must yield to the West in the cultivation of all the great staples of food, reserving only the raising of stock, of wool, and of the hay crop, occupations requiring but few hands. The farming population decreases in number, and this decrease will be vastly stimulated by the knowledge of other sections of the country gained by the New England soldiers. At the same time, the demand for skilled labor in printing-offices, in book-binding, and in the immense amount of work done by the sewing-machine, has gradually withdrawn American girls from the factories to these better paid and more independent branches. This change has been greatly stimulated by the war demand for clothing and material, and it seems probable that such has been the increase of population, and the consequent increase of demand upon those whose business it is to put the textile and other fabrics into a form for use, that even in times of peace all the females who have been thus employed will continue to be.

The factories are therefore obliged to change from a set of workers drawn from the surrounding country, to family help not living in boarding-houses but occupying separate tenements, men, women, and children all employed in the mill—a resident population, skilled in the operations to which they have been brought up, but in nothing else. There are material advantages in this system to the employer, but great dangers to the community. Such a population is almost exclusively foreign, and consequently ignorant. Much of the mill work being within the ability of children even as young as eight, the tendency of ignorant parents is to force the child into the mill rather than to send him to school. And even a conscientious employer cannot resist this tendency, for while factory laborers are scarce, he cannot refuse to employ the child, because he would lose the parents. Thus in Rhode Island, where there is the largest amount of factory work in proportion to the population, and the system of family help has been the longest established, there is the most ignorant population, with a system of open bribery at elections disgraceful to the community. There are laws to compel the attendance of children at school, but little attention is paid to them, and they are not uniform in the different States.

Thus it seems that the tendency of New England will be to a sparse population in the country, engaged in special branches and not in general farming, and to a dense population in cities and towns, largely foreign, employed in extremely subdivided labor, and needing wise and vigorous legislation to prevent ignorance and vice from increasing rapidly. And this tendency, if not actually induced, will have been greatly stimulated by the war. And while there are dangers in this, New England has also the assurance of maintaining her supremacy in manufacturing. The profit in manufacturing in ordinary times consists in the small saving and minute economy rendered possible by having every facility immediately at hand. The cotton or woollen mill in Lawrence can produce goods in ordinary times and undersell the isolated mill in the South or West for three reasons:

1st. Very few spare hands need be kept under pay, a population skilled in all the branches being at call in any emergency.

2d. Every particle of waste in the principal process is used up in some minor branch, either by the same concern or by some other. If a cotton-mill has no paper-maker to purchase the ropes, and bags, and floor-sweepings, and threads, it cannot be run in competition with one that has such a resource.

3d. All the small articles requisite in the main process can be had of those who establish themselves in a manufacturing community, but for which special and expensive workmen must be kept by an isolated mill.

Thus, while a radical and somewhat dangerous tendency affects New England, a change as great and much more desirable must affect the Middle and the Western States. The Eastern soldier, brought up in boyhood upon a farm, then developed in the mill or the workshop into the skilful artizan, has by his own observation of the South, and by his intimate companionship with the Western soldier, learned the great opening which exists for him, and he will carry to Virginia, to Maryland, Tennessee, and Kentucky the better method of farming pursued in Vermont, New York, and Pennsylvania. He will carry to the West the skill of the artizan, to be applied not to the establishment of great factories, but to the thousand smaller branches which are carried on in the workshop and at the forge or lathe. He will establish by natural methods that diversity of employment at the West which is sure to follow individual enterprise and skill, and which is far better than the forced growth induced by protective legislation. And at the South, who can foresee the changes? The Eastern and the Western man, alike attracted by the immense profits sure to follow the application of improved methods of agriculture, must buy out the planter, and give employment to the freedmen, and to the foreign emigrants who will soon be attracted there. He will save the waste, like that of cotton seed, which in the hands of a Yankee would yield value almost equal to the fibre. And as the population thus changes, and new wants are developed, the artizan must follow, the village must begin to have an existence, the city must become one in fact as well as in name.

And this brings us to the influence upon the channels of trade. As population increases, new harbors and centres of commerce must come into use. Any one familiar with the want of facilities now existing in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, from the mere narrowness of the business streets and the crowded condition of their docks, must feel that when the population has increased from thirty to fifty millions, as it soon will, the mere want of room will force commerce first to Baltimore, then to Norfolk, then to Port Royal and elsewhere. And as the freight moving on Southern railroads changes from the coarse and bulky but easily stowed freight of a barbarous slave community to the million articles required by civilized men, new lines of railroad must be built. Between the Southern rivers flowing into the Atlantic, Western freight must find its way to the market. Soon will come the demand for a road from the Ohio River through Cumberland Gap to the noble harbor at Port Royal, and from Galveston north through the fertile country of the Red River, and thence through Arkansas to the Mississippi. But to think upon the future of the South is to become bewildered before the possibility of development such as even the West has not yet given us in her onward course.

DIVIDE AND RULE.

Against the policy of allowing the colored people of the South to vote, it is urged that they will vote for their former masters. There could not be a stronger argument in favor of such policy. It is undoubtedly true that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, and yet the rebellion was not the act of the slaveholders as a body; on the contrary, a very large portion of those who could be called planters were utterly opposed to secession, and were dragooned into it by the necessity of their position. The ownership of slaves being necessary to position or influence in a slaveholding community, the ambition of every non-slaveholder is to become one. Demagogues and politicians took advantage of this desire "to own a nigger," and used it as an incitement to rebellion, advocating the reopening of the African slave-trade, and holding out the idea that thereby human live stock might become so cheap that even the poor whites could become planters. For many years the planters supported the politicians and the demagogues, never intending that at last they should take the bit in their teeth and drag them to utter destruction. But such has been their fate. They lost the control of the demon they had helped to raise.

Yet very many of these planters have been and are men of ability and intelligence. Many of them have been aware for years that their system was wasteful and destructive to general prosperity, even if they did not think it wrong. The system of which they formed a part was absolutely despotic, even in its rule over themselves, and they have been unwillingly dragged to what seems at first to be their ruin, but is really their opportunity.

As a class the former planters are now without power. A beaten slaveholder, with his slaves emancipated, must be entirely without

prestige among the non-slaveholding whites, and the latter will be left to be led by demagogues as before. We know them to be ignorant and embittered, and that they will continue to be so until Northern settlers shall have proved to them the superiority of free institutions. At the beginning they must elect to Congress a delegation which will be a unit for all purposes of dangerous legislation, and as such, although a minority, their delegation will be powerful for evil.

If, on the other hand, we grant the franchise to the blacks, and they shall vote to some extent for their former masters, and elect them to Congress, what class of men shall we thereby get into Congress? Only those whose humanity was superior to the infernal system which encircled and has apparently ruined them. We shall have the ablest men of the South—men who, still possessing property in land, will have a positive interest in the prosperity of the whole country—men who will be the first to see that free labor is the true interest of the South, who can rejoice at, and who will foster, the prosperity of the country, knowing that their own prosperity depends on that of the whole. We shall have men whose minds will have been educated, even if to this time educated under the limits of a bad system—men who can reason logically, and who have proved their power of guiding a community *well* by the very power they have exhibited by guiding the South so long in a wrong direction. We may expect the most honest converts to free labor among those who have been the most successful in conducting slave labor.

But the chief benefit will be that the dangerous unity of the South as a section will be broken. Parties will thereafter arrange themselves upon what may be called national divisions and no longer upon sectional ones.

For instance, in past times Louisiana has been for protection because of her sugar interest, while South Carolina was for free trade; yet on all Southern questions Louisiana and South Carolina were knit by bands of iron. But in the future it may be that Louisiana sugar-planters will be chosen to Congress by the votes of their slaves, for the very nature of sugar-planting required humane treatment and plenty of good food, while any one familiar with the culture of cotton on the worn-out lands of South Carolina, and the necessarily scanty supply of food and clothing to the negroes, will have little dread of South Carolina planters appearing in Congress by negro votes. The representatives of South Carolina will be of the demagogue order for some time to come. Then by the force of a common interest in protection, Louisiana may unite with Pennsylvania, while the only State with which South Carolina can claim any fellow-feeling must be New Jersey —at any rate, until New Jersey emerges from the darkness of ignorance, and ratifies the Constitutional Amendment.

AMERICANS AND MONEY.

The fighting being over, many of those European critics who during the last four years have been troubled by our bloodthirstiness now begin to be troubled once more by our love of money—the American devotion to the "almighty dollar." Those foreigners who are friendly to us, while they do not deny that these charges are just, excuse our faults on the ground that they exist from the necessity of the case. "What have Americans to worship but money?" they ask. "There is no peerage in America, no society, no high honor for any high pursuit, no literature—nothing but politics, which 'the best men' shun. Hence their energies must be directed to acquisition, and no wonder that they love what they labor so hard to acquire. By-and-bye, when America shall have become very rich, Americans will enjoy what their predecessors accumulated, and there will be careers opened to all kinds of talent, and American life will be as various as that of other civilized countries." The excuse is as foolish as the charge is unfounded. We do not mean to say that Americans do not love money, or to deny that often they seek it shamelessly, recklessly, and knavishly; but it is not the fact that these are peculiarly American characteristics. The love of money that is here displayed, and the wickedness that is exhibited in modes of acquisition, belong to human nature and not to American nature. That desire for wealth which is here so general, and which converts so many men into rogues, belongs neither to this country nor to this age. It is common to all countries, and it was felt in the earliest times of which we have any knowledge. The classic Greeks, who used to be models, and whose literature furnished and yet furnishes the intellectual food on which Christian youth are chiefly fed, were the greediest of acquirers, and would have sold their souls for money had there been any party ready to buy them. The Spartans, whose heads and hearts were as hard as their iron currency, loved gold like so many misers, and could be bought at cheaper rates than any other men in Greece. The Romans, those models of patriotism and valor, loved gold even more than they loved blood, and much preferred picking an enemy's pockets to cutting his throat. The Roman, it has been bitterly but truly said, "who would have died for his country, could not help thrusting his hands into her pockets." There never was a people who excelled the Romans in all the arts of money-getting. The English are not a bad people, but they are mammon-worshippers from the highest to the lowest of their number. Even Sir Philip Sidney, who is held to have been the very incarnation of all noble sentiment, thought of going on a gold-hunting expedition, which, had he carried out his design, would probably have been neither better nor worse than that voyage on which Sir Francis Drake went round the world, plundering "as he sailed"—the Kidd of an earlier day. Algernon Sidney took the gold of Louis the Fourteenth. Such men as Marlborough and Wellington were rewarded with gold, and they deserved all that was given to them; but it ill becomes their countrymen to taunt Americans with being a money-loving race when the history of Washington is known to the world. America was well able to bestow a fortune on Washington, who was by no means a rich man when he left the presidency; but he would have considered himself insulted had he been asked to accept a sum of money, or a pension, or a sinecure. Was there ever a more greedy, rapacious, close-fisted body of men than Napoleon and his marshals, who plundered whom they conquered with as much skill and as few scruples as ever were displayed by the princes and marshals of the old régime? The French, who are ordinarily spoken of as being peculiarly a chivalrous people, and whose language has furnished so many of chivalry's terms, are a money-loving, a money-getting, and a money-saving race. We may add that the times of chivalry were the reverse of generous, and that the knights of those days would hold on to a pound of silver with as much tenacity as Shylock persisted in his demand for a pound of Antonio's flesh.

The late Mr. Cooper, who was not in the habit of sparing the faults of his living countrymen, never would admit that, as compared with other peoples, they were a money-loving race. He pointed to the great numbers of Americans who embark in politics—notoriously not a profitable pursuit—as evidence of their not being wedded to mere acquisition of money. He was right. There is no country in which money will accomplish so little as it will accomplish here. It would be easy to purchase ten Frenchmen, or five Englishmen, where it would be difficult to purchase one American. Foreigners themselves virtually admit this, for they bring against this country another charge, one that contradicts their assertion that we are given up to mammon-worship. They say that property is not safe here, and that men of ample means cannot live in the United States as they wish to live, but have to go abroad for freedom and enjoyment. The two charges cannot both be true. If the first were true, rich men would have their own way in every respect, and would live as they please. If the last, then we do not worship money, but persecute its possessors. Neither is well founded. We have the failing that is common to humanity, and set a very high value upon money, but as an agent, and not as something that is peculiarly desirable in itself; and there is no country in which the rich are more safe than they are here, none in which "the dangerous classes" have so little influence, because, out of one or two large cities, they have scarcely an existence. Rich men do not live here as wealthy Jews and Christians once lived in Mohammedan countries—meanly, because afraid of tempting their enemies to plunder them. As to their visits to foreign countries, they are made on pretty much the same principle that Englishmen used to make the grand tour, and which yet tempts so many of them to all parts of the world. They are made to gratify a laudable curiosity by some, and by others they are made at the dictates of fashion. A rich and educated American has the same desire to visit Italy and Greece, France and Spain, and other countries of continental Europe, that is felt by a rich and educated

Englishman; and he visits England, in most instances, because it is the mother-land of his country, in which every American must feel an interest, if he be not a churl. Some of them extend their travels to Asia, and particularly to Palestine, so attractive a country to all Christians. The thing is very simple, and has nothing to do with our social state, American tourists not being exiles. American travellers are few in comparison with English travellers. There are whole colonies of English people settled at different places on the continent of Europe, to which, as Thackeray says, "they take all their prejudices and all their sauces." Are we to infer that in England persons of property cannot live according to their tastes, and that property is there so unsafe that its holders transfer it and themselves to those orderly lands, France and Flanders, Italy and Germany?

THE PRITCHARD CASE.

We used to flatter ourselves that poisoning was an obsolete institution, belonging emphatically, like alchemy and astrology, to the Middle Ages. Especially was it regarded as eminently an un-English practice. When we read that, in Mantua, it was "death to any he that uttered" the deadly drops that Romeo asked for, or when we saw Lucretia Borgia on the lyric scene commend wine of the celebrated Borgia brand to the lips of her insulters, whereby they incontinently made a swan-like ending, we congratulated ourselves that this venefical turn was limited to the Latin races, and was foreign to Anglo-Saxon blood. To be sure, the fair Frances Howard, Countess of Essex and Somerset, did put a stop to the impertinent prying of Sir Thomas Overbury into her private affairs by a craftily qualified potion. And the charming Miss Blandy, about the middle of the last century, made an example of a perverse and disobedient father who objected to her marriage with Captain Cranstoun, by a like composing draught. And "Donellan, of bad renown," gave his brother-in-law, Sir Theodosius Boughton, a dose of laurel-water as the readiest way of settling some family money matters. But these were rather exceptional cases that proved the general rule. When Wainwright, the poisoner, whom Charles Lamb knew so well, and whose crimes are set forth at large by Talfourd in his Life, claimed the insurance on the life of one of his victims, and was opposed on the ground of foul play, the judge on the bench was so horror-stricken at the hypothesis that he caused the jury to reject it. And when Bulwer thought it worth his while to write a romance, with the moral that it would be improper in the courteous reader to resort to poison to rid himself of unpleasant relatives and disagreeable connections, it was thought an odd use to put his genius to.

Within the last few years, however, there have been proven cases enough to show that men are not much better in the nineteenth century and in England than they were in Italy in the thirteenth; that "succession powder" is not yet out of date nor "poisoning" one of the lost arts. The instances of Palmer, the surgeon, who poisoned his friend Cook with strychnine for his money, and who was hanged, though no traces of the drug could be detected in the dead man; and that of the fair Madeline Smith who did to death, in cruel agonies, her worthless lover, who threatened to expose her love-letters if she broke off her connection with him to marry an honest man, must be fresh in every one's memory. This last dangerous damsel, indeed, escaped the gallows by means of the Scotch verdict "Not proven," though there was not the slightest moral doubt of her guilt. And now the cup of horrors is crowned by the double poisoning committed by Dr. Pritchard, of Glasgow, a regularly educated physician and surgeon, who expiated his crimes on the 28th of last month. This case has excited an interest throughout Great Britain not inferior to that caused here by the murder of Dr. Parkman by Dr. Webster, from the social position of the criminal and the good general character he had maintained among his acquaintances.

The strangeness of the murders lay chiefly in the want of apparent motive to provoke them. This exemplary physician had been for a considerable time engaged in poisoning his wife gradually by small doses of antimony. In February her mother came to visit her in consequence of the illness thus induced. She dies suddenly, and unquestionably of poison, as the autopsy proved. Early in March Mrs. Pritchard dies also, under circumstances which excited enough suspicion to demand an investigation, the result of which was to cause the arrest and trial of her husband. The proof on the trial was overwhelming against him. No one could have administered the doses excepting himself or an ignorant servant-girl of seventeen. The scientific precision with which they were exhibited made this last hypothesis absurd. The money which was to pass in consequence of these deaths was too inconsiderable to make it worth while to procure them. That he had illicit connection with the servant-maid was admitted, and that he had promised to marry her in case his wife died. But that he should seriously intend doing so, under these circumstances, is hardly to be credited. It was shown that Mrs. Pritchard was cognizant of this intrigue, and the only conceivable object her husband could have for getting her out of the way was to be rid of the observation and perhaps the reproaches of the injured wife. And the same reason may have operated to incite to the murder of her mother. It was a curious chapter in the metaphysics of murder.

And the conduct of Dr. Pritchard from his arrest until his death has also furnished a study in morbid psychology. Up to the time of the trial, of course, he denied all knowledge of the poisoning, attributing the deaths to natural causes. When his fate was sealed he made what he called a confession, in which, with the desire to make himself out to be less black than he had been proved to be, he showed himself to be a bungler in lying as well as in murder. And this in the face of irrefragable facts. It having been proved beyond question that the poisoning was antimonial, continued through a long time, he confesses that he killed his wife on a sudden impulse, arising from the presence of Mary Macleod, the maid, by giving her an over-dose of chloroform, denying any knowledge of the poisoning of Mrs. Taylor. After that he confessed that he was guilty of this other crime, as well. In fact, the only reason to suspect that the man did *not* commit these crimes must lie in the fact that he said he *did*. So Dr. Webster in his confession admitted that he killed Dr. Parkman, but in a fit of sudden rage, accompanying the statement with a minute detail of the particulars, almost every one of which was demonstrated to have been physically impossible. Liars should have good memories, and recollect that other people have excellent ones. A very remarkable thing connected with this trial was the development of what we must hope to be a morbid case of professional delicacy. Dr. Patterson, who had been called in as consulting physician, swore that he knew from the symptoms of Mrs. Pritchard's case that she was undergoing a process of antimonial poisoning; but that he was prevented by professional etiquette from interfering with Dr. Pritchard's patient! It sounds like a bitter gibe from Molière rather than an extract from a Scotch criminal trial.

We have had but too many instances of this hideous crime in our own country to be able to cast a stone at our mother country as more guilty than we. The poisonings of husbands and wives, of children, of lovers, and on a larger scale, like that at the National Hotel at Washington five or six years ago, are but too fresh in our remembrance; not to mention the sublime conception of poisoning all New York by the infection of the Croton Aqueduct, and the partially accomplished plot to disseminate the virus of the yellow fever, as parts of legitimate warfare, by the rebels. It seems as if this crime, like suicide, were contagious, and that one act suggested another.

But though the science of toxicology has favored the arts of the murderer by its teachings, its very perfection makes them the most dangerous that can be resorted to. So exact is its knowledge of symptoms, so delicate its tests, so certain its perquisitions, that the bowl is a much more dangerous instrument of murder to the murderer than the bullet or the steel. Murder speaks with most miraculous organ through the skill of the anatomist and the chemist. Science, like Divine justice, searches and finds out the poisoner in spite of the most ingenious precautions and devilish craftiness. The dead speak with her voice, and bring the awful secret to light with the most absolute certainty and perfect exactness. The grave cannot hide it, nor corruption hinder it from being brought to light. Of this we shall speak more fully, however, in our next number.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVEOCRACY.

THERE is no remark more common that this, that "slavery is dead." In the North it is difficult to find even a Democrat who supposes that that institution which was all-powerful but six years ago is not now in the list of vanished things. At the South most of the Provisional Governors tell their subjects that slavery no longer has an existence; and though there is not so pronounced a unanimity there as we find in the North on this point, it is clear that the general opinion is unfavorable to the revival of that system of labor which was to have been extended over North America, had Southern statesmen been endowed with a larger portion of the wisdom of the serpent. Even the least hopeful of men among liberals can go so far as to say that slavery, if not dead, is doomed to die.

But, while slavery is, taking the least favorable view of affairs, under sentence of death, and there is neither power nor wish to stay the execution of a sentence so just, we ought not to forget that the slaveocracy is not dead or even dangerously ill. That is almost as vigorous as it was before the war, when, through its alliance with a strong party in the North, it was able to rule the republic, and lost its ascendency only because it became blind through its long success. Prosperity has the same effect on parties and interests that it has on individuals, causing them to see not what exists, but what they would have exist; and the slaveholding ascendency of 1854–60 committed the same error as that of which Napoleon I. was guilty in 1807–12, when he thought he could dictate law to all Europe. The Emperor overrated his own power, and underrated the resisting power of his foes; and American slaveholders believed themselves irresistible, and their opponents feeble and cowardly, because they never had failed to accomplish any purpose upon which they had set their hearts. They made their Russian campaign in 1860, and that being followed by other reverses of a yet severer character, their fall was apparently complete, and complete it would have been in fact had we not waived our rights as conquerors. Because of the folly into which the victors fell, they may have to make a Waterloo campaign, in which to complete work that would have been better done had it been done earlier.

The slaveocracy exists to-day in almost as much force as it existed before a shot had been exchanged between the parties to our great civil war. True, the secession armies have been defeated, broken up, and dissolved. True, the original leaders in the rebellion have incurred all the disgrace that proceeds from failure in a cause whose advocates were certain of success; and most of those leaders are in their graves, or in prison, or in exile. True, the flower of the Southern adult male population has been cut down and cast into the furnace of war, and there consumed. True, slavery is under the ban, and can no longer claim a legal right to live. But, for all these things, the power that made war in the Union, the "order" of men that decreed the war, "still lives," and hopes to renew the conflict in which it has been worsted under circumstances and conditions that would give it assurance of victory. In one respect the slaveocracy is even stronger than it was before it made its appeal to arms. Its spirit is fiercer and more bitter than it was before the war. In ante-secession times it claimed to be the better class of the nation, and its claim was allowed by the rest of the nation, which permitted it to rule. Its claim being conceded, it never had occasion to doubt the soundness thereof or to feel wounded by resistance. But now it has been not merely resisted, which might have been borne with, but beaten everywhere and forced to lay down its arms. The appeal of battle has gone against it, and it feels as the chivalry of the Middle Ages would have felt had it been "coerced" by the churls who figured in the *Jacquerie*. Absurd as Southern aristocratical pretensions appear to us, we cannot doubt that they existed as strongly as if every Southron had been a genuine Norman. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that all the members of a patrician class must necessarily possess the sentiments, the habits, the manners, and the education of gentlemen, taking this much-abused word in its best modern acceptation. We know that English country gentlemen, who are undoubted aristocrats, were a peculiarly coarse class of men down to a recent period; and Niebuhr correctly remarks that the sentiment of political exclusiveness can exist as strongly under the smock-frock of a yeoman of Uri as under the velvet mantle of a Venetian nobleman. Our Southern slaveholders that were, and who still retain the slaveholding spirit without keeping the slaves, formed as complete an aristocracy—perhaps it would be better to say oligarchy—as ever existed, though the great majority of their number were vulgar and illiterate fellows, and not much above the "the poor whites" in appearance and attainments. Now, nothing is better established than that an aristocracy does not readily submit to a conqueror. It may be exterminated, but it cannot be made to yield merely because it has failed in a battle, or in a campaign, or in a war. Apparently it may submit, but it does so only to obtain time in which to regain strength, that it may renew the conflict that must be fought out to the destruction of one party or the other. Our aristocrats are not only animated by the general sentiment of their "order," but they are peculiarly enraged by the circumstances of their failure. They have been whipped by Yankees—by men whom they believed incapable of fighting! The knight has been flogged by the peasant, the horse and his rider have gone down before the villain, the Norman has been overthrown by the Saxon! All this may seem sufficiently ridiculous to us, but it is sober reality to that large class of men in the Southern States who ruled America for more than seventy years, and who thought they ruled because of their superiority in every respect that entitles men to govern their inferiors. Had they been beaten by men whom they considered their equals, they might have accepted the event, and have made no attempt to reverse it; but they never will submit to those who are now victors. The fact that never before were they beaten, will dispose them to attribute their reverse to accident, and create the belief that it is their duty to set aside a decision so palpably subversive of the purpose of Providence. We have before us, therefore, a contest that will be quite as difficult as any one of those contests that have agitated the nation, and in all of which we were beaten but one, and that a conflict of armies. It ought to make those men reflect, who anticipate a renewal of political warfare, that we never were successful in political contests, and that our solitary success was wrought, not by the ballot, but by the bayonet. Are we prepared for war on every occasion in which a stubborn aristocracy shall refuse to accept the event of a constitutionally conducted election? For we assume, what indeed is self-evident, that the Southern aristocracy, though beaten as to its late purpose, and baffled as to the occasion, is not destroyed, nor even dispersed. Save that it has lost its slaves, and in that way and for the moment its revenues, it exists to-day almost as strongly as it existed in 1860; and these losses and the spectacle of a great mass of freedmen will have the same effect on it that is produced by recollection of its defeat in the field. They will animate it to those exertions which shall promise to bring about a change and to effect a restoration of its ancient supremacy.

Those who argue that the losses of the South in men will indispose it to such action as might lead to a renewal of civil war, ought to bear in mind that every day's passage weakens the sense of those losses and helps to increase Southern strength. Those males who were boys when the war began are now men, or soon will be men; and sectional feeling is by far the stronger with the young than it is with the middle-aged and the old. As old men die—men who were brought up as Unionists—their places are taken by men who never were Unionists, or who have rid themselves of all Union feeling. The younger the men of the South, the less reason have we to suppose that they will be under the dominion of national sentiment. But, though we think a renewal of war far from impossible, it is against the eventualities of a political conflict that we would have our countrymen on their guard. It is probable that the Southern aristocrats will labor to unite their "section," and then re-form that alliance with the Northern Democracy which formerly they found so useful, and from which they never, for their own sakes, should have departed. A third part of the North combined with the South would suffice to restore that old state of things which was removed by the war, and by that only. We are by no means sure that it would not suffice to restore even slavery, by maintaining that every State has the right to order its own affairs after its own fashion, and that it would be better that the blacks should live in slavery than be exterminated by the action of cruel laws, enacted for the end of removing them from the face of the earth.

MR. GLADSTONE'S REJECTION

By the University of Oxford ought to be matter for congratulation instead of regret. He has been growing in the grace of liberalism for almost twenty years; but during most of that time he was one of the members of the House of Commons for the University of Oxford—an honorable post, no doubt, and highly so in English estimation, but which operated as a drag on his movements. He was first elected in 1847, and until 1865 Oxford bore with the waywardness, as she must have regarded it, of her brilliant son. His talents did her honor, and she condescended to overlook his political liberalism in consideration of his thoroughgoing attachment to her ecclesiastical sentiments. She allowed him to coquette with the "state" because of his fidelity to the "Church," of which he had been a chosen champion from his youth upward. But this state of things could not be permitted to endure. The bigot in religion must become a bigot in politics, and the remark is peculiarly applicable to corporation bigotry. At the late election Mr. Gathorne Hardy, a promising Tory, or Conservative, was pitted against Mr. Gladstone by those Oxonians who could no longer countenance a gentleman who had said something that approached to an approval of universal suffrage only last year. To be sure Mr. Gladstone had explained away most of his suffrage speech, but the Tories preferred to take what he had said in the heat of the moment to his explanations after he had become cool. They were right, if their object was to ascertain what his opinions were, for he is one of those men who "speak right out" when excited, and then it is that such men are sure to make no secret of their views. Mr. Gladstone had gone so far in the direction of liberalism in 1864, that his avowal of advanced sentiments on the suffrage question at that time would have surprised no intelligent observer of British politics; but it was the last drop that filled the cup of Oxford's objections to him, and caused it to overflow. He could be spared no longer, and he was not spared. Faithful to her ancient standard, that of aristocracy and intolerance, the venerable university refused longer to have him for one of her members of Parliament, and he was compelled to look to South Lancashire for a seat. This was not going so far as Mr. Fox had to go in 1784, when it was thought that he might be beaten in the most famous of Westminster contests, and was brought in for the Orkney and Shetland boroughs, which enabled Mr. Pitt to taunt him with having been forced to take refuge in Ultima Thule, because of the part which he had had in the well-known coalition.

Mr. Gladstone, we have no doubt, feels his failure very bitterly, but the cause of that bitterness is one that very few Americans can understand; and still fewer can sympathize with the mortified statesman. Eminent Englishmen love to represent the university to which they belong. It is considered a very high honor to be chosen one of the representatives of either of the two universities, and correspondingly great is the sense of failure, when, after having long sat for a university, a man of distinction is beaten when he seeks a re-election. When the younger Pitt first came forward for Parliament at the age of twenty-one, in 1780, nothing less than a seat for the University of Cambridge would suit him—a piece of presumption, as it was considered, that was rebuked by his being placed at the bottom of the poll. In 1784 the same university was glad to elect so distinguished a man, placing him at the head of the poll—but then he had become Prime Minister, which made all the difference in the world in the estimation even of university Dons. It is almost sixty years since Lord Palmerston made his first attempt to become one of the members for Cambridge, which was his university; but he was beaten by Lord Henry Petty, who died but a year or two since as third Marquis of Lansdowne. A little later Lord Palmerston was chosen one of the Cambridge members, and kept the seat for many years, leaving it because of his support of the Reform Bill. Mr. Peel—he was not then Sir Robert—was one of the members for the University of Oxford when, in 1829, the project of Catholic Emancipation was adopted by the Government in which he was Home Secretary; and as Oxford did not approve of that measure, he resigned his seat, and stood a contest, in which he was beaten by a majority much greater than that by which Mr. Gladstone has been dismissed. The majority against Mr. Peel was 246, that against Mr. Gladstone but 180. Mr. Peel had to buy, from a Jew, the privilege of being chosen for Westbury, his father then sitting for Tamworth.

Though Mr. Gladstone must feel much mortification, what has happened to him is the best thing that could have happened to him. It has unchained him, and he, like a liberated eagle, now can take a full flight toward the sun. It was but yesterday that he was resisting claims of the Dissenters to equality of treatment in the matter of education, and all to soothe his venerable mother, who has closed her breast to him, by way of acknowledging his labors in behalf of her bigotry. But there has come an end to such servility, such slavery, and the statesman can now proceed to round and complete his career as an English statesman of the nineteenth century should round and complete it. If he has half as much wisdom as talent, he will now rejoice over his defeat.

MISSOURI.

Just before the rebellion, the Free State element in Missouri had begun to develop the resources of the State, and the attention not only of this country but of Europe was being drawn to her wondrous mineral wealth; but the vortex of civil war swallowed up all industrial interests in the Border States, and Missouri had to bide her time. The people, however, have not forgotten the Iron Mountain, situated about a hundred miles from St. Louis, directly south, nor its neighbor, Pilot Knob, made historical during the past year by one of the bloodiest battles of the war. The public have been told years ago, but perhaps will not remember now, that Iron Mountain is 228 feet high, and that its base covers an area of 500 acres, which gives 1,655,280,000 cubic feet, or 230,187,375 tons of ore, *above the surface*, saying nothing about the amount beneath the surface. Pilot Knob, a mountain six miles south of Iron Mountain, is 581 feet high, and is a solid mass of iron, covering an area of 360 acres. The amount above the surface cannot be less than 13,972,773 tons.

These introductory figures speak more eloquently than can any language of the boundless resources of Missouri, which, under the influence of slavery, remained for so many years undeveloped, while her industry was all devoted to the raising of tobacco and hemp, the commingling of white and black manners, language, and blood, and the stemming of the tide of civilization. To own and work a field of tobacco or hemp, to drive a "nigger," whether owned or not, to walk and talk like a negro, to indulge in luxuries known only south of Mason and Dixon's line, and, finally, to curse the Yankees, constituted the sum total of human existence among the Missourians under the old *régime*. With the introduction of the Nebraska-Kansas Bill into Congress commenced a new era in Missouri, the fulness of whose dawn is witnessed to-day. Slavery and manufactures never prospered side by side; and when the manufacturing interest began to be developed in Missouri, the vitality of slavery began to ebb. There came flowing gradually into St. Louis an element from New England—Boston capitalists—that constantly threatened to gain for industry and free labor a predominant influence in the State. This, united with that other and ever-civilizing element, the German, asserted its political supremacy at Camp Jackson, where the incipient rebel army of St. Louis was captured by the heroic Lyon. Under whatever guise the old spirit of slavery has since appeared, whether clothed in "Confederate," "Democratic," or "Conservative" garb, the loyal, radical, free State, free labor element has triumphed. Governor Thomas C. Fletcher was elected last fall by forty thousand majority over Thomas L. Price, the former being an abolitionist of fifteen years' standing, and the latter a pro-slavery Bourbon of the most approved stamp.

The new Free State Union Administration has a gigantic work to perform. The State has to be reorganized, reconstructed. Schools have to be established, the courts have to be remodelled on a loyal basis, the disloyal people have to be taught that there is no way for them but to submit to the changed condition of things, and the population, subject for four years to perpetual alarms, has to be quieted and assured of protection and security. The constitution recently adopted is a bitter pill for the rebel portion of the population, disfranchising every man who has said or done anything in favor of the rebellion; but, bitter as it is, it must be swallowed. The convention which adopted this constitution ousted, by ordinance, all the officers of courts of record in the State, and among them the three supreme judges. These incumbents

refused to obey the ordinance, and the Governor went into the court-room one day and ousted them at the point of the bayonet, and installed the judges whom the convention had authorized him to appoint. This attempt, thus frustrated, to deny constituted authority is probably the last gasp of disloyalty in Missouri. Unionism, loyalty, freedom, are dominant in every department of the State government, and the new civilization is asserted.

And it is a grand State, indeed, that is thus redeemed. Let us look further at some of her natural resources, alluded to above. Her mineral wealth is almost beyond computation. To give some idea of its extent, we give the following table:

There is iron in	34	counties,
" lead in	31	"
" coal in	36	"
" copper in	22	"
" silver in	5	"

as far as discovered, besides gold, platina, nickel, cobalt, manganese, emery, marble, alabaster, etc.

The most extensive lead mine (at Granby, in the south-western portion of the State) yielded, before it was abandoned at the outbreak of the rebellion, a thousand dollars' worth of ore per day. Other very prolific mines, about fifty miles from St. Louis (at Potosi), now give employment to hundreds of laborers; but arrangements are being made by which the Missouri lead mines will be worked with Eastern capital, on a scale far exceeding anything known in the past.

There are vast prairies in different parts of the State, the soil of which is as fine as that of Illinois; but these prairies have been neglected, for they are admirably adapted for wheat, and wheat and slavery never could thrive well together. But the New England farmer, and the New York farmer, and the Pennsylvania farmer, are now taking hold of these garden-spots of nature, and in a few years they will be gilded with thickly strewn grain-fields.

THE FRENCH SUCCESSION.

The Prince Imperial of France lately had a severe fit of illness, and had the attack been fatal the effect would have been great on that country over which his present hope is to reign; for it would have placed Prince Napoleon so near to the throne that he would have become a first-class European character by position, as already he is through the force of his talents. It may be that he is the man destined to continue the imperial line. Most men are more or less superstitious, and there is enough in the history of succession to the French throne to make many of us believe that the Prince Imperial is destined never to become Emperor of the French. It is now two hundred and twenty-two years since a French monarch was succeeded by a son. Louis XIII. died on the 14th of May, 1643, and the throne passed to his eldest son, Louis XIV.; but since that day, no one who was born directly to the French throne has ever filled it, whether Bourbon, or Bonaparte, or Orleanist. Louis XIV., who reigned more than seventy-two years, and survived more than two generations of subjects, was succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV.; and the latter by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI.'s successor was the sovereign people, who cut off their predecessor's head. To them succeeded the first Napoleon, who was not their son, but the son of his own works, few of which were of a popular character. Napoleon I. was followed by Louis XVIII., a brother of the sixteenth Louis. Charles X., the third of these brothers, was the next king; and he and his dynasty were made to give way to another king and a new dynasty, Louis Philippe, and the House of Orleans. Had Louis Philippe died in the purple he would have had no son for a successor, as his eldest son was killed nine years before the Revolution of 1848, leaving two boys, the elder being that Comte de Paris who is occasionally mentioned. But Louis Philippe was not succeeded by any member of his race. The sovereign people were again inaugurated, soon to be displaced by another Bonaparte, Napoleon III., who yet rules as well as reigns. He has only one child, a son in his tenth year, and yet liable to be taken off by some one of the many diseases incidental to childhood. No wonder that many should think that Napoleon III., like another usurper, the slayer of the gracious Duncan, is not to have a successor of his own creation. The Comte de Chambord, who is the legitimate Henry the Fifth, and who acts as if he thought he were never to become king of France and Navarre, is a childless man; and, should he obtain his inheritance, he would not be succeeded by a son. If we go back beyond the time of Louis XIII., we find that but three French kings, including Louis XII., were succeeded by sons for more than a century and a quarter. Charles VIII., son of Louis XI., who died in 1498, after a reign of fifteen years, was succeeded by the Duke of Orleans, a distant relative, who became Louis XII.; and Louis XII. was followed by Francis I., another distant relative. Francis I. was succeeded by his son, Henry II., and he by his son, Francis II.; but after the last-named monarch's death, in 1560, no son succeeded a father on the French throne until 1610. Francis II.'s successor was his brother Charles, ninth of the name; and Charles was followed by Henry III., his brother, in whom the line of Valois terminated. Then came the Bourbon line in the person of Henry IV., who was succeeded by his eldest son, Louis XIII. Thus, since 1559, on the death of Henry II., and the succession of Francis II., but two French kings have been succeeded by sons—Henry IV. and Louis XIII. Should the Prince Imperial not follow his father, men might well be excused for believing that there is something like fatality in the matter, and that to be born to the French throne is the surest way not to get it. It may remain in the same family, and the line continue unbroken, but the law of primogeniture would seem to be set aside in a summary manner by the fates.

To give to the Prince Imperial a fair chance of the succession, his father should live until the Prince reaches to man's estate in full. Then, if he be a man of talent, he will be able to do something for himself, and keep what his father made for him. But if he should be like "that foolish Ishbosheth," Richard Cromwell, he would fall. A very commonplace character serves for a prince of an established dynasty, but the son of a usurper ought to be almost as able a man as his father. Richard Cromwell succeeded as easily to Oliver Cromwell, as ruler of the British Isles, as Charles I. had succeeded to James I.; but he could not keep what fell so quietly into his lap, and went down before the first adverse gale. So it may be in France, should the Prince Imperial, at a mature age, succeed to his father. No weak man can reign long in France. Burke's idea, that the French sovereign, if a restored Bourbon, would have to be able and active, applies with double force to an illegitimate king of the French.

ELSA.

Sweet Elsa hath listened to living words,
She hath seen a heart like a flower unclose;
And yet she would almost hide the truth,
And shut the leaves of the blushing rose.

For the spell of enchantment is broken now,
And all the future is seen so clear,
That she longs for the very longing gone,
For the restless pleasure of hope and fear.

She stands so close to the painting now
That its smallest failings are revealed—
Ah, that beautiful picture, that looked so sweet,
By the misty distance half concealed!

"Alas," she says, "can it then be true
That all is vanity, as they preach—
That the good is in striving after the good,
And the best is the thing we never reach?

"Are not the sweetest words we can speak:
It is mine, and I hold my treasure fast?
And the saddest, wrung from the human heart:
It might have been, but the time is past?

"I do not know, and I will not say,
But yet of a truth it seems to me,
I would give my certain knowledge back,
For my hope with its sweet uncertainty!"

Phœbe Carey.

Correspondence.

CLASSICAL STUDY IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In the flattering notice of my pamphlet on "Classical and Scientific Studies" in your last number, there is one misconception of my meaning, occasioned by a want of clearness in my own statement, which, as it concerns a point of great importance in reference to American education, perhaps you will allow me to make the text of a few brief remarks. In commenting on the passage in which I propose a course of study in our colleges from which Greek shall be excluded, you say, "We do not readily understand, nor would we readily accept, Mr. Atkinson's complete exclusion of Greek from the course of school studies. If the language is ever to be known, its rudiments may best be learned in youth. Perhaps it is not well to insist upon it as a universal qualification for admission to college, but that it should at least remain as an alternative qualification we believe, and we cannot believe that Mr. Atkinson himself would differ from us in this opinion."

You are entirely right in this last supposition. It was as far as possible from my intention to give the impression that I wished to exclude the study of Greek altogether from our college curriculum—indeed, in other parts of my pamphlet I believe I have made this sufficiently evident—but no one can be engaged in the preparation of boys for our colleges without seeing the absolute necessity of an *alternative* course of study, such as I describe, which shall omit Greek altogether, and substitute therefor a more thorough study of science and of modern languages. No part of my pamphlet has been so much criticized as my motto—"*Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*" It has been urged, and urged with much truth, that in this country we are to a great extent free from the trammels of old tradition, and that the extraordinary picture of the results of English school classical education by no means applies to America. I recognize the truth of all this; but yet I am prepared to maintain that in New England, at least, and more especially in Boston and at Harvard College, the force of English tradition is still quite strong enough to justify my line from Horace. The evil is felt far more in our classical schools than in our colleges. In the latter, so much freedom of choice is now given, and so much more is taken ungranted by the students, that a young man has a tolerably good opportunity of fashioning for himself a course of study suited to his own wants and peculiar talents. He may indeed have to do this at the expense of college rank and college honors, but that is a consideration of such infinitesimal importance that perhaps it may be altogether neglected.

But it is in our schools, Mr. Editor, that I feel myself fully justified in maintaining that the English system is still quite too prevalent. In a note in my pamphlet (p. 70) I have said: "In the case of most, if not all our American colleges, while a greater number of Latin and Greek books must be read for admission than are required at a matriculation examination at Oxford or Cambridge, the young men may, and usually do, enter entirely ignorant of the elementary principles of physics or of any branch of natural history." I believe this is true, though I can speak from personal knowledge of only one of our colleges, though that is perhaps the most influential, Harvard. There, year by year, the examination in the minutiæ of Latin and Greek grammar has been made stricter and stricter, while I will undertake to say that of the hundred and odd young men who have just passed the examination successfully, not a tenth part could pass the most elementary examination in physics or natural history. Not being required for admission, while so much Latin and Greek is required, these studies are almost wholly neglected. The consequences in respect to the after study of physical and natural science are very disastrous. Unprepared by an early training of their observing faculties, the young men do not *know how* to study physical science, and the consequence is, that the excellent instruction which they can now have after they enter college is thrown away on them for lack of a foundation. The mischief does not end here. Disgusted with the premature cramming of Latin and Greek grammars, the carefully prepared candidates of our city schools are too apt, when the iron restraints of school discipline are exchanged for the greater freedom of college, to throw up study altogether; and I am ready to venture the assertion that it is this class that furnishes the greatest number of the most idle and the most turbulent of our college students. It cannot be wondered at. Instead of being interested in study, they have been *disgusted*. They have studied simply to pass an examination, and, that accomplished, they throw aside all care for the subject as completely as a lawyer will throw aside the perplexing details of a completed law suit. Indeed, it is the very just observation of an acute friend of mine, that there is such a thing as an "occasional memory," enabling a man to get up a subject for a special purpose, and, when that purpose is accomplished, all trace of it shall depart from his mind. I maintain that the classical study of American schools is much of it little raised above the character of such cramming, and fully justifies me in the use of my motto.

Now, I would be the last to complain of the rigid exaction of thoroughness and accuracy in classical study. So far from that, I maintain that unless classical study is thorough and accurate, it is utterly worthless. But the error lies in exacting this degree and accuracy of scholarship at the wrong period. Boys will not and cannot be interested in school in what, if made the subject of professorial teaching, might be made both interesting and instructive. I will not weary you with quoting the long array of authorities I might summon against the absurdity of beginning the study of languages, living or dead, with the cramming by rote of all the minutiæ of grammar, yet at famous schools I might name, which are held up to the teaching profession as models, that cramming is carried almost to the pitch of English absurdity.

The practical remedies for this state of things seem to me very simple. They are first to diminish the maximum amount of Latin and Greek required for admission to our colleges by at least one-third, and to substitute therefor a very stiff examination in physical science. Such a change as this would immediately react upon our classical schools, compelling them to give attention to subjects now wholly neglected. The omitted third of classical study I would by no means have neglected, but I would relegate it to the care of the professors instead of the schoolmasters. Then would the schoolmaster who loves his Virgil or his Cicero be saved the torture of having them murdered by careless schoolboys, while the young professor, by interesting prelections, would have the opportunity at the same time to create a love for classical literature in his hearers, and to employ the learning which he has perhaps acquired in Germany.

But further than this, no man can have been employed much in teaching without being fully convinced that there is a class of minds on which much classical, or indeed grammatical and linguistic, teaching is as good as wasted—minds in which the observing faculties take the lead, and which are born to devote themselves to science. For such minds I would have the "alternative" course of study you speak of—a course in which such students should be wholly relieved of the study of Greek as much as of the study of Sanskrit, and full play should be given to the natural bent of their genius. Language studies should be represented by the elementary or the more complete study of Latin, by the mastery of the mother tongue (who masters it now-a-days?), and by the practical study of modern languages. If this alternative course were placed on an equal footing as regards honors with the classical course, I think we should see large numbers of minds gravitating towards it. Indeed, in regard to our system of common school education, I am convinced that it must be shifted from a literary and linguistic to a scientific foundation, by the better teaching of "common things" and of the sciences of observation, before it will ever be thoroughly successful.

These thoughts, Mr. Editor, would admit of much illustration and expansion, but I have already trespassed further than I intended upon your pages, and will only sign myself, Your obedient servant,

The Author of "Classical and Scientific Studies."

THE NEW RULING CLASS SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Bulwer has found at last a devoted disciple in the President of the United States to his popular and "cardinal" doctrine that "the pen is mightier than the sword." What General Grant could not accomplish by his artillery, President Johnson essays with his goose-quill. With one fell swoop, or by one fell stroke, of his pen he has tried to sweep out of existence, as a political power, the great class that has ruled the South from time immemorial. He has done or tried to do more. He has sought to achieve the proud boast of Canning, by calling up a new world, if not to redress the balance, to occupy the position of the old.

Perhaps the President may hold that other doctrine of the didactic dramatist, that "there is no such word as fail." But I venture to assert that he will discover, ere "the experimental policy" has cast off its swaddling clothes, that with the best intentions and most inflexible will to support a plan, there *is* such a thing as failure. I predict from my long knowledge of the South that the poor whites cannot be counted on to form a more stable and harmonious Union; and, furthermore, that except by expatriation it is impossible to disfranchise the old ruling class.

I will give the reasons of this my unbelief in the Executive programme the facts on which they are founded; and I will gather them chiefly from

around the home of the President, and call as my leading witness an officer of his own appointment.

I was in Nashville last fall. The President at that time was Military Governor of Tennessee. In November I met Mr. Oviatt, the first Superintendent of the Home for the Refugees. During the previous year his voluntary labors in aiding the white refugees, who then began to arrive from the South, attracted the attention of Governor Johnson, who, in September (1863), appointed him as an agent to attend to these people exclusively. He held that office up to April, 1864, a period of seven months, during which he received about 10,000 persons, the poor whites of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama.

I took notes of his testimony at the time, and submitted them to Mr. Oviatt for correction, and thus amended I now reproduce them. "It was pitiable," he said, "before the office that he filled was created, to see the listlessness and extreme poverty of the refugees, who, during his term, were of the lower class almost exclusively. The men who accompanied the parties would sit down on their miserable and rude furniture with a stolid apathy, as if they had no interest in life and no motive for exertion. They paid no attention to anybody or anything, until their women came back and told them that they had found a place to go to until they could leave the city. The thought never seemed to suggest itself to them that it was the duty of the husband to go and search for a shelter for his wife and children." Mrs. Oviatt, who had lived in the South for fourteen years, and who had seen a great deal of the life of this class, added to her husband's statement that it was precisely the way in which they acted at home. "They depend for everything on their wives," she said. I asked her: "What did these men do, then?" "Oh! go fishing and hunting, and drink whiskey when they can get it," she responded. "The women do pretty much all the hard labor." I asked if they could read, and what proportion of them? Mr. Oviatt replied that their ignorance was "beyond anything we can conceive of in the North." "It was amazing. There is not one per cent. who can read." I enquired concerning their morals, and was told that nearly all the boys of eight and nine and upwards were smokers; that "they all swore and lied without any exceptions," and "so do all the women," he added. "They all swear and they all smoke or chew tobacco or dip snuff, and sometimes all four!" I had heard enough along the military railroads to have formed an unfavorable opinion of their fidelity to the marriage vow; but Mr. Oviatt said that in his opinion they were worse in that respect than the negro women themselves.

After a long conversation, I returned to the habits of these people, and asked again, "Do they *all* smoke, or chew, or dip?" Mr. Oviatt did not remember a single exception. Not one. The lower strata of these lower classes, he said, take the tobacco leaf, dry it, and chew it, without any other preparation. Mr. Oviatt could not recall a single instance of women or good-sized girls who did not use tobacco in some form. A young girl, a refugee from Northern Alabama, who was present, was asked if she knew of any woman or girl among her acquaintances who did not smoke. "Only one—granddaddy's folks," she replied; "the old man 's opposed to tobacco. But his is the only family I know that don't smoke."

These people have one peculiarity that is generally supposed to be characteristic of the negro. When they fall sick, they rarely recover. They seem to have no tenacity of life.

I made enquiries as to the relative self-reliance of the poor whites and the negroes. Mr. Oviatt said that he had taken pains to gather the statistics touching on this point, and permitted me to copy a paragraph from a private letter that he had written to a philanthropist thereon. It was dated February, 1864.

"A few words, now," he writes, "about the refugees and the contrabands. I find that for the five days ending the 15th instant, the number of rations issued was, for refugees, 3,648; for city poor, 3,229; for contrabands, 972. The number issued during the five preceding days was, for refugees, 2,919; for city poor, 1,940; for contrabands, 474. Putting the two together, we have for ten days 5,169 of city poor and 1,445 of contrabands—being about three and one-half for city poor for one black, supposing that their numbers were equal. But when we learn the relative proportion, it speaks still better for the black; for we have 23,000 whites in Nashville, and only 9,000 blacks. We find, therefore, that we are feeding .02¼ per cent. of the whites, while we are feeding but .016 per cent. of the whole negro population. In counting city poor I only take into account those who were residents here previous to the rebellion, all the rest being under the head of refugees; and, at the same time, in taking the total number of blacks in the city, I have taken colored refugees and all. Take the white as I have the black, and the per-centage is about .036—telling badly for the whites.

"I promised you some statistics comparing the blacks and Irish. I am told the Irish population of the city is about 3,000. The population, therefore, is as one to three of the blacks. Now, more than 60 per cent. of the city poor are Irish; and, taking the comparative number relieved, we have 6 Irish to 1 negro; or a disproportion as against the Irish of 18 to 1—18 Irish paupers to 1 negro pauper. Truly it may be said, as one friend remarked to me a few days ago, 'Better let the blacks take care of themselves, and put some one to hiring out and providing for the whites.'"

So far Mr. Oviatt, with his experience of 10,000 of these members of the new ruling class South; and his wife, with her fourteen years' life among them. After taking their testimony, I called at the Refugee Home. I found it in charge of a colonel whose name I failed to note, and have since forgotten. He said that there had been an average of three thousand refugees a month pass through this house all summer long, and at the time of my visit they numbered at least 4,000 monthly. Since the date of its establishment no less than 35,000 persons had found a temporary shelter under its roof. I asked the colonel whether these people were intelligent or the reverse. "Lord!" he exclaimed, as if amazed that the thought of intelligence could be associated with them, "they don't know B from a bull's foot. Half of them don't know anything at all. You have to kick everything into them." He described the men in the same terms as Mr. Oviatt used—as good-for-nothing, listless, lazy, and stupid: and the women as dirty in their habits and in their morals worse. But it was the women, he quickly added, who did all the work.

A few months later, I met at Cincinnati the secretary of the Refugee Commission, who thus describes the refugees that passed through its Temporary Home: "Of these refugees," he writes, "about two-thirds are worthy people, though they are ignorant and apparently have always been poor; they are industrious and anxious to improve, and seem honest and simple-hearted. About one-third are lazy and dirty, and so apathetic as to leave little hope for improvement in this generation. Still they are not likely to swell the police reports of the North. The absolutely vicious make a very small proportion of the whole. . . . Three-fourths of the whole—the women—have been trained to till the soil, obtaining a scanty living among the hills of Tennessee and Georgia." This is written of an experience of less than five hundred refugees, but is valuable as far as it goes to illustrate the character of the new ruling class South.

Carlyle says that every human brain, no matter how brutalized, has got some dim theory of the universe which it would profit one to hear, if stated with a becoming brevity. So these degraded poor whites have their notions of the "rebellion, its cause and cure," which I often heard delivered with many an oath, and flushing of the cheeks, and flashing of the eye, and amazing grammatical blunders. When at Dalton, and at other points in Georgia, I saw hundreds of the home guards, all of whom were fully developed specimens of the poor white trash. They came chiefly from the hilly northern counties of Georgia, in which the loyalists—nearly the entire poor population—had been very cruelly persecuted by the rebel authorities. They frankly avowed that their sole purpose in seeking to be recognized by the Federal Government as regular, or rather legitimate, troops was to obtain revenge. They wished to have the power to hang, shoot, and destroy in retaliation of the wrongs that they had endured. They desired, in other words, to be Federal bushwhackers, supported, armed, and equipped by the National Government. They were equally ignorant and vindictive; yet they understood clearly enough the true philosophy of the rebellion. They never spoke of the rebels but of "these big nigger-holders;" who, they said with one accord, must be killed and their estates divided up, or the Union would never be secure. "You can't get a principle out of a man unless you kill him," said one of them to me. "That's a fact," said the other, "you must kill a man to get the principle out of him." The first speaker went on to show that the "big nigger-holders" were thoroughly aristocratic; that while they held the land and owned the labor, the poor man must necessarily be driven to the sterile mountain districts; and, as a consequence, that the same class who brought on the rebellion would be again in power, and constitute the State, and reproduce the present state of things within a few years. "For," he added, "this war has only ground the principle into them worse than ever." I found this to be the almost universal sentiment of the loyal poor whites of Northern Georgia, Northern Alabama, and Eastern Tennessee.

After visiting nearly every town from Athens, Alabama, to Atlanta, Georgia, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, I thus wrote last autumn of the habits and houses of the poor whites, and if my notes are rough and unpolished, they have at least the fidelity of a daguerreotype as to details, and may serve indeed as a pleasant change to the smooth and scholarly English of your other contributors:

"I have more than once incidentally alluded to the prevalence of dipping and snuffing as practised by the women down here. In travelling by railroad every one has chances enough to see women smoking. They do not seek to conceal this habit. They can be seen sitting very often, with their chairs tipped back, serenely smoking at the doors of their houses. The

pipes that these daughters of the South delight to patronize are frequently, I think generally, made out of a corn-cob whittled down. For stems they use canes and goose-quills. The custom is not merely common, it is universal among the lower classes.

"I walked on foot from Decatur, Alabama, to Athens—twelve or fifteen miles—and during this trip first saw with my own eyes the practice and the apparatus of dipping. As this is an indoor pastime, the traveller has less chance to see it than its twin-sister vice—smoking. It was at McDonald's Station. I went into a house, a large log-cabin, and asked if they would get me a dinner. There were two girls and a few children in the house. One of the girls seemed to be about eighteen, the other about fifteen years of age. But I found that they were each three years younger than my estimate. They called the woman of the house, the sister of the elder girl. She came in, said that I mowt dine there if I could wait, and lay down on a bed in that one of the two rooms that served for kitchen and dining apartment. I will not stop to describe either room. It is enough to say that it—that everything in it—was cheerless and rude and dirty; that it had no cellar, no closets, and only a thin floor; and that through the walls and through the floor the wind might enter and the rain might enter, even if the king of England could n't enter. The woman was really sick. She spat blood—and snuffy saliva. When she wanted to spit—which she often did—she slightly raised her long lank form, and spat against the sides of the house. Sometimes she missed her mark and spat against the high head-board of the bed.

"After my dinner of bacon, corn-bread, and butter-milk was eaten, the girl who cooked it—quite a pretty young creature—before going out for some water went to her sister's bed and tried to slide a tin box that I saw under the pillow beneath her apron. I playfully protested, and asked her if she dipped snuff? The sweet sisters seemed to take it as a matter of course, and were not at all hurt by the insinuation. They both defended the habit. It saved the teeth, they said, and all the women in their country either dipped, or smoked, or chewed, *and sometimes all three.* 'But do the rich folks do so?' I asked. 'Hooh!' said the younger girl, 'I guess they do—and get drunk at home, too!' Notwithstanding this broadside, I still protested against young girls learning to dip. 'Did you notice that young girl that was in a little while since?' asked the recumbent matron. 'She can dip as well as any of them!' Now the girl referred to was not thirteen years of age, a sickly, yellow-skinned girl, in the last stages of consumption, a disease of which her father lay dying. Enquiries since that time have shown that the woman spoke the truth—that the habits of dipping, chewing, and smoking are all but universal here among the females, *rich and poor.* . . . . The men admit without hesitation that their women constantly use tobacco. Do you know how this dipping is done? A little rag is tied on the end of a stick about the size and form of a pen-holder. The rag is moistened in the mouth of the fair devotee, dipped in the snuff, and then the teeth or gums are rubbed with it!"

After the battle of Nashville I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the poor whites of Southern Tennessee and Northern Alabama in their own homes. I accompanied Gen. Stedman, now commanding in Georgia, in the movement which was designed to prevent Hood from recrossing the Tennessee. In returning we scoured the bottom lands between Huntsville and Stevenson, which are exclusively occupied by the poor whites. I find that I thus recorded my experience of the country and the people:

"The section that Gen. Cruft and I traversed on this ride was a part of what are known as the bottom lands and the bluffs of the Tennessee. It is inhabited almost exclusively by poor whites. There are very few slaves and no rich people anywhere. But poor as it is, and out of the way, it had not escaped the eagle-eyed conscription of the rebels, nor the visits of their guerrillas, nor the retaliatory calls of the home guards, who style themselves loyal, and are so, but refuse to do other than local duty, which enables them to plunder with the semblance of authority. It is everywhere the same scene—low, wet, wooded land; the trees leafless, tall, thick, with dwarfish, ungraceful branches; here a worm-eaten trunk, still standing; there a stray bunch of green bushes, to make everything around it appear the more dreary by contrast: a 'God-forsaken country,' if there ever was one, to look at on a cold, rainy day, from horseback and a-hungry! The cliffs, on the other hand, are steep, rocky, covered with dull, ashen-colored trees—the haunts of the guerrilla and the buzzard; they are as cheerless as the bottoms that they overlook.

"The people are like the country—as dull-eyed and stupid as the lowlands; as gaunt, angular, and vacant as the bluffs. Their dress is coarse; their food is coarse; their manners and their thoughts are coarse. I write not of the rebels only, but of the entire population. Rebel or loyal, it is all the same in quality. They have no love of culture, of civilization, or of truth. The schoolmaster was abroad when this section was first settled, and has never returned to stay, up to date. To find young women who can read and write is the rare exception—to find them as ignorant as the plantation negro is the common rule. They are not to be blamed. They have had no chance and no encouragement. The wealthy slaveholders frowned on all attempts to educate the people, and the prejudices they created, or the vileness of their social system, speedily drove away any wandering Yankee whom accident or philanthropy or a desire to better his condition drifted into these benighted regions.

"The houses of these people are rude log huts, mostly without the interstices properly filled up, and therefore as cold as they are primitive and cheerless. It is singular to see how little 'gumption' they have. One loses patience with them. Instead of going to work and filling up all the gaps in the walls, and thereby keeping out the cold, they pile cords of wood on fires on the hearth, beneath chimneys that are built outside of the cabin, and that thereby scoop up all the warm air as fast as it is made. So they shiver and roast, roast and shiver, freezing on one side and scorching on the other, turning themselves round like human spits, heating themselves by detail and cooling themselves by sections, instead of securing by a little labor a comfortable room, where they could make one job of it and be done with it, and then go to some other work 'like Christians.' To make the matter worse, the wind takes the liberty to visit them through the floor. I did not wonder at seeing so many pale, wan, consumptive women. Their style of living is barbarous enough to kill a civilized horse. There is a heathendom in America that we have got to redeem before we can lay a just and permanent claim to the character and reputation of a civilized land."

Although my notes are still unexhausted, I cannot intrude any further on your space. I had intended to show by another series of facts that there *must* be universal suffrage in the South; that the disfranchisement of any class, instead of helping to promote an enduring peace, will inevitably produce instead, not a war of sections as recently, but of classes and of races as in St. Domingo.

JAMES REDPATH.

MALDEN, MASS.

TRIP TO NORTHERN ALABAMA.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 2, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Having just returned to this place, I sit down to report the conversations, observations, and facts of a journey as far south as Huntsville, Alabama. I have conversed with many active rebels, with large land-owners, with scores of private soldiers formerly in the Confederate army, with Northern speculators and plantation lessees, and, last but not least, with hundreds of the freed people of all grades of intelligence.

The single car which on these military railroads is allotted to passengers was crowded with a motley company—officers and soldiers mustered out or returning to their stations, and the inevitable speculative Jew. One thing was discernible, and it had a deep significance. I heard no harsh words used in regard to the ex-rebels. Out of the generous depths, flushed though he is with victory, came from no national soldier in my hearing a word of scorn, boasting, or triumph. We whirled on past Franklin, Duck River, Pulaski, Decatur—all names that lifted the veil from memory and brought back sounds of victorious battle. Confederate soldiers were on board; from the Union men came no words which could grate harshly. If there were any uttered, they were whispered. Everybody was unarmed, and few, I am told, were in the habit of carrying side-arms.

I was soon attracted to those in the car who seemed to avoid anything like conversation on public topics. These were the Confederates. It was these I wanted to know. Behind me sat a large, good-natured looking man, with coarse, strong, but not ill-favored features, shabbily dressed, and evi dently a man of note. Soon it was noised about that this was Brigadier-General Roddy, of Alabama, a rebel cavalry commander, who had figured in the Tennessee Valley. He was on his way home with a pardon. Decidedly seedy, even ragged in dress, with flushed coarse face, and brusque, reticent manners, he yet appeared like a man of fair ability and good judgment. Union men speak well of him, and his character seems respectable at home. I tried to enter into conversation with him, but was not very successful at first.

At Columbia, Tennessee, a clean, dapper little man, smooth-shaven and keen-eyed, with a head and forehead reminding me much of the Hon. Robert J. Walker, entered the cars. I found him to be a lawyer, and that he had been a major in the rebel army.

Another member of the group was a cotton speculator—an Alabamian Unionist—"jest from Washington," where undoubtedly he had aided in the reconstruction policy now developing. This man impressed me disagreeably.

As the major took his seat, which he did alongside of Roddy, after the first greetings, he commenced giving his friends a description of affairs in Northern Mississippi, which he had just left. The picture as he sketched it was severe. The rebels were rampant, and Union men's lives were in constant danger. He spoke of a half dozen murders in as many minutes. He deprecated the state of affairs, and, turning to Roddy, said, "General, we 've taken the oath; we 've been whipped out; and now we ought to submit in good faith;" to which Roddy responded affirmatively.

Finding the party friendly, I introduced myself, and the conversation grew general.

The statements and views of this Confederate were so candid and sagacious that I must endeavor to give them to you in substance. In reply to a remark of mine that the North considered this war waged mainly for slavery by the South, he said:

"That was true only incidentally. Slavery was entirely a secondary consideration. True, we believed in it. I do yet. I think it the best position for the negro. But the true question at issue in the war was that of sovereignty. With Calhoun, I believe there can be no such thing, sir, as divided

sovereignty. We of the South considered the States as sovereign, in the last resort. We seceded on this; we have fought you for four years to establish a confederation, and we have failed completely. You have conclusively established the fact that the American Republic has become a nation, and not a mere federation. You have proved the strength of consolidation, and are on the road to centralization. I accept the result in all sincerity. I am not convinced, nor is the South convinced, that they are or were wrong. But they realize that you had the power. I take therefore what you choose to give. The States have no rights now. At least this is true of those you call rebel. They are only territorial States. For one I accept the conditions. I do so in good faith. I doubt not we shall grow fat and prosperous beyond what we were in old times. I fought conscientiously, have been wounded, impoverished; but I am not such an ass, sir, as not to appreciate the great advantages which we, as Americans, are ultimately to gain from this development and consolidation of power. I look for results yet unrecognized. We may be called a republic, but we shall not be so in reality. I go in now, sir, for power."

This was, in effect, what the major said during a long conversation. I wanted his opinions, and did not therefore trouble him with mine. The brigadier-general avoided much talk, seemed wearied, and confined himself to monosyllables. The speculator put in a word of opposition now and then. Presently the inevitable negro question came in. This time the usher was the general, who exclaimed: "Wall, major, what 'll you do with the niggah?"

The little major said that the question presented no difficulty in his mind. Turning to me, he said:

"Why, sir, treat them fairly and they 'll work well, at least in raising corn, wheat, and hogs. I believe the negroes will leave the cotton States. He is n't going to work at that crop, sir."

"Why?" I asked.

"For exactly the same reason, sir, that you and I would not. Cotton requires "thirteen months in the year" to raise. The negro will not work harder than other people if not compelled to. He can work on farms in this belt, in Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Kansas, Southern Illinois, and earn a living at half the labor that will be required in the cotton and sugar States. You in the North have abolished slavery and turned the negro loose, and now I want you to have the full benefit of your action. The negroes will flock up here and further North."

The cotton speculator broke in with an emphatic denial of the proposition. He declared that white emigration would displace them in the middle belt, and compel them to move to the Gulf States, where they would be pressed to the sea, into which the race would disappear. They were doomed to extinction, according to our Alabama Unionist, who seemed much gratified at the prospect he vividly depicted. The general brusquely issued his fiat, which was that "the blarsted free niggahs could not live here, sah." The major did not seem to be driven from his position by this opposition, but launched out again on a question which I adroitly introduced:

"Yes, sir, I am in favor of giving the negroes the suffrage. You Federals have freed them by the bayonet. You have armed them. Making freemen, making soldiers of them, I wonder that there should be the slightest difference of opinion among you as to making them voters. You have got the power now. These States have no rights now. You can do it at this time with the least difficulty."

The general expressed his contempt of the idea of "niggah suffrage," saying, "I don't expect to vote for a long time to come, and if the niggahs are to vote, I never want to do so again."

"Wall, general," replied the major, "you would n't leave them to be legislated for without granting them a voice therein? I am a pro-slavery man—have always been—believed the system right. I never owned many slaves. They are all on my place in Mississippi, and I have made contracts with them. But now that the negroes have been made free, against my will, I believe they should have all the rights that belong to freedom."

"They'll be wanting to marry your daughters next," broke in the speculator.

"So much the worse for the nigger, then, if any white woman should marry one. I ain't afraid of such a result. My daughter will I trust be too well trained for that. No, gentlemen, the negro is free, and I want to have all the rights given him that can make him a valuable and useful citizen."

Asking if such views as his were at all common, he replied:

"No. But you'll find, captain, that the cultivated gentlemen of the South will generally come to these conclusions. They are the negroes' best friends. His worst enemies are the poor whites, who have a bitter, unyielding prejudice. Why, sir, I dare not express these views at home. (He lived in Columbia, Tenn.) As I said, I am a pardoned rebel, I have served and been wounded, yet I cannot express the views I've given you frankly to-day without danger of personal violence. They would declare that S—— was toadying to the Yanks. I am going to do what I can to help out these ideas in good faith on my place and among my people."

This may fairly be considered a remarkable conversation. Shortly after the major left the train, and I entered into conversation with an intelligent young man who occupied the same seat with me. I found he had been a Confederate soldier, but had taken the oath about a year ago. His testimony was emphatic that the rank and file of rebeldom were heartily sick and tired of the war. He had met but one of his old comrades who declared he would go into it again if the chance was given. Most of the privates realized that the objects of the war, on the part of Southern leaders, were not beneficial to them as a class. The "'ristocrats" were to gain all. This seems to have been a very general conviction. The only question upon which the leading Southern politicians can win power again will be that of negro suffrage. Settle it now, and all will acquiesce, because, perforce, they must. Leave it to become a bone of contention in the State politics, and the whole pack of demagogues who led the South into rebellion will begin to bay again.

I had an interesting talk with General Roddy after this, mainly in relation to the Mexican question and the crops. The latter were flourishing, though, because of a panic in prices last spring, there was not so large an area of cotton planted as was at first expected. A great deal of corn was being raised. The yield of both would be good. He thought Northern emigration desirable. Intended to remain in his State, and be a good and loyal citizen. Considerable cotton from the last crop was yet left in the country. As to Mexico, he said the sympathies of the Southern soldiers were altogether with Juarez. If we crossed the Rio Grande, he wanted to go there with Sherman. He liked and thought him a great man; agreed with his views as expressed at Indianapolis. The Southern people had no love for Napoleon or for England. They had been fooled by the idea of intervention until they declared those powers were treacherous. For his part, he did not believe Napoleon had ever promised or hinted at intervention, but he had taken occasion of our troubles to impose his puppet upon the Mexicans. It was, or appeared so to us, the interest of the great powers to see us divided, but they all "let I dare not wait upon I would." On the whole, I liked this man. He will make a good citizen. He is regarded as a soldier of fair abilities by our officers.

Decidedly the most dangerous and least desirable of the class was our cotton speculator, Captain N. He was a warm partisan of Judge Parsons, Provisional Governor of Alabama. Captain N.'s opinions were expressed at length; tersely told, without his expletives, they were that Northern emigration and wealth would rebuild the Southern waste places; that the negroes were idle, worthless brutes; that they never would be of any service, had n't sense enough to look out for to-morrow, and would finally, within a hundred years, become extinct, except in the American tropics. The negro never was a colonizer, nobody but the Anglo-Saxon, the Teuton, did that. From the scraps of personal history which drifted on the stream of his talk, I gathered that the captain was from the ranks of the poor whites.

Among the most interesting facts brought to my knowledge were those given me by a Northern planter, who, hearing our talk and seeing my purpose, introduced himself. He was formerly lieutenant-colonel of an Ohio regiment, and now, with the major of the same regiment, had leased and was cultivating a plantation in Limestone County, Alabama, upon the line of road on which we were travelling. In brief, his testimony about the negro's value as a laborer was this: "Our plantation retained its former slaves when we leased it in February last. We had six hundred acres of cotton under cultivation, paying the owners five dollars for every acre. This made a rent of $3,000, too heavy altogether. We have fifty working hands, to whom we pay $15 per month for first class, from $6 to $12 for other grades. Ten are first class hands; twelve receive $12 per month; the rest between that and the lowest rate. We commenced in February with the same people that were on the place before and during the war. During the whole time we have never had reason to complain of want of industry. All work eagerly. We try to labor ten hours each day. Not one has left. The owner, former overseer, and all the neighbors say we've got the best crop of cotton that has been raised on the place. Have never employed so docile, industrious, and good-humored a set of people in all our experience. Formerly hands worked from daylight to dark, from twelve to fifteen hours. Every one is eager to learn. There is not a man or woman on the place without a primer or spelling-book, with which every available minute is occupied." Said the colonel: "Every Northern planter within my experience has succeeded. All that is needed is justice and kindness."

The colonel expressed doubts as to the expediency of giving the ballot to the negro. He was abstractly in favor of it, but was afraid they would be

wholly controlled by their employers. He said he could control all the men on his place. I asked if this was not due to the fact of his being a Northern man and treating them fairly. He said, somewhat; still he again expressed his fears of their ignorance. After a long talk on this subject, these were the conclusions we both came to: That the question of negro suffrage South was now one of expediency—of how much power was needed, and in what way to obtain it. The negro's instincts were thoroughly bound to us. When, as in Col. B.'s case, the intelligence of the employer led and consorted with the freedmen's instincts, the intelligent would control the ballot; otherwise not. These results might be seen more palpably, but they would not be any different from those in the Northern States. My friend the Northern planter concluded, that it was really vital to the Southern Unionists that the weight of the negro's ballot should be thrown into the balance.

R. J. H.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

V.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 31, 1865.

SIX miles below Lynchburg, a gray stone barn that crowns a hill near the river is pointed out to the traveller as the place where, in the summer of 1864, Hunter's men first showed themselves. There an advance party of his troops made an unsuccessful attempt to burn a railroad bridge. The little earthwork which beat them off still frowns from a neighboring eminence. Behind the city, upon the mountains two or three miles away, can be seen the spot whence a day or two afterwards the baffled Federal general turned back and began his hasty retreat up the valley.

The escape of the Lynchburgers at that time was a narrow one, but until after Lee's surrender the town had never been molested nor occupied by the Union army, and, except that a Confederate storehouse was then destroyed by Sheridan's soldiers, the actual ravages of war have never visited the citizens. But the more indirect evils which the rebellion brought upon all the South this city has evidently suffered. Trade is dead, the people have no money, nor is there a prospect of their soon getting any, for nothing but breadstuffs has been raised this season, and the stock of tobacco, more or less injured, which is all they have to sell, is in the hands of comparatively few men. The shelves of the shops are scantily supplied with poor goods, and several times after purchasing some small article I have been obliged to leave it untaken, because the merchant was not able to give me change for a five-dollar note. Silver and gold are, however, oftener seen in circulation here than in the ordinary trade of any Northern city, and the people show a somewhat extravagant preference for a specie currency. I was yesterday an eye-witness of the following transaction. Two soldiers bought a quart of buttermilk from a small negro boy. "What d'ye want for it?" said one. The prompt answer was: "Five cents in silver, or ten cents in greenbacks."

The method of the adult traders in computing the relative values of the two kinds of money is a little better than this. It is not perfect, however, and the aid of the provost-marshal is not unfrequently called in to settle disputes between buyer and seller. If gold is quoted in Richmond at 140, the dealer in small wares at Lynchburg, if I understand the process, deducts from the face value of a paper dollar the excess over one hundred in the price of gold, and considers the dollar greenback to be worth not seventy-one cents but sixty. He finds some who put up with the imposition, while others, familiar with general orders and not wholly ignorant of arithmetic, resist, and summon the military power.

The rough little city is built on several round-topped hills that descend abruptly to the banks of the James, which is here an insignificant stream at the bottom of a rocky valley hardly wider than the river's bed. The streets, which run towards the water, are almost precipitous, and all the streets, whether steep or not, are dirty and ill-paved. At present they are unlighted at night, and, though guarded by soldiers, are considered unsafe after nightfall. The warehouses, manufactories, and private residences are, for the most part, mean in appearance, and the stranger is surprised to learn that, before the war, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, Lynchburg was, with the single exception of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the richest city in the United States. But if there is little which, to the casual eye, is indicative of wealth, there are many signs that the reputation of the place as a famous tobacco mart was well deserved. In the business portion of the town the air is redolent of the favorite weed. The windows of half the shops make a display of earthen pipes, bundles of tobacco in the leaf, packages of smoking tobacco, and boxes of tobacco to be chewed. One is everywhere attracted by such titles as "the Celebrated Killikinnick," or "the Celebrated Garibaldi Smoking Tobacco," the "Tony Lumpkin," "Bob Lee," "Lone Jack," and "Billy Bowlegs, Last King of the Everglades." On the papers of this last named variety the inscription says that, "as Billy was without an equal in love for his tribe and hunting-grounds, so this tobacco stands unrivalled in point of delicacy." But, apparently, for all the varieties there are customers. Nearly every one uses tobacco in one or two of its forms, and no public place is without an array of spittoons. In the pews of the most fashionable church in Lynchburg I noticed spittoons in use.

The opinion seems to prevail among the people that the renown of their city as the tobacco metropolis has passed away with slavery, and that, for a long time at least, it will not return. They say that free labor cannot be profitably applied to the culture of tobacco on a large scale. This opinion may or not be of weight. The men who hold it express great contempt for free negro labor in general. "Free nigger labor may do on a trucking farm, or something like that, but it won't raise tobacco. You can't place any dependence on it. We may be able to do something with white labor by-and-bye."

These gentlemen firmly believe that the negro not only will be, but that in most parts of the South he to-day is, a pauper. Yet I find no man who does not admit that in his own particular neighborhood the negroes are doing tolerably well—are performing whatever agricultural labor is done. From the most trustworthy sources I learn that, in the vicinity of Lynchburg, of Danville, of Wytheville—in counties embracing a great part of southern and southwestern Virginia—the colored population may be truly described as orderly, industrious, and self-supporting. And this seems to be plainly shown by the reports, drawn up by Government officials, of the issue to citizens of what are known as "Destitute Rations." The exact figures I have in the case of two counties only. During the month of June, relief was furnished 961 persons in Bedford County: of these, 13 were blacks. In Campbell County 530 persons received sustenance from the Government: of these 530 persons, 12 were blacks. In other counties sometimes less, sometimes greater, numbers of persons than in Bedford and Campbell were supplied with food, and in them all the proportion of the negroes to the white people was substantially the same with that given above.

This distribution has been going on ever since the end of May, but very recently the general commanding in this district has deemed it proper to stop all issues of rations to citizens, except in well authenticated instances of actual pauperism.

The personal knowledge of the issuing officer that the person who asks for food is, by reason of age or infirmity, unable to earn his living, and that he has no relative whose duty it is to support him, is now made the only ground of bestowing the ration. Heretofore it could be obtained if the person demanding it would first swear allegiance to the United States, and then subscribe to an oath which set forth in the following words the requisite degree of poverty in the petitioner: "I do solemnly swear before Almighty God, the searcher of all hearts, that I am in destitute circumstances; that I have nothing to subsist upon; that I have no money to purchase subsistence; that I have made every effort in my power to obtain employment, and without success; that I am ———, with ——— helpless children, and that unless relief is afforded me I must perish: So help me God." But the fact that a man had taken these two oaths was found to be no perfect criterion of his honesty or poverty. Whatever may have been the case immediately after the occupation of this part of Virginia by the Federal troops, for some time past it has been plainly discernible that the very large majority of those claiming to be destitute might easily support life without taxing the charity of the Government.

One man was discovered to have come in from the country, drawn rations for himself and his family, and before leaving the city to have expended several dollars in purchasing apple-brandy. Another drew rations who had four adult sons, any one of whom might have kept their father from the necessity of begging, as all were at work and earning fair wages. An old lady coming to the place of distribution was accosted by the clerk with the enquiry if she were not the owner of several tenements in the town, the rents of which she was regularly receiving. After some hesitation she replied in the affirmative. The officer then asked if it was true that she had stood upon the bridge one day a little while before and cursed the Yankees? The old woman, finding denial vain, and perceiving that she was to have no more rations, replied in the affirmative to this question also, and went away declaring that she wanted no more Yankee rations, and that she still had sons left to fight for the Confederacy if ever there should be another war.

The continual occurrence of such cases as these; the enormous number of rations required; the evidence afforded by the face of the country that the crop now about to be gathered is a plentiful one; and the seeming cer-

tainty that, without regard to actual want, the demand for rations would continue as long as the Government would continue to give them away, caused General Curtis to prohibit the issue on and after August 1, 1865. An order made in May last, by General Gregg, which allows farmers, in order that they may be the better able to provide for the laborers upon their plantations, to buy supplies from the military stores, paying for them in cash, or giving bonds to pay for them in cash or in kind when the crops shall have been harvested, has not, I think, been rescinded by General Curtis, but is still in force. In the earlier part of the season many planters availed themselves of the permission thus granted, which was doubtless of advantage to them and to the negroes. In reference to the remarkable fact that so very few negroes of all the great number inhabiting the region round about Lynchburg have sought food from the Government, it is fair to say that the military authorities, when the matter was wholly in their hands, and in those of the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau recently established, have not permitted the planters to set adrift all or any of the negroes from their homes. It is considered that the crops, which in part were planted before the slaves became free, and which have all been worked by them throughout the year, are justly chargeable with the support of the laborers and those dependent upon them. Some planters have shown a disposition to turn loose all such negroes as were neither able-bodied themselves nor had near relations able to work, and whose labor could be taken as payment for the board and lodging of all. One gentleman, somewhat advanced in years and averse to the trouble of managing free negroes, wished to let his farm stand idle, and to send away at once about sixty people, who might, very likely, have become a burden on the community at large. He was very angry when informed that no such discharge could be permitted, and that for the present, at least, the negroes must stay where they were. But the large majority of farmers have kept with them those of their former slaves who would stay, and the large majority of these latter willingly remain in their old homes and work for wages. The amount of pay given them varies a good deal. When wages are paid in money, five dollars per month seems to be the usual rate. But it is believed that on many plantations nothing more is given than the food and clothes of the laborer and his family. Whether this is true or not, I do not know. The Superintendent of Freedmen in this district informs me that among the poorer farmers, whose operations this year are confined to raising food only, it is very probably true that the laborer gets only his board and lodging. Some plantations are "worked on shares." In one case which has fallen under my observation, the employer agrees to feed and clothe the laborers, to allow each family a patch of ground for a garden, and at the end of the year to divide among them one-seventh of the total produce of the farm. The crops planted are corn, oats, wheat, potatoes, and sorghum. The wheat has been already divided. On that plantation there is no dissatisfaction now existing. Not long since the blacksmith refused to do field-work, but afterwards agreed when not at work in the shop to work with the other hands. His view of the subject was that his labor was skilled labor, that it was necessary to the plantation, and that he was entitled to his share of the crop, even though he worked but one half of the time. There are a thousand questions of this sort which are very embarrassing to the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau. They labor with the disadvantage of having as yet no very definite instructions to guide them in the performance of their perplexing duties.

The planters, the negroes, and they themselves have no certain knowledge of the precise nature and extent of the power lodged in their hands. The negroes go in blind faith to the superintendent or his local assistant, as the "head Yankee" of whom everything is to be expected, sometimes on a reasonable errand, as to complain that they have been beaten, sometimes with such a request as that the farm on which they live be divided amongst them. A few words of sensible advice usually settles the affair, though now and then warning and reproof are required. For example: a negro charges his employer with having knocked him down. The master being called on for his defence asserts that the negro was insolent. The insolence, however, consisting in nothing worse than his saying "Mister" Smith instead of "master," the employer is instructed that now, before the law, the colored man is the equal of the white, and that corporal punishment of farm servants is not allowed.

The white people are often very far wrong in their notions of the object for which the Bureau of Freedmen was organized, and the power committed to its officers. I was waiting the other day in the office of the superintendent when two gentlemen of respectable appearance entered and announced themselves as planters from the State of Mississippi. The conversation on their part was carried on by one, the other saying nothing. Both seemed to listen with very great interest to all that was said to them. The speaker said their business with the superintendent was to get from him about a hundred Virginia negroes to be taken down to Mississippi to work on cotton. They were informed that the officer had no power to send away negroes unless they chose to go. They asked if they couldn't get a hundred paupers or criminals. But the superintendent had not at command so many of either class or of both together. They asked if negroes could not be apprenticed to them for a term of years. But apprenticeship, except of boys in cities, who in exceptional cases may be put with a tradesman to learn his craft, is not permitted.

"Well, now," said the gentleman, "this is how the thing is. I've got land there, and I'm going to raise cotton. I've spent pretty nearly $20,000 for mules and harnesses and a complete outfit generally. What I want to know is this—you say you can't use compulsion to make these Virginia niggers go down there—what compulsion will the Government let me use to make them work when I've got them there, anyhow?"

"You seem to think all negro labor must be compulsory."

"Why, of course it must. How long have you lived in a slave State, sir?"

"I have lived within twenty-five miles of one a good part of my life. But you must look to the experience of those who have tried free labor. There is Mr. B. G——, on the James. He has about two hundred and eighty-seven negroes. They were with him as slaves, and he has employed them all since they were emancipated. Only three went away from his place, and the rest, he says, are doing very well indeed. One example like that is worth a great deal of theory."

"Yes, I know him very well. Didn't know he had so many as that, though. But I know the nigger. The employer must have some sort of punishment. I don't care what it is. If you'll let me tie him up by the thumbs, or keep him on bread and water, that will do. Over here in Rock bridge County, as I came along I saw a nigger tied up by the wrists. His hands were away up above his head. I went along to him, and says I, 'Boy, which would you like best now, to stay there where you are, or to have me take you down, give you forty good cuts, and let you go?' 'Rather have the forty lash,' says he. So he would, too. You folks used to make a good deal of talk because we gave our niggers a flogging when they deserved it. I won't ask leave to flog, if you'll let me use some of your Northern punishments. All I want is just to have it so that when I get the niggers on to my place, and the work is begun, they can't sit down and look me square in the face and do nothing."

The superintendent could not encourage him to hope that the Bureau would deport negroes to Mississippi, nor that it would allow him to use on his plantation the punishments which he seemed to think necessary. If the negro would n't work, he could be complained of. When a Northern laborer violated a contract he was sued.

"Ah! sue the nigger! Can he give his testimony in court? Will his testimony be taken?"

"It is taken here, sir; and it will be in Mississippi—at any rate, while that State is occupied by Federal troops."

"Why, no nigger can be believed whether he is under oath or not. No one that knows a nigger will ever think of believing him if it's for his interest to lie."

The gentlemen took their leave, very much dissatisfied with the state of affairs in Virginia, and with the prospects of planters throughout the Southern country. They were particularly severe upon the policy of obliging a master who wished to discharge his servants to keep them and feed them on his plantation till the Government might be ready to remove them. It was nothing more or less than a confiscation of white men's property to the use and benefit of the black man. It was a most unjust measure. They were reminded that the negro had done work on the crop, and had a lien upon it for his labor, and that it could be no great hardship to the landowner if the Government compelled him to relieve it of a heavy burden at no greater cost to himself than giving up to the use of the negroes some cabins and some land which would otherwise remain empty and uncultivated. But they were not disposed to look upon the matter as anything but an act of mere power on the part of the Government. Of course, it would have to be submitted to. The man did not free his own slaves. The Government freed them. Let the Government take care of them.

The gentleman in charge of the interests of freedmen who resides in this city is superintendent of nine counties. He has one assistant superintendent here in Lynchburg, another at Danville. Both of these are of the rank of lieutenant. At each county seat he has an infantry sergeant and four men, belonging to the company which is in garrison at the village. In these large Virginian counties people sometimes come from a distance of seventeen or twenty miles to make an enquiry or to answer to a complaint. The mere length of way to be traversed before a case can be examined must often

prove an almost insurmountable obstacle to the proper or the speedy transaction of business. A negro, perhaps, comes in from a plantation ten or fifteen miles from the court-house, and makes a complaint of having been ill-treated. To the stories of negroes, as to those of most other men, there are two sides, but to hear the statement of the man's employer it will be necessary for the sergeant to make a journey of twenty or thirty miles. Probably the case is dismissed without investigation, or an investigation, if made, imposes on some one an undue amount of labor.

In quantity the business of a day is sometimes very great, for both the white men and the negroes make constant application to the officers of the Bureau, very many of the cases, of course, being trivial, but others being of importance and requiring for their settlement a good deal of tact and judgment. At present there seems to be need of more and somewhat better labor in this field. The higher officers of the Bureau, as it exists in this part of Virginia, are apparently men well qualified for their position. Generally they have served in the army as bonded officers (commissaries, quartermasters, etc.), and, by the terms of their commissions, being held in the service during the good pleasure of the President, are not mustered out of service with other officers of their rank, but remain and are available for the position and duties of superintendents. The lower offices are by no means so well filled. Probably, when it shall be no longer doubtful whether the civil or the military power is to have control of the affairs of freedmen, the local agencies will be made more efficient or replaced by something of a different nature. The agents of the Bureau may perhaps find all their energies taxed in the proper performance of their duties during the coming winter. They certainly will, if the prophecy to which I listened yesterday afternoon should be fulfilled. It was from the lips of a poor white with whom I talked for half an hour or so. He enlisted my services to read to him a hand-bill advertising a sale of Government horses and mules. Here and there, where the letters were capitals, he could spell out a word, but was unable to master the smaller type. I read it to him, and he asked me if the horses would probably be branded as condemned animals. I said I supposed they would be, in order that they might be distinguished from those marked "U. S.," as there would very likely be a good many Government horses in the South as long as the country was occupied by the Federal soldiers.

"That will be for more than one twelvemonth. Why, down in Georgia they is killin' each other yet. I'm told that them secessionists make threats that they 'll kill every Union man and every nigger as soon as the soldiers go away from thar. Why will they keep on contendin'? We Southerners will have it all to pay for. The niggers did n't make theirselves free. 'T was another man done that. But some do hate the niggers. You mark me, thar 'll be a heap o' trouble when Christmas comes, when the end o' the year comes, and the niggers' time 's out that they 's hired for. They 'll be awfully defrauded. I can see it goin' on right under my own observation. I know houses yer whar they keep a nigger till his month 's most out, and then they make a muss with him, and kick him out without any wages. Poor men like me has got to pay for it. Of course, if they do n't pay, the niggers can't keep themselves, and it 'll come on us. They 'll be cheated all kinds o' ways. Do n't I know it? You mark me, a heap o' them niggers 'll die like rotten sheep."

Walking along the main street the other morning, I met several parties of negro boys and girls with primers in their hands, evidently on their way to school. Turning about in my walk, I followed two grotesque-looking little creatures till I came to the door of a large brick tobacco warehouse or manufactory. Looking in, I saw that it was empty of merchandise, and fitted up with benches as if for a school. The scholars were there also, and two soldiers, to whom I introduced myself, and by whom I was invited to stay and see the school when in session. Both teachers were enlisted men, privates in a Pennsylvania regiment. They were detailed at their own request for this duty. No pay is given them, but while engaged in teaching they are relieved from all camp duties. One was without experience as a teacher, the other told me he had been a schoolmaster before entering the army.

By nine o'clock about one hundred and thirty children, of all ages between three and twenty, were assembled, and the school exercises began. "I want to be an Angel" was sung in clear and pleasant tones, and with great correctness of emphasis and pronunciation. The first stanza and the chorus all the children knew, and the rest of the hymn they sang two lines at a time as the teacher dealt it out to them.

While the singing went on, I amused myself by counting the faces which gave unmistakable evidence of their owners being of mixed blood. There were all tints and shades of yellow among the forty-nine boys present, and I could find but twenty-seven who seemed to me to be purely African. Among the girls the proportion was much the same.

After the singing a chapter of the New Testament was read, and then the alphabet class recited. They knew their letters backwards and forwards, they could pick out the letters by name, and they could tell which were vowels and which were consonants. I thought they had made rapid progress in the four weeks during which they had been under instruction.

A more advanced class then read a column of a child's paper. One or two of the little girls read exceedingly well. They had been taught, they said, when they were slaves.

In Lynchburg, besides this school, which contains about one hundred and fifty pupils, there is another, taught in the same way, which contains three hundred and fifty more children. It is a pleasant and encouraging sight to see the willingness with which the scholars apply themselves to their lessons, and the very respectable measure of success which rewards their efforts.

It is a sight, too, which has attracted some attention in Lynchburg. The *Republican*, urging upon its readers the importance of providing for the education of their children, speaks of the freedmen's schools, and says, "How utterly important is it that benefits should not accrue through governmental or other philanthropy to these children of a degraded race of which our own are deprived through our culpable neglect and thoughtlessness."

ENGLAND.—QUESTIONS FOR THE NEXT PARLIAMENT.

London, July 29, 1865.

I was somewhat amused in reading in the first number of The Nation, which reached me the other day, a complaint that the week had been barren of events. Lazarus in the same way might have wondered feebly at Dives grumbling that there was nothing he could eat upon his table. If you, with a rebellion only just suppressed, with political trials, confiscations, financial crises, reconstructions, emancipation, and a variety of the vastest social problems in actual solution, complain that there is little stirring, what would you say to us? Never within my recollection as a news-purveyor has there been so little stirring. Our one solitary "*pièce de résistance*"—the elections—is well-nigh bare to the bone. We have served it up hot and cold, grilled and broiled, and hashed and minced and stewed; and now we are eyeing it hungrily, to see if there is enough left upon it for a single meal more. And to-morrow! Ah! insufficient for the day is the meal thereof, and the morrow must take care of itself. Let me see what scraps there are left of electioneering news. The whole tale of six hundred and fifty-eight members has now been returned. Mr. Gathorne Hardy alone amidst his brother senators has been elected for two seats, Oxford and Leominster; but, on the other hand, there has been a tie in the Dumbartonshire election, so that there will have to be a new writ issued, when Parliament next meets, for this remote constituency. Accounts differ as to the proportions in which the new House should be divided between the supporters of the ministry and the opposition; and according to the fairest estimate, the Government will command a majority of upwards of forty votes. The political value of this majority is less easily calculated than its numerical one. The *Morning Post*, of course, assumes that any Liberal may be relied on to support Lord Palmerston, while the *Standard* takes it for granted that any Conservative will always vote with Mr. Disraeli. Both assumptions are equally erroneous. However, I have written to you before about my views as to the composition of the new House of Commons; and till the session opens, which in all likelihood will not be the case till February next, any discussion of this kind is mere guess-work.

Ireland, as usual, has disappointed the anticipations of those who professed to understand her best. Instead of the Tories gaining, as they had expected, in the sister kingdom, they have actually lost seven seats—fifty-six Liberals being returned against forty-eight Conservatives. But whether any definite principle can be adduced to account for this Liberal reaction, is a point about which I can express no opinion. To judge from the returns, the Papal Brigade is less popular in Ireland now than it was seven years ago. Three of its most conspicuous members have been rejected in constituencies where the power of the priesthood was thought to be supreme. Mr. Vincent Scully, who has sat for the county of Cork for many years, was unseated in spite of the fact that he was the recognized champion of the conventual system and the staunch opponent of every proposal for the inspection of religious establishments. Mr. Lever, the nominee of the famous Father Daly, of Galway, the gentleman who declared openly he would vote for any party in Parliament which supported the claims of the Atlantic Mail Company to a Government subsidy, has been turned out of the "Liverpool of the future," as Galway was described by the promoters of the ill-fated packet company; and, strangest of all, Mr. Pope Hennessey is in a minority of six in King's County. Of all the Catholic members in the House he was, more than any other, the representative of the Ultramontane clergy. Unless common report was more mistaken than usual, the late

member for King's County owed everything to the priesthood, not only his seat, but the means of supporting the expenses of a Parliamentary career; yet in spite of the stigma which attached to this suspicion, Mr. Hennessey had worked himself into a recognized position in the House. Having an ungrateful task to perform, he did it gracefully, and whenever he could get on the popular side, consistently with his functions as representative of the priesthood, he did so spiritedly. Throughout the whole of the Polish insurrection he was the recognized Parliamentary champion of the insurgents. He stopped for some time at Cracow during the period when Austria was coquetting with the Poles; he was in constant communication with the Emperor of the French; and, like all political adventurers in this country, he was a warm partisan of the South and closely connected with the agents of the Confederacy. But, in spite of all this, the priests could not secure his re-election. However, he was too valuable an advocate of the Catholic clergy to be long left out in the cold, and, unless I am mistaken, Parliament has not heard the last of Pope Hennessey. Perhaps, however, the oddest incident connected with Irish elections is the return of Mr. Reardon, at Athlone. The new member is an auctioneer and house-agent in Piccadilly, London, somewhat known as a local vestry orator. He was taking a holiday journey through Ireland at the time of the elections, and happening to be at Athlone while the contest was going on, he took it into his head to make a speech at some election meeting or other. His oratory so delighted the men of Athlone that they then and there proposed to return him as their representative, and, on his saying he had no objection, they carried out their idea, and have sent him up to Parliament. Such, at least, is the current story. In the penultimate Parliament an undertaker called Townsend was returned for Greenwich, but his electioneering expenses ruined him, and he resigned his seat after a few weeks, went upon the stage, and played Hamlet, if I remember rightly, as ex-M.P., failed as an actor, and was heard of no more. I trust that Mr. Reardon's fate may be more propititious.

It is, in truth, earnestly to be wished that the Irish members in the new Parliament may be of a class to carry weight by their opinions as well as their votes. There is a general impression in well informed quarters that the "Irish question" will be a very prominent one next session. It would be unjust to assume that Englishmen are in any sense indifferent to the sufferings of Ireland. Our difficulty—I am speaking of the nation without respect to parties—is that we do not know how to deal with her. We have given her the same political and commercial privileges as we enjoy ourselves; and yet we find that the very diet which renders us healthy affords her no nourishment. The one single political privilege enjoyed by Englishmen and not by Irishmen is the right of forming volunteer regiments; but this is simply due to the fact that Irishmen cannot be trusted not to use their arms against each other in party strife. When a mob of Orange electors not only shoot a man dead in cold blood, as they did at Castle Blayney, and then put up triumphal arches to celebrate the event, how can you allow the formation of armed partisan corps? For the last twenty years the popular impression amongst educated Englishmen has been that, having done "justice to Ireland," we had done all in our power to do. We attributed her continued calamities to accidental causes, or to the effect of past misgovernment; but with free institutions and free trade, we felt sure that Ireland's regeneration was a mere question of time. This faith has received of late a severe blow. With all the good-will in the world, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that Ireland is becoming depopulated, and all the doctrines of political economy or constitutional freedom cannot convince honest men that there is not something radically wrong in the condition of a country from which the inhabitants fly daily by hundreds. Something must be done; but what that something is, it is not easy to say. The very system which works well here breaks down across St. George's Channel. For instance, the legal relations between landlord and tenant are exactly the same in both countries. Short leases are the custom in England as well as Ireland. Yet with us, as a rule, no landlord thinks of raising the rent year by year whenever there is a little better harvest than usual; and no tenant exhausts the land for the sake of a single crop. Lessor and lessee exercise a kind of mutual consideration, which renders their relations profitable to both. In Ireland, on the other hand, landlord and tenant are engaged in trying which can screw the most out of each other; and the former, having capital on his side, generally gets the best of the bargain. Similar instances might be enumerated by the dozen, in which the self-same institutions that suit the Anglo-Saxon race do not accommodate themselves to the genius of the Celtic.

In fact, of late years, a grave doubt has sprung up amongst thinking men whether our system of doing for Ireland as we do for ourselves is not based upon a fundamental error. This doubt has unquestionably been strengthened by the spectacle of the growth of France beneath the Napoleonic empire. There is no love in England for Cæsarism in itself, any more than there is with you. But still, as a nation, we are, I think, singularly amenable to the logic of accomplished facts. Now no honest observer, be his theories of government or his political predilections what they will, can refuse to acknowledge the fact that a government based on principles antagonistic to our own, founded on a denial of those truths we have been apt to consider as political axioms, has developed the material prosperity and the internal resources of France to a degree which beforehand we should have thought incredible. Imperialism, in fact, has done for France what the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe, framed after our English model, had failed to do utterly. For a long time we refused to believe the evidence of our senses. Can any good come out of the "*coup d'état?*" was our invariable answer to all arguments based upon the increased prosperity of the French empire. But gradually we have come to see that the prosperity created by the empire is, be the cause good or bad, of a solid character; and seeing this, the question has arisen in many minds whether there may not be some resemblance between the remedies required for Ireland and France. No sane man has ever dreamed of establishing a despotism across the Channel; but a great many very sane men have thought seriously whether the fundamental principle of imperialism was not applicable to Ireland. That principle I take to be, that the initiative in all public matters should be taken by the state, not by the individual. In England, as in America, we have found that the system of leaving everything to private enterprise has, on the whole, succeeded admirably. In Ireland it has failed; and there is much to be said in favor of the method of stimulating private industry by state control and assistance. To this view Mr. Gladstone is understood to be a convert. In the next Parliament, as I have before remarked, he will occupy a far more important position than he did in the last; and the idea of regenerating Ireland is one singularly attractive to a mind like his, influenced at once by a strong sense of duty and an extreme ambition for fame. My own impression, therefore, is, that the Tenant Right question, the position of the Irish Church, the expediency of state subventions for public works, will be actively discussed during the course of next session; and that the enormous influence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be exerted in favor of that party which holds that the "*laissez faire*" principle, though admirably adapted for England, is not applicable to Ireland. The advocates of this view will number in their ranks no small proportion of the advanced Liberals. The free trade views of Napoleon III. have won him considerable popularity with the Manchester party. The bitterest critics of the Empire have always been found amongst the Whigs, not amongst the Radicals; and the late Mr. Cobden was one of the staunchest supporters of the doctrine that the Napoleonic government suited the requirements of France. Mrs. Cobden, by the way, has just offered the Emperor a bust of her husband in a letter addressed to M. Chevalier. In this letter she says: "Knowing how firm and true my beloved husband found his Majesty in the great and beneficent work of the treaty of commerce between England and France, I am sure that he will feel a pleasure in recalling to his memory the face of one who fully sympathized with and comprehended all the greatness of France and the French people." The offer, I need scarcely say, was accepted as frankly as it was made gracefully.

Happily for the interests of newspapers, our social budget has been far fuller than our political one. Constance Kent has had her punishment commuted to imprisonment for life with hard labor, and is to be sent as a convict to Tasmania. It is clear now there is to be no further investigation, so that we shall never know in all probability exactly how the famous Road murder was committed. Much annoyance is felt at the obvious miscarriage of our criminal system in elucidating the truth in this memorable case; and it is expected that our criminal law will be altered shortly, so as to give the judge the power of directing a trial to be held even when the prisoner insists on pleading guilty. Yesterday, too, Dr. Pritchard was hung at Glasgow in the presence of the largest multitude—computed at 80,000—ever collected before a British gallows. The chief interest of the case arose from the social position of the murderer; but to lovers of psychological problems there was a sort of fascination about the utter absence of any moral sense in Dr. Pritchard's character. He seems to have been an amiable, kindly man enough in private life, whose only apparent defect was inordinate vanity. But it is clear that when a human life came in the way of his schemes or pleasures, he removed it with as little compunction as ordinary men show in killing an insect that annoys them. There is much reason to suppose that other persons besides his mother-in-law and his wife had been "improved" off the face of the world because they happened to come athwart the path of this strange moral phenomenon. It is characteristic of the man that he died as decorously as he had lived—outwardly.

Murders are subjects of interest everywhere; but there is a description

of social scandals the interest in which always seems to me peculiarly English. When I was in the States, nothing in your papers struck me more than the absence of those full reports of police cases about which the main interest consisted in the social position of the parties inculpated. What may be the cause of this, whether the American newspaper-reading public does not like such highly seasoned reports as our own, whether the fact of social position is of less importance with you than with us, or whether, as I am inclined to believe, the comparative smallness of England and the concentration of our national life in one city makes the personal element of more weight than in the United States, I do not pretend to decide. All I know is, that if ever my evil fate should involve me, however innocently, in what is euphemistically called "an awkward business," I pray sincerely that my critics in the press might be American and not English. These remarks are called for by the fact that our papers have lately been filled with one of those social scandals which possess an especial attraction for the English newspaper-reading public. The other day a young Frenchwoman, obviously belonging to the "half-world" class, died in a quarter of London much affected by ladies of doubtful position. The poor girl died of a miscarriage, brought on, there was reason to suppose, by artificial means. There was nothing, unfortunately, uncommon in this occurrence, and the death of this unknown "waif and stray" of London; and the matter would have dropped if it had not come out that a gentleman of good position had had some connection with the dead girl, and if there had not been some reason to suppose that he might have been privy to the act which led to her death. The case made a considerable noise, and at last it has come out that the gentleman inculpated is a Mr. Mowatt, who represented the borough of Cambridge for many years on extreme Liberal principles. As soon as Mr. Mowatt made his appearance, he explained away satisfactorily enough the suspicions under which he labored. It seems that a couple of years ago, he and the late Lord Clyde—better known to the world as Sir Colin Campbell of the Crimea and India—made the acquaintance of the deceased girl accidentally in Paris, helped her out of some trouble into which she had fallen, and then found her more or less thrown upon their hands. It was clear that both of them had acted kindly and liberally; though whether the interest they took in the girl's fortunes was altogether Platonic, is a point on which opinions may and do differ. Told briefly, this was all; and yet this story, because an ex-M.P. and a man like the late Lord Clyde were in some way mixed up with it, has excited an amount of interest you will perhaps find it hard to understand. All the political events in the world never increase the sale of an English newspaper so much as a good social scandal.

A CONNECTICUT VILLAGE.

It was founded in 1639, and by a small colony of emigrants from Stratford-on-Avon. This fact alone might well make us respect the place, but there is not a town or village in New England that could better rest satisfied with its many attractions. It stands on the western bank of the Housatonic or Ousatonick River, on a level plain, with the Sound three miles away on the south, the city of Bridgeport a little further off on the west, and with a rolling, rich, well-cultivated, and picturesque country on the north; and although crossed by the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad, is one of the most quiet and lovely villages in the land. Its original name was Cupheag, and an Englishman named Fairchild purchased the land of the Poquanuck Indians, and was the first white man vested with authority over the town. When the purchase was first made, the whole township comprised what have since been known as the towns of Trumbull, Huntington, and Bridgeport, the last of which has become a flourishing city. The price paid for the whole grant is not known, but it is on record that a neighboring tract of land cost ten blankets, six coats, one kettle, and a small assortment of hoes, hatchets, knives, and glasses. It was on account of similar outlays, undoubtedly, that the authorities of Stratford, thirty years after its settlement, voted that the Indians should not be permitted to plant corn anywhere, have their weapons mended by the smith, nor be employed by any citizens to look after "the horses, hoggs, and other cattle." The town was named in memory of the English Stratford, is said to have been laid out after the same fashion, and, by those who have seen the two, the American town has been pronounced the more beautiful. The principal street is a mile long, runs north and south, and is intersected by a number of others, all of which are lined by unpretending houses, each one flanked by a handsome garden. The streets are wide, richly carpeted by a green sward, and fringed on either side by regular rows of elm and other trees, which are constantly composing themselves into beautiful pictures; while the rural beauty of the place is greatly enhanced by two or three of those open spaces which the old men of New England love to remember, in connection with their boyhood, as the village green. Two handsome churches with graceful spires, and another with less pretension, loom up above the sea of foliage; there is not a tavern in the place, nor any groggeries or drinking saloons; a local newspaper was never dreamed of; and the few shops, whose owners do not deem it necessary to hang out any signs, are stocked with very small and very miscellaneous assortments of merchandise. Birds build their nests in every direction, and their sweet singing may be heard through all the hours of the summer day. Each householder in the town seems to be the possessor of a cow, and these cattle are driven to pasture in the morning, watched during the day, and brought home at sundown by a regular herdsman; and were it not for the occasional whistle of the passing locomotives, the charming quiet of the place would be profound and unbroken.

Two stories are told, illustrative of the repose which reigns in Stratford.

Some years ago a strange gentleman and his wife arrived in the village in their carriage, and after driving from one end of it to the other two or three times without meeting a single person, they became alarmed, and fancied that a plague might have depopulated the place. On further reflection, however, the stranger determined to stop at one of the pleasant houses he saw on every side. He did so, and the sound of the knocker on the door almost startled him with its terrible noise. In due time a lady made her appearance, and was saluted with this question:

"Can you tell me, madam, if this town is inhabited?"

"Yes, sir, it is," replied the lady, "and by way of relieving your anxiety I will mention one fact. The reason why our streets are so quiet is this: the men of the place are all in the fields at work, the children are at school, and the housewives are at home preparing a good dinner for their families." The gentleman thus obtained a new idea, and was satisfied.

The other is as follows: A Stratford gentleman one day entered his house in a troubled manner, pale and fainting, and earnestly called upon his wife and daughters for some camphor or cologne. These things were promptly administered, and after he had fairly recovered his speech, his wife bent over him and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear?"

To this the invalid replied: "Nothing very serious, I hope, but while passing along Elm Street I actually *saw a man.*"

The condition of things in Stratford has somewhat changed during the past few years, but the quiet and repose of the village are still delightful. Many of its native citizens continue to live in the pleasant homes where they were born; others who were tempted to try and obtain fortunes in New York and other cities were successful, and, like men of sterling sense, have returned here to spend their declining years in peace.

That such a town as Stratford should afford anything in the way of romantic personal histories was hardly to be expected, but the subjoined story is authentic as well as interesting. At the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in the village, and spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed to afford shelter to stage coach travellers. Whence he came and what his business, none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and the forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said that he was from Scotland, that he was travelling *incog.*, but in confidence gave her his real name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married. A few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans; he did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by their disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion; the wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and in hope. At the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New York with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for *her home* in England. On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Sterling. On the death of her husband many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and the wealth of his fathers, and in the last edition of the "Peerage and Baronetage," he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom of Stratford, North America." When the late Professor Silliman visited England some years since, he had the pleasure

of meeting Lady Sterling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birthplace in Connecticut.

If this paper were designed to be a complete history of Stratford, it would be necessary to print many pages about the early struggles and subsequent success of religion in this region. That is out of the question; but, on account of the personal history of one most interesting divine and author connected with it, a passing notice of the Episcopal Church in Stratford is indispensable. It was the first established in Connecticut, and its founder was one who left the Puritans to become an Episcopalian, and whose name was Samuel Johnson. He was born at Guilford, Connecticut, October 14, 1696, where were also born his father and grandfather, both men of distinction and deacons in the Congregational Church, while his great-grandfather, who came from Yorkshire, England, was one of the first settlers of New Haven. He was educated at the College of Saybrook, which subsequently found a permanent resting place in New Haven, and after the change of location, and while only twenty years of age, he became a tutor in what is now known as Yale College; was honored with the degree of Master of Arts; and was the first man who in 1718 lodged and set up housekeeping in the institution. In 1720 he became a preacher of the Gospel, and was settled at West Haven as a Congregationalist. He soon afterwards became the leader of a party of three or four who pioneered their way into the Episcopal Church, and, resigning his charge, he went to England to obtain orders, received from Oxford and Cambridge the degree of Master of Arts, and in 1723 was settled in Stratford as the first regularly ordained Episcopal clergyman in the colony. At first his flock consisted of only thirty families, and the persecutions which he endured from the Congregationalists were almost unparallelled. Some of them went so far as to put chains across their streets to prevent the horrible Episcopalians from going to church, while others would not sell him vegetables and other country produce for the support of his family. His great ability, however, as well as his high character as a man of intellect and a Christian, overcame all these obstacles, and he was triumphantly successful.

On the arrival in this country of Berkeley (the Dean of Derry and Bishop of Cloyne), in 1729, the rector of Stratford became his intimate friend, corresponded with him for many years, introduced his works to the *literati* of America, made him so interested in Yale College as to secure a present of one thousand valuable books to that institution, as well as a present of ninety acres of land in Rhode Island for its benefit. After a continuous battle of twenty years in behalf of his Church, the University of Oxford conferred upon our rector the degree of Doctor of Divinity, which honor was followed by many kind letters from the best men in England. In 1754, against his own wishes, but because eminent friends told him it was his duty, he accepted the presidency of the newly established Kings College in New York (now Columbia College), where his services were invaluable until 1763, when he returned to Stratford to spend the remainder of his days in ease and leisure. Here he died on the 6th of January, 1772, and lies buried in the grave-yard of Christ church, where two church buildings were erected under his eye, and were the predecessors of the present tasteful edifice occupying the same site. On the monument which commemorates his death are inscribed, after a Latin inscription, the following lines:

> "If decent *dignity* and modest mien,
> The cheerful *heart* and countenance serene;
> If pure *religion* and unsullied truth,
> His *age's* solace, and his search in youth;
> If *piety* in all the paths he trod,
> Still rising vigorous to his Lord and God:
> If *charity* thro' all the race he ran,
> Still willing well, and doing good to man;
> If LEARNING, free from pedantry and pride;
> If FAITH and VIRTUE, walking side by side;—
> If well to mark his being's aim and end,
> To shine through life a HUSBAND, FATHER, FRIEND,
> If *these* ambition in thy soul can raise,
> Excite thy reverence, or demand thy praise;—
> *Reader*, ere yet thou quit this earthly scene,
> Revere his name, and be what he has been.
>
> MYLES COOPER."

For a sketch of the life of Doctor Johnson, and an eloquent estimate of his exalted character as the first scholar of the day in America, the reader is referred to a small volume, published in 1805, by Dr. Thomas B. Chandler, of New Jersey, while the subjoined list of his writings will afford an opportunity of estimating his services as an author, viz.: "Plain Reasons for Conforming to the Church;" "Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics" —printed by Franklin; "Demonstration on the Reasonableness and Duty of Prayer;" "Beauty of Holiness in the Worship of the Church of England;" an English grammar, a Church catechism, a Hebrew grammar, an English and Hebrew grammar, and a variety of pamphlets on theological and literary subjects, published between the years 1732 and 1771.

Another man of note associated with Stratford was William S. Johnson, son of Dr. Samuel. He was born here October 7, 1727, graduated at Yale College in 1744, and was a lawyer of distinction and an eloquent orator. In 1765 and 1785 he was a delegate to the Congress at New York, and in 1776 an agent for the Colony to England, where he formed the acquaintance of many leading men. In 1772 he was judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court and a member of the convention that formed the Federal Constitution. He was also a Senator in Congress from 1789 to 1791; received from Oxford the degree of Doctor of Laws; and from 1792 to 1800 he was president of Columbia College, New York, after which he returned to Stratford, where he died November 14, 1819, and lies buried by the side of his distinguished father.

As allusions have already been made to five generations of the Johnson family of Stratford, it may here be mentioned, for the sake of completeness, that Samuel William Johnson, a lawyer and judge of retired habits, was the son of the senator, and that his son, William Samuel Johnson, is the present representative of the family, who has several brothers to participate with him in bearing the honored name. And this fact brings us (as did the courtesy of that gentleman bring the writer of this chapter) into the Johnson Library of Stratford. This collection numbers between four and five thousand volumes, and seven generations of highly educated men have participated in the labor of bringing them together. It was also enriched by contributions from such men as Bishop Berkeley, Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Johnson, the great author of England. The several proprietors of this rare and truly precious private library have occasionally given away what we might call a swarm of books, but perhaps the most graceful present of this kind was one of several hundred volumes, printed between the years 1577 and 1791, and presented to Columbia College by the present owner. The collection, as it now stands, is especially rich in theology, the early English classics, the antiquities of England, the Greek and Latin authors, and in its dictionaries, with a rare sprinkling of black letter and Elzevir volumes. Here may also be found several curious editions of the Bible; but perhaps the most curious, interesting, and valuable single volume is the "*Icon Basilikê;* or, The Works of that Great Monarch and Glorious Martyr, King Charles I., both Civil and Sacred; and Pourtraicture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings." The edition here mentioned was printed at the Hague in 1648, a few days after the death of the king, and hence its especial value. Those acquainted with the work need not be told that the proof is quite conclusive as to its having been the veritable production of the king, though long disputed; that it went through fifty editions in one year; that Hume declares it to have led to the restoration of the royal family; that it was greatly praised even by Milton, the personal friend of Cromwell; that, as the alleged production of the murdered sovereign, it caused an intense interest throughout the world; and that the critics of the time pronounced it the best specimen of English writing then in existence. The man whose taste and learning are chiefly represented by this admirable library was the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson. Here it was that, after his return from New York, surrounded by these venerable tomes, he lived the happy and peaceful life of a Christian scholar, and kept up an extensive correspondence with the most learned and eminent men of England and America. And that mass of correspondence, which is still preserved with an elaborate journal kept by Dr. Samuel, may, perhaps, be considered the very cream of the Johnson library. That portion of it bearing upon church history has already been extensively studied by clerical pilgrims from all parts of the land; while that portion which is of a miscellaneous character, addressed to the rector and senator, is quietly awaiting the fate of all unpublished correspondence by men of distinction. From the latter collection, the writer of this article has been permitted to copy three letters by Bishop Berkeley, Benjamin Franklin, and the great Samuel Johnson of England, the reading of which cannot but be interesting, as fresh material bearing upon the characters of the several distinguished writers.

The first of the letters in question, from the Bishop, exhibits the interest which he felt in King's College, New York, as well as the methodical character of his mind:

CLOYNE, August 23, 1749.

REV. SIR:—I am obliged for the account you have sent me of the prosperous estate of learning in your college of *New Haven*. I approve of the regulations made there, and am particularly pleased to find your sons have made such progress as appears from their elegant address to me in the Latin tongue. It must indeed give me a very sensible satisfaction to hear that my weak endeavors have been of some service to that part of the world. I have two letters of yours at once on my hands to answer, for which business of various kinds must be my apology. As to the first, wherein you enclosed a small pamphlet relating to tar-water, I can only say in behalf of those points in which the ingenious author seems to differ from me, that I advance nothing which is not grounded on experience, as may be seen at large in Mr. Pryor's narrative of the effects of tar-water, printed three or four years ago, and which may be supposed to have reached *America*.

For the rest, I am glad to find a spirit towards learning prevails in those parts, particularly *New York*, where you say a college is projected, which has my best wishes. At the same time, I am sorry that the condition of *Ireland*, containing such numbers of poor uneducated people, for whose sake charity schools are erecting throughout the kingdom, obligeth us to draw charities from *England;* so far are we from being able to extend our bounty to New York, a country, in proportion, much richer than our own. But as you are pleased to desire my advice upon this undertaking, I send the following hints, to be enlarged and improved by your own judgment.

I would not advise the applying to *England* for charters or statutes (which might cause great trouble, expense, and delay), but to do the business quietly within yourselves.

I believe it may suffice to begin with a president and two fellows. If they can procure but three fit persons, I doubt not the college, from the smallest beginnings, would grow considerable. I should conceive good hopes were you at the head of it.

Let them by all means supply themselves out of the seminaries in *New England*. For I am apprehensive none can be got in *Old England* (who are willing to go) worth sending.

Let the Greek and Latin classics be well taught. Be this the first care as to learning. But the principal care must be good life and morals, to which (as well as to study) early hours and temperate meals will much conduce.

If the terms for degrees are the same as at *Oxford* or *Cambridge*, this would give credit to the college and pave the way for admitting their graduates *ad eundem* in the English universities.

Small premiums in books or distinctions in habit may prove useful encouragements to the students.

I would advise that the building be regular, plain, and cheap, and that each student have a room (about ten feet square) to himself.

I recommended this nascent seminary to an English bishop, to try what might be done there. But, by his answer, it seems the Colony is judged rich enough to educate its own youth.

Colleges, from small beginnings, grow great by subsequent bequests and benefactions. A small matter will suffice to set one a-going. And when this is once well done, there is no doubt it will go on and thrive. The chief concern must be to set out in a good method and introduce from the first a good taste into society. For this end its principal expense should be in making handsome provision for the president and fellows.

I have thrown together these few crude thoughts for you to ruminate upon and digest in your own judgment, and propone from yourself, as you see convenient.

My correspondence with patients that drink tar-water obliges me to be less punctual in corresponding with my friends. But I shall always be glad to hear from you. My sincere good wishes and prayers attend you in all your laudable undertakings.

I am your faithful servant,

G. Cloyne.

The next letter, which has never been published, is from Benjamin Franklin. Like everything he wrote, it is characteristic of the man.

Philadelphia, August 9, 1750.

Rev. Sir:—At my return home I found your favor of June the 28th, with the Bishop of Cloyne's letter enclosed, which I will take care of, and beg leave to keep a little longer.

Mr. Francis, our Attorney-General, who was with me at your house, from the conversation then had with you, and reading some of your pieces, has conceived an esteem for you equal to mine. The character we have given of you to the other trustees, and the sight of your letters relating to the academy, has made them very desirous of engaging you in that design, as a person whose experience and judgment would be of great use in forming rules and establishing good methods in the beginning, and whose name for learning would give it a reputation. We only lament that, in the infant state of our funds, we cannot make you an offer equal to your merit. But as the view of being useful has most weight with generous and benevolent minds, and in this affair you may do great service, not only to the present, but to future generations, I flatter myself sometimes that, if you were here, and saw things as they are, and conversed a little with our people, you might be prevailed with to remove. I would therefore earnestly press you to make us a visit as soon as you conveniently can, and in the meantime let me represent to you some of the circumstances as they appear to me:

1. The trustees of the academy are applying for a charter, which will give an opportunity of improving and modelling our constitution in such a manner as, when we have your advice, shall appear best. I suppose we shall have power to form a regular college. 2. If you would undertake the management of the English education, I am satisfied the trustees would, on your account, make the salary £100 sterling (they have already voted £150 currency, which is not far from it), and pay the charge of your removal. Your son might also be employed as tutor at £60, or perhaps £70, per annum. 3. It has been long observed that our church is not sufficient to accommodate near the number of people who would willingly have seats there. The buildings increase very fast towards the south end of the town, and many of the principal merchants now live there, which, being at considerable distance from the present church, people begin to talk much of building another; and ground has been offered as a gift for that purpose. The trustees of the academy are, three-fourths of them, members of the Church of England, and the rest men of moderate principles. They have reserved in the large building a large hall for occasional preaching, public lectures, orations, etc.—it is 70 feet by 60, furnished with a handsome pulpit, seats, etc. In this Mr. Tennent collected his congregation, who are now building a meeting-house. In the same place, by giving now and then a lecture, you might with equal ease collect a congregation that would in a short time build you a church (if it should be agreeable to you).

In the meantime, I imagine you will receive something considerable yearly arising from marriages and christenings in the best families, not to mention presents that are not unfrequent from a wealthy people to a minister they like; and though the whole may not amount to more than a due support, yet I think it will be a comfortable one. And when you are well settled in a church of your own, your son may be qualified by years of experience to succeed you in the academy; or if you rather choose to continue in the academy, your son might probably be fixed in the church.

These are my private sentiments, which I have communicated only with Mr. Francis, who entirely agrees with me. I acquainted the trustees that I would write to you, but could give them no dependence that you would be prevailed on to remove. They will, however, treat with no other till I have your answer.

You will see by our new paper, which I enclose, that the corporation of this city have voted £200 down and £100 a year out of their revenues to the trustees of the academy. As they are a perpetual body, choosing their own successors, and so not subject to be changed by the caprice of a governor or of the people, and as eighteen of the members (some of them leading) are of the trustees, we look on this donation to be as good as so much real estate, being confident it will be continued as long as it is well applied, and even increased if there should be occasion. We have now near £5,000 subscribed, and expect some considerable sums besides may be procured from the merchants of London trading hither. And as we are in the centre of the colonies, a healthy place, with plenty of provisions, we purpose a good academy here may draw numbers of youth for education from the neighboring colonies and even from the West Indies.

I will shortly print proposals for publishing your pieces by subscription, and disperse them among my friends along the continent. My compliments to Mrs. Johnson and your son, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker, your good neighbors. I am, with great esteem and respect, sir,

Your most humble servant,

B. Franklin.

To Dr. Samuel Johnson, Stratford.

P.S.—There are some other things best treated of when we have the pleasure of seeing you. It begins now to be pleasant travelling; I wish you would conclude to visit us in the next month at furthest. Whether the journey produce the effect we desire, or not, it shall be no expense to you.

The last of the choice letters to which allusion has been made was written by the author of Rasselas to his friend William S. Johnson, the senator. That gentleman received several others from his illustrious namesake (but who was not a relative), all of which have been lost excepting the one now printed for the first time. When written, poor Boswell must have been asleep, as he does not mention it in his microscopic publication. The allusion in the letter to an Arctic sea would have surprised the late Dr. E. K. Kane.

Sir:—Of all those whom the various vicissitudes of life have brought within my notice, there is scarce any man whose acquaintance I have more desired to cultivate than yours. I cannot indeed charge you with neglecting me, yet our mutual inclination could never gratify itself with opportunities; the current of the day always bore us away from one another. And now the Atlantick is between us.

Whether you carried away an impression of me as pleasing as that which you left me of yourself, I know not; if you did, you have not forgotten me, and will be glad that I do not forget you. Merely to be remembered is indeed a barren pleasure, but it is one of the pleasures which is more sensibly felt as human nature is more exalted.

To make you wish that I should have you in my mind, I would be glad to tell you something which you do not know, but all publick affairs are printed; and as you and I had no common friends I can tell you no private history.

The Government, I think, grows stronger; but I am afraid the next general election will be a time of uncommon turbulence, violence, and outrage.

Of literature no great product has appeared or is expected. The attention of the people has for some years been otherwise employed.

I was told two days ago of a design which must excite some curiosity. Two ships are in preparation, which are under the command of Captain Constantine Phipps, to explore the Northern Ocean; not to seek the North-east or the North-west passage, but to sail directly north, as near the Pole as they can go. They hope to find an open ocean, but I suspect it is one mass of perpetual congelation. I do not much wish well to discoveries, for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery.

I have been out of order this winter, but am grown better. Can I ever hope to see you again? or must I be always content to tell you that in another hemisphere I am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

Saml. Johnson.

Johnson's Court, Fleet Street,
London, March 4, 1773.

To Dr. Johnson, in Stratford, Connecticut.

A desultory account of Stratford, like the present, should not omit an allusion to General David Wooster, who was born here in 1711. He graduated at Yale College in 1738, served as the captain of an armed vessel in the Spanish war, as a captain of militia in the expedition against Louisburg in 1745, went to France with a lot of prisoners, and from thence to England, when he received certain honors, served as commandant of a brigade in the

French war, espoused the cause of America in 1764, aided in defending New York, had command of our troops in Canada, where he rendered important services, was subsequently made a major-general of the Connecticut militia, and during a skirmish with the British troops at the time of their incursion to Danbury in 1777, received a shot which terminated his life in a few days. He was a brave officer, an ardent patriot, and a man of the highest integrity and virtue.

But a few additional words must be devoted to the Stratford of the present time. A love of religion and of the intellectual and beautiful seems to permeate its entire population; and although its two leading denominations of Christians were wont to battle valiantly for the cause of truth and prejudice in the olden times, the most perfect harmony now exists between them, and both alike deserve honorable mention for what they have accomplished. To church people alone the history of the Congregational Church is quite as interesting as that of the Episcopal, but the latter had the advantage on the score of general interest on account of its distinguished founder. American literature has also been enriched by two citizens of Stratford now living, viz., Rev. J. Mitchell and J. Olney, Esq. "The Reminiscences of Scenes and Characters of College, by a Graduate of Yale," the work of the former, is an exceedingly well written volume, useful in purpose and full of sound wisdom and Christian feeling. And the same compliment may be paid to his other productions, viz., "Notes from Over the Sea," "My Mother; or, Recollections of Maternal Influence," "Days of Boyhood," a tale entitled "Rachell Kell," and "The New England Churches," in which the subject of Congregationalism is well-nigh exhausted. This gentleman was also for many years editor of the *Christian Spectator* in New Haven, and his books were published anonymously. The School Geographies and Histories of the latter are well known as having acquired an almost unequalled circulation. While the art treasures of the town are not extensive, there are a few pictures here which will be found worth hunting up by men of taste. In the Johnson Library may be found the best portrait extant of Jonathan Edwards, a connection of the family, painted by or copied after Copley; one of Rev. Dr. Johnson, also by Copley; one of Senator Johnson, by Stuart; and a print of Samuel Johnson of England, after Reynolds, which was presented to Senator Johnson by the original, and pronounced by him the best likeness ever executed.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. EVERT A. DUYCKINCK has now in preparation a new edition of "The Cyclopædia of American Literature." The work has been for some time out of print and in considerable demand, as copies have lately realized at auction an advance on the publishing price. Messrs. C. Scribner & Co. will issue the new edition in the course of the fall. The additional matter required to bring the work down to the present time, that has accrued during the eight or ten years subsequent to the first impression, will be thrown into a supplement, to be obtained, we believe, separately by those who desire to complete their copies. A fine steel portrait of Mr. G. L. Duyckinck, the coadjutor of his brother in the undertaking, lately deceased, is given,

and in compliance with the prevailing taste, a few copies will be printed on large paper for purposes of illustration, etc. The real value of digests like this Cyclopædia is almost more apparent abroad, where sources of knowledge are limited, than at home. The information they contain in regard to the literature of a country like the United States, for instance, is eagerly seized on by librarians, bibliographers, biographers, critics, etc., and the author unconsciously becomes a more potential dispenser of fame than many literary workmen of far higher intentions. The power of a book of reference over its habitual readers is very great—many events and characters have never been able to overcome the effect of a passing sneer or flippant mention in works of this kind. It is matter of congratulation that the task of recording the Fasti of the American republic of letters was undertaken by a scholar who feels as a gentleman and writes with liberal views and enlightened tastes.

—A squabble with their publishers seems to be an indispensable part of the discipline that the lady novelists of our day have to pass through, though, thanks to the growing refinement of the age, it is rarely conducted with the rudeness displayed thirty years since, as when Mr. Colburn, on the day of Lady Morgan's leaving him for a new publisher, advertised all her books at half price by way of revenge for the desertion. The difficulties of the present day have almost invariably arisen from one cause. Most of the authoresses whose names now give currency to fictitious literature, as Miss Braddon, Miss Annie Thomas, Miss Edwards, etc., have been industrious but undistinguished writers in periodical publications before they have achieved the success that at last gives them a name and an envied station among their contemporaries. No sooner is this accomplished than the productions of their immature talent, thrown off in a hurry, "*à vil prix*," for some insignificant magazine, are instantly fished out of their obscurity, luxuriously set forth in leaded type, advertised far and wide as "the new work of the talented authoress of etc., etc." The provocation is doubtless great in such a case, and it must be said the injured parties have been by no means backward in proclaiming their wrongs to a listening world. The latest instance of the kind is a public remonstrance from Miss Edwards, who finds a collection of reprinted stories from "Household Words," that she wished to call with severe humility "Waste Paper," announced as "Miss Carew: a new novel by the author of Barbara's Husband." In this case, the blame is thrown on an irresponsible clerk, and an apology suffices to restore good feeling all around.

—With the great revival that is in progress of the study of American history in all its departments, the French seem suddenly to have woke up to a sense of the important part they once played in the discovery and development of the continent of North America. Though they were doomed to give place to more fortunate if not more adventurous successors, it is in their language that the earliest records of the history of Canada, Western New York, and the North-western Territory generally must be sought; and seemingly late in the day, it is pleasant to find that literary men and publishers are hastening to reproduce, either from rare editions or MSS., the fugitive tracts, pamphlets, etc., that narrate the first steps of the progress that culminates in the creation of a mighty state. The excellent market that the United States offers for works of the kind is probably a stimulus, and a legitimate one, for their production. M. Edwin Tross, of Paris, has done good service in this line as a publisher. In November next he will complete the republication in four volumes of Father Sagard's "Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons, situé en l'Amerique vers la Mer douce (Lake Ontario) es dernier confins de la Nouvelle France." This includes the good Father's Dictionary of the Huron Language, which—ever since Lord Monboddo in the last century discerned its philological value—has been almost unfindable. M. Tross has also reproduced the original narrative of Jacques Cartier's voyage of discovery "aux Isles de Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, et autres," in 1535 and 1536, from the excessively rare edition of 1545. He has now, in addition, in press a volume of inedited documents relating to a still earlier voyage by Cartier in 1534, lately discovered, and now edited from the originals by Alfred Ramè. In this connexion we may mention that proposals have been issued by Mr. J. G. Shea, our first scholar in Franco-American history, for a translation of the great work of Father Charlevoix, "History and Description of New France." The only portion ever published in English is the personal narrative, forming less than a third of the work. The remainder, digested from the journals of the missionaries and many sources now no longer extant, has never appeared, except in its original form. The translation will make five volumes octavo, printed in superior style, and, enriched as it is with the annotations of the editor, may be regarded as a complete thesaurus of our early history.

—At a late meeting of the Ethnological Society of London, the inexhaustible antiquarian theme for discussion—Stonehenge—was made the subject of a paper by a distinguished Swedish savant, Professor Nilsson. Having enjoyed the advantage of an acquaintance with the primeval monuments of Scandinavia, he was enabled to take a wider and more enlarged view of the origin of this unique structure and its relation to other prehistoric remains than is usually adopted by English antiquarians. The paper itself, and the debate that followed, give a résumé of the latest theories on the subject, and show conclusively that only negative results have been reached. The popular hypothesis that would connect Stonehenge with the Druids and their rites is almost entirely discarded, and though some still call it a solar temple and look to the Phœnicians for its origin, with our knowledge of ancient remains the probabilities daily increase that the monument is sepulchral in its purpose, as in all barbarous and semi-civilized nations the most stupendous works have been erected for the dead, and the energies of the living have found their most earnest expression in this service.

—It is to be hoped that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will soon give us an edition of a new book of Eastern life, "Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff Gordon. A better companion for Lord Dufferin's capital "Letters from High Latitudes" could not be found. The book is a charming and thoroughly womanly one. Human beings, and not dead antiquities, "the neglected races that come in contact with civilization, only to feel its resistless force and its haughty indifference or contempt," were the objects that engaged the active sympathies of the author of these letters, written (as we learn from the prefatory notice by her mother) under the influence of dangerous disease, in the dreariness of solitude and isolation from all the objects of the dearest affections. Who shall wonder that, approached in this spirit of large humanity, the "soul of goodness" gushed out among the poor Fellaheen responsively to the expansive charity (in its widest sense) of the "Sitt Inkeleezeeyeh," the English lady, requiting her with grateful affection and boundless confidence. The English reviews have been unanimous in their praises of this volume, but they seem not to have recognized in the author one to whom talent should be a hereditary possession, as the daughter of John Austin, the jurist, and Mrs. Sarah Austin, one of the most accomplished women of the day. Lady Duff Gordon is, we believe, an only child. There is what Thackeray might call a fine Amontillado flavor about her married name, derived from her husband's father, the first baronet, who was Consul-General at Cadiz, and head of a mercantile house that for years made the "Duff Gordon" brand synonymous with the choicest Sherries.

—If the English as a nation retain their former characteristics of inordinate self-satisfaction and conceit, it is not for want of having their faults pointed out to them. The purport of Mr. Ruskin's late volume, "Sesame and Lilies," has been summed up as, "First, the villany and degradation of English people in general; and secondly, the selfishness and frivolity of the English women in particular. His abundant rhetoric runs riot on this theme, and without reprinting the whole volume it is difficult to give an idea of its abounding richness of vituperation. A late painful accident in Switzerland is recalled by a paragraph on the travelling English:

"You have despised nature; that is to say, all deep and sacred sensation of natural scenery. . . . . There is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fires; there is no particle left of English land that you have not trampled coal-ashes into, nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops. The Alps themselves, that your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb and slide down again with 'shrieks of delight.' When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of the valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction."

—Victor Hugo is about leaving, it is said, his abode in the Channel Islands to take up his residence in Belgium. His new work, now just ready to put into the hands of the publisher, will be an enduring memorial of his ten or twelve years' domiciliation within sight of the shores of his beloved France—"Les Travailleurs de la Mer." The "Sea Workers" is called in the English papers a novel, but it is said to be more correctly estimated as a view, pictorial, psychological, etc., of the coast life of the Channel Islands, the sole remains of the ancient Duchy of Normandy that continue in the possession of the English crown. Mr. Carleton, the publisher of "Les Misérables," has completed his arrangements for the early issue of "Les Travailleurs" in an English dress. It is worthy of remark, as showing the wide difference of taste existing between the two countries, that the success of "Les Misérables" in England was very slight; only one edition of the translation was printed after a considerable time, and that was anything but a success. Here the sale must have considerably exceeded one hundred thou-

sand copies, and the work proved literally a fortune to its proprietors. Among Mr. Carleton's other novelties, forthcoming in the fall, is a new book by Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie; a "History of the Humbugs of the World," by P. T. Barnum ("he best can paint them who has felt them most"); and a comic pictorial record of a visit to Cuba, in the style of "Brown, Jones & Robinson's Tour," from the pencil of the publisher, himself an amateur artist, whose efforts, hitherto confined to private circles, need not fear comparison with professional rivalry.

—Since it seems Prof. Child's projected edition of Chaucer is not likely to be proceeded with, and the similar style of critical edition, founded on an exhaustive collation of the various MSS. texts, announced by Dr. Earle, Anglo-Saxon professor at Oxford, cannot see the light for a long time, if indeed it is even yet seriously undertaken, it is fortunate for the rapidly increasing number of students in Old English literature that an edition of Chaucer's poetical works may be looked for speedily in Messrs. Bell & Daldy's reissue of "The Aldine Poets." It has been undertaken by Mr. Richard Morris, well known for his able treatises on Early English Dialects and his masterly edition of Hampole's "Pricke of Conscience," "Sir Gawayn," etc. The text will not be an eclectic one, but the best MS. of each poem will be followed, with collations from a few other good MSS. when possible. The glossary will no doubt receive a due share of the editor's attention. Scarcely anything has been done in this department for the special illustration of Chaucer since the days of Tyrwhit, whose work has, of course, no pretensions to represent the progress made in philological studies during the seventy-five years subsequent to its date.

—The recent formation in England, under the highest auspices, of a "Palestine Expedition Fund," is meeting with fair encouragement. The sum already raised and placed at the disposal of the committee is £2,000. It is remarkable that while all our great triumphs over the past have been trophies won by the spade—as witness the resuscitation of Nineveh, Memphis, the Halicarnassean Mausoleum, Pompeii, ancient Etruria, etc.—excavation has never been attempted in Palestine, so far as we have any record, while unquestionably the whole soil is teeming with memorials of the different strata of populations that have succeeded each other in its occupancy. The operations of the society will commence with excavating in Jerusalem, and Captain Wilson, whose remarkable discoveries under the wall of the Temple enclosure have been lately described, and who has lately returned from the East, is engaged on a report of the propriety and feasibility of explorations of this nature. Meanwhile disputes become so hot on the various subjects of controversy, especially the identification of sacred sites, that it will be well if some decisive method of settling the doubtful points is attainable. Mr. Ferguson, who saw at a glance of Mr. Arundel's drawings that the capitals of the columns in the Mosque of Omar could not be Saracenic, but were unquestionably debased Roman, and jumped to the conclusion that the so-called Mosque was Constantine's basilica built over the Holy Sepulchre, does not consider himself sufficiently answered when he is told that ancient remains have always been worked up into more recent buildings, and still persists, in lectures, books, magazines, etc., to advocate his views. His pertinacity has even obtained him command of the important channel of Smith's "Bible Dictionary," in which his hypothesis is set forth as if it was the only one, though not a single writer or traveller besides its author has ever adopted it. An immense number of collateral questions on this and other Biblical topics are now the source of lively discussion, and can only be set at rest by a scientific exploration of the Holy Land, such as we now hope to see performed.

—The remains, or salvage stock, of Mr. George Offor's Biblical library, the destruction of which by fire was mentioned in a late number of our journal, have been sold at a low price to Mr. Stevens, the American book agent. So that, if the restorers and bookbinders can reproduce any of the rescued fragments in a merchantable condition (and wonders have been wrought in this way by skill and taste) American libraries may yet be enriched with some of these unique gems. Ever since the value of books has been recognized, and the critical study of the Scriptures has assumed the proportions of a science, collections of the various forms in which the sacred writings have appeared have always engaged the time and attention of the curious. The grand ducal library of Wirtemberg, at Stuttgard, has generally been considered to be the most copious existing in this department. Eighty years ago it was stated to possess over nine thousand different editions of the Bible. The best known modern collectors in England have been the Duke of Sussex, whose library was more extensive than choice or select, and was dispersed after his death; Mr. Lea Wilson, a London merchant, who pursued the study of the various English versions with far greater accuracy than had ever before been attempted, and wrote the best account of them in a valuable catalogue that now sells for about ten guineas—his library came into the hands of Mr. Pickering, and was divided among his customers; Rev. Christopher Anderson, author of "Annals of the English Bible," who had amassed a curious collection, with small means, by entire devotion to one subject: it was sold by auction at his death; Mr. George Offor, beforementioned; and Mr. Francis Fry, of Coatham Tower, near Bristol. Mr. Fry's collection is the only one of those above-named that remains entire. He is known by several beautiful publications connected with Biblical pursuits—one of them a verbatim and literatim fac-simile of William Tyndale's first English Testament, a volume of several hundred pages, and perhaps the largest and most beautiful fac-simile ever published. American collectors are fortunate in coming after these pioneers of the study. The library of Mr. James Lenox, in particular, can show numerous spoils from each of the above-mentioned sources, and certainly exceeds any one of them in value and extent. Like all other pursuits, the more it is studied, the more inexhaustible appear the varieties of Biblical bibliography. The constantly recurring notices of a "very old Bible" that run through the country papers in a dull season, show how natural and deeply rooted are feelings of curiosity on the subject.

—Competitive examinations are now the gates through which all the civil and military employés of the English Government must pass, and the general prevalence of the system must shortly change the long accepted current plans of education. Already it has a literature of its own—books constructed, as its enemies aver, for the purpose of "cramming" the memory of the candidate with the greatest number of facts at the least possible expenditure of time and intellect. A report by Dr. Dasent (the well known Scandinavian scholar) on the examination of candidates for admission to the Royal Academy, Woolwich, gives some insight into the working of the system. The applicants were between the ages of 16 and 19, belonging to the upper classes of society, and of superior average intelligence—the greatest number of marks for proficiency being given for Greek and mathematics. Yet in modern history, the transactions of the last thirty or forty years, which every one is supposed to be familiar with, the ignorance displayed was astounding. Dr. Dasent says: "One of my questions asked for information respecting the Princess Charlotte, Prince Leopold, Lord Liverpool, and Daniel O'Connell." The Princess Charlotte was usually supposed to be the wife of George IV., and Prince Leopold was every one but himself; as to Daniel O'Connell, to most of the candidates, and even to those of his own country, he was a thoroughly mythical personage—he was generally confounded with Mr. Smith O'Brien, and made to die in exile after having risen against the Government and being captured in a cabbage garden. To some he was a great Orangeman in the time of William III.; one youth boldly identified him with St. Patrick, and declared he had expelled snakes from Ireland! Such is fame to the rising generation. A curious ethnological fact is said to have been the result of competition. It is well known that in many branches of the service, and particularly in India, Scotchmen have long had a monopoly of Government offices, through family connexions, etc. At competitive examinations the happy constitutional audacity of the Irish character, which dashes right or wrong at an answer, is said to carry the day against Scotch caution, fearful of committing itself, and the proportion of successful candidates of the two nations is gradually changing in favor of the former.

ST. PHILIP'S.*

THE evangelic admonition against putting old wine into new bottles seems to have almost entirely faded from the minds of the popular writers of the present day. Were this the whole extent of the transgression, we could swallow the draught with tolerable equanimity. But when we open the new bottle with the fresh label warranting the contents to be a superior article of the favorite brand, we find only a hurriedly concocted mixture, compounded of the lees left in the old bottles with much water and the acrid results of their earliest attempts at wine-making. There are but very few authors, who have come into notoriety within the last ten years, whose literary career is not a striking example of the rhetorical figure called anti-climax; few who have not taken advantage of the cordial reception of one well-matured work to thrust down the public throat some of the immature essays on which they had before practised their pen. There is hardly any position, we know, so beset with temptations as that of a successful author. Vanity is continually urging him to new efforts to retain the attractive honors of a place in the public mouth; the proverbial itch of composition has become a settled malady, and will not let him sleep; enterprising publishers,

* "St. Philip's. By the Author of Rutledge." New York. Carleton. 1865.

whose patronage ensures large sales and commendatory notices from two-thirds of the public journals, assail him with dazzling offers for "something from his gifted pen." But if the conscientious earnestness of the artist will not enable him to resist these enticements, at least common sense ought to tell him that an author's reputation, like a good many other things, will not bear too much handling.

To the provoking class of books which are produced in this way belongs St. Philip's. It is a work hastily manufactured for the summer market, to be sold by the aid of the author's reputation and the publisher's influence, and must be disappointing to all who have read the former works from the same pen, and who had hoped on taking this one that they might find in it the unequal excellences of its predecessors here harmoniously combined and their suggestive promises fulfilled. In its characters, scenes, and plot it is principally a weak repetition of "Rutledge." The nameless heroine of that work, the wilful and perverse young brunette, in the author's third work christened Frank, here does service again under the name of Madeline. In Dr. Catherwood we recognize our old friend Mr. Rutledge, and the Victor of Rutledge has been mercilessly severed in twain, and as the fashionable adventurer and forward rival is called Colonel Steele, while as the murderer to be concealed by the heroine, and by his death to remove all the impediments to the course of true love, he is named Julian.

The characters have, indeed, had their outlines made more definite, and are kept in more stable equilibrium than in "Rutledge," but possess little power or range, and are commonplace in kind. Even if the author had to compose in so great haste, and had so exhausted her stock of characters that she could give us nothing new for hero or heroine, it seems to us that at least she might have had the discretion to choose for production characters with which we are all less familiar. We would respectfully suggest not only to the author of "Rutledge," but to the authors of the present day in general, that a heroine who was *not* sweet seventeen, all unsophisticated in the ways of the world, yet painfully mature intellectually, and a hero *not* twice said heroine's age, deep, grave, imperturbable, with his past history invested with a tantalizing mystery, would have, if nothing else, the spice that is afforded by variety. The old doctrine of the Pythagoreans, that the souls of men migrate from body to body, assuming a new name and fleshly habiliment as soon as their career in one is finished, though long discarded by the rest of mankind, seems yet in these latter days to have been adopted by the novel writers. In almost every new story that we take up we recognize several old acquaintances whom we have seen "wooed and married and a'" long ago, now brought out from the waters of the literary Lethe perfectly rejuvenated, and in the thinnest of disguises, little more than a new surname often, commencing their devious courses again, utterly untutored by all their past experience. Pythagoras himself, it is said, on beholding the ancient armor of Euphorbus, recognized them as his own old weapons, and recalled the deeds he had done in front of Troy five hundred years before. So, we fancy, the hero of "St. Philip's," reading the novels of the last twenty years, from "Jane Eyre" downwards, might be able to identify himself under some score of *aliases*, and count up a whole harem of young maidens, heiresses and orphans, blondes and brunettes, whose hearts and hands he had successively charmed away into his own keeping; and we are very sure that he must by this time have become intensely tired of the monotony of continually making his *entrée* on the scene as "a solitary horseman riding slow and thoughtfully along by the light of the moon" (*vide* p. 22), and must think that whatever romantic charm that mode of introduction may have had at first, has now disappeared.

The scenes and incidents of St. Philip's are pretty much the same as in the author's former works—a party, a fête champêtre, runaway horses, a rescue, and so forth. Several of these retain the old vigor of description, and are the best parts of the book. The conversation, however, is almost entirely destitute of the spirit and somewhat elaborate point which characterized it in the author's previous books, and generally preserves a safe tameness and matter-of-fact character, varied chiefly by two or three passages of the silliest chatter about dress, admirers, and intended conquests that we have ever had the misfortune to read or hear, and by two or three attempts at heart-rending pathos resulting only in bathos.

The plot of St. Philip's shows the same marks of haste as the rest of the book. It is loose and ill-jointed, and to get along with it at all the author is driven to most amusing chronological shifts. However common-place St. Philip's may be in other respects, in its chronology it certainly possesses distinction. It is a curious refutation of the favorite argument of a certain school of historical critics, that the author of any fictitious work, having entire control over the events which he himself creates, would be sure to avoid or rectify all palpable contradictions in dates or numbers, and that such contradictions, paradoxical as it may seem, are really evidences of the authenticity and uncorrupted character of the narrative. On page 43, the heroine is stated to have received an invitation to a certain party on a fine July day when the orchard trees were full of fine fruit. Six weeks pass away, yet still it is only a July day, the third Sunday after Trinity. (*Vide* pp. 82 and 88.) On page 109, the party is stated to have taken place on the 18th of June. Suppose that in the former statement July was a misprint for June, and that the apples were unusually early, yet (as may be seen by consulting a book not particularly rare, and with which an author so intensely High Church as the author of "Rutledge" and "The Sutherlands" ought to be familiar, viz., the Prayer Book of the Episcopal Church) the latest day on which Trinity Sunday can fall is the 20th of June; the third Sunday after Trinity cannot then be later than the 11th of July, while six weeks after the 18th of June brings us to the 30th of July, and six weeks before the 11th of July carries us back into May.

The child Julian's age fares still worse. It is knocked backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock, to suit the exigencies of the story. On page 9 it is stated that his mother was only married ten years before, and two years after that period he is only eleven; but on page 143, in the course of the same summer, Dr. Catherwood, who turns out in the sequel to be his father, declares that he is fourteen, though he fails to explain how he suddenly became three years older in the course of as many months. Eleven pages further on, the same authority puts his age back to twelve; but after the lapse of only three years he is found to have attained the age of seventeen. On page 41 the heroine is six years older than Julian; but when Julian has reached seventeen the heroine is only a little over twenty (p. 252). We have, indeed, known several young ladies in actual life who by their own statements about their age ceased to grow any older after they had reached the age of twenty; but we were always somewhat suspicious of the reality of the phenomenon; but when an authoress makes her heroine, whom she holds up to admiration as a shining example of truth and simplicity, also cease to increase in years at the same identical period of life, we confess that our scepticism commences to give way.

Thus far we have given only the defective side of the book. Its style, though somewhat bare and stiff, is with slight exceptions simple and direct. Its dissertative passages are excellent, and its moral tone thoroughly pure and healthy. It will not compare unfavorably with many of the books annually turned out to fill up the spare hours of travellers and watering-place idlers without exciting an uncomfortable amount of either feeling, thought, or interest. But it is very much below the level of the author's former works, and the custom, of which this book is a very plain example, of writers using their literary reputation not as a spur to higher achievements, but as the means of extracting money and attention from the public, publishing whatever mental patchwork they may choose to baste together, is becoming so common as richly to deserve reprobation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A View at the Foundations. By Woodbury M. Fernald. (William V. Spencer, Boston.)—The remainder of the title is more explicit of the aim of this treatise: "First causes of character, as operative before birth, from hereditary and spiritual sources." We have here a most important subject discussed in a pure and deeply earnest spirit, and in language carefully chosen and unobjectionable. It is no drawback that the author writes from a religious motive; he would be unfit for his task unless he did; but he has lessened the popular attractiveness of his book—we mean among the virtuous and right-minded—and, we think, weakened his argument also, by a metaphysico-theological investigation of the nature of the soul. It requires a special training and a peculiar cast of intellect to comprehend or even to study with satisfaction the doctrines of Swedenborg, whose stock-words frequently have to be left in their original Latin because no single English word or moderate paraphrase can express the ideas which they embody. The physical argument, on the other hand, is sufficient. The anatomist, the physiologist, the phrenologist, concur in depicting the miseries which arise from the abuse of the parental functions and relations. When jails and idiot and insane asylums show us the wreck of the dwelling of the soul, it is needless to enquire the nature of the immortal inmate before concluding that it suffers a corresponding ruin. What Mr. Fernald has written, however, deserves well to be read and pondered by those to whom he has dedicated it—"all the married, but particularly those who contemplate entering that holy union."

Photographic History. The War for the Union. (E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., New York.)—These specimens of photography, designed for the stereoscope, are among the clearest and best that we have seen. A dozen that lie before us bring up vividly some of the most prominent scenes in the drama of the late rebellion. Here are alike the instruments of ruin and the ruin itself—views from the cradle and views from the grave of secession. The sea-face of Fort Sumter, a battered cathedral in Charleston, the desolate walls of fire-ravaged Richmond, stand out with lamentable distinctness. Here is a Union battery preparing for action; in these three pictures are the bodies of fallen rebels as they lay when Petersburg was taken by storm. A shell,

dropping into the water of the Dutch Gap canal, has raised a mist which is preserved for us on paper long after it has evaporated from the living air. From Lookout Mountain we survey the Chattanooga Valley. St. John's church, Richmond, is where Patrick Henry said: "If this be treason, make the most of it." But he was thinking of that rebellion to tyrants which is obedience to God.

The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1864. Embracing Political, Civil, Military, and Social Affairs, Public Documents, Biography, Statistics, Commerce, Finance, Literature, Science, Agriculture, and Mechanical Industry. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)—It is difficult to criticize a publication of this kind, for the reason that there is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, any invariable standard by which to measure its success. Nobody who has not put himself in the position of the editor can say what ought or what ought not to have been recorded, due consideration being had to the capacity of the volume to be produced. Faults of detail, errors and inaccuracies of greater or less proportions, are doubtless discoverable, but one may spare himself the trouble of looking for them: they were inevitable. We can afford to be grateful that, with all the omissions that may be remarked, so much of what is valuable has been collected within moderate compass, and that there is a general accuracy which may be trusted implicitly. The utility of this excellent register is too apparent for praise. A few of the titles will indicate its scope: Army operations; Confederate and United States Congresses; geographical explorations and discoveries; commerce; literature and literary progress; patents, etc., etc. Every State appears in alphabetical order. The obituary includes the distinguished dead of all nations. The engravings, chiefly portraits, without being remarkable, add something to the worth of the "Cyclopædia."

The White Mountain Guide Book. Fifth edition. (Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H.; D. Appleton & Co., New York.)—Mr. Eastman's manual has established its superiority over every rival, and is as likely to reach a fifteenth as a fifth edition. A railroad and a topographical map are given to aid the traveller from a distance and the explorer on the spot.

Mitchell's New School Atlas. Mitchell's New School Geography. By S. Augustus Mitchell. (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.)—These books we take to be at least as good as any of their kind now in use in our public schools. The original editions were for a long time favorite with the teachers of the East, and may be yet, for aught we know. We notice that, except for an allusion to the census of 1860, there is nothing in the geography by which one could learn that slavery ever existed in the United States. Indeed, in describing the population of each State, the people of color are ignored altogether. Mr. Mitchell may have meant to know only Americans henceforth. A pronouncing vocabulary in the atlas is a new and valuable feature.

A Book of Golden Deeds of All Times and All Lands. Gathered and narrated by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." (Sever & Francis, Cambridge.)—The "Golden Treasury Series" is still further enriched by this elegant compilation, made, as the preface informs us, for youth and for the intelligent but uninstructed classes of the people. It is written in pure and easy English, and is well adapted for reading aloud in the family. The title is not too comprehensive. The stories of Alcestis and Antigone in the past to which no date can be exactly assigned introduce the golden deeds which are to terminate in Australia in 1864. Classic, mediæval, and modern anecdotes are arranged chronologically, and are borrowed from the four quarters of the globe. The conception and execution of this book are in every way creditable to editor and publisher.

The Words of the Lord Jesus. By Rudolf Stier, D.D. Vol. I. (N. Tibbals, New York).—This exegesis of the sayings of Jesus is a reprint from the English translation of the original German, made some ten years ago. It is a very elaborate, analytical work, of great popularity among the author's countrymen, and sufficiently so in its present guise to warrant its introduction into this country. It has been revised by two very competent American editors. The volume before us contains "our Lord's first words, and the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke specially." Its place is alike in the household and the study.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Affixes in their Origin and Application, exhibiting the Etymologic Structure of English Words. By S. S. Haldeman, A.M.—A System of Modern Geography. By S. Augustus Mitchell.—Mitchell's Modern Atlas. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

The White Mountain Guide Book. Fifth edition. Edson C. Eastman, Concord, N. H. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Diary of a Soldier and Prisoner of War in the Rebel Prisons. Written by Eugene Forbes. Murphy & Bechtel, Trenton, N. J.

The Safeguards of Personal Liberty. An Address by Hon. Wm. D. Kelley. Philadelphia.

The Trapper's Guide. By S. Newhouse. Oneida Community, Wallingford, Conn.

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Total Profits for ten years.....	$1,762,085 73
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ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS		$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	$134,672 00	
Temporary Loans	92,630 00	
Real Estate	10,000 00	
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00	
Government Sec., value	144,514 00	
Cash on hand	18,042 34	
Interest due	3,085 58	
Premiums due	6,785 26	
PRESENT LIABILITIES		$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS		198,733 26

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PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,

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(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)

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FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

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ASHER TAYLOR, President.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

THE business of importation during the week has been very active, and that of exportation has more than doubled on the previous week's return of domestic produce shipped abroad. The declared value of the latter is $3,850,000. The receipts of cotton, which were over 15,000 bales last week, closely approach 18,000 bales this week. The amount of gold paid into the Treasury for customs during the week is nearly two and a half millions. It is believed that the Secretary of the Treasury has disposed of a million and a half of this sum in the open market at 143½ to 144½ per cent., since when the price of gold has fallen to 141 to 140½ per cent. The Secretary will pay out next week $10,950,000 for interest in currency on the first series of $300,000,000 of the 7.30 loan. This sum is taken out of his customs revenue, which is collected exclusively in gold, at a cost of not over $7,500,000, thus reducing the actual gold charge on the 7.30 currency loan to 5 per cent. per annum.

The gold speculation through the week has been sustained with more difficulty than on the previous report, and on Thursday the market gave way two per cent.—down to 142 per cent.—and yesterday one and a half per cent. additional. The abundance of gold among the brokers is the alleged cause of this weakness, but the presumption is fair that the recent combination to put up the price to 150 per cent. has failed because it had no support in the shape of an export demand, and very little from the large daily demand to pay customs, because of the sales from the Treasury Office. These sales have been conducted with great circumspection, and without the direct agency of the gold brokers, but they have not the less answered the double purpose of supplying the Government with ten millions of interest money, and of checking the upward speculation in gold, which had evidently been based on the calculation that the Government would continue to accumulate gold through its large July and August customs revenue, until the supply in the open market could be fairly "cornered" upon the importing merchants, and controlled by the "cornerers" in the gold exchange.

The price of money is firm at 7 per cent. to the brokers and 7 to 9 per cent. on mercantile paper. There is no great difficulty experienced by borrowers at these rates.

Exchange on London has stiffened up to 108¾ to 109 per cent. for gold, and was in fair request yesterday for this day's steamers. The Government 5-20 bonds continue to be transmitted abroad, although the London quotations by the last steamers more closely approximate the New York market than during the previous fortnight. Here the demand has kept up the price to about 106 per cent.

Some uneasiness about the management of the city banks is created by the development of a large fraud on the Phœnix Bank, involving over a quarter of a million of dollars. The unfavorable phase of the affair is, that one of the tellers and at least one of the clerks of the bank had for nearly two years been engaged in this robbery, although the chief deficit has probably occurred since the petroleum speculation, now happily drawing to its end. The outside adventurers, who foisted most of the "Oil Regions"—so called without reference to whether the lands capitalized at enormous figures were likely to yield oil or not—on Wall and William Streets, appear to have found their most credulous victims among the bank, insurance, and brokers' offices down town. They were not only able to get the use of the names of presidents, cashiers, secretaries, etc., as directors or promoters of their schemes, but, by the force of such examples, to crowd their worthless scrip on tellers, clerks, etc., who were really unable to indulge in, much less lose by, the speculation. It is scarcely fair to assume, however, that the loss of the Phœnix Bank implies similar wrong-doing in many other moneyed corporations, but the developments of carelessness or neglect or incompetency in this instance are calculated to impair confidence in the stability of large bank dividends and the reality of large bank "surpluses."

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The market has ruled very steady through the week. The price of old U. S. 5-20s comes 2 per cent. lower from London, but as previous difference, gold and exchange being counted, was from 5 to 6 per cent., the price here has not given way. The bonds are not over-abundant in New York, and the other Atlantic cities are being drawn upon for a fresh supply. More than half the coupon bonds ($395,000,000) of the original issue is now believed to be owned abroad; but this may be an extreme estimate. The registered certificates of the same issue, $119,000,000, are all owned at home. The sales of coupons here are at 106 to 106⅛ per cent.; the second issue, 104½ to 104¾ per cent. The 6 per cents of 1881 are 106¾ to 107 per cent.; the 10-40s, 97 to 97¼ per cent., the same as last Saturday.

The 7.30 per cents are ⅛ to ¼ per cent. weaker than last week, 99 per cent. and interest. The indebtedness certificates are steady at 97½ to 97⅝.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessees have improved to 72 to 72½ per cent. Missouris continue dull. There is not much doing in other descriptions.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The New York Central has a small loan for the Albany Bridge, about $300,000, in 7 per cent. convertible bonds, at 102⅛ to 103 per cent. The Morris and Essex Company have a 7 per cent. mortgage on the market at par. The other bonds are steady in price, but not active.

Erie shares have been selling this week *ex* dividend. The fluctuations have been from 84 to 89, and back to 86 to 86¼ per cent. New York Central has declined from 93 to 92⅛; Reading from 107 to 106½: Michigan Southern, 66¼ to 65⅝; Pittsburg, 71 to 70¾; North-west advanced from 28 to 30, and then fell off to 28⅝; North-west Preferred, 63¼ to 64½ to 62⅝; Fort Wayne, 97⅜ to 97½; Rock Island, 108¾, same as last Saturday. The railway shares generally dull at close of week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Atlantic Mail has suddenly declined to 145 per cent. Canton, Cumberland, Mariposa, and Quicksilver are steady, but without much speculative movement. Brunswick Land Company has been up to $13, but is now $11.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold is 141½; bills on London 108⅝ to 108⅞ for gold.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

FRIDAY brought relief to the public suspense concerning the Atlantic Cable. Two of the convoys of the *Great Eastern* arrived at Newfoundland with full particulars of the disaster which had previously been heralded in a very confused manner. The cable had in truth parted on the 2d, in nearly two thousand fathoms of water, owing, as it seems, to its being injured while hauling in for repairs. Mr. Field's diary tells how that day and nine others were spent in dragging for the lost chain; how, as is supposed, it was thrice grappled and partly raised, and how the rope broke disappointingly each time; and how the experiment was abandoned and the great ship headed for home, only when the supply of grappling materials had been exhausted. Several buoys were anchored to mark the position of the cable as thus ascertained, and so long as they were observed they appeared to ride out very rough seas. More than a thousand miles of the coil remain on board, sufficient to complete the laying, if the portion submerged can ever be picked up. We regret to notice a too general disposition to wish the enterprise ill from the start, to exult in its defeat, and to sneer at the incompetency of the Englishmen who have had it in charge—from the makers of the cable to the humblest subordinate engaged in putting it down. The record shows uncommon devotion and perseverance, not even now exhausted, and the nation which won honor by laying the Indian cable in the Persian Gulf, under immense disadvantages, has lost none by its exertions, though unsuccessful, in a much more delicate and difficult undertaking.

GOVERNOR MARVIN'S address to the people of Florida on the subject of reconstruction resembles in substance that of the other Provisional Governors. Speaking of slavery as having ceased to exist without the possibility of revival, he adds that "the freedom intended (for the negro) is the full, ample, and complete freedom of the citizen of the United States." In this is included security from molestation, but "not necessarily the privilege of voting." The question of freedmen's suffrage is an open one. Unlike Governor Peirpont, Judge Marvin thinks that it may be a very proper subject for discussion by the Constitutional Convention, and is to be decided in the light of sound policy. Whenever Florida possesses a republican form of government, and "a constitution that guarantees and secures liberty to all the inhabitants alike, without distinction of color," there will be no obstacle to her re-admission into the Union. In that day, we fancy, "full, ample, and complete freedom" and the "privilege of voting" will be found to have been joined together.

THE Fifteenth of August means in France the Emperor's birthday and the fête which celebrates it, when a grand review of eighty or a hundred thousand troops gives éclat to the day, and the illumination at night of the obelisk and fountains in the Place de la Concorde reminds the Parisian that the empire is peace. In Illinois, this date inaugurates the hunting-season, when the law permits the prairie chicken to be slaughtered by wholesale, and the men of quills and desks who have a passion for sport with never so uncertain and rusty a weapon, abandon the counting-rooms of Chicago for an excursion to the haunts of abundant and delicious game. Few need return empty-handed, although the great body of lawful hunters have been preceded by skulkers, who yearly do their best to cheat their contemporaries and posterity of an unfailing supply of meat for the larder.

M. AUGUSTE LAUGEL will hereafter contribute a fortnightly letter to THE NATION on French affairs.

THE National Teachers' Association opened its annual session in the Court House at Harrisburg, on Wednesday, the 16th, and adjourned on the following Friday. It was preceded on Tuesday evening by a meeting of the National Normal School Association at the Capitol, where a plan was submitted by Professor Hart, of Connecticut, for the establishment of a National Educational Bureau at Washington. In the discussion which followed, an amendment was offered and unanimously adopted, that a committee of seven from as many States should memorialize Congress to appropriate land or funds for the establishment of normal schools in every State. Particular reference was had to the wants of the freedmen. The gathering on Wednesday was eminently large and respectable, the railroads having reduced their rates to accommodate the excursionists from all parts of the country. Many notables were present, and some made speeches—Governors Curtin and Bradford (of Maryland), for example. The latter said that, so long as we could have universal education, he should not be solicitous to impose restrictions on universal suffrage. Professor Greene, of Rhode Island, presided, and read an animated address. One portion, which was deservedly greeted with "long-continued and vociferous applause," is worth reproducing:

"Education must be diffused throughout the South. Black and white, 'poor white' and rich white, must be educated. Not to educate them is to prepare for another civil war. To keep up perpetual jealousies, hatreds, and abuses, as has been the case for the last thirty years, is only to cherish the cancer that has been gnawing at the vitals of our republic. Shall it be done any longer? Gentlemen of this association, let us buckle on the armor, and meet the new exigency of our times. Before the war no Northern teacher dared to discuss the whole truth at the South. In morals there must be one code for the North and another for the South. There could be no free discussion in all our political contests. Southern men could come before a Northern audience and speak their sentiments freely, even vilify with impunity our ways and institutions, but the instant a Northern man attempted at the South to utter sentiments at all condemnatory of Southern institutions or Southern life, he was forced to leave the country. Is it to be so now? Can we not as educators go boldly into the Southern States and teach the truth? If not, *I pray God that martial law may prevail in every Southern State* till Northern men may discuss educational, political, social, moral, and religious topics in every part of the South as freely as in Faneuil Hall!"

Letters were read from General Doubleday, Professor Wayland, President Hill, of Harvard College, and General Howard. The last-

named hoped he might get from the Association some well-digested plan for freedmen's schools. Papers were read on "The Mechanism of School Teaching," on the establishment and maintenance of Normal Schools, on "The Phonetic Method of Teaching Reading," and "The Best Method of Teaching the Classics." Professor Hart's resolutions for a memorial to Congress on the subject of an Educational Bureau were adopted with some amendments. The committee appointed at the last session to consider the Oswego system of "object teaching" reported at length approvingly. Thursday was devoted to a pilgrimage to Gettysburg. On Saturday, after the adjournment, a visit was made to the coal mines at Mauch Chunck.

Two of the public institutions of this vicinity have attracted attention from certain charges brought against them of cruel treatment of their inmates. In the House of Refuge, on Randall's Island, a bright boy who had been guilty, before entering, of robbing his employer, died under circumstances which pointed to flogging as the cause. An examination of the case was had and the fact of flogging, perhaps excessive, elicited, but the doctor denied any connection between the punishment and the death of the lad. The head-keeper of the King's County Penitentiary, a Mr. McNeeley, was accused by an assistant of employing prisoners and keepers for his private benefit; of keeping cattle and swine at the expense of the county; of permitting and ordering male and female prisoners to be whipped; of allowing prisoners to get intoxicated; of providing prisoners and keepers with unwholesome food, etc. The board of supervisors directed the standing penitentiary committee, augmented by Supervisor Clark, to investigate these charges. The majority reported them not proved. Mr. Clark alone was convinced that they were mainly true, and that enough had been admitted by McNeeley to show that he was unfit to hold his position longer, to wit: that he had made wagons and furniture, manufactured manure, raised swine, sent keepers and prisoners to work on his own property outside the prison, and whipped prisoners with a cowhide. The matter of improper food was not so clearly established. Nevertheless, McNeeley was re-elected keeper for three years, by a vote of fifteen to eight.

Only twenty-five hundred of the colored children of the District of Columbia, or less than a fourth of the estimated number, are educated at the schools established by the charitable societies of the North, and at the few private schools whose tuition is paid for. It seems it is not enough that the authorities at Washington have avoided the charge of educating this class of youth, which was imposed upon them by a law of Congress. The chivalry who reside in the vicinity of Fourteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue object to the colored schools which General Howard has established there, and have asked for their removal on the ground of their causing a depreciation of real estate. If we are not mistaken, some of the largest and shrewdest real estate owners at the Capital are colored men, whose children are studiously neglected by the corporation which levies taxes on their property. We wait to hear a protest from them. One of the complainants is Judge Wylie, who has an unenviable notoriety in connection with the trial of Miss Harris before the criminal court over which he presides. He gains nothing by this extra-judicial manifestation, but the public get a still clearer idea of his character.

Political conventions are in session on every hand. The Mississippi State Convention assembled at Jackson on the 14th. Gov. Sharkey examined into the loyalty and qualifications of the members, and administered the amnesty oath when necessary. The rest of the day was consumed in organizing. On the 15th, the president was directed to appoint a committee of fifteen, who should, upon enquiry, report such alterations and amendments of the Constitution as might be proper and expedient to restore the State to the Union, and protect its citizens from invasion and domestic rebellion. Two of this committee were specially to consider what action ought to be taken in regard to the act of secession of Jan. 9, 1861, and the executive, legislative, and judicial measures that grew out of and succeeded it. On the 16th, little was done. On the 17th, the constitutional committee reported in favor of a change in the constitution so as to prohibit slavery for ever, and to rid the instrument of all those portions which relate to slavery; also an ordinance providing for the election of Congressmen, members of the Legislature, Governor, and other State officers, on the first Monday in October, and empowering all judicial and ministerial officers now in office to hold their places till their term expires. The committee of two reported an ordinance ratifying all the acts of the State officers made during the war but not in aid of it, and not inconsistent with the constitutions of the United States and the State of Mississippi. Both reports were adopted. Two other ordinances were passed to a first reading: one in the spirit of that last mentioned, and a second which prohibits the Legislature from passing any law imposing any civil disability or punishment or forfeiture of estate upon any citizens engaged in the late war with the United States, or for the political opinions occasioned thereby. A memorial to the President was adopted, praying him not to garrison the State with negro troops. The Maine Democratic Convention met in Portland on the 15th. The chairman said if Democratic principles had prevailed, there would have been no war (and might have added, there would have been no peace). The duty of the Democracy is now to frustrate the design of the Republican party to destroy State sovereignty, by forcing its policy on the South at the point of the bayonet. The President has withstood this purpose, and the Democracy owe him a debt of gratitude. One of the resolutions afterwards passed acknowledges this debt, and pledges support of Mr. Johnson in his present course. Another declares that each State alone can constitutionally regulate the suffrage of its electors. A third would make the sums advanced by towns, cities, and the State a legitimate charge upon the Federal Government. The Hon. James Howard, of Portland, was nominated for Governor, by acclamation. The Pennsylvania Union State Convention, at Harrisburg on the 17th, was disturbed by a remarkable resolution, introduced by General Lemuel Todd, which assumed that the convention, out of gratitude to the soldiers, would nominate none but those who had "proved their loyalty and patriotism by service in the field against the enemies of the Republic." This was vigorously combated by Thaddeus Stevens, and was at last referred to the committee on resolutions. When reported back it was in the shape of a general recommendation to have especial regard for "our citizen soldiers" in nominations for office. General Todd was dissatisfied still, but the result must have mollified him. General John F. Hartranft was nominated for Auditor-General, and Colonel Jacob M. Campbell for Surveyor-General. The resolutions express the conviction that the President's experiment of reconstruction has already shown that the people lately in rebellion cannot yet be safely entrusted again with political rights, and that the conquered States require to be held in subjection until the inalienable rights of man are secured within their borders. Confiscation to pay the expenses of the war is strongly urged, an increased protective policy insisted on. The Monroe Doctrine is alluded to rather than affirmed. Secretary Stanton and Governor Curtin are highly praised for their public services; and, finally, the Democratic party is arraigned for its behavior during the rebellion. The Minnesota Democratic Convention met at St. Paul on the 16th. They resolved to sustain the reconstruction policy of President Johnson, to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, to oppose a protective tariff, and to denounce the suspension of the *habeas corpus*. The "radical" Democracy of Ohio held a convention at Columbus on the 17th. They reiterated the doctrine of State sovereignty, and denied everything else—the right to draft, to suspend the *habeas corpus*, to hold military commissions, to have a public debt, national banks and a national currency, to emancipate slaves, to confer the suffrage upon negroes, etc. Even General Cox and his colonization scheme, which have been well received at the South, were denounced, apparently because having once begun to say "no," there was no stopping. The New York State Democratic Convention will be held at Albany on the 6th of September. The North Carolina election will take place on the 21st of September, and the one hundred and twenty delegates chosen will meet at Raleigh on the 2d of October. A Constitutional Convention at Denver voted almost unanimously, on the 14th, that it was expedient to form a State out of Colorado.

The Democratic party evidently had two ways of returning, or trying to return, to office and power. They might either assail and unseat the Administration, or else persuade the Executive to "Tylerize." In default of any reasonably hopeful ground of attack, they seem in their conventions thus far to have adopted the latter plan. They are profuse in their praise of Mr. Johnson's policy, and resolve on every occasion to stand by him in his adherence to the Constitution and regard for the rights of States. What will they say to Secretary Harlan's speech on Thursday last, when serenaded in Washington? He scouted the idea that the President would be untrue to those who elected him, and asked: "What act of his differs from those of his predecessor in any material point of view?" He concluded that no complaint can be lodged against the one which would not apply with equal force to the other. Are the Democracy unconsciously burning incense to a "tyrant" and "usurper?"

The Nashville convention of the colored citizens of Tennessee assembled on the 10th and closed its sessions on the 14th. In the deliberations a prominent part was taken by the ministers, who made the most elaborate arguments in favor of suffrage. Two of the members were pointed out as having voted for Gen. Jackson for President. Gen. Fisk delivered an address full of sympathy. He explained his intentions as a commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, and urged his hearers to cultivate land on shares. He said that his circular had found favor even with Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, who had promised to co-operate in its objects. The ballot would naturally follow the Bible and the bayonet. The convention adopted resolutions making each county delegation a committee to look after the interests of the colored people throughout the State, and report grievances to Gen. Fisk; also providing for the preparation of statistics of the colored population—their number, occupation, property and taxes, places of worship, scholars old and young, etc. The birthday of President Lincoln and the 1st of January were set apart as days of jubilee to be celebrated in all time. Addresses to the white and colored people of Tennessee and a protest to Congress were read and referred to the State Committee.

We publish this week a very able letter, signed "T. F.," on the relation of the States to the general Government as regards the franchise. Without concurring in all respects with the writer, we are free to say that he furnishes a powerful defence of the doctrine in which, in our opinion, the true solution of the difficulty with regard to the definition of what constitutes a republican form of government is to be found. He places the power of deciding what is, and what is not, a republican form of government in the hands of Congress, and makes it a legitimate and inevitable deduction from the duty which the Constitution prescribes of guaranteeing such form of government to the several States. And in exercising this power, Congress would not be bound, as the Supreme Court must be, by legal rules of construction, but by political considerations solely. Its enquiry would be, not what the framers of the Constitution meant by the phrase, but what the experience of three generations had shown to be necessary for the safety and success of the Government.

A bust of Mr. Lincoln was set up with impressive ceremonies in the African M. E. Church, at Raleigh, on the 3d inst. Above it was inscribed the closing paragraph of his last inaugural. In Edgecomb County, North Carolina, a large planter and former slave-owner, Dr. Garratt, is arranging with the Freedmen's Bureau for the employment of two hundred hands for a year and a half. He is willing to take whole families on liberal terms, giving wages even to the children who may be useful. His proposals are highly approved. The occurrence of many violent and brutal acts in western South Carolina, on the part of planters towards their employés, has drawn from Gen. Van Wyck a severe rebuke of his subordinate who permitted contracts to contain authority for inflicting corporal punishment on the laborer, and a warning against a repetition of the outrages referred to. He exposes also the purpose of many to embarrass the working of free labor, that it may contrast unfavorably with the compulsory system now abolished. Slavery and the lash, he reminds them, have passed away together. An instrument of torture, said to have been invented since the demise of the system, has appeared in Florida. A woman near Tallahassee punished her female servant by placing sticks between her fingers and tying them tightly together, with the most excruciating effect. She was complained of to the provost-marshal. Gen. Slocum has sent out instructions from his headquarters at Vicksburg to the officers of his department, to ensure their co-operation with the Freedmen's Bureau in regard to the issuing of rations, the disposal of lands, and the protection of the colored people in the spirit of the emancipation proclamation. He stigmatizes "the professed friend of the negro, who is constantly dwelling upon the wrongs that have been inflicted upon him by his former master, and constantly representing to him that the Government has not yet granted to him all the privileges to which he is entitled," as "the worst enemy of his race." The colored people of Lexington, Kentucky, have appealed successfully to Gen. Palmer against the city ordinances which obstructed their liberty of assembling for religious worship.

The scandal and monetary trepidation occasioned in this city by the defalcation in the Phœnix Bank were assuredly not relieved by the two grand swindling operations which followed hard upon that exposure. Mr. P. R. Mumford, a gold broker, having made use of trust funds for his speculative purposes, lost them all, and then undertook to recover them by an ingenious but immoral procedure. To redeem them from the hands of those who had loaned him their value upon them, he obtained something like $100,000 in gold from various brokers, to whom he gave his checks in return. The banks where these were soon presented declined in each instance to receive them, from a lack of any deposit to Mumford's credit. Meanwhile, the fraudulent financier replaced and locked up the funds entrusted to him, and then gave out that he had failed. His victims have also failed—to become reconciled to their loss, and he has been arrested. Much more extensive was the proceeding of Mr. Edward Ketchum, a member of the house of Messrs. Morris Ketchum, Son & Co., one of the wealthiest stock exchange and private banking-houses in the city. Unfortunate speculations in stocks were the probable cause of his forging the signatures of several brokers and the certifications of the bank itself on the gold checks of the New York Bank, besides abstracting the securities of his firm, in consequence of which they have been obliged to suspend under a burden of three or four millions of indebtedness. The property of the guilty party has been attached, but no trace of his whereabouts has been discovered. In this connection we may note the arrest of Townsend, the clerk who robbed the Townsend Savings Bank, of New Haven, of $100,000, on the 22d of May. He was caught by two Philadelphia detectives in Liverpool on the 29th of last month.

One of the city dailies, which might have displayed less ignorance or less credulity, echoed the other morning the stale charge of the Copperheads that the Abolitionists had taken very good care not to serve in the war which they had provoked. It alleged as "an indisputable fact" that "one looks almost in vain upon the list of officers, and upon the muster-rolls of the rank and file, for any of the names that used to figure in the Abolition gatherings." A correspondent, himself a prominent abolitionist of former times and father of a Union officer, immediately published a list of thirty-one distinguished men whose sons, grandsons, or sons-in-law upheld, upon the field of battle, the anti-slavery principles of their sires. The eyesight of the *Times* was bad when it overlooked James G. Birney, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the Tappans, William Jay, Francis G. Shaw, Gerrit Smith, Henry Ward Beecher, Frederick Douglass, Henry Wilson, and others as well known.

M. J. A. Saxton writes a valuable letter to Professor F. J. Child, of Harvard College, which has been given to the public. From it we extract a few items: In the Department of the South, including Charleston, the Sea Islands, and Savannah, there are upwards of a hundred schools for the freed people, with a list of 12,467 pupils, and an average attendance of 9,842. There are some fifteen schools on the Islands which are maintained under the official supervision of the United States Tax Commissioners, by the rents of the forfeited lands reserved for this purpose. There are nineteen public schools in Charles-

ton, day and evening, but not one of the five or six thousand whites of that city who have taken the oath of allegiance has offered his assistance in teaching the adults, or to aid the elevation of the negro in any way. The colored people have started debating societies in Charleston and Beaufort; they have a "Savannah Educational Association," a savings bank at Beaufort, with deposits amounting to nearly $100,000, invested in United States bonds, a Union League in Charleston with a numerous fellowship, and a female society for charitable objects. The freedmen there are also making an effort to establish a newspaper through a joint stock company. General Sherman's famous order has been so far carried out by Gen. Saxton, that on the 1st of June 40,000 of the 100,000 freed people to be provided for had been colonized, and received their allotments upon the islands of South Carolina and Georgia, and the coasts assigned to them.

It must be a somewhat melancholy sight for the people of Nantucket to see, one after another, the finest houses upon the island shipped bodily to towns upon the main. Yet this is now the most conspicuous commerce of the place, which once was a bustling emporium for the ships of all nations. The decline, as everybody knows, is due to the revolution in the whale fishery.

The present population of Chicago is reckoned at something over 200,000, which is double what the city had in 1860. The directory shows 11,000 more names than last year. There are barely sufficient tenement houses to accommodate this rapid growth. By 1867 it is expected that two great undertakings will have been accomplished—the tunnel under Lake Michigan for a supply of pure water, and the lowering of the Illinois and Michigan Canal below the level of the lake, in order that the Chicago River may connect the two, and so be cleared of its impurities, which have long annoyed and endangered the city. Last year the fire-alarm telegraphic system was put in operation. Building, manufactures, and commerce have all flourished in spite of the war. Periodical literature is abundant: there are six dailies, two of which are in German.

We have a tolerable conception of the ravages inflicted upon the South by the civil warfare now ended, but not so lively, we confess, as that of a French journalist, who says:

"An idea may be formed of the desolation caused by the late disastrous war in America, on learning that wild beasts, unknown in Virginia for upwards of a century, have made their appearance there in great numbers, and that the battle-fields especially are infested with enormous bears which have issued from the depths of the mountains."

The King of Portugal, on closing the Cortes, pronounced for the final abolition of slavery in the Portuguese possessions. Unfortunately for Brazil, she cannot be counted in this category. She has apparently a well-intentioned emperor, but a very obstinate slaveholding aristocracy, which will be strengthened by whatever American rebels escape to her with something better than Confederate currency in their pockets.

The normal schools of France are to be charged hereafter with keeping frequent and accurate meteorological records; and the recent terrible tornadoes which have devastated the continent and France particularly, are to be mapped down in their length and breadth, according to the observations made in the districts traversed by them. The Duc de Persigny is said to have initiated this latter practice.

The Swedish pastor, Lindback, who was condemned to death for poisoning three invalid paupers belonging to his parish (to free them from misery, as he declared), made, like Dr. Pritchard, his confession. He explained how the contemplation of suffering and wretchedness led him to hasten the death which would bring relief. He had observed that very few die of years, but the great majority from some external cause which God either provides or at least does not hinder. Many, in the flower of their age, destroy themselves involuntarily by a bad use of their intelligence. Many perish under the treatment of the most skilful physicians—some being thrust back from a near recovery. Science, as well as ignorance, plays a leading part in the causes productive of death. A merciful God, he thought, who was aware of all this, would not judge him harshly for abridging the pains of his fellow-creatures.

Some of the English statistics for the past year are of interest. The cost of the police amounted in round numbers to £1,700,000, or £43,000 in excess of 1863. In England and Wales there were 100,067 cases of drunkenness or drunken behavior, against 94,745 in 1863. In England alone 51,058 offences, great and small, were committed, 28,704 persons were arrested, and 18,226 appeared before the courts. Coroners' verdicts were passed upon 1,337 suicides: 978 men, 359 women. The average for the six years 1858–63 establishes a proportion of 67 suicides to a million of inhabitants. Eleven men were married subsequently to a divorce, and 9 women. Half of these instances occurred in London. The exact age of nearly two-thirds of the couples married was ascertained. More than three-fourths, men as well as women, were under thirty. 228 girls were only sixteen, and 30 still younger. 177 men and 42 women took a fresh start in life after their seventieth year. One old man of ninety-two chose a wife of eighty-one.

A French actress in the theatre at Grenelle was winning considerable applause in the "*Supplice d'une Femme*," when she discovered a fellow-player casting sheep's-eyes at a lady in a neighboring box. Transfixed with jealousy, she resolved to commit suicide openly on the stage. The ruling passion being strong even in death, she desired to produce the greatest dramatic effect possible, and, having taken a powerful dose of laudanum, calculated the time when it would operate, and arranged to have a bouquet thrown at her *in articulo mortis*. The party charged with this business was alone punctual. The poison followed the flowers at a long interval. The applause had ceased, the false swain had disappeared unrepentant behind the scenes, and only an anti-climax was possible when the crisis at last overtook the heroine. Nor was she allowed the consolation of dying. Means were promptly and successfully taken to rescue her.

Abd-el-Kader was recently on his way to the Tuileries. He rode in a carriage with four horses, and wore conspicuously the cross of the legion of honor. There met him on the Rue de Rivoli the General Lamoricière, who in 1847 had conquered the emir. Each recognized the other with emotion, but passed without greeting. The victor was on foot in plain citizen's clothes.

Fears of a clerical reaction have been excited in Italy by the negotiations of Vegezzi with the Pope. The result is seen in the formation of societies of free thinkers, similar to those which exist in Belgium. Such have appeared at Milan and Sienna, and even at Florence. Their main object is to rid civil society completely of religious jurisdiction. They are so unreasonable as to desire that a man may die without the aid of a priest, "a thing now absolutely impossible," we are told, "because almost all the cemeteries in Italy belong to religious societies." A practical measure to meet this hard necessity has already been projected—the purchase of a burying-ground, which shall dispense with the consecration of the Church. On the other hand, a tenderness of conscience is noted in the clerical party. There are those among the friends of the temporal Papacy and the enemies of Italian unity who have scruples about voting for deputies to the parliament at Florence. Is not this, they ask, to recognize the legitimacy of that body, and, by the same act, the doctrine of the united Italy which it represents? The Pope, on being consulted, is much embarrassed. Pressed for a decision, he substitutes prudence and good sense for omniscience and infallibility, and leaves the whole matter to the individual conscience.

The election returns in France are claimed as favorable by the friends and opponents of the Government alike. It is insisted that the majorities cannot be interpreted superficially, but that beneath them are abundant proofs of liberal aspirations. The anxiety of the *Constitutionnel* to have the figures flattering to the Emperor has been likened to the obsequiousness of the chemist who said to a sovereign: "Sire, the gases will now have the honor of combining before you."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

GENERAL COX AND THE NEGROES.

THERE is no question on which our political doctors disagree more widely than this: "What is to be done with the negro?" From the very beginning of the agitation of the slavery question, this interrogatory was regarded as final and conclusive of the whole matter. The postulate being assumed that nothing could be done with the negro but what was doing with him, it followed that any attempt to do anything else was absurd and impossible. The suppression of the rebellion, however, and that of slavery with it, has forced the fact upon all thinking minds—and on many minds that do *not* think—that something else must be done with him, and everybody seems to be ready with an infallible scheme. The latest that we have noticed is contained in a letter from Gen. J. D. Cox, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, to some enquiring friends in Oberlin, anxious for the political orthodoxy of their candidate. The distinguished services of Gen. Cox during the war, and the confidence of the Republicans of Ohio in him, evinced by this nomination, should secure to the opinions he has thus expressed a full consideration and a respectful treatment.

Gen. Cox assumes that there is a radical and ineradicable hostility between the white and black races at the South which will make political unity impossible; that a struggle for supremacy must follow any attempt to compel such unity, which must end in the subjection or extirpation of the weaker party. The remedy he suggests is the separation of the whites and blacks by assigning to the latter a territory formed out of contiguous portions of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, and organizing thereupon a black dependency of a territorial character, under the protection and nurture of the United States, the government to be wholly in their own hands, with such assistance only at the start as may be necessary or convenient. He does not propose a coercive collection of all the colored population in this promised land, but thinks that the attractions it would hold out to them would secure their voluntary migration to it. Gen. Cox admits that there are difficulties attending the carrying his scheme into effect, in which proposition, at least, we cordially agree with him. Only we hold the difficulties to be nothing less than impossibilities, and his remedy no better than the disease, were it possible to apply it.

General Cox appeals to history to show the difficulty with which different nationalities have amalgamated in the old world. The Norman and the Saxon, the Gaul and the Frank, were centuries in amalgamating, and thence he infers that political unity cannot exist between races of more distinctly marked separation. But he does not allow for the immensely greater rapidity with which opinions and customs and habits change in these latter days. The printing-press, the steamship, and the railway have given to a decade now changes which a century could not compass five hundred years ago. And his admission that the fusion of races "from the eastern shore of Germany to the western coast of Ireland" is already so complete on this continent, that there are few Yankees "in whose veins is not mixed the blood of several," appears to us fatal to his argument. History does *not* repeat herself, as is often rhetorically flourished in our ears. The race ever accommodates itself to new conditions, and forgets the old ones on which it has turned its back. If nations from every clime and of every tongue can agree to live together in political unity at the North, why may we not hope that common sense and common interest may make political unity posssible at the South, between races that have been for generations in contact with each other? Such theories as these, however unintentionally, have a grave tendency to aggravate the very difficulties their authors most deprecate.

Why cannot the whites and blacks live together in amity and political equality after emancipation? There is not the least objection to the neighborhood of the negro, nor to his contact, as long as he is a slave. It is the element of freedom that vitiates his nature and makes him an intolerable nuisance. Gen. Cox could hardly look into the faces of the colored people in the northernmost slave States without seeing written upon them the proofs that there is no insuperable antipathy between the white and the black race. Is it inconceivable that in no very long time the former may find it possible to live on fair terms of political equality with the latter, as different classes and nationalities do with us, when that equality is firmly established? We do not agree with Gen. Cox that "reflecting men in the Southern States" will fall in with his plan. Such know too well the politico-economical necessity of black labor under which they lie. Reflecting men of no nation ever consent to part with the labor on which the prosperity of every community rests. The late slaveholding class yet cling to the idea that slavery in some form will be accorded to them, and the outcry and agitation against the extension of political rights to the negroes will be kept up as long as they see a possibility of that beatific consummation. But when the nation has definitively freed every slave, and put his own protection into his own hands by giving him the ballot and the bayonet, and the safeguard of the national arm while necessary besides, we do not believe human nature South will be found materially different from human nature North. It will make the best of its new condition, which it will soon find to have bettered the old beyond its fears and beyond its hopes.

Another main difficulty Gen. Cox would have to encounter would be the unwillingness of the blacks themselves to escape into his new city of refuge. If there be a quality of the negro's nature stronger than another, it is his love of his native home. He has had few reasons enough to love it, yet nothing but the infernal furies of slavery could drive him to break the ties that bound him to it. For fifty years or more the whole legislative policy of the slave States has been directed to compel the free negroes to forsake the neighborhood of the slaves, whom they infected by the sight of their freedom. The cruelty of the laws and the villanies to which the public sentiment of the South subjected this unhappy class have never been equalled in the case of any oppressed race not actually enslaved. And, on the other hand, the Colonization Society tempted them with lands and political equality in Africa, and Hayti invited them to enter in and possess with her that fairest of the sea-girt isles. But neither cruelties nor bribes could separate them from the soil they loved, though it had been but an unjust stepmother to them. And should they consent to congregate themselves in the Utopia which Gen. Cox would provide for them, what safeguard would they have from the irruptions and depredations of their enemies, who would hem them about? The Creeks, and Cherokees, and Seminoles could give them better warning as to that. A standing army of the United States would be needed for their defence against their hostile neighbors. It is better to face the difficulty manfully now, in full faith in the supremacy of the democratic principle for the regulation of societies, than to endeavor to evade it by schemes like these, even were they practicable.

There is but one key to the problem, "What is to be done with the negro?" And that is, Justice. The nation has restored him to his liberty, and is bound in honor and in self-interest to see that it is secured to him. We believe that it has not learnt the lessons of the last few years so ill as to intend leaving him in the power of his old oppressors. It may permit experiments to be tried, and the former ruling class to be proved incompetent to govern now, out of their own mouths and by their own actions. But it does not mean to deliver either itself or its black allies bound into their hands. A republican form of government and none other will be guaranteed to each of the pardoned States;—a republican form of government, in which the governing power will be lodged in the hands of the majority, on equal terms, without regard to race or color. The rebels did not find us the cowards they thought to find us when they rose in arms; they will not find us the fools they hope to find us now that our foot is on their necks. The only indemnity for the past that we demand is security for the future, and that we can only have through absolute political justice to the negro. That justice he will have, though an armed occupation of the rebel country be necessary during the existing generation. And General Cox may be assured, should he live to serve his country in civil life as long as he

served her well in the field, that he will see the impossible done—whites and blacks living together in political, industrial unity, and enjoying the prosperity and happiness which spring only from impartial liberty.

ENGLISH OPINION ON DAVIS'S GUILT.

Our London correspondent, who was in the darkest days one of the ablest and most effective supporters of the cause of the United States Government, has, in his letter this week, produced an argument against the infliction of capital punishment on Jefferson Davis which deserves attention, as embodying the opinions of that portion of the English public which has never sympathized with the Confederacy. The gist of it is, that the judgment formed of the nature of Davis's offence by this generation may be reversed by the next; that there is a real moral difference between crimes committed by a man in his public capacity, as the head of a government or army, and those committed by him as a private individual; and that capital punishment is barbarous.

The last of these will, of course, apply to any case as well as Davis's, so we need not discuss it here. The production of the other two, however, shows how completely even friendly English critics, who have observed the late contest from a distance, have failed to catch the real point on which the American public has relied for its moral justification in carrying it on. To ask Americans to place Davis in the same category as Napoleon, is to ask them to surrender not only their whole case against Davis, but the fundamental doctrines of their political system. Napoleon derived his claims to immunity at the hands both of the Bourbons and the allies, not simply from the fact that he had been the recognized head of a belligerent power, but that the revolution to which he owed his elevation was morally justifiable; that the rule of the Bourbon dynasty was rightfully overthrown; and that their restoration, by the aid of foreign bayonets, was an immoral act, and gave them no valid claim to the allegiance of Napoleon or any other Frenchman. Louis XVIII. had, perhaps, a legal right to slay him, but he had no moral right to do so, and it is from the moral point of view that posterity looks at these things.

The same thing may be said of the proposal to shoot Washington. The reason why everybody now acknowledges that to have executed him would have been a crime, is not simply their admiration of his personal character, but their belief that his cause was a righteous one.

It may be said, of course, that people's estimate of the goodness or badness of causes changes from generation to generation, just as their estimate of the goodness or badness of men. But there are certain features about this Southern rebellion which, in the opinion of the American public, are distinctive, and mark it off from any other recorded in history, by certain broad lines. It was a revolt, in the first place, against the only government on earth which has been established after full and fair discussion by the free will and consent of the governed. It was, moreover, the only revolt on record which was not caused by solid palpable grievances, capable of being, or actually enumerated on paper; and, last of all, it was the only revolt ever set on foot avowedly to avoid a remote and only probable risk of interference with the institution of slavery.

Now, granting that the distinction which the long divorce between morality and politics in the Old World has created between political and private crimes be one of which it is right that European governments should take notice, because men there are bred under it, it does not follow that Americans should allow it to be set up in justification of crimes against their peace; because, apart from the institution of slavery, it is a distinction which has never been recognized in American politics. As between white men, at least—and Davis is a white man—the political institutions of this country have never been based, as those of nearly every other country are, on mere force or tradition. Everything has been done that can be done to give opinion full play, and to embody in the laws the highest moral sentiment of the whole community. Therefore, even supposing Davis had not revolted in support of slavery, and even supposing the crime of treason was not, as it is, defined by the Constitution and made punishable by statute, his revolting against a Government like this, without any other excuse than a desire to change or to assert a naked right, was, we insist upon it, a worse crime than revolt against any other government in the world could be, and, if anything can deserve hanging, would deserve it.

The argument drawn from the chance of opinions changing as to the nature of his crime in the next generation, derives all its force from the theory that his offence was, as treason generally is in Europe, merely a conventional offence created by statute. On conventional matters, of course, opinions do change from age to age and year to year; but if Americans believe anything earnestly and fervently, it is that they have, under their system of government, elevated it from the rank of an offence against a particular form of government, or a particular order of things, into the rank of a crime against society; that they have provided a political machinery which renders an appeal to armed force for the decision of political differences an offence so dark that no lapse of time, nothing short of a total revolution in our fundamental ideas of morality, can suffice to change its complexion in men's eyes.

Nothing could illustrate better than our correspondent's plea the confusion which has been wrought in the Old World in men's notions of right and wrong by centuries of war and revolution, in which little else than the interests of families or of individuals was at stake, and in which, if principle was ever visible, it was only dimly seen and at rare intervals.

THE SWINDLING EPIDEMIC.

The *Evening Post* and some other journals are disposed to ascribe the plague of forgeries and swindlings which has showed itself in the last few weeks to the influence of the paper currency in fostering the spirit of speculation. There is no doubt that the inflation of the currency, and its sensitiveness to the influence of military events, has during the past four years given an unusual impetus to speculation. But to ascribe the exploits of Ketchum, Jenkins, Mumford & Co. to it is, in our opinion, to be guilty of very slashing and reckless generalization. The spirit of speculation is nothing new in Wall Street. It was there before the war, and so was the eager desire to get rich suddenly, to procure fine clothes, fast horses, and fine houses. There is probably no "Street" in the world in which this spirit has been for many years more rampant; but its presence is due not to the nature of the currency, but the condition of the country. There is no more eagerness, in our opinion, to get rich quickly here than in France or England, but the means of getting rich quickly are within the reach of a great number, and it is this, and not the peculiar nature of the currency, which creates speculation.

The material resources of the United States are enormous, and it is only within the last twenty years that the development of them has fairly begun. Such mineral wealth of all kinds is nowhere else to be found; railroads have nowhere else the importance they possess here, and when a population as energetic as ours flings itself on such a harvest, the gains of many are naturally very great, the disappointment of those who do not gain naturally very great also. Moreover, the class which has the shrewdness and intelligence to speculate here is very large, larger than in any other country. Nearly every boy in America has a knowledge of business and of investments, and the mode of making them, such as only few men in Europe ever acquire; and the shares in most enterprises are sold so low that nearly everybody who has a little money to spare, and everybody has some, has the means of getting hold of them. The result is that the "commercial spirit," as social philosophers now call it—or, in other words, the spirit of the age—is more widely diffused here than elsewhere, and not during the war alone, but at all times.

Moreover, we venture to assert that, judged, as they ought to be judged, not so much by the number of times they fall as by the number and nature of the temptations they resist—for this is the real test of virtue—Wall Street men are the honestest men of their class in the world. We doubt if there is any community in which swindling is so easy as in this. For instance, nowhere else are checks so generally used as they are here in making payments of money. On the continent of Europe they are entirely unknown; in England they are chiefly used in the transfer of large sums. Here almost every sum over ten dollars is paid in this way. Now the field this opens up to the forger and the swindler is immense, and yet how few avail themselves of it; how rarely we hear of a forged check, or of a check drawn without

assets to meet it. We venture to assert, moreover, that a man of respectable appearance might travel through the United States and find less difficulty in paying his expenses in his own checks on any neighboring bank, than he would in getting a twenty pound or even a ten pound Bank of England note cashed in any part of England where he was a stranger. And the small amount of scrutiny bestowed on signatures in Wall Street, as illustrated by Ketchum's success in passing off such clumsy forgeries as his were, shows the general prevalence of a confidence between men which could not exist if it were often abused. This very carelessness in the mode of doing business, which we have heard so much denounced during the last few days, is itself a proof that honesty and good faith are the rule; knavery of very rare occurrence.

We do not, for our part, look for any speedy change in these matters. We shall, we hope, never see men as distrustful here as they are in the Old World, until the country becomes as well filled, its resources as nearly exhausted, its capital as plentiful, and the means of increasing it as scarce as they are in England or Holland; and that period is, thank heaven, still remote enough to leave us the hope that our morality will, when it comes time, be so well rooted that it will not be affected by our material condition.

We do not intend, by any means, to set up as defenders of Wall Street practices or of the Wall Street spirit. We think the genius of the place is in many respects an odious demon; but this practice of ascribing the great social phenomena of the day, of which the speculating spirit is one, to one cause, such as the paper currency, is the quackery of social science. Of course, if the abundance of greenbacks leads men to rob the banks and disgrace their families, all we have to do is to come back to specie payments to restore the reign of virtue, just as the pill-venders treat all diseases as local affections and have a medicine for each that goes "right to the spot." For our part, we despair of putting down rascality by giving the rascals good advice. The true way to cure the evils of society is to improve the whole circle of social influence. The morality of Wall Street, the theatre, and the press, and all other institutions, will be found to bear a pretty constant ratio to the morality of the community at large, and the means which are found to be most efficacious in improving the latter will be found to operate beneficially on the former also.

FRIENDS IN DISGUISE.

It is astonishing how mistaken men can be because they are so stupid as to judge of other men by their deeds. The impression is very general—we may say that it is all but universal—throughout the North that Mr. A. H. Stephens was an enemy of the Union, in that he exerted all his powers, which even his enemies admit to be great, in compassing its destruction. He "went with his State" when that State went out of the Union, and because he held that his first duty was to his State, not to the nation. He accepted the second office in "the new nation," the vice-presidency, and, had anything happened that should have brought about the shelving or the burying of Mr. J. Davis, he would have become "President of the Confederate States of America," and would have been compelled to wage the deadliest kind of deadly warfare against the United States—unless he had decided that it was his duty to care no more for a Confederate oath than he had cared for a Union oath. He announced to the world that the Southern Confederacy had discovered the true secret of social life, and that it lay in founding society on slavery. He went further, in offensive expression, than any other man of equal talents on the Southern side, for there was something peculiarly grating in the declaration, from such a man, that we were all wrong in supposing that men who labored for a livelihood were fit for civilized existence. No wonder that we all thought Mr. Stephens a rebel of the impurest water.

But it seems that we were all mistaken, all wrong, and that this gentleman, instead of being an enemy of the Union, was a Federal of the Federalists—a Federalist of the old stock, indeed. This interesting fact—and it is uncommonly interesting, if it be a fact—we learn from a paragraph in the *Journal of Commerce*, giving a brief account of a visit that was lately made to Mr. Stephens by a gentleman recently returned from Boston. "Mr. Stephens," says our contemporary, "is said to have appeared patiently submissive, expressing himself as having never been an enemy to the Government, but as having accepted public office in the Confederacy with hopes of contributing more speedily to a settlement of the national difficulties." So that we are keeping our best friend shut up in Fort Warren, all the while supposing that we have an enemy there! We are dull fellows, according to Mr. Stephens, and "can't see" the difference between friend or foe, or we should let him out of prison, and give him a pension, as a man who had been injured in the war for the Union.

Then there is another friend of the Union whom we have ungratefully locked up in Fort Pulaski: Mr. Trenholm, to wit, who was Confederate Secretary of the Treasury. Can't a stupid people see that in compelling us to create a national debt, Mr. Trenholm was simply forcing us to receive a national blessing, according to the wise declaration of Mr. Jay Cooke, whose success entitles all that he says to be received as gospel truth? Why, if it had n't been for the action of such gentlemen as Messieurs Stephens and Trenholm, we might not have owed a dollar at this time; and one shudders to think what must have been the consequences of so awful a deprivation as that. Then there is Mr. Davis himself. If Mr. Stephens was our warm friend, Mr. Davis must have been our friend at red heat. He sacrificed himself, and slavery, and his family, only that the world might be taught how powerful a nation is the American Republic. The harder he hit us and the more fervent were his curses at our expense, the greater is the proof of his love for us. How deep-seated must be his astonishment because of his imprisonment! how dull he must pronounce us! It would not be strange if he were to come to the conclusion that he was not wise in going through so much for the benefit of a race so incapable of comprehending the truth. And if he should be tried, convicted, and hanged, we should go down the stream of history as the most ungrateful of all ungrateful peoples.

Seriously, is it not asking a little too much of the people of this country that they should believe that a man like Mr. Stephens accepted rebel office only that he might have the power to put an end to the rebellion? The very dignity of rebellion requires that we should be slow to believe that the rebel leaders were as contemptible as we know them to have been wicked. It is possible to feel respect for men who were rebels on principle, though their principle was bad; but how contemptible must be the men who rebelled only that they might be of service to the loyal portion of the country! Having been accustomed to look upon Mr. Stephens as one of the first men of the South, we are not prepared to see him assume the part of the rebellion's Jerry Sneak. He appears better as knave than as fool; and though no wise man would wish to be compelled to elect between the two characters, we know Mr. Stephens sufficiently well to be aware that he would not himself give the preference to folly's cap and bells over the knave's badge.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS FOR ADMISSION TO THE MILITARY AND NAVAL SCHOOLS.

In the summer of 1858, a party of teachers, delegates appointed by the National Association which had assembled in Washington to deliberate upon educational affairs, visited Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, and besought his influence in favor of establishing uniform test examinations for the admission of students to the Government Military and Naval Schools.

Mr. Thompson himself had graduated at West Point, but he had obtained admission to that school in a way very different from the one proposed. He declined favoring the project, and gave as a reason for so doing that many worthy persons never could have secured West Point privileges had such tests previously existed, and himself especially would have been for ever excluded. The reason was, in a certain sense, conclusive to the minds of the members of the delegation. This is the chief reason given by politicians who oppose the measure. They have another which bears more strongly on their own minds, but which it is not good for them to use openly.

The calamitous years just passed—perhaps, we are almost ready to say, blessed years, in that they have prepared the way for a peaceful future, consecrated to freedom—seem to have affected but little the progress of general education. And so far as our subject has been con-

cerned, the events of the war have added greatly to its importance, and tended to press it upon the attention of the public. It is needless to dwell upon the fact, widely appreciated, that educated officers of ability might have saved the country the loss of much treasure, and much sorrow and shame.

The existing prejudice against the national academies grows out of the relation in which they have been made to stand to the community at large. Practically, the people have gained but little more benefit from them than they might have gained from private institutions of a like character. Demagogues have used the privileges of these institutions for private ends, dispensing them as patronage to party favorites, and thus the public has been cut off from benefits originally designed to fall among influential and obscure, rich and poor citizens alike. It surely was not intended that Congressmen should appoint young men to the academies regardless of their acquirements and abilities. And yet this is done, and will continue to be done, until these nominations are virtually taken out of the hands of partisans. If candidates for admission had been subjected to thorough examinations, such men as Jacob Thompson would certainly never have entered; and it could not have been said, as it now can truthfully, that many who graduated, *and all who failed to graduate*, were totally unfit to be educated for the public service at the public expense.

The nominations for appointment to the academies are, in most cases, made regardless of any standard of merit. This procedure is a serious cause of complaint on the part of all who desire to be appointed but are unnoticed in the selection, and hence a feeling of dissatisfaction extends over the whole country. Frequently, the young men chosen are the unruly sons of wealthy and influential partisans, who expect West Point discipline to curb the follies of their offspring and bring them out with sound minds and respectable characters. Trained professors and thorough methods of instruction and discipline can accomplish wonders for weak minds and wayward dispositions, but even West Point is only so far successful as to impart to a majority of its students an air of culture. By this nothing derogatory to methods of instruction or professors is meant. Both our naval and military schools are probably equal in organization to any of the like character; but surely there is a weakness somewhere, when the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy for 1864 feels justified in saying that, after one more year's instruction than is obtained in the "French Naval School, at Brest, the entrance examination there would exclude most of the graduates of our academy." The evil consists in the manner of selecting the human material to be wrought upon; and, unless a change is made in this particular, all the ability that can be gathered together, all the appliances the War Department can furnish, will not suffice to check the well founded and growing distrust which is fast seizing hold upon the public mind.

Of those sent to the academies, very few graduate, and not many who do graduate render their country such service as may be considered an adequate return, either in quality or quantity, for the cost of their education. There are hundreds of young men educated in private schools of the country at their own expense, where they have gone from motives of honorable ambition, being unable to gain admission to the Government schools for want of patronage to aid them—nay, there are many self-educated—who are better qualified than the majority of academy graduates to fill the best positions in the gift of the Government. Yet however well qualified one may be, he very naturally stands but little chance of obtaining certain positions against a West Pointer having *no* ability. The feeling of dissatisfaction which this breeds can only be removed by opening the doors of admission to the academies, through competitive examinations, to the whole country. When this is done, General Barnard may, with some degree of propriety, reply to applications for positions on the engineer corps, "that none but West Point graduates have been given such positions, and probably none others will ever receive them." By this time it ought to be known to the Government that many of its academy pupils are unfit to profit by the public money. The enormous cost of graduating one cannot be more than compensated by faithful service for twice as many years as it requires to complete the course. And yet how many render no service after graduating, how many are a burden upon the department to which they are attached, and—worse than all—how many fail to graduate because of incompetence! $15,000 is not too high an estimate for the cost of each graduate. This makes the annual expense per pupil nearly $4,000. Were every one to graduate and enter the service, the Government would be no more than repaid for its money spent.

The crisis through which we have recently passed created demands for every man possessing a military education. The academies have furnished many valuable officers to the army and navy, but not nearly so many as might have been supplied to the country had all who entered them been intellectually qualified to improve the thorough and full course of training provided for them. The number that are stopped through incompetence before the completion of the course is every year very great. There is no reason why the Government should be at so great an expense for nothing. Doubtless it will be difficult for Congressmen to give up this little bit of patronage, but the sooner it is done the better, both for representatives and the country.

A step in the right direction has already been taken by several members of Congress. Mr. Sickles, of New York, selected his nominee to West Point from a class of candidates who were tested by examination. The successful one out of twenty competitors was a member of the New York Free Academy, in which his standing in scholarship was about the middle of his class. He graduated from West Point in 1863 at the head of his class. It is believed that Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, also selected by examination. Some few others, "with a conscientious sense of the responsibility resting upon them, have given their patronage to the result of general competition." This language is quoted from a speech by Senator Anthony, delivered May 18, 1864, in the Senate in the debate upon the bill making appropriation for the Military Academy, when he spoke upon the following amendment:

"And be it further enacted, That hereafter in all appointments of cadets to the Military Academy at West Point, the selections for such appointments in the several districts shall be made from the candidates according to their respective merits and qualifications, to be determined under such rules and regulations as the Secretary of War shall from time to time prescribe."

It is difficult to understand why this amendment did not pass. Certainly not for lack of cogent reasons in its favor. It was urged by a warm friend of the academy, who earnestly deprecated the popular prejudice, and vindicated his fidelity to the institution by allusions to its "scores of graduates, who rushed to the head of our new levies, organizing and leading them to glorious victory." He did not pretend to say that any course of military instruction could make a military genius, but he would not, therefore, discard military education.

"The academy has never had a fair chance; the country has not had a fair chance; the boys (of the country) have not had a fair chance. This is what I want them all to have. I desire that the academy shall begin, as it goes on, upon the competition principle." "Under the present system the academy wastes full half of its strength upon boys who never ought to be admitted, and whose natural incapacity prevents them profiting by the training they receive there. Under the system proposed, the academy would exert its influence upon thousands of the brightest and most aspiring boys all over the country, stimulating them to the pursuit of such studies and to the formation of such habits as, if they fail to carry them to West Point, will help to conduct them to usefulness and honor in whatever path of life they may choose."

The adoption of the plan would bring incalculable benefits to the country at large. Besides affording a means of thorough culture to the best working talent of the nation, and thereby placing at the service of the nation its best and noblest powers, it would, at the same time, stimulate the cause of general education. Schools and colleges, teachers and professors, would take great pride in fitting boys for the national academies. As the appliances and methods of instruction improved, the standards of excellence and the tests of admission would advance; and out of this progress there would grow throughout the land an enlivening and ennobling spirit of intellectual industry. It would open a practical route of communication between the common school and the state, and lead to a more systematic and pointed inculcation of the principles of government and the elements of patriotism as a part of public education.

A British Commission, in a report on the French system of military education, says that "admission to the military schools of France

can only be gained through a public competitive examination . . . . . A powerful influence has thus been exercised upon the character of education in France."

The Royal Military Academy of Great Britain was formerly filled by patronage, but is now thrown open to general competition. "The results," as stated in debate in Parliament, are "that sons of merchants, attorneys, clergymen, mechanics, and noblemen were among the successful competitors."

Says Mr. Edward Chadwick, in a report before the National Social Science Association at Cambridge in 1862:

"During the five years of the open-competition principle there has not been one dismissed for incapacity. Moreover, the general standard of capacity has advanced. Another result, the opposite to that which was confidently predicted by the opponents to the principle, has been that the average physical power or bodily strength, instead of being diminished, is advanced beyond the average of its predecessors. . . . . A stimulus of the most healthy and powerful kind, worth more than millions of pecuniary endowment, has been given to all the great schools of the country, including the universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

Austria, Prussia, and Italy have adopted the competitive plan for admission to their military establishments. In Austria staff officers are chosen upon this principle.

In conclusion, let us say that this matter is approved by the professors in both the Military and Naval Academies; that it has been strongly urged by Boards of Visitors in 1863, 1864, and 1865; that it is cordially approved by the Secretary of War; and that, finally, and not least in importance, it is called for by the public. The argument against it drawn from the fact that West Point, under the present régime, has produced men like Grant and Sherman, is one of those old stock arguments by which nearly every abuse has been or might be defended. Wellington received little or no school education. Soult and Ney rose from the ranks. Cromwell never saw a regiment till he was in middle life. Garibaldi had probably never opened a book on military science when he defended Rome. But would it do to infer from these cases that a regular professional training is of no use to a soldier?

A SONG OF A SLATER.

Upon the church roof perched so high,
The white clouds are my company;
Far down below their shadows fly
Across the flowing grain;
And through the belfry, in and out,
A cheery wind is making rout;
It blows the pigeons all about,
And flutters them amain.

Down there, beyond the plum-tree row,
There is a garden-wall I know,
Where vines with purple grapes aglow
Encase a garden door.
See, from that nook of leafy shade
Into the sunlight slips a maid;
I hold my breath, as half afraid
Of seeing her no more.

But on she glides, her sunny head
Now gleams above a flower bed;
Now, veiled in dappled dimness shed
Through lacing branches, glows;
Now at the porch, she will not stay!
One moment turns her face this way,
One moment brightens all the day,
Then into darkness goes.

And there beyond, my own home lies;
My little brothers' voices rise
Among the trees; and mother's eyes
I know are turned this way:
A hundred happy homes lie round,
And in them all my friends are found;
What more is in this garden ground
I have no heart to say.

Correspondence.

THE SUFFRAGE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

"I hope . . . . that a [State] constitution containing or permitting a difference of civil or political rights founded on difference of color or race, will be rejected. . . . I am perfectly aware that the constitution of the State may be changed at any time. This difficulty is not, so far I can see, to be overcome."—T. P. (Cambridge), in Boston *Daily Advertiser*, June 1, 1865.

"I conclude, therefore, on this subject of negro voting, that in all States which can claim their full rights under the Constitution, it is a question for the State; and that in revolted States it is a question of policy and military government, to be decided by the national authorities, until the State is fully restored unto its former condition."—Senator Sherman, *ibid*, June 17, 1865.

It is obvious from the above extracts, especially in connection with the residue of the articles from which they were taken, that these two distinguished jurisconsults fully agree in three important points of constitutional law, particularly interesting at the present moment: 1st, That wisdom and policy, as well as justice, require that no citizen shall be denied the elective franchise on account of color or race. 2d, That the rebel States may now be held, under military law or otherwise, till they adopt constitutions founded on that principle. 3d, That when they or any other people are actually admitted to full State rights, the regulation of the matter belongs, by the Constitution of the United States, to the States themselves.

The first two propositions, it is to be hoped, would now receive the approbation of all loyal men. These distinguished writers, however, do not state the ground on which they agree that the rebel States may be rightfully coerced in this respect. They both appear to recognize the fact that the people of the rebel States have, by their rebellion, destroyed their own State governments, and renounced all their other political rights as component parts of the nation under the Constitution of the United States; and, among the rest, the right or power of resuscitating themselves, in any form as civil States within the Union, without the assent and assistance of the general Government. For holding them in this position, one of them seems to rely on the military power, under which the other also says "they certainly can be held." The military power may undoubtedly prevent their assembling in convention, or forming and adopting a constitution of any sort. The civil power also might do the same by rendering illegal all acts tending to such a result. But if, notwithstanding measures of either sort, a constitution should be actually adopted and presented to Congress, its acceptance by Congress would cure all preliminary irregularities, and the State would be restored to the Union, as a new State so accepted would be admitted, with full State rights. It is this ultimate power of acceptance or rejection that is specially invoked. If the Government have expressly or impliedly authorized or invited a people to form a State constitution preparatory to admission to the Union, or if a people have done the same, unauthorized and uninvited, Congress, having the power, may reject it arbitrarily and wrongfully, as they may abuse any other power, against reason and without right.

But this is not the power to which they would appeal. They refer to a lawful power, judiciously exercised, for adequate reasons and justifiable cause. What is that cause? Undoubtedly such a cause might exist in the irregular and unauthorized manner in which the instrument had been formed and presented, independent of any radical objections, in principle, to the instrument itself. But this would not necessarily cover the case. They consider the "permitting a difference of civil or political rights founded on a difference of color or race" an adequate objection to its acceptance. Undoubtedly it is. But on what ground? The Constitution requires many duties of the States as political bodies, many of their governments, and of the different departments and officers of their government as such, as well as the republican character of the governments themselves. The constitution of a "State in this Union" must provide the means for the performance of all these duties, or it cannot be held to be such as the United States Constitution requires for a State. It must have the officers, the departments of the government, and the corporation of whom those duties are required, or it cannot perform the duties of a "State in this Union," or be admitted or retained as such. A State constitution deficient in any one of these particulars ought to, of course, and must be rejected.

But what part of the Constitution is inconsistent with the discrimination of color in the distribution of political rights? All natural rights may be enjoyed by every man, because all moral duties may be performed by all moral beings. But all political duties cannot, and, of

course, political rights may be limited accordingly. The elective franchise, for instance, is a part of the national sovereignty, and the public safety requires that it should be lodged where it will be most likely to be used for the public good rather than for the public detriment. This cannot be done by a particular examination and judgment in regard to every individual, but must of necessity be done by general rules, which exclude some who might safely and advantageously be included, and include others who as manifestly ought to be excluded. Among minors, male and female, and among adult females, who, for general reasons, are universally excluded in all governments, there are many much better qualified for the exercise of the elective franchise than many male adults who are allowed the right. If you draw the line anywhere else as on the difference of color, you encounter the same difficulty, and perhaps others. But what clause or what principle of the Constitution is violated by making color, any more than age or sex, the line of discrimination? They are all natural distinctions, and no individual energy can obliterate or avoid them. Artificial distinctions are different. The barriers created by defect of education, property, profession, or calling of any sort, may be leaped and overcome. But the natural distinctions cannot. Two of them are permanent and unalterable; the other only temporary—though made by nature, it must in due course cease by nature. The others cease not at all. Now, the right to the elective franchise is a no more perfect right than any other political right. The right to elect and to be elected stand on the same ground, and may be regulated, conferred, or withheld by similar authority and for similar reasons.

This brings us to the question where this authority is deposited, under our system, so far as respects the elective franchise, and how and for what reasons it should be exercised. This question is answered by our authors in the third proposition above stated, that the authority belongs to the individual States, and of course may be exercised when, how, and for what reason they please, so far as respects any right of interference by the United States. If this is so, they may regulate it by constitution or by law as they please, and the same revoke, repeal, alter, amend, or abolish, and regulate anew the next day, as they please. This these gentlemen are understood to hold; not in general terms merely, but in direct reference to this particular subject. If a rebel State should make a constitution to-day denying the right of any limitation of the suffrage on account of color or race, and should thereupon be re-admitted to full State rights under the constitution, they may to-morrow, if they please, make another limiting it exclusively on color or race, and there is no remedy. It follows, of course, that they may not only exclude the black race, but any other race; and limit the right to any one race, or family, or even individual, if they please. It is perfectly obvious that on this theory of States rights, the duty of the United States to guarantee to each State a republican government cannot be fulfilled. It is also obvious that the first two propositions above stated become entirely worthless. The answer to the questions, whether the elective franchise ought to be limited on color; and whether the rebel States may be held out of the Union, or where they have placed themselves, until they present a constitution negativing such limitation, is not worth the ink with which it may be written. We deny the whole doctrine, *totis viribus*.

The question is, Does the regulation, to wit, the limitation or extension, of the right of suffrage among the citizens belong exclusively to the individual States, by the Constitution of the United States? In the first place, the Constitution confers no rights or powers on the States or their governments, by *direct grant*, in relation to suffrage or anything else. This was discovered by the Virginia Legislature as long ago as February, 1820. In their elaborate resolutions of that date, on the Missouri restrictions, they assert emphatically, and truly, that no "rights are conferred by the Federal Constitution on the State governments." It confers none by *implication*, except those necessarily involved in the performance of the duties it enjoins on them and their officers. Any exclusive power over the elective franchise is not among these. It confers no power on the States or their governments by *reservation* even, except a part of those "not delegated to the United States." But it restricts them by numerous express and implied prohibitions. Besides all this, they are further indefinitely restrained by the supremacy of all laws made or enacted under the authority of the Constitution. When all these are duly considered in detail, as well those in *posse* as those in *esse*, it will be easy to comprehend the mass of power belonging exclusively to the States. But the Constitution recognizes the existence of the States as bodies politic, and component parts of the nation, but not as independent nations, and guarantees them republican governments, suited to their subordinate position in the Union. This places them on the ground of individuals, in some respects, as lawful agents—governmental agents, within the limits of paramount law. Our fathers had been educated to this. Their Colonial governments, though parts of the empire, were still governments, bodies politic, local corporations, authorized to make laws, ordinances, etc., but always "so as such laws, ordinances, and constitutions, so made, be not contrary and repugnant unto . . . . the laws of this our realm of England.' So our present local governments are controlled by the Constitution and laws of the United States. The prohibitions, whether express or implied, are peremptory, and cannot be passed. But the most extensive and important restrictions, as well on States as individuals, arise from the absolute supremacy of the laws of the United States.

Those have been heretofore very sparingly applied, for two reasons: 1st, When the present government was instituted for the nation, it found the existing government of the United States disorganized and deranged, and all its concerns in dilapidation, while the local governments were organized and in full operation; so that the general and external interests of the country required all, and more than all, their attention, and the internal and local interests of the people demanded little or none at their hands; 2d, It was the policy of the slaveholders, who controlled the administration of the Government then and ever afterwards, till by rebellion they shook it off entirely, to keep it as far as possible from any influence over their domestic institutions and interests, which they could easier manage to their own satisfaction through their own local governments. But their bad management of those institutions and interests has proved so disastrous to themselves and so expensive of the blood and treasure of the nation, that it may be hoped that the general Government will not feel warranted, in future, to neglect or withdraw themselves from the regulation of any interest which concerns the safety, welfare, or liberty of the people. When the general Government shall actually undertake and enter upon the full performance of the duty for which it was created by "the people of the United States," viz., "to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty" to all the people, the local governments will find the subjects of their exclusive jurisdiction very much curtailed, though their usefulness may be very much increased. Duties neglected, overlooked, or deferred by the general Government have been assumed by the States, because corporations, like individuals, may do, according to law, whatever infringes no law or is prohibited by no law; and this is the principal source of all local legislation. In regard to this particular subject of the right of suffrage, Congress has never taken the first step towards defining or limiting it; and if the State legislatures had not, the whole subject might have remained unregulated to this day.

The only clauses of the Constitution having direct reference to the subject are the 2d and 4th sections of the first article, and the guarantee clause already alluded to. The first is in these words: "The electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State legislature." This settles two points only—that other qualifications than mere citizenship, being of "the people," membership of the nation, may be required; and that electors of representatives to Congress must have all the qualifications of electors of State representatives. Two other points germane to the subject it leaves both unsettled and untouched, to wit: by whom those qualifications shall be fixed, and whether any and what additional qualifications may be required for electors of members of Congress. That those last points are not concluded by the clause, as it stands, is evident from the fact that it would have been perfectly consistent with all it contains if it had continued—"these qualifications, and any others that may be thought suitable, may be prescribed by Congress." Such an addition would contradict nothing standing before it, but would have been entirely compatible with it, and, although it is not actually embodied in this clause, it may, without the least inconsistency, be found in or result from provisions in subsequent parts of the Constitution. No grant of an independent or exclusive power over the subject is here made to the State governments. The language imports no such thing; and even if it was susceptible of any such construction, its utter incompatibility with other provisions would prove such construction erroneous.*

The first part of the 4th section is in these words: "The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof." If the section ended here, and this was the only clause in the Constitution relating to the suf-

* This clause, as originally reported by the "Committee of Detail" in the first draft of the Constitution, was in these words: "The qualifications of electors shall be the same, from time to time, as those of the electors, in the several States, of the most numerous branch of their own legislatures." In the course of the discussion of the clause, Mr. Governeur Morris said: "Another objection against the clause, as it stands, is, that it makes the qualifications of the National Legislature depend on the will of the States, which is thought not proper." The "Committee of Revision" reported the clause in the form in which it now stands. It is a significant fact, in reference to the precise effect of this change of phraseology, that the revised draft was made by Mr. Morris himself.—*See Madison Papers in loco.*

frage, there can be no doubt but it would give the entire subject to the States. The time, place, and manner of an election, in default of any other provisions, would include every circumstance in regard to it necessary for carrying it into complete execution and giving it its perfect effect. There are, among others, the subject on which the suffrage is to be taken, the mass of people from whom the voters are to be selected, the principle of the selection governing the number and qualifications of electors, their previous registration, the frequency of elections, the permanence and functions of the elected, the check-list and mode of voting by ballot or *viva voce*, the sorting, counting, declaring, recording, and returning the result, the appointment of the officers and their authority under whose supervision all this is to be done, together with the means of punishing frauds and securing the purity of the election; all these items are included in the manner of an election, and if not specially provided for elsewhere in the Constitution, necessarily fall under this general provision. Two of them are otherwise regulated. The subjects to be acted on are fixed. The body of people from whom the electors are to be taken is fixed. But we have seen that neither the principle of selection nor the number or proportion of those to be selected is fixed by the 2d section, nor is the power of fixing them there assigned to either government. This, then, with all other items of "time, place, and manner," whether mentioned above or not, fall directly within the purview of this 4th section.

And if the section had ended as above, it would have been seen clearly, and nobody would have disputed, that the whole power over them was expressly assigned to the State governments. But the 4th section does not end there. It proceeds as follows: "But the Congress may, at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations," etc. They may *alter* them if not made right, or they may *make* them *ab initio* if not made at all by the State legislatures. This places the whole subject in the hands of Congress for their ultimate control, in the same broad and express form as it does primarily in the hands of the State legislatures. This was done, as stated by the authors of the "Federalist," on the avowed principle "that every government ought to contain in itself the means of its own preservation." If the construction of the 2d section should be that the qualifications of electors of State and United States representatives should be the *same*, then the 4th section, by giving the last expressly to Congress in the last resort, necessarily gives both. This is probably the true meaning. If the construction of the 2d section should be different, and require only that electors of representatives to Congress should have *all* the qualifications of electors of State representatives, without restriction as to others, then the provisions of the 4th section would not *directly* apply to the regulation of the qualifications of electors of State representatives. But as Congress has expressly the power, in the last resort, to regulate *all* the qualifications of electors of members of Congress, and as no power is given to the State legislatures in reference to electors of State representatives, it would follow that such regulation as Congress should make in regard to their own case would control also the State electors. And in that case, other provisions of the Constitution would come strongly in aid of the power thus given to Congress over the whole subject. The next section gives to each House the right to "judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." This is in the nature of a judicial rather than a legislative power. Each House may not make laws prescribing the times, places, and manner of elections, returns, qualifications, etc., but they may "judge" of their conformity to law, in particular cases as they arise; and experience has shown that they may sometimes, for party purposes or otherwise, judge contrary to law.

In addition to this, and more directly applicable to the duty of the general Government to regulate the elective franchise, in respect to the number and qualifications of the electors to State offices, is the clause of guarantee, art. 4, § 4: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." Every independent political community must select its own depositories of its sovereignty. It is as much impossible for every member of a nation to be a voter as it is for him to be the king. The nation has the same right to say the whole sovereignty shall be deposited with one man, and who that man shall be, as it has to say it shall be deposited with a few or many, and who the few or many shall be. The right to do either arises from absolute necessity, and involves the principle of election. An election may be made by general laws, or by an examination and judgment on every man's claim. In a monarchy or oligarchy it is usually made by general rules adopted beforehand. In a republic it is physically impossible it should be made otherwise. These rules should not only recognize the nature and objects of the *trust*, in relation to the general welfare, but should also be just in respect to individuals, founded on the equal rights of man as recognized in the principles of our Revolution, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States. A man justly conscious of his own superior qualifications to be President of the United States, has just the same right to be President that a female or minor thus qualified has to be an elector. They both depend upon an election in the form and under the rules of law. The present question is, Who, under our Constitution, shall prescribe the law by which the voter, a holder of a part or the whole of the sovereignty, shall be elected or designated? And it is perfectly obvious that whoever does this, in reference to an individual State, decides whether that State shall be a republic, an oligarchy, or a monarchy. As the Constitution expressly imposes this duty on the general Government, it necessarily includes the other also. By making the general Government responsible for the republicanism of every State, it confers all the power necessary for that purpose. It confers on the States no power inconsistent with this; and the people of the States cannot do so, because they have already disposed of the power by giving it to the United States. The argument lies in a nut-shell. If the Government decline or disclaim the right of control over the elective franchise in the States, they abdicate and repudiate their constitutional duty to fulfil the guarantee by putting it beyond their power to perform it. The elementary writers on the science of government represent the disposition and regulation of that portion of sovereignty exercised by the suffrage as the principal ingredient in constituting a republic—absolutely essential to be provided for in the fundamental law. By whom, and on what subjects, it may be used in a republic, are as necessary to be prescribed and known as it is in a monarchy to designate who is the prince. The same doctrine is held by distinguished American statesmen. It enters into the very nature of republicanism, its essential elements, its component characteristics. There may be others, to be sure, but this is one, indispensably necessary to the identity of the compound idea; any one of which being wanting destroys the republicanism of the government. What these are beyond the suffrage it is not now necessary to enquire. But whatever they are, they must all be found in the constitution, the fundamental law of a State, or it is not a republican government within the national guaranty. The Government, which is responsible for the fulfilment of that guaranty, must decide what those essential component ingredients are, and either prescribe them beforehand that they may be complied with in the first instance, point them out afterwards that they may be supplied in the revisions, or repeal and nullify, by general law, whatever is incompatible with them, otherwise the guaranty may remain a dead letter. *This responsible power is in Congress*, because they have all the legislative power of the Government, and because also they have all the special power of admitting States. They must of necessity decide what constitutes a republican government, accept no constitution that does not, and disfranchise any State that destroys such a government when formed, or they do not fulfil the constitutional guaranty. The same right of control over the elective franchise in the States is deducible from the general powers of the Government as contained in the introductory or enacting clause of the Constitution, and as afterwards abridged and epitomized in the beginning of the 8th section, in distributing to Congress that portion of those powers which devolves upon them. But this article is already too much extended to admit of the development of that part of the subject in this place. T. F.

THE PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

[We have the grateful privilege of laying before our readers a letter from a veteran philanthropist—perhaps, if we except Lord Brougham, the earliest living advocate of emancipation. Monsieur Tourgueneff belongs by birth to the Russian nobility. He participated in the closing campaigns of the final coalition against Napoleon I., and afterwards held a high office in the state department of his native country, and was the intimate and respected adviser of Alexander I. When that well-meaning but feeble-willed monarch died in 1825, there was an *émeute* in favor of a constitutional government which was promptly and bloodily suppressed by Nicholas. M. Tourgueneff, who was at that time abroad for his health, was most unjustly implicated in this attempt, and capitally condemned. From that time till 1857, as he states below, he lived an exile, for some time in England, but chiefly in France, his real cause of offence being not his political views which were indeed liberal, but his conspicuous zeal in behalf of his unfortunate countrymen who languished in serfdom. In 1847 he published a work entitled "Russia and the Russians," in three volumes, in which he both gave a sketch of his own life and efforts in behalf of emancipation, and discussed at length the plan which, in his mature judgment, would be most successful for that desirable end. He there expressed his conviction that the deliverer of the serfs could be no other than the autocrat himself, and events have approved his sagacity. A few weeks ago we wrote to congratulate him on the accomplishment of his heart's desire, and to express the

hope that he might favor THE NATION, and through it the people of the United States, with his observations of the workings of emancipation in Russia. The following is his response. It is doubly valuable from its direct and indirect bearing upon the two great questions that concern the freedmen of America—land and suffrage.—ED. NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

You are quite right when you mention the immense satisfaction I felt in seeing, by the emancipation of the serfs in Russia, the wishes of my whole life fulfilled. After thirty-three years of absence it was given to me to see my native land again. It was in 1857, the memorable moment when the Emperor Alexander first raised the question of emancipation, and declared it was time for it to be accomplished. As might have been expected, the idea of emancipation met with great opposition from different sides. Yet, I must say, the opposition was directed not so much against the personal emancipation of the serfs as against the appropriation to them, when liberated, of the land they held. The proprietors, assembled in different committees which were established all over the empire to discuss the matter, ended even by giving up their right of possession in the person of the serf, and, mentioning only their right to the land occupied by the peasants, claimed pecuniary indemnities if that land were delivered to them. The honorable gentlemen whom the Emperor entrusted with this important task, forming a committee *ad hoc*, declared from the first as a principle that the emancipated peasants must have land, about in the same quantity as they had hitherto occupied, on condition of a pecuniary indemnity to be paid to the proprietors. That principle prevailed, thanks to the Emperor's firmness.

During the discussion of that question in Russia, I published several writings on the matter.* My chief purpose and warmest desire being to secure to the peasants as soon as possible their personal freedom and complete liberty of labor, I proposed a method of emancipation claiming the entire property of their homes—that is to say, cottages and orchards, and a small quantity of arable land, and that without the slightest indemnity from them to their masters, which was to be left to Government. A sum of about two hundred millions of dollars, according to my calculation, would have been sufficient for it.

Meanwhile, I inherited a small landed property,† inhabited by about four hundred persons of both sexes. I hastened to Russia, and put in practice my method. I abandoned one-third of the land, including their houses, to the peasants, and let them the two remaining thirds for a certain sum of money. In my agreement with them it was settled that, if the emancipation which the Government was preparing (1859) turned out more advantageous to them, they were to accept it in preference to mine. It is needless to add, that when the official emancipation was proclaimed, the peasants and myself found it more advantageous, and adopted it. If I were to compare the two methods, I should say that mine tended chiefly to the liberty of the peasants' person and labor, and that of the Government to give them a quantity of land sufficient for their subsistence. The great inconvenience of this last method is, that it obliges the peasants to pay a heavy rent to redeem their land, and that during forty-nine years! Nevertheless, their passion to possess land is so strong that they cheerfully submit to such hard conditions. The redeeming rent (*rente de rachat*) must be paid by the peasants either in money, according to an estimation fixed by law, or by work done for the proprietor, *i. e.*, by *corvées*. This last mode of payment, sanctioned by law only for a short period, disappears more and more every day, so that the majority of the peasants even now do not work for the proprietors, but pay their rent in money. I can say more: about two millions of peasants are now entirely liberated with regard to the proprietors, thanks to an immediate payment of the redeeming rent. In such cases their annual rent (*redevance*) is capitalized, and the Government gives the proprietor an obligation for the amount of the capital, which bears five per cent. interest, and will be redeemed in the course of forty-nine years by annual drawings (*tirages*). The peasants then pay their redeeming rent to Government, and thus become free and independent proprietors. Since some time both peasants and proprietors seem to find this proceeding the most profitable, and agreements of this kind become more and more frequent every day.

I can hardly say how happy I was when I saw, last year, for the first time, my dear, beloved, and deeply respected Russian peasants free at last and proprietors of the land they had till then cultivated as serfs! What a change! The same creatures, serfs yesterday, are now men, conscious of their human dignity: their aspect, their language, are those of free men. In the meanwhile, in getting rid of their serfdom, they have preserved their usual good sense, wisdom, and *bonhomie:* no impertinence, no arrogance whatever, can be detected in them; they are full of self-respect, yet polite. I saw them discussing with the authorities some business of theirs: they maintained their new rights, and, when wrong, never hesitated to acknowledge it. You may have seen in my book,* sir, that I always had a high opinion of the Russian peasants' moral qualities. Well, all I saw last year was beyond my expectation!

Your reformers can tell you that, in loving dearly the slaves, one can hardly help feeling a very different sentiment towards their owners. To be fair, I must say that I am perfectly reconciled with the Russian proprietors. Although many of them were not delighted with emancipation, now it is accomplished there is no vestige of animosity between the two classes, nobles and peasants: a happy reconciliation has taken place. It is true in this again example came from the peasants; the great merit of the nobles is in having at last acknowledged their moral worth.

You will excuse me, sir, if I go on praising the Russian peasants; but quite lately their behavior, in circumstances very important for themselves and the country in general, was so striking and noble that it deserves the attention of every serious and benevolent man. The facts are these. You perhaps have read in the newspapers that the Russian Government issued a law on the municipal organization of the country. It is founded upon just and wise principles; it is very like what was formerly tried in France by the celebrated Turgot, or what exists now in Belgium, and is by far more liberal than the present French municipal system.

Every district and every *chef-lieu* has every year an assembly of deputies who name a permanent committee for three years. This committee is charged with the municipal administration, under the control of the assembly. Every one is called by law to the election of deputies. Well, it happened in many places that the peasants were the more numerous and could, therefore, dispose of all the places in the administrative committee. They were so informed. "No," was their answer; "we want one or two members of the committee taken from amongst ourselves: they will watch over our interests. As for defending them, as for *action*, the nobles we name will do it better than we, for they are more learned than we are." In one of the assemblies the nobles, moved by the tact and moderation of the peasants, insisted, and almost forced a peasant to become president of the administrative committee of the district. When the salary of the members of the committee had to be decided, the peasants generally considered it too high for them, and, letting the nobles and the merchants have it, got it diminished by one-half for themselves. We must not forget that the men who behave in this way towards their former lords and masters were serfs yesterday, and that they are for the first time called to discuss not only their own affairs—which they were used to, thanks to the ancient organization of the Russian commune—but the general affairs of a whole district also. Do not think, however, that their modesty reaches total abnegation. In one district the nobles, full of the prejudices which are now so absurd, showed some displeasure in finding themselves side by side with peasants, acting the same part as they, voting with them, and so on. There the peasants knew how to maintain their rights and independence, and voted for men of their own class.

All the district assemblies, after having voted the formation of the administrative committee, name the deputies for the larger assembly in the chief town in the province, which, of its turn, chooses among its own members the members for the provincial administrative committee. The central committee seems to interest the peasants less than those of the districts, and this too is owing to their modesty and moderation. In the course of time they will learn that they, as well as the nobles, can play a part in the general committees.

Another field is offered by the new law to the activity of the peasants in the local or municipal tribunals. The law unites several rural communes in one canton (*volost*). Each canton, each commune, chooses an *ancient*, assisted by a *conseil*. In every canton is a tribunal to judge the peasants' affairs. Ancients and judges are elected by peasants; noblemen are not submitted to these tribunals, but it has happened that some of them preferred having their difficulties with peasants settled by municipal judges rather than by the usual tribunals. This jurisdiction, established merely for peasants, has great importance, owing chiefly to the privilege of deciding

* "L'organisation des biens des Apanages, en vue de l'émancipation des paysans seigneuriaux." [Aug., 1857.] "Résumé des dispositions basées sur le rescrit impérial du 20 novembre, 1857." [Mar., 1858.] "Pora! (Il est temps!)" [Oct., 1857—July, 1858.] "La question de l'émancipation et la question de l'administration des paysans." [Oct., 1858.] "Un dernier mot sur l'émancipation des serfs en Russie." [1860.] Besides numerous articles.—ED. NATION.

† The commune of Starodoub.—ED. NATION.

* "The class of Russian serfs has always been, above and before all, the object of my affections—affections the more lively as I have never seen any one render these men the justice which is their due. . . . Yes, I love these good Russian serfs, and, even to the sacred beard which still distinguishes them, everything in them is for me an object of respect." [*La Russie et les Russes*, 1847.]—ED. NATION.

not only according to general law but also according to local customs. Opportunities have not been wanting for the good sense of the peasants to show itself in these municipal tribunals and councils, and the success of the institution is clear to every one.

After expatiating at such length on the Russian emancipation, allow me, sir, to say a few words about another emancipation also accomplished by the Russian Government. I am the more desirous because it seems to be little known in Europe and to be appreciated in a very insufficient and erroneous manner. I mean the emancipation in the Kingdom of Poland. The Polish peasants in the grand duchy of Warsaw were, it is true, proclaimed personally free by a decree of Napoleon I., and the introduction of the French *code civil;* but, in fact, they remained in the same condition as before, on account of the law which united in the hands of the proprietor the judicial and executive power, with the right of corporal punishment. The peasants were always unhappy in Poland: the Polish aristocracy, whom history adorns with such brilliant qualities, could never be praised for the Christian virtue of brotherly love, if they ever considered the peasants as brethren. Their indifference for the fate of the peasants contributed most to the decline and fall of that unfortunate nation. A paper published in the "Quarterly Review" (April, 1863) exposes the state of Poland in that respect in a very striking manner. I have explained with some detail the emancipation of the Polish peasants in a paper, written in Russian, which I intend publishing. The third and last chapter speaks of the Kingdom of Poland, and is translated in French. That translation, as yet unprinted, I can send you if you like, and you may put it to whatever purpose you choose.

I have felt, as you may well imagine, the most sincere interest in all that has been going on in America during these latter years. I lamented, from the depths of my soul, the death of your President, who, by the strength of his honesty, the firmness of his noble mind, placed his name in history next to the greatest man of modern times, your immortal Washington! I lamented his death the more because his latest speeches and manifestations made us hope that the glorious triumph of the North Americans would put an end to all the evils suffered by every one in your country. The promoters of the criminal and immoral insurrection have undoubtedly deserved the highest punishment, but they have undergone it already, they suffer it still. In fact, what punishment can be more cruel than to witness the whole world applauding the triumph of the North, the triumph of right and liberty, and the total ruin of the cause those miserable men have been fighting for? Compared with such a failure, all ordinary punishment seems a trifle, a deliverance, rather.

As to the negroes, who must just now particularly preoccupy those who have spent their lives in defending the unhappy creatures, I see with intense pleasure that many distinguished men in America are trying to secure for them the right of suffrage. As I write, I have on my table the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of July 1, and I find there in Gov. Holden's discourse the following words: "No people has ever yet bounded at once into the full enjoyment of the right of self-government." It seems to me that the poor negroes, in receiving the right of suffrage, would not, by that alone, enjoy at once self-government; and I think that, putting aside both right and expediency, the general welfare requires the removal (as far as it is possible) of all the barriers that unfortunately exist between the two races. If you deprive the blacks of the right of suffrage, you continue to keep them aside, separated from the community, and, in spite of personal liberty, they will always be considered by the whites and by themselves as pariahs; and that feeling has certainly its inconveniences—even its dangers. One must not chaffer with man for the rights of man. The rights that law, in whatever country, gives men must be the same for every one. The words of the Hon. Governor find, in my opinion, a striking refutation in what took place and is still taking place in Russia and Poland. The peasants there did not "bound at once" from the state of serfs to that of freemen, but enjoy, nevertheless, as real a self-government as the political state of the countries allows. Evidently our peasants were in a condition far superior to that of the negroes, but it is just on account of their inferiority that the most efficacious means must be employed to change their state, and nothing can be better than the right of suffrage, elevating them at once to the same level with the whites. Prejudices alone would then remain to be deplored and fought against; the law would be free from all reproach, the legislator would have done all he could possibly do.

Under the impression of what is going on in my own country, I cannot help wishing that the Americans would give the freedmen some land, not, of course, in sending them to settle far away as colons, but in allowing them to settle wherever they can have some land of their own. Then only will they feel and appreciate the advantages of a free and independent life. Then only will they try to increase their welfare, and that would certainly give hands to the great proprietors for cultivating their cotton. The freedman, once he has understood the advantages of working on his small bit of land, will not be satisfied with it alone: he will go and look for other work, in order to make his life more and more easy and happy.

Accept, sir, my best compliments and kind regard.

N. TOURGUENEFF.

VERT-BOIS, July 14, 1865.

FEELING OF THE SOUTH CAROLINIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Having recently returned from South Carolina, it occurs to me to give you an outline of a conversation that I held with a gentleman to whom I was introduced one day. I do not feel at liberty to mention his name, but will say that he is a person of great wealth and high position, one of the best specimens of the South Carolina aristocracy, and that he is universally esteemed by whites and blacks. I will call him Mr. O.

We were led to the subject of reconstruction by my remarking upon the wonderful quickness with which the State had returned to tranquillity, as illustrated by my quiet and safe journey into the interior of the State. He answered in general terms that, as I said in a former letter, the people of the State were fully convinced of the failure of the rebellion, and desired in good faith to return under the Government of the Union; and that they were also convinced that slavery was at an end, and were ready to do whatever was necessary to try the experiment of free labor in good faith. He had conversed with gentlemen of influence from all parts of the South, and this was the unanimous sentiment. For himself, he would go further, as he supposed, than most, and say that not only did he admit that slavery was dead, but he should be very strongly opposed to any attempt to revive it, or even to prolong it for a day; that it was better for the South to have it perish at once than to have any intermediate or gradual stage. He was not sure, he repeated, that he went further than others in this. I think, however, from all I could learn, that he was right, and that the majority of the planters strongly desire—although only a very few of them really expect—that Congress shall interfere to make emancipation gradual. A planter from Anderson District, sitting near us, assented to Mr. O.'s testimony as to the opinion of the community, and the same statement was afterwards emphatically confirmed by a wealthy and influential gentleman from Sumter, and, indeed, by everybody whom I met.

Mr. O. told me that as soon as possible after our occupation he called his house-slaves together, and told them they were free now to get work where they could, and he was free to hire whom he liked; that it was probable it would be better for both parties to make a change, as there would be some embarrassment in keeping together under their new relation; however, that was for them to decide, and they need be in no haste about the decision, as they could stay with him until they had made up their minds. So far, they had all staid. Indeed, it is my opinion that house-servants, as a rule, can do better for the present by staying with their masters without wages than by changing. Almost all of them have children, and if they can get themselves and children boarded and clothed, it is all they can expect for some time to come. In Charleston, I saw a family that had left their master because he would give no wages. They could get no employment, and were simply living on their friends. People must examine into circumstances before they advise those who are situated in this way to demand wages. For field-hands I think there will be a great demand; but house-servants have always been in excess. They have grown up gradually with a family, and now that the Southerners are adopting free labor, the first thing that strikes them is the enormous cost of their establishments—with white domestics they could be served much better at much less expense. I think that almost always they prefer (although this is really against their interests) to make no change, but continue to live as they are accustomed. But if the servants insist upon wages, we can hardly blame them, in their present reduced circumstances, if they conclude that they can do better by hiring some one who is not encumbered with children. Many house-servants, I have no doubt, must go to the fields before long. Few families will put up, in hired servants, with the slovenly and inefficient habits of those who have been slaves.

Mr. O. looked upon the prospect of free labor more hopefully than most Southerners. He considered it still an experiment, in which large numbers of the negroes would perish, but which would eventually succeed. He analyzed the faults of the negro character very skilfully, exaggerating them somewhat, as I thought, and, as was natural, attributing them rather to the race than to the circumstances they have had about them. He did not, however, seem at all disposed to overlook their good traits, and when a bystander spoke of the insolence of the freedmen, he answered, "I think they have behaved extraordinarily well under the circumstances—bet

ter, I fear, than the same number of white men would have done in their place."

When I expressed my surprise and gratification at the marks I found of returning loyalty, he protested somewhat warmly against the intolerance of the people of the North in refusing to believe them when they said they submitted in good faith—our newspapers and preachers seemed determined to keep up the spirit of hostility against them. One of our officers had told him that if he should print in the North under his own signature a statement of what he had himself seen and heard, it would receive absolutely no credence beyond the immediate circle of his friends. This he thought was discreditable to our intelligence and fairness. I might have answered that we had been told so often and so emphatically of the undying resolve of the South to resist for ever, that it was hard to believe that in so short a space of time such a change of sentiment could have taken place. My own belief is, that as the people of South Carolina went into this rebellion more earnestly and honestly than those of any other State, so now that they are convinced of their failure they adapt themselves to their new circumstances more honestly and promptly than any others. It is not fair to call them secession ists now, for they have frankly given up secession. They certainly are not loyal, in our sense. I think they have passed through the stage of *submission*, and their present temper may be called *acquiescence*, not yet *satisfaction*—unless, indeed, as there are some indications, a reaction has taken place since I left, caused by the premature establishment of civil government, unsettling their minds, and interrupting a healthy progress of opinion.

I was much interested in the view which Mr. O. gave me of the *democratic* revolution worked by the war in the industry of the State. The cotton crop, he said—and this was the concurrent testimony, he assured me, of gentlemen who knew the facts—had always been chiefly raised by the small planters and farmers. The large plantations, of a thousand bales, had very little to do with making up the total, which consisted mainly of the two and three bales each of the small farmers. And now, since the planting of cotton, except for home use, had been prohibited, these small farmers had found themselves living so comfortably and independently in this [Northern] style, that they were not likely to return to their old habits. At the same time, the breaking up of slave labor threw into the market a large number of laborers, whose habits had become unsettled, and who now would work for wages for the small farmers who had never owned slaves—being, as it were, members of their families, like hired laborers at the North, and sitting at the same table with their employers. It occurred to me that this would tend to destroy the hostility which undoubtedly exists between the "poor whites" and the blacks; and the result will be without doubt to elevate the poorer classes of farmers, by giving them a supply of cheap labor, while, at the same time, as I said in my last letter, the aristocracy is utterly ruined. It seems to me, too, if it is a fact that the cotton crop is chiefly made up from these seemingly insignificant contributions, that the supply on hand is likely to be larger than is usually estimated. I heard nobody in South Carolina put it higher than a million and a half of bales.

While upon the subject of free labor, I asked what was the disposition of the planters towards the freedmen, and whether they would receive just and fair treatment from them as a whole. Mr. O.'s answer was that he believed the prevailing disposition was to treat them well and fairly, and that certainly it was for their own interest to do so. He thought, indeed, that the danger was the other way—there was so great an apprehension felt of disturbances among them, and so great anxiety to avoid any pretext for complaint, that he thought they were likely to go further than was advisable in the direction of conciliating them and keeping them quiet. I urged the danger there was of class legislation, all the political power being in the hands of one class—that even with the best of intentions one class could not legislate well for another—they must be influenced unconsciously by their prejudices and interests; and asked whether it would be safe, in view of this danger, to reconstruct the State at once. He resented a little the suggestion of *safety*—self-government was a *right*, and "you in Massachusetts—supposing the case reversed, and the State held in subjection by South Carolina—would not exactly like to be asked whether it was *safe* to let you manage your own affairs." At the same time, he admitted the possibility of the danger, and could only say that he believed there was every desire to do right, and that there was no more risk than there always must be in political affairs. He would not demand an immediate restoration of civil government—there was no hurry about that—and he would not say that Congress might not impose certain conditions or restrictions upon State legislation (he did not commit himself, however, upon the right of Congress to do this), all he insisted upon was that South Carolina should not be governed from outside [by Massachusetts, he meant], but should have full powers of self-government at no very distant day. So that he came at last upon precisely the same ground with myself—delay, conditions of reconstruction, and then complete State rights in the true sense of that term.

The fact is, they feel and say that Massachusetts ideas have conquered South Carolina ideas; and while they admit that this is the case, and that they themselves must re-establish their State with the aid of Massachusetts ideas, they cannot bear the idea of having this done *by Massachusetts*—they can do it themselves, and will do it. I think this sensitiveness, which I found quite general among the older people, is at the bottom of some of what passes as a rebellious spirit (I am far from implying that it is so with most instances of this), and I am very sure that I could say nothing against it, but to protest that all the nation required was that the men whom we had set free should be *bona fide* protected in their freedom—we owed it to them that the freedom we had given them should not be worse for them than their former slavery. It may be at the bottom too of the disinclination to sell land which is observed—they are inclined to look upon new comers as interlopers. This very natural feeling, with which I could not help sympathizing in some degree, will be the most difficult thing to deal with—for instance, in the work of establishing schools through the South. If it is delicately and judiciously managed, there need be, I am convinced, no difficulty in getting the best among the planters and other citizens to take an interest in colored schools, and even to co-operate actively in their support.

The conversation did not turn upon negro suffrage, but I talked upon that subject with several other gentlemen, whom I found of all grades of opinion, from the one who said that the negroes would "never vote in South Carolina—never!" to the three Charlestonians who agreed with me that the races should have equal rights, and that the suffrage should be upon the basis of intelligence. This was likewise the ground taken by all the colored people that I talked with.

Mr. O. confirmed the common statement as to the small amount of corn raised this year. His usual crop was 1,300 acres—this year he has only 700. By "usual crop" I understood him to refer only to the time since the planting of cotton on a large scale was forbidden. Before that time the planters had bought most of their provisions, I believe. He thought that the negroes would really get less for their labor under the contract—in his case, half the crop, from which their expenses while the crop is making are to be deducted—than they did before; for before they got the whole of the crop. I heard this same view expressed also by other planters, and regret that I did not find out more exactly what they meant. Of course, it could not be true, as a rule, that the proceeds of the plantation were always all expended in feeding and clothing the negroes, although I rather think it is a fact that planters generally made little by their crop but their own support (in extravagant style) and that of the plantation, most of their profit being from the increase of their slaves. Probably what these gentlemen meant was, that during the war they have grown nothing but provisions, and of these only enough for their own use; so that now the negroes are to have only a half, where last year they consumed practically the whole of the crop; and that with crops averaging only half of last year's! No wonder, if this is so, that they are dreading famine. One thing, however, is certain: they must have raised enough during the war to have to spare for the army, a burden they will be free from this year.

This rate of contract—half the crop, with the expenses deducted—is the honest one; indeed, it is almost universal in some districts. About Orangeburg and Columbia, however, the contracts vary according to the caprice of the individual, the officers in charge of the business taking care that there is no injustice done to either party. They told me that it was impossible to lay down any rigid rule—that what would be a fair rate on one plantation would not be on another. In this district many of the planters agree to furnish food and clothing and not a fraction of the crop besides. The question then is, supposing half the crops (with these expenses deducted) is a fair share, what will be the just rate when these are thrown in? It is obvious that the larger the proportion of working hands among the negroes, the larger their fair share of the crop. It is also obvious that where there is a very small crop planted, the half-crop of the negroes may be entirely used up in advance in supporting them. I do not doubt that in some cases where they are to receive half the crop this will actually be the case, and that they will end the year nominally in debt to their employers. A recent order of Gen. Hatch forbids contracts which require such debts to be worked out afterwards. No contracts are approved at Orangeburg which give the freedmen less than one-tenth of the crop besides their expenses. This seems small, but it will be seen from what I have said that it guarantees, at any rate, that the freed people shall not end the year empty-handed, and I was assured that the circumstances in each case were carefully examined.

I copied the terms of one contract, which may be of interest. There were six working hands and eight children. They were to be supported to the end of the year, being provided with one suit of clothes. At the end of the year, each working hand was to receive nine bushels of corn, one bushel of rice out of every fifty raised, and half the potatoes remaining on hand. They were to have every other Saturday to themselves, and their crops were to be cultivated with the proprietor's. This last item refers to the lots of land which were allowed to each hand to cultivate for himself—or rather, as appears by this, to be planted according to his fancy, but worked at the expense of the employer. This is a provision which, I was told, came into a good many of the contracts, the terms of which might otherwise appear disadvantageous to the laborer. MARCEL.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

VI.

LYNCHBURG, Va., August 12, 1865.

DURING the past week I have been making short journeys into the country round about Lynchburg, travelling by the canal or on horseback, and visiting parts of the counties of Appomattox, Campbell, Amherst, Bedford, and Rockbridge.

Everywhere the country presents the same general aspect, except that as the traveller goes westward and enters the limestone region, the streams no longer look as if they ran with puddle-water, and the eye is not wearied by the hot, bricklike consistency and color of the red clay soil as it glares and cracks in the sun. But everywhere are steep hills bright green with grass, or darker with a heavy growth of walnut and chestnut trees laden with their fruit, pines, gum trees, and black, red, and white oaks; little brooks fall in successive cascades down ledges of rock, or trickle over the face of cliffs that overhang the road and shade it; and almost always blue mountains are to be seen upon the verge of the horizon. Almost always, too, the roads are rough and lonely, so that, travelling slowly along, one has time and opportunity to enjoy the great beauty of the scenery. Occasionally a negro man or woman is met, perhaps leading a child and carrying a bundle of clothes, perhaps driving home a long string of cows from pasture, who makes a low bow or curtsey and trudges on, turning often to stare at the stranger; or a white man, mounted on a mule or horse, rides slowly along, invariably giving a salutation as he passes, wishing a "Good morning" if the time is earlier than one o'clock in the day, and, if it is later, always saying "Good evening, sir." At every house there is a field of corn, which seems to grow with an almost rank luxuriance of leaf and stalk, though I noticed that seldom any single plant bore more than one ear. Fields of wheat and oat stubble were of rare occurrence, and I saw none at all of any great extent. Of these two crops the former, I am informed, is very light in all this section. I was told of one farmer whose ill fortune had been remarkable. He had sown forty bushels of seed, and from it all got but eleven bushels of wheat, and these in the aggregate weighed only one hundred and twenty-six pounds. As to the character of his husbandry I made no enquiries.

Where I have been, houses of the better sort are few, or, at least, few are visible from the road as one rides along. Some, however, I saw, standing among trees, and well built of wood or of brick—roomy and pleasant mansions, that looked as if they might be the residences of people at once farmers and educated gentlemen, and the abodes of a hospitality of which we may read in Virginian histories. Not far from such houses were usually the cabins of the negro laborers, huts, framed and boarded in some instances, in some instances built of unhewn logs. Similar to these are the greater number of the detached houses occupied by the white population of the country through which I have been travelling. Very simple architectural rules govern the construction of these dwellings, and a description of one is a description of all. They are about fourteen feet in length and from ten to twelve feet in width. The height from the ridge-pole to the ground does not exceed fourteen feet. The chimney, which is always at one of the gable ends of the building, and on the outside of it, sometimes just peers above the roof and sometimes stops short a yard or so below it, and vents its smoke against the wall. The dwelling has two windows, unglazed, but furnished with a shutter, which is closed when the rain comes in or when the wind is in such a quarter that there is difficulty in persuading the smoke to go up the chimney if there is any interference with the draft from the door. The floor may be of earth trodden hard, or, as is more common, of boards; and there are also boards laid upon the cross beams which, terminating just beneath the eaves, separate the lower room from the space immediately under the rafters. These boards form the floor of a loft, which contains the beds of the children, and which also serves as the granary and general store-room of the family. Most likely the apartment on the ground floor is unequally divided by a rough partition wall of home-made clapboards, and thus another private sleeping place is obtained; opposite the bedroom-door is the fireplace, six feet high and four feet wide, an oblong hole of these dimensions having been cut in the logs that form the end wall. Outside the house two upright posts, one opposite each side of the above-mentioned aperture, and about four feet distant from it, are planted in the ground. Then "puncheons," pieces of wood roughly resembling laths, and used for the same purpose, are so arranged as to form the three sides of the fire-place, shorter puncheons, laid as children lay sticks in making cob-houses, are piled one on another till the frame-work of the chimney, growing narrower as it ascends, is properly made. Over all is spread a thick coat of mud, which commonly is well enough prepared, or often enough renewed, to protect the sides and back of the fire-place from the action of the fire, but higher up the bare puncheons are charred and in places burnt into holes where the sparks have at some time kindled the dry wood. Within and without, the house, unwhitened by paint or whitewash, bears traces of continual smoke and the blackening power of time and weather. The furniture is of course scanty and of the poorest kind. The objects that most strike the attention on entering are the large fire-place with its cooking utensils, and the range of pipkins and tubs, with the drinking gourds, containing water; for few of these houses are provided with a well, and the water is brought from the nearest spring at set times of the day, the vessels being usually carried on the heads of the children. A fence of palings, or of pickets interwoven with brushwood, encloses a small patch of garden ground, planted with cabbages, string-beans, and tomatoes. Just at the door-step, where the soil is likely to be richest, a dozen of tobacco plants, raised for home consumption, grow strong and tall, and near by is a bush or two of red peppers, much used by these people in medicine and in cookery. Probably a small fowl-hutch stands at the corner of the garden, two or three pigs lie at length by the road-side, and there is never wanting a noisy cur to bark at the passer-by. Sometimes it is a group of white children, sometimes of little negroes, that gaze at me from the doorway. Always there is corn growing beside such cabins, and beside one I saw the only cotton that I have yet observed in Virginia. There was, perhaps, half or three-eighths of an acre of it, and the plants were in full blossom. The field seemed clear of grass and weeds, but the cotton was not two feet high, and must, I should think, have been unmanured. The people who inhabit these houses must be the poorest of those who draw rations from the Government stores, and so far as my observation has extended, the military order which remands them to their own resources for a livelihood is perfectly justifiable, as relieving the Government of an unnecessary burden, and discouraging indolence.

Nearly as often seen as houses of this kind are the dwellings of the ordinary class of farmers, who cultivate from one to three hundred acres of land. They are usually of wood, painted white, and surrounded by a post and rail fence, inside of which are plum and peach trees, and, very likely, one or two forest trees for shade. A little in the rear, in a condition more or less dilapidated, stands a row of three or four negro cabins. The farm-houses seem to contain three rooms or four, uncarpeted and otherwise poorly furnished; but in external appearance the house itself, the farm outbuildings, and the fences are a good deal superior to those which have just been described, and offer many indications of the greater means, if not of the greater thrift, of the owner. The inmates differ less than their habitations, being alike in manners and speech, and generally giving one the impression that, without having much knowledge or having been greatly indebted to education, they are intelligent and tolerably civil and good-natured. There is an occasional exception. Fatigued with riding the other day, and the weather being very hot, I came to one of these houses, which stood invitingly in a cool and shady yard. Dismounting, I walked in. A lean and dirty-looking woman of some forty years of age sat, without occupation, beside the door, and of her I begged a drink of water.

"Thar's the well."

I drew some water, and drank from the little tin pail which served for a bucket. The not very gracious reception I had met with made me think it not best to try to get a dinner from the woman, and I asked if there was any house near, where travellers were taken in.

"Go on down to the station. Heap o' people lives thar."

"Is there any place there where I can get a dinner and have my horse fed?"

"Reckon ye kin. Kin try it. Heap o' people lives thar, anyhow."

"Is there a hotel or anything of that kind?"

"They used to keep a kind o' tavern thar. Don't know what they do now. Country yerabouts is mighty bar."

"I suppose you could n't get me a dinner, ma'am?"

"Hed our dinner at half-past eleven."

"How far is it to the station?"

"Mile, maybe; maybe mo'."

So I rode on, and soon crossing a railroad track came to a "kind o' tavern." It was a farm-house, not dissimilar to the one I had just left. The landlady, with a sun-bonnet perched on the back of her head, met me in the yard with a look of close scrutiny, and informed me that my horse could have some chopped oats, and that for me there was some lamb, she reckoned. I followed her into the house. There was a hall with a door at each end. Sitting in the draft, and in the full blaze of the afternoon sun, was a man in his shirt-sleeves and with an empty pipe in his mouth. Beside his feet lay an old hat, which he seemed to have been using as a spittoon. Without looking up, he said something as I entered, and I stopped to hear his remark.

"Never heed," said the woman; "old man 's been drinkin' apple brandy. Walk into the parlor." Dinner was made ready, and I ate it to the accompaniment of a song which was unintelligibly droned out by the old gentleman in the hall. The flies bothered him a good deal, and the song was interrupted by growling at them. By the time dinner was over, he was thoroughly awake and quite attentive to his guests.

A negro man-servant waited at the table, over which presided the landlady, with a palmetto fan in her hand. From a silver-plated pitcher, bearing an inscription to the effect that at an agricultural fair it had been awarded to the landlord as a prize, she offered me cider, made the day before. It had been pressed from apples laid in a trough and beaten with a pestle. A good part of their cider, she said, was made by that process. Sitting in the parlor after dinner, a pale young man, limping as he walked, came into the room and accosted me. He wore the gray uniform jacket and trousers which, especially in the country, are so very common as to seem almost the universal male dress. He apologized for addressing a stranger, but wished to know, he said, if I were not a relation of General Wise of Norfolk, as I bore a marked resemblance to that gentleman. I informed him that I had never been in Virginia until the middle of this year; that I was from the North. Having thus begun to talk, we conversed for some time about the war, the soldiers of the two sections, the state of the country at present, and its future prospects.

Yes, that was a quiet place, he said, a mighty quiet little place, but it was none too quiet for him. He never wanted to hear another gun fired in war as long as he lived. There was no more fight left in him. Ever since the 6th day of April, 1861, he had been in the army, knocking round in camps, or marching or fighting, and he had no desire to shoot at anybody or to be shot at by anybody any more. He was eager to go in when he first went, but if they had another war they 'd have to burn the woods and sift the ashes before they 'd find him in it. His sympathies were with the Southern cause, and always would be, but there would n't be another war in behalf of it. The South was sick of fighting, and the North was too strong. How was it down there at Appomattox Court-House? When Lee started from Petersburg he had only a handful of men; nearly all he had he lost on the way up by desertion and death in battle; and on the Sunday when he surrendered, Grant's army was one hundred and fifty thousand strong. Yes, he was willing to acknowledge himself beaten for good and all.

Did he think a foreign war would unite the North and South? No, nor anything else. Three-fourths of the Confederate soldiers would be more inclined to join Maximilian, if Andy Johnson should make war on him, than to fight for the United States. But he hoped and thought there would be no more war. He wanted to go to Brazil himself, if he could. That was the place for Southerners, and the emperor wanted them there, too. But a man needed capital, and what was he to do who had n't had more than six dollars since he got out of a Federal prison, over two months ago? That was his case. He had been captured before Petersburg, badly wounded, and had been in hospital or in jail ever since last January. He had a little money when he went in, but since he came out six dollars was all he 'd seen, and that he got by borrowing it. He had been for a good while in prison when the news came of Lee's surrender. He did not give up then. When the news of Johnston's surrender came, he concluded the Confederacy was done. His father, who owned some property in Norfolk, came down to get it back again if he could, and he succeeded in getting released at about that time. But his father had failed to get his estate restored to him and had left the city, so that when he reached it he found himself without money. He lived awhile with some relations, all as poor as himself, and at last went up to see an uncle, who was a wealthy man and owned a fine place near the Potomac. After a short stay at his house, he asked for the loan of enough money to carry him home. His uncle told him he had none, but he would endeavor to get him a little. So he made his niggers kill some sheep and carry the mutton down to the crews of a couple of Yankee schooners lying in the river. When the meat was sold, his uncle gave him six dollars. Since then, being sick, he had been staying round among his relations, and if he were well, he did n't know what he should be able to do. Could get corn-bread enough, he supposed, to keep the life in him for some years to come, but that did n't seem much of a show for a man, and the worst of it was that all the people were in about that same state, and there did n't seem to be much chance that their condition would improve for the next ten or twenty years.

I said that I supposed things were bad enough in the Southern country, but that it seemed to me not impossible that farmers and planters in Virginia and in most parts of the South might get a better living, if they hired their laborers as Northern farmers did, than they formerly got by working slaves.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "of course you think so. Every man from your section says the same thing. You do n't know the niggers. No nigger, free or slave, in these Southern States, nor in any part of the known world, ever would work or ever will work unless he 's made to. Have you ever been in Norfolk?"

"Yes, I was there for a day or two; in the city merely."

"Well, when you are there again, just go out ten miles on any road leading from the city. All along by the roadside you 'll see that the niggers have built little shanties of old boards and so on, and they 've got a little corn growing beside them, and you won't find one in ten of the patches that has n't got more grass in it than corn. They would n't hoe it. There 's the grass higher than the corn, and there are the niggers sitting in the shade. Now, do you think those Norfolk niggers won't starve by the thousand this winter? Wait and see. They 're sure to starve if they are left to their own means of support."

"But are n't they like other people? Won't the experience of starvation be enough to make them work?"

"They may scratch a living one way and another—those of them that are left after these two winters are over; but starvation is n't going to make them good steady laborers. Our free niggers used to starve enough. Steady labor is what we want; and it 's what we 're not going to get from them."

"Do you have a good deal of trouble with them here?"

"I do n't really know much about this vicinity. I believe they are doing very well. They have n't been free long enough here, and have n't had time to get saucy. Down in Norfolk, where they 've been free this two years, it 's a different thing. Besides, the niggers in this State have n't had enough to do this year. There has n't been work enough done to test them. It is next year and the next after that will tell the story. There 's no work in a nigger, and so you would say if you knew them as well as I do."

"Do you think that giving them a vote would tend to make them better laborers and better members of society? There 's some talk of that at the North."

"Give them a vote! I would rather die, sir, than see a nigger voting in old Virginia. I would rather die," repeated the young man with emphasis, "and so every citizen of this State will say."

"Why," said I, "free negroes once had a vote in nearly, if not quite, every Southern State, so it would not be without precedent if the right of suffrage were now given to free negroes. And for the rest, would it be safe to trust white men at the South with the power to repudiate the national debt? I believe many Northern men fear that might happen."

"Repudiate? I should hope they would. I 'm whipped, and I 'll own it; but I 'm not so fond of a whipping that I 'm going to pay a man 's expenses while he gives it to me. Of course, there are not ten men in the whole South that would n't repudiate."

The young man had evidently become somewhat heated during the latter part of our talk, and said things which, I dare say, he did not wholly believe, and would not have said at the beginning of it.

Leaving the tavern, after paying "a dollar and a quarter in greenbacks" for the entertainment, I rode on over a hilly road, and just at evening came to the famous little hamlet of Appomattox Court-House, where I rested during the night, neither the one sheet, which was all that the bed boasted, nor the vermin, nor the heat, preventing my sleeping soundly.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, August 2, 1865.

THERE being at this moment an absolute dearth of news, I shall take the opportunity of writing to you on a subject important not only in itself, but as an illustration of our national character, and that is the feeling of England towards America since the conclusion of the war. For the moment, then, if you will allow me to speak frankly, the public interest in your

affairs, whether friendly or hostile, has to a great extent died away. Our fits of excitement with regard to foreign countries are always short-lived. Anybody acquainted with England can always predict beforehand the rise, decline, and fall of our accesses of foreign enthusiams. Whether the object of our sympathy is Italy, or Denmark, or Poland, the course is just the same. Suddenly the condition of the "most favored" country is the one topic which fills our newspapers; its representatives are the lions of the day; bazaars are held and subscriptions raised to promote its cause; pamphlets by the hundred are written in its behalf; and then of a sudden the interest dies away. We do not change our opinions, but still sympathize in the abstract with the "oppressed nationality," be it what it may; but we are tired of the subject, and pass on to something else. This fickleness is of course resented by the deposed favorite, but, I think, unjustly. With an empire so vast as ours, it is impossible we should devote any lengthened attention, as a nation, to the affairs of other countries. Our sympathy is genuine enough while it lasts; it is not our fault if it is of its nature short-lived. Now the Southern Confederacy had its day of popular English favor. To do ourselves justice, the South never occupied the same high rank in our affections as Hungary, or Italy, or Poland had done in previous years. If I may use a theatrical metaphor, the spectacle of Southern independence filled the stalls and dress circle, but never "drew" the pit or gallery. The old national dislike to the name of slavery always hindered the cause of the South from being popular with the masses. Yet for a time the Confederacy had what the French call a "succès d'estime." It was clear to observers that the interest in the South was dying out, long before the war ended; and had it been far stronger than it ever was, it could not have survived the downfall of the Confederacy. If ever there was a nation which had the faculty of forgetting what it does not like to remember, it is our own. Our pro-Southern sympathizers are, to speak the plain truth, annoyed with their clients. They were so confident that the Confederacy could never be subdued, that the Southerners would fight to the last man, and that no proposal for reunion would ever be listened to by the seceded States, that the complete and sudden collapse of the Confederacy was felt, by the English admirers of the South, to be a sort of personal injury. Confederate stock in consequence has fallen as low in the social as it has in the commercial market. The interest has died out; and the few advocates of the South who still, like the *Standard*, remain faithful to a fallen cause, find that they preach to deaf ears.

Thus the Confederate cause has become unpopular; but it does not follow that the Federal cause has become a popular one. No doubt English feeling has changed very much within the last few months. The assassination of President Lincoln not only excited an extraordinary sensation, but it gave a death-blow to the repute for chivalrous gallantry which strangely enough had been believed to cling to the South. Then, too, the generous use you have made hitherto of your victory has produced a marked effect. The rough good sense of the nation has shown it that—no matter what its leaders in the press may declare—a people which has shown itself so merciful in the hour of triumph is not likely to have been especially vindictive in the heat of battle. And, finally, the fact of your success is patent and undeniable. Cynics would say that this last fact is the sole cause of our change of feeling; but cynicism is very rarely the expression of the truth; and it is only partially so in the present instance. With regard to either England or America, it matters, I think, singularly little what is the sentimental view which each takes of the other. The great political and commercial interests which unite our two countries are quite sufficient to ensure permanent good-will, apart from any personal likes or dislikes. We have both got work enough to do at home; and I believe our relations would be far more cordial if we both cared less about the comments that each of us makes on the other's conduct. On this account, I think it is a decided advantage that the English excitement about America, either pro-Northern or pro-Southern, is passing away. While the war lasted I was most anxious that my countrymen should entertain juster and kinder views of the North, because the prejudice against the Federal cause created for the time a risk of intervention; but that danger is happily avoided; and I think, henceforth, facts will plead your case better than any arguments. If our newspapers have now only a stray article here and there about the United States, and if the telegrams from America are no longer looked for with intense interest, the course of affairs across the Atlantic will not, I suspect, be materially modified.

The chief interest, I own, which the immediate progress of your work of reconstruction possesses for us now is the effect it is likely to produce on the cause of popular government. You have done so much to vindicate the character of democracy that its friends in the Old World are perhaps unreasonably anxious lest you should do anything to throw any discredit whatever on its success. On this account, you will perhaps pardon me if I try to explain the reasons why men like myself, who have sympathized as Englishmen with your struggle for freedom and nationality, and who cannot be justly accused of any love for the Confederate cause, are yet opposed to the penalty of death being inflicted on the leaders of the secession movement. For Mr. Davis himself I think I have as little respect or sympathy as for any man alive. Contrary to the received opinion in England, I never could see the evidence of his possessing any extraordinary ability. Still less, as far as I could discover, was there about him any trace of that heroism which often redeems the championship of an evil cause. Moreover, I must fairly own that my sense of poetical justice would be satisfied by his execution. Any man who, right or wrong, chooses to upset a settled government and inaugurate a revolution, ought to risk his life as the price of failure. John Brown, I conceive, had no cause to complain about his execution, however noble may have been the object for which he suffered death; and if Kossuth had been hung by the Austrians in Hungary, and Garibaldi by the Neapolitans in Sicily, I, for one, should never have said that personally they had been hardly dealt by. If you choose to gamble and lose, you should be prepared to pay; and if Mr. Davis should suffer death on the gallows, he will only undergo the same penalty that many better men have suffered for a like offence. Moreover, I admit freely that you have ample precedent for executing captured rebels, and that Englishmen, of all people in the world, have the least right to blame you for exercising your privilege. Two historical anecdotes I can mention, amongst hundreds of others, show clearly enough how little right we have to lay down the law with reference to the treatment of defeated insurgents. In the last volume of the Wellington dispatches, there will be found a letter from Lord Liverpool to Earl Castlereagh in Paris, written at the time Napoleon was making his way to the coast after the battle of Waterloo. In that letter the British minister remarks that, if the emperor should fall into our hands, his disposal would be a source of extreme embarrassment to his majesty's Government, and therefore Lord Castlereagh is advised to urge upon the royal Government of France the expediency of catching Napoleon before he could make good his escape, and hanging him as a traitor. The other story does not rest on documentary evidence, but I have heard it on good authority. At the period when the American War of Independence was at the lowest of its fortunes, General Clinton wrote home stating that it was very probable the insurgent army might surrender at discretion, and, in that case, he should like to know what he should do with Washington. The answer forwarded was that the general should be tried by a drum-head court-martial, and shot as a deserter. Now, quite apart from any political prejudice, every Englishman must feel thankful that these two propositions were never carried out, and that his country was saved the lasting disgrace which the execution of Napoleon or Washington would have conferred upon her. Yet I have known people of a past generation who believed to the last that the first Napoleon was a monster of iniquity such as the world ought not to have allowed to breathe; and—strange as the fact may seem to you—English contemporary literature of the end of the last century proves conclusively that honest, though mistaken, persons held Washington to have been guilty of heinous offences. The execution of Major André and of the Duc d'Enghien were thought, by the hasty judgment of Englishmen, to be crimes which placed their authors beyond the pale of civilization. Posterity has not confirmed the justice of this verdict; and I am not altogether sure, or rather, I would say, you cannot be altogether sure, that the estimate the next generation places on the character of Jefferson Davis will be quite the same as you place upon it now. The instinct of mankind makes a difference between wholesale and retail crimes. It is all very well for your poet, Mr. Lowell, to have said—

"Ez fer war, I call it murder;"

but practically the author of the "Biglow Papers," even at the height of his antagonism to the Mexican War, would, I am sure, have acknowledged that a soldier and a murderer were not liable to the same penalties. I am not disputing for one moment the truth of the accusations of cruelty and barbarity I see attributed in your papers to the Ex-President of the Confederacy. Whether they are true or not, is a fact of which you are the best judges. All I say is, that any amount of crime committed by a man in his public character is somehow or other not the same thing as a crime perpetrated in his private character for personal ends, and therefore I am unwilling that a people whose conduct of the war will be recognized by history as characterized by an unexampled humanity, should commit what I hold to be the error of confusing public with private guilt. I should like the record of a war for freedom carried on by a free people to be stainless to the end. Moreover, I do not wish Mr. Davis or any of the leaders of secession to have the sort of hybrid glory which is conferred on all who suffer death for a political cause, be that cause good or evil. There never was a more brutal, cowardly, and monstrous crime than the attempt of Orsini to assassinate

the Emperor Napoleon, by the explosion of an infernal machine. Never was a man executed more justly, and yet it would have been better had this crack-brained assassin been allowed to live. The mere fact of his death has invested him in popular imagination with something of the attributes of a hero; and I believe the "Red" faction in France would have been more powerless than it is if Orsini had never died. The time is not, I think, far distant when the world will acknowledge the fact that the punishment of death is a relic of barbarism; and I wish to see the United States take the lead in what may be called, without any cant in this instance, the path of progress. Perhaps you may think that I am wandering from my duties as a correspondent in thus discussing a matter which in its immediate issue concerns America alone. But the subject of the fate of the Southern leaders is one which still commands great attention in England. I can understand and sympathize with the indignation you must feel at the foolish diatribes of the pro-Southern journals in this country, that have the audacity to talk as if the execution of Jefferson Davis would be a crime unparallelled in history; and therefore I think you may like to know the grounds on which well-wishers to the Union hope that the life of the men who betrayed the republic may still be spared.

About the only news of the week is that Dr. Colenso is going back to Natal. Amidst the excitement of a civil war you have probably taken no particular note of the great religious war which has raged here for the last three years, as to whether the Bishop of Natal has or has not been guilty of heresy in his views concerning the inspired character of the Pentateuch. Nobody can have a greater antipathy to ecclesiastical controversies than I have myself: I have ever entertained a sneaking sympathy for the Indian editor who at the time of the great baptismal regeneration dispute between the Bishop of Exeter and Dr. Gorham, headed his summary of European news: "The Gorham case again: d—— the Gorham case." I am not going therefore to enter on the question whether Dr. Colenso did or did not prove that the children of Israel could not have eaten the number of pigeons they are supposed to have done according to Holy Writ. His book is a very dull one, and would have excited no attention if it had not been written by a bishop. However, the Orthodox party in the country, whether High Church or Low Church, resented most bitterly this heresy on the part of an ordained bishop, and every means has been resorted to to oust him from his diocese. However, every court of law which could be appealed to decided that there was nothing in the views put forward by the bishop inconsistent with his remaining in his see of Natal; and then his opponents, being driven to extremities, resorted to a piece of rather sharp practice in order to punish him for his want of orthodoxy. The salary of our colonial bishops is made up partly by a grant from Government, and partly by a subsidy from certain religious societies, who attach enormous importance to the introduction of Episcopacy into our colonies. In consideration of this subsidy, these societies are allowed to recommend the candidates for any vacant bishopric. Dr. Colenso was so appointed, being at the time of his nomination the most orthodox of clergymen. Unfortunately, when he became prone to heretical proclivities, the societies in question resolved to stop his pay, without which he could not manage to discharge the duties of his see; and when he protested, they told him that he might go to law for his remedy—a recommendation which they knew to be futile, as the societies, being supported by voluntary subscriptions, cannot easily be sued. In order to counteract this move, a number of the bishop's friends have subscribed some £3,000, or six years' allowance, to enable him to return to Natal. He is now on the eve of sailing—a fact at which the indifferent public will rejoice, as we had got dreadfully weary of the Colenso controversy.

Another old bone of controversy, though not of a religious character, seems likely at last to be removed from public discussion. After twelve years of quarrelling and bickering, the "Guild of Literature," which was to have re-organized the whole condition of the world of letters, has become a reality. It is true that the scheme has dwindled down into the erection of three almshouses for decayed artists or writers, for which occupants happily cannot yet be found. However, the almshouses are there, and their opening was inaugurated on Saturday last by a fête at Sir Bulwer Lytton's, who was the chief promoter of the scheme, and whose play of "Not so bad as we Seem" raised the largest share of the funds for its realization. Charles Dickens was there, and made a happy speech, as usual; but with this exception there was not a single first-rate or even second-rate representative of English letters or art. Why it should be so, I cannot discuss now; but the fact is that every attempt to get English literary men to work together has always proved a failure; and with us a fund is always synonymous with a job of some kind or other.

Considerable dissatisfaction is expressed at the way in which Mr. Peabody's munificent donation to the poor of London is to be disposed of. The trustees have built a number of model lodging-houses, which are to be let to working-men earning not less than a pound a week and of good character. Now the class so designated is a very deserving one, and one, as a rule, very badly housed; but still it is not a class that can be considered as representing the poor of London. It is for this class, for the class which infests our streets, and which, happily for you, you have not in America, that the Peabody gift was, I believe, designed.

POISONING AS A SCIENCE.

To an intelligent person deliberately contemplating the perpetration of murder, the inducements to make use of poisons are certainly very great. The secrecy with which the processes can be carried on, the fact that violence and bloodshed are avoided, the safety to the perpetrator which the passive condition of the unsuspecting victim guarantees, the similarity which exists between the symptoms produced and those of many well known diseases, and the difficulties of detecting the poisonous substances in the body of the deceased, are considerations which the educated murderer cannot contemplate with indifference. It may safely be asserted that so great are the advantages which poisons offer over other murderous agents, that but for the great advance which has taken place in late years in the sciences of physiology and chemistry, the career of the poisoner of the present day would be as triumphant and as safe as that of either Toffana or the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who numbered their victims by hundreds, and whose iniquities were not arrested till the perpetrators had become over-bold by long continued and unvarying success.

We all know what a poison is, and yet if we attempt to define the word, we find we have undertaken a very difficult task. The dictionaries say that any substance, animal, vegetable, or mineral, which, if taken into the stomach, introduced into the blood, or applied to the skin, produces derangement of the system or death, is a poison. A little reflection is sufficient to convince us of the error of this definition. If it be correct, the indiscreet youth who dies from a surfeit of green pears, or the miserable wretch who is bastinadoed to death by a Turkish executioner, are poisoned. Water is not a poison, and yet many persons have died from drinking too much of it, and even from small quantities imbibed at improper times. But for all practical purposes, it is immaterial whether or not we can accurately define the word poison. We are able to classify the agents to which poisonous properties are ascribed into three groups, and though the arrangement may possess objectionable features in the eyes of the systematic toxicologist, it is sufficiently precise for all the useful ends of the jurist or the physician.

Looking at the matter therefore from a purely practical point of view, we make three grand classes of poisons:

1st, Those which act locally, producing inflammation and disorganization of the parts of the body to which they are applied;

2d, Those which cause excitement or depression of the brain or nervous system, and which must therefore be absorbed into the blood; and

3d, Those which act both locally and generally. Under the first category are included the corrosive acids, alkalies, and mineral substances generally. Under the second, opium, henbane, hemlock, stramonium, nux vomica, and other vegetable substances, with their active principles, morphia, strychnia, etc., hydrocyanic or prussic acid and its compounds, together with several substances of animal origin. Under the third, tobacco, belladonna, poisonous mushrooms, aconite, etc.

Now it is of great importance to the poisoner that he should possess tolerably correct ideas relative to the properties and effects of the substance he contemplates using: one of well-defined taste, or of striking color, or which when administered produces strongly marked symptoms, or which admits of easy recognition after death, is a dangerous agent for him as well as for the object of his machinations. A poison therefore like sulphuric acid, with its highly sour taste and its intensely corrosive action on the mouth, throat, and stomach, causing immediately the most agonizing pain, would not be thought of by any but the most ignorant bungler. And so of arsenic, which, though tasteless, produces violent pain and vomiting, and which can be detected in the blood or tissues of the body, when present, in wondrously small quantities, and after years have elapsed since death. In a case which is on record the body had lain in the grave for over ten years, and had become reduced to a skeleton; the bones were examined chemically, arsenic was discovered, corroborative evidence was adduced, the prisoner confessed, and a verdict of guilty was rendered. Nearly all the substances of the class of irritant poisons give rise to prominent and violent symptoms, and are readily detected by chemical analysis. No refined, educated, and intelligent poisoner who has a due regard for his own welfare, would think of using any of them. They are only fit to be employed by those murderously inclined indi-

viduals who, possessed with the idea that they must kill some one, are gracious enough to immolate themselves.

But if we turn our attention to that class of poisons which includes those not possessed of irritant properties, but which, when taken into the stomach, must be digested and absorbed into the blood before they can produce deleterious effects, the case is very different. Chemistry has made such rapid progress in isolating the active principles of poisonous substances, and thus giving us in exceedingly small compass agents of tremendous potency, that it is doubtful whether the advance which has also been made in the direction of tests and antidotes has been sufficient to neutralize the additional power she has conferred on the evil-minded. Thus the one-tenth of a grain of aconitina, the active principle of aconite, is regarded by high authority as a fatal dose for a human being. Such a small quantity could be so administered as to attract no attention. There is no antidote which can be depended upon, and no chemical test which is competent to establish the fact of its presence in the body. Another of these principles—fortunately unknown to commerce, and scarcely even heard of by chemists and physicians—extracted from the arrow poison of a tribe of South American Indians, is so powerful that if the skin of a man be even scratched with a needle dipped in its solution, death would probably result. There is neither an antidote to its effects nor a characteristic test of its presence.

But it is not likely that either aconitina, or corrovalia, or other of the high-priced and rare alkaloids, will be employed by the ordinary poisoner. It is only the adept who will ever have recourse to them. Morphia and strychnia are more readily obtained, and if they are used with discretion, chemistry is not apt to reveal their presence in the corpse. The latter substance especially, from its intensely poisonous power, has been a favorite, and, from the facility with which every villain with a dime in his pocket can purchase enough to kill half a dozen people, has to a great extent taken the place of the less energetic, better known, and more easily detected arsenic, which once occupied the highest position in the estimation of the poisoner.

Still, though chemistry cannot be exclusively relied upon to establish the presence of several of these fearful poisons, there are signs which unerringly reveal their presence. Take, for instance, strychnia—a half a grain is sufficient to cause death, and yet, if no more than this quantity were swallowed, it is exceedingly doubtful if any chemical reagents could detect its presence in the stomach or tissues. Being an organic substance, it is often so acted upon by the digestive and other fluids of the organism that it is not long before it becomes entirely decomposed into its constituent elements, and then its identity is altogether lost. Besides, however valuable the chemical tests for strychnia may be when the pure substance is subjected to their action, it is very different when the poison is mixed with organic matters, such as blood, the contents of the stomach, pulverized liver, kidneys, lungs, etc. The indications of the presence of strychnia which chemistry gives us are based upon certain changes of color which it undergoes when brought in contact with the proper reagents. These are masked or altogether destroyed by the presence of animal matters; and even when Stas' process or some other is made use of to separate the strychnia in a pure form, there are so many difficulties in the way of the due recognition of these chromatic changes that it would be exceedingly unsafe to rely upon them if they were apparently present, or to conclude that strychnia had not been administered if they were not produced. Thus, a case is recorded in which four grains of strychnia were certainly taken, the symptoms came on in an hour, and death took place in ten minutes afterwards, and yet the most careful chemical examination failed to find the poison in the body. In another instance, four grains were taken by mistake, and though death followed with great rapidity, no traces of strychnia were detected in the contents of the stomach. In the case of Cook, poisoned with strychnia by Palmer, no evidence of the presence of this substance was found in any part of the body.

But, as we have said, the poisoner is not to go free because chemistry cannot convict him. We call to our aid the science of physiology, and if strychnia has been taken into the stomach in quantity sufficient to cause death, or even in still smaller amount, we are able to bring forward such evidence of the fact as cannot be questioned. It is the only poison, with one exception—brucia, and this is also extracted from nux vomica—which uniformly produces well-marked tetanus or, as it is called in the vernacular tongue, locked jaw. Arsenic, antimony, and aconite occasionally give rise to tetanic spasms of an irregular character; but such convulsions, as well as the tetanics due to wounds or exposure to cold and wet, are clearly distinguishable by the competent physician from the tetanus due to an over-dose of strychnia. It was by the symptoms manifested in Cook that the medical witnesses were enabled to prove conclusively that strychnia had been the cause of his death.

But this is not all. The frog is one of the most useful animals to man. His posterior extremities and—we tell it as a great secret, known but to few gourmands—his liver make dishes, compared to which nightingales' tongues and peacocks' brains are insipid. He has contributed more to the advancement of physiology than any other creature that inhabits the earth—allowing his abdomen to be ripped open, his brain exposed, and his nerves excised, without uttering a croak or moving a muscle; and, after all these things, he will live on in a state of quiescent beatitude as long as you please, whilst hour by hour the scientific physiologist watches him, and records the observed phenomena. Now we put him to another and still higher use. We bring him into a court of justice, and, before the wondering eyes of judge, jury, and counsel, we prove whether or not a murder has been committed with strychnia; for so sensitive is this gentle reptile to the effects of the poison in question, that a few drops of a fluid containing but a hundred-thousandth of a grain are sufficient to throw him into a state of rigid tetanus. Thus, as some one has remarked, the frog revenges himself on man for the cruelties inflicted on him; and yet not only so, for even in his revenge he is faithful to principles of utilitarianism.

What is true of strychnia is true, more or less, *mutatis mutandis*, of most of the other organic poisons. And as the science of physiology goes onward to more thorough development, we may expect that the certainty of detection will become so great that even the most skilful and most far-seeing poisoner will have little chance of escaping the punishment which the law awards to him.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

THE Educational Conference at New Haven last week had some excellent points. It was the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, an association of teachers, superintendents of public instruction, and friends of popular education, gathered chiefly, but not exclusively, from New England. Dr. Wayland, in 1830, was the first president of the society, and from the beginning onward a long line of wise and honorable men have taken part in the deliberations of the body, so that whatever merit pertains to the public schools of New England is in a considerable degree to be attributed to these annual councils.

At the recent meeting not far from five hundred persons, almost all practically concerned in teaching, were assembled in New Haven. A larger number than usual of college men were present, and were prominent in the lectures or discussions. Washburn, of the Cambridge Law School; Haven, of Michigan University; the veteran Taylor, of Andover ("Uncle Sam," as the boys will call him); Cummings, of Wesleyan University; Day, Woolsey, and Thacher, of Yale; Greene, of Providence; Upson, of Hamilton; and many more such men, gave a tone to the deliberations of the society, while some other men of weight, like Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, Señor Sarmiento, the Argentine plenipotentiary, Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylvania, and Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, emphasized and enforced in public addresses the broad and universal principles of popular instruction.

There is always danger in these educational conventions that much which is dry and empty and worthless will be brought forward by shallow minded men. Husks and shells are prone to be the fare. But this was far from being the case at New Haven. Live men spoke on live topics. Their hearers were not "the miscellaneous public," but a professional audience, and a new impulse, in our opinion, was given to many living and weighty truths.

The present state of the country, North and South, naturally enough, was constantly brought forward. The first lecture of the week, given by Ex-Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts, full of vigor and practical wisdom, urged the immediate necessity of introducing "civil polity" as a branch of instruction in the public schools. We can imagine how such a philosopher and publicist as Dr. Lieber would be astonished at this suggestion, and inclined to protest that it was folly to teach children every new science, and still greater folly to introduce them to the abstract generalizations of the science of law and government. To scholars versed in history and philosophy and law, "civil polity" is one of the most difficult and abstruse themes, involving many undetermined problems. But it appeared from the speaker's introductory remarks that he was not advocating the introduction of impossibilities. He aimed at that only which is practical. He showed how early children form some notions of political affairs, how ready they are to assume the party names and to echo the party watchwords of the day. He claimed that the idea of *meum* and *tuum*, and hence of property and rights, was among the first which a child could appreciate. By reference to other sciences, and especially by showing the mode in which simple, practical, religious truths are taught to the youngest minds, he maintained that the well established principles of republican institutions can be taught to all our American youth. Having very clearly brought out the

possibility of such instruction, he next exhibited its importance by strong illustrations, drawn especially from the lessons of the last four years. We heartily concur in the views of the learned Governor. If the people of our republic are to remain its rulers, we must by every possible means, the school, the press, the lecture, the book, instruct and enlighten them in the true idea of the rights, and duties, and obligations of a State. The lecture of President Woolsey, and the eloquent address of Governor Andrew, incidentally confirmed the same opinions.

An interesting debate was held at one of the sessions, "High Schools *versus* Academies" being the theme. The speakers on both sides seemed to be afraid of hurting one another's feelings, and there was consequently less point to the remarks than some of the audience anticipated. Mr. White, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, who has been the agent of establishing free public high schools all over that commonwealth, explained the true character of such schools, and showed their advantages. But Mr. Hammond, the principal of a long established academy, argued that private corporations well endowed, receiving like lesser colleges pupils from abroad as well as from the neighborhood, are, in some respects, superior to high schools, and can never be dispensed with. He points triumphantly to the endowments at Andover, Exeter, Munson, East Hampton, and elsewhere. This subject is already of pressing importance in Massachusetts, and is likely soon to be so in Connecticut.

The educational wants of the Southern States were prominently brought before the Association. The loyal and patriotic Bishop of Kentucky, the secretaries of two large benevolent societies, the Union Commission and the Freedmen's Society, an accomplished African teacher from the Friends' School in Philadelphia, and others, gave such narratives of fact as were most impressive and startling. Prof. Thacher, of New Haven, then made an eloquent appeal to every patriot man or woman, willing in peace to serve his country, to be in readiness whenever the call came to go to the South and spread the light of education. It may be weeks or months before the door will be opened—but open it will be for intelligent, considerate, and unselfish educators.

A letter was read in connection with this subject from Maj.-Gen. Howard, Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, written in an excellent spirit, to show what the Government is willing to do for the promotion of education, especially among the freedmen.

These are the more important topics which the Convention took up. [illegible]e whole, the meeting was uncommonly interesting and useful.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE sum raised by the friends of free enquiry and offered to Dr. Colenso to indemnify him, to some extent, for the loss that he sustains by publishing the results of his Biblical studies, has reached the handsome amount of £3,200. This is derived mostly from private friends, and it is expected will be largely increased by an appeal to the public. It was presented to him at a meeting in London, previous to his immediate return to Africa to resume his clerical functions. His metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town, who claimed the right of deposing Dr. Colenso for heresy, on applying to the Treasury for the reimbursal of the expenses incurred with that object, is less fortunate. He is politely told that a claim of this nature was entirely contrary to the policy of the Government, who were disposed to regard it as an illegal attempt to exercise a coercive jurisdiction, and must positively decline to release him from the consequences of his own acts. Those who are desirous to understand the exact position of the Church of England in relation to the controversies of the day, may see it well defined in a work published by Murray this spring, "The Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council, 1840–64, edited by Geo. C. Brodrick and Rev. W. H. Freemantle, with a preface by the Bishop of London." Here will be found the proceedings of the final court of appeal on questions of doctrine, luminously arranged and illustrated.

—In one of the nooks and corners of England, at Chalfont St. Giles, a rural village in Buckinghamshire, there yet remains in its primitive state the cottage inhabited by Milton when he left London with his family in 1665, on account of the great plague then raging there. This cottage it is proposed to purchase, and maintain in some manner to be determined on, as a memorial of the poet and the great work that he brought to completion under its roof. There is better authority for this than for many other relics of greater fame and notoriety. We know from the narration of his friend Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, by whom this house was hired for Milton, that "Paradise Lost" was finished there, and a casual remark by that worthy man under its roof gave to its author the first idea of "Paradise Regained." So long ago as 1737, in an age not given to hero-worship, Pope, who had visited the neighborhood, sent, in a note to Richardson the painter, a copy of some verses said to have been written on a glass window in the village of Chalfont, and apparently at this very house. The lines have not appeared in Milton's works, and are as follows. They seem to us to have something of the Miltonic ring in the measure of the verse, though as the poet was blind at the time specified, they could not have been inscribed, even if written by him.

"Fair mirror of foul times whose fragile sheen
Shall, as it blazeth, break: while Providence,
Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen,
Spreads the red roll of angry pestilence
To sweep the wicked and their counsel hence;
Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,
Who heaven's lore reject for brutish sense,
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore,
For the fair Hittite, when on seraphs' wings
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore."

It is said that the poem, by a lady of Philadelphia, beginning "Old am I, and blind," has already found its way into some American editions of Milton as a true utterance of the poet. It is more in favor of the authenticity of the lines above that they date at least from a time when imitative composition was certainly less common than at present.

—Goldwin Smith's small volume of "Lectures on the Study of History" is just reprinted at Oxford, after being for some time very scarce. It makes the seventh or eighth little *brochure*, in which shape only the writings of the professor can be found. It is worthy of remark, as one instance of intellectual difference between England and the United States, how much more the leading minds of the day in the former country have realized the ideal of an active, influential, and even potent use of the printing-press, than we have done here. To take, for instance, three or four prominent men, as Dr. Trench, Rev. F. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and Dean Stanley—these authors alone might actually club together and set up a publisher of their own, keeping him, indeed, very actively employed, at the rate of their writings for the past few years. With men of this stamp, the old-fashioned dignity of authorship seems properly forgotten. If an emergency calls for their opinion, it comes out at once in a pamphlet, a letter, or a sermon, "hitting the nail on the head," without any consideration of how it may figure among the writer's collected works in the next generation. It is this readiness to take the lead that distinguishes the true leaders of the age. The improved position of literary men as a class before the English public, and the general healthy tone of thought on political affairs, is undoubtedly due to the process by which the highest theoretical wisdom of the time is brought into immediate actual contact with the practical questions that interest the whole community. It is to be feared this real and mutual influence of the thinkers upon the workers, and *vice versa*, is rather diminishing than increasing amongst us. A lecture, an oration, or a letter to a newspaper is the usual mode of appeal to the public, often indirect and circuitous in its operation. Our booksellers' stores, which ought to be the "high 'change" of fresh and direct thought applied to questions of the day, are singularly barren of such material, and in a country where the amount of printing and paper consumed (including newspapers) is almost equal to that of the whole of the rest of the world, the press seems to have abdicated one of its most valuable and important functions.

—A gentleman of Manchester, John Harland, F.S.A., has done good service to popular poetry by collecting in an elegantly decorated and beautifully printed little volume the "Ballads and Songs of Lancashire older than the Nineteenth Century." This county, though now almost given up to manufactures, from its northern situation and rugged natural features, was for a long time behind the rest of the kingdom in cultivation and refinement. It consequently offers a favorable spot for the preservation of the untutored minstrelsy of the people, that flowed spontaneously in commemoration of any event—a murder, a battle, or a rebellion—that impressed itself vividly on the popular mind. The collection includes some curious specimens as early as the reign of Edward IV., and comes down to the present century. Though the English had undoubtedly the same stock of traditions to start with that formed the intellectual stock of their Teutonic brethren in the northern portion of their island and the mainland of Europe, it must be confessed that they never acquired the power over the imagination—the weird and gloomy grandeur and the touches of pathos—that has made the study of northern song the delight of poets and scholars ever since it became known beyond its native limits. English popular poetry flows along with a steady jog-trot pace, and shows great art in omitting or degrading to its own level the situations and sentiments that thrill us in the wilder muse of Scotland, Denmark, and Iceland. Still the gathering is a curious one, particularly from its connection with local history; and it is so well edited by Mr. Harland that it may be read with as much pleasure as the collectious of Percy and Ritson.

—There is scarcely a current rumor to stir the lethargy which prevails among the publishers. It will probably continue during the present month. In the beginning of September the New York Trade Sales commence, when the presence of the country booksellers in the city necessarily conduces to general business. These semi-annual assemblages of buyers and sellers have never been regarded with perfect complacency by all the trade—the conservative members of the profession looking upon their influence as unfavorable to the stability of prices that a publisher loves to contemplate for his issues. Latterly, indeed, the peculiar features of the auction system have been almost ignored, as publishers have sold their books in any quantity they liked, and at a limit fixed by themselves, instead of by the purchasers. This fall there is an attempt to restore the original plan of sale of all the stock offered, without reserve, to the highest bidder among the company present. It is difficult to account for the inactivity of publishers, as abundance of money increases the number of purchasers, and no good book goes unappreciated.

—It is a question whether the reputation of M. Guizot would not have gained if that great scholar and statesman had reserved for posterity the commentaries on his ministerial character and the historical events of the latter years of Louis Philippe's reign, the last volume of which has just ap-

peared, and includes the period from 1841 to 1847. Though the rapid progress of the world causes the occurrences of this date to be regarded as belonging to another era, there is an unavoidable want of delicacy in discussing the character and conduct of living contemporaries that posthumous publications are free from, while it naturally affords more unrestrained opportunities for discussion. Every scholar or man of letters would joyfully resign M. Guizot's vindication of himself and the monarchy of July for the completion of his great but unfinished "History of Civilization in France." That the world of literature will ever receive this from his hands we fear there is no chance: the minister has absorbed the professor, and no reference is made in his later writings to the studies that constitute the true basis of his fame. Of course "France under Louis Philippe" must contain much of value to politicians and future historians. It includes the whole period of the Greek and Turkish troubles (when all M. Guizot's influence was scarcely able to maintain peace between France and England), the affair of the Otaheite Queen Pomare and Mr. Pritchard, the war with Morocco, etc. M. Guizot deals sparingly in anecdote. One characteristic touch of Prince Metternich's portrait helps to paint the man. After the catastrophe of 1848 the prince and M. Guizot were together in London. "I said, one day, to the prince" (writes the latter), "permit me to ask a question. I know why and how the Revolution of February took place in Paris, but why and how it occurred in Vienna I am ignorant, and wish to learn from you." He replied, with a smile of melancholy pride, "I have sometimes governed Europe, but never Austria."

—We catch a few uncertain glimpses of an ever-welcome person—Charles Lamb—in Mr. Frederick Martin's sympathetic but rather affected "Life of John Clare," the Northamptonshire peasant-poet, who forty years ago was the literary phenomenon of the day. Clare's introduction to a metropolitan audience was through Mr. John Taylor, publisher of the "London Magazine," in which appeared the Essays of Elia and the early writings of Hood (the sub-editor), De Quincey, Allan Cunningham, Cary, Hazlitt, George Darley, and others of that brilliant coterie. Clare was introduced by Thomas Hood to Lamb, to whose house they went on a pilgrimage late one evening. "Elia" was in splendid good humor—comfortably ensconced in a large arm-chair, with a huge decanter at his right hand, and a huge bronze snuff-box, from which he continuously helped himself, on his left. Clare having been formally introduced, Charles Lamb took a whole handful of snuff, and, falling back in his arm-chair, stuttered out an atrocious pun about rural poets and hackney coaches. Seeing that his guest looked somewhat displeased, he took him under closer treatment, and with the help of the big decanter soon put him into excessive good humor. The conversation now became general, and Clare thought he had never met with such an agreeable companion as the great Elia. Till late at night the drinking and talking continued, until at last Lamb's sister came into the room, delivering an eloquent lecture upon the value of sobriety; when Clare looked serious. "Do-do-don't be offended, my boy," quoth Charles, "we all know the virtue of rustic swine, I me-me-an of a rustic swain," which saying, Elia pushed on his decanter. But it was too much for Clare. "I must *goo*," he said, and go he did accordingly. At a subsequent editorial dinner given by Mr. Taylor, Clare remembered Elia's words, "I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair," caused by some disagreement with Allan Cunningham.

—The indications that a new poet has arisen are strong, and though many, like Lord Dudley in a similar case, would prefer to "wait and see if the thing would not blow over," the public voice is rapidly confirming the genial notice by George Henry Lewes in the "Fortnightly Review," wherein a high place among poets is claimed for Robert Buchanan, author of "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn." Mr. Buchanan has seen and sympathetically lived with the weavers and dominies of a Scottish village; he has tasted of their joys, and been shaken by their sorrows. Under his meditative observation have passed the humble tragedies of peasant life, the coarse grim humor of Scottish life, and he has wrought them into verse. He was the friend of David Gray, and the editor of his posthumous volume of poems. A more imaginative rendering of the sad and brief career of that youth of genius, too early quenched, is the subject of "Poet Andrew," the finest of the idyls. It is a psychological study of the growth and unfolding of the spirit of poesy in a frame too fragile to endure the battle of life that the cultivation of this precious endowment implied—showing skilfully the gradual awe and estrangement of the parents as the lad's higher aspirations and larger views of life unfolded themselves, all melting down into the old tenderness and hushed emotion when the young poet, on the very threshold of the attainment of his hopes, came home to die. "Willie Baird," the other poem, of equal value, is the story of a boy pupil lost in the snow, related in a tone of sweet, low pathos by the master of the boy that indicates a power of conforming the outward show of things to the inmost affections of the mind worthy of a great master. Perhaps the most striking single poem by Mr. Buchanan is "A London Idyl," published in the same work that contains Mr. Lewes's kindly criticism. It is the story of a girl of the lowest order, who dies in giving birth to a child, related to the attendant clergyman. For singleness of purpose and completeness of the effect produced, it may be compared to Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." In speaking of poetry, we naturally turn to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. No two books can well be more diverse than Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" and Buchanan's "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn." Yet both are morally certain of an ardent welcome from lovers of poetry, and we hope to see neat Boston impressions of them both before the summer is over.

—The second volume of the "Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini" has just appeared. It comprises critical and literary papers, and will surprise many who have regarded the writer as a mere conspirator by trade. The difficulty of writing good English is known to be much greater for natives of Southern Europe of Latin origin than for those of kindred type in the north. They have, perhaps, never been surmounted with so much success as by Mazzini, whose English style is a model of clearness, gravity, and weighty expression. His late refutation of the theory of Cæsarism is the noblest piece of writing that the subject has called forth, and should be republished in America.

—The highest living authority on mathematics and the kindred sciences, Sir J. F. W. Herschel, is responsible for the following calculation, which will give a new idea of the power of numbers and the powerlessness of the unaided mind to grasp the simple conception of them, without physical illustration:

"For the benefit of those who discuss the subject of population, war, pestilence, famine, etc., it may be as well to mention that the number of human beings living at the end of the hundredth generation, commencing from a single pair doubling at each generation (say in thirty years) and allowing for each man, woman, and child an average space of four feet in height and one foot square, would form a vertical column having for its base the whole surface of the earth and sea spread out into a plane, and for its height 3,674 times the sun's distance from the earth. The number of human strata thus piled one on the other would amount to 460,790,000,000,000."

It occurs in a dialogue "On Atoms," in No. 1 of the "Fortnightly Review."

—The foreign papers abound with notices of the great preparations of various kinds making for Louis Napoleon's Life of Cæsar, to assist him in his narration of the Roman emperor's campaigns in Gaul and Hispania, by all the lights that archæological and military science can throw upon the scenes of action where barbarian valor succumbed to the superior force of Roman discipline. We do not know how the case may be in France, where it may possibly be the duty of some Government functionary to "bull the market" for the imperial writings, but in England the book is commercially dead and past resuscitation, whatever may be the merits of the forthcoming volumes. Booksellers themselves were carried away by the artfully prepared preliminary notices of the press, and have generally become encumbered with a heavy stock of a book that the public will not help them off with. We believe this is partly the case here, and that there are not likely to be so many rival editions of Volume II. as there were brought out of Volume I. The hybrid portrait of a composite emperor, combining the physical features of Napoleon and Julius Cæsar, attracted some attention as a clever artistic "tour de force," but when Louis Napoleon conceived it he can scarcely have recollected the injustice he was doing to the lineaments of his uncle. There is a remarkable testimony to the heroic character of Napoleon's head from an unimpeachable witness, C. R. Leslie, the painter. Speaking of Dr. Antommarchi's cast from the face of Napoleon, he says: "It is more handsome than any bust or portrait of him, and indeed has the look of a much younger man than he appears in the latest portraits. This is easily accounted for. Illness had reduced the superabundant fleshiness of the lower part of his face and brought it back to the condition of an early period, and death, by leaving the mouth slightly open, had destroyed that expression of selfish determination which the thin compressed lips give to every portrait of Napoleon. The profile of the cast is *the most perfectly beautiful profile of a man I ever saw*, the faint smile caused by the last slight convulsion after all consciousness had ceased adding the beauty of death to a face originally of very fine proportions."

—The new work by Dr. John W. Draper, shortly to be issued by Messrs. Harper, is entitled "Thoughts on American Civil Polity." Dr. Draper's previous book, "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," showed how extensive had been the range of his researches in the past history of the race. It is not surprising therefore that in his forthcoming book he draws illustrations of the future of America from a wide induction, which takes cognizance of the varying conditions of man on the globe as influenced

by the operation of physical agents. Contrasting the present stagnation of Asiatic life with its former activity, he remarks in a passage, the interest of which will excuse its length:

"We forget how many contributions to our own comforts are of Oriental origin. Their commonness hides them from our view. If the European wishes to know how much he owes to the Asiatic, he has only to cast a glance at an hour of his daily life. The clock which summons him from his bed in the morning was the invention of the East, as also were clepsydras and sun-dials. The prayer for his daily bread, that he has said from his infancy, first rose from the side of a Syrian mountain. The linens and cottons with which he clothes himself, though they may be very fine, are inferior to those that have been made from time immemorial in the looms of India. The silk was stolen for his benefit from China. He could buy better steel than that with which he shaves himself in the old city of Damascus, where it was first invented. The coffee he expects at breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of Upper India prepared the sugar with which he sweetens it. A school-boy can tell the meaning of the Sanscrit words 'sacchara canda.' If he prefers tea, the virtues of that excellent leaf were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese. They also taught him how to make and use the cup and saucer in which to serve it. His breakfast tray was lacquered in Japan. The egg he is breaking was laid by a fowl whose ancestors were first domesticated by the Malaccans, unless she may have been—though that will not alter the case—a modern Shanghai. If there are preserves and fruits on his board, let him remember with thankfulness that Persia first gave him the cherry, the peach, the plum. If in any of these pleasant preparations he detects the flavor of alcohol, let it remind him that that substance was first distilled by the Arabians. A thousand years before it had occurred to him to enact laws of restriction in the use of intoxicating drinks, the Prophet of Mecca did the same thing, and has compelled to this day millions to obey them. We gratify our taste for personal ornaments in the way the Orientals have taught us—with pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. Of public amusements it is the same. The most magnificent fireworks are still to be seen in India and China; and as regards the pastimes of private life, Europe has produced no invention that can rival the game of chess. We have no hydraulic constructions as great as the Chinese Canal, no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese Wall; we have no artesian wells that can at all approach in depth some of theirs. We have not yet resorted to the practice of obtaining coal gas from the interior of the earth; they have borings for that purpose more than 3,000 feet deep."

DE TOCQUEVILLE IN THE UNITED STATES.*

We have received the eighth volume of the "complete works" of Alexis de Tocqueville, edited by his lifelong friend, Gustave de Beaumont. The contents of the first six volumes, of which three contain his "Democracy in America," the fourth his "Ancient Régime and the Revolution," and the fifth and sixth his "Remains and Letters," besides a sketch of his life by the editor, have been presented in more or less valuable translations to the reading, or rather thinking, public in this country. The seventh contains a new collection of "Letters." The miscellaneous contents of the volume just issued, which will be followed by but one more, embracing his academic and similar elaborations, can be divided into two parts, one consisting of "Historical Fragments and Notes on the Ancient Régime, the Revolution, and the Empire," given for the first time to the public in the unfinished shape in which the premature death of the author has left them; and the other of "Notes of Travel," put down for the writer's own use during his journeys in America (1831–2), England (1833 and 1835), Ireland (1835), Germany (1836), and Algeria (1841).

It is needless to say that whatever De Tocqueville wrote and Gustave de Beaumont publishes, even when devoid of those peculiar charms of diction and finish which the pen of the former so richly bestowed upon his elaborate writings, fully deserves the attention of the friends of serious literature. It is true his finished pages offer us a variety of literary amenities, but, after all, it is the ripe fruits of his studies, observations, and reflections, and not the blossoms, however beautiful, in which he carefully wraps them, which we look for in all his productions. Besides, De Tocqueville seems to have studied but choice literature; his observations were all made with the eye of a writer, and even the germ of his thought is always presented to us in the garb of exquisite expression. To Americans, whom he, more than any other man, helped to understand the philosophy of their own political institutions and social phenomena, the first recorded remarks of the keen-eyed traveller in this country, entirely private and free of reserve and coloring, as they sprang forth from his brain, have the additional value of affording them an opportunity of appreciating the degree of candor, impartiality, and philosophical independence which he applied to the performance of his task. The glimpses we are thus permitted to catch of his mental laboratory will, in a measure, also enable us to judge how much of the obtained results was the product of convictions long cherished, how much of reflections suggested or ripened by vivid impressions, and how much of careful investigation and enquiry. For these reasons we select the American "Notes" as the subject of our first notice of the volume before us, reserving some of the "Historical Fragments" for a future article. Unfortunately the traveller wrote or left but few notes, and of these some are little more than commemorative pencil-marks. However, they will allow us to follow him through some parts of his immortal tour.

On the 10th of May, 1831, De Tocqueville arrived in the United States, landing at New York. His first note written in that city bears the date of May 20. He was struck with the immensity of the view before him, but this did not fill him with enthusiasm, because he had to ascribe more of what he saw to the nature of things than to the will of man. He found something febrile in the movements of industry as well as of the human mind; however, that fever seemed to him to increase force without troubling reason. What remained to be done seemed to expand in proportion to what had been done. He compared the twenty thousand population of New York at the outbreak of the war of the Revolution with the two hundred thousand before him, to which every year added immense development. He understood the wilderness of the Mississippi was becoming peopled still more rapidly. The material movements appeared of incredible magnitude, the political but superficial; society marching alone, and the art of government in its infancy.

During an excursion to Sing Sing, he compared the essential characteristics of the ancient republics with those of the American. The principle of the former was the sacrifice of individual interest to that of the whole; the principle of the latter, he believed, to make individual interest enter into the general. A kind of refined and enlightened self-love seemed to be the pivot of the whole modern machinery. People did not trouble themselves to learn whether public virtue was good, they sought to prove that it was useful. The question for them was, How far can individual and general good be united and melted into one? To what point will a conscience derived, so to speak, from reflection and calculation be able to bear down political passions which will certainly arise? The future alone could give an answer.

A few days later he notes down the substance of a conversation with Mr. Gallatin, ex-ambassador of the United States to France and England, on American lawyers, magistrates, and women. In this, as well as other colloquies, De Tocqueville appears only as a respectful interrogator and attentive enquirer, bent on eliciting information from native knowledge and experience, and entirely free of the vanity of displaying his own.

His first attempt at sketching to himself the American character contains these lines:

"There are as yet no American habits. Every one takes from the association that which suits him and remains in his originality. Why should it not be so? Here the laws vary incessantly; magistracies succeed each other; the systems of administration vary; nature itself changes more rapidly than man. By a singular inversion of the order of things, nature seems to be moving and man immovable. . . . . .

"The same man may have given his name to a wilderness which nobody ever traversed before him; may have felled the first tree of the forest, raised in that solitude a planter's house, round which first a hamlet grouped itself, and finally a vast city has grown up. In the short space which separates death from birth he has witnessed all these changes. In his youth he lived among nations that are no more; in his lifetime rivers have changed or diminished their course; the climate itself is different from what he knew it to be in former days; and all this is in his thought but the first step of a boundless career. However powerful and impetuous the current of time may be, fancy outstrips it here; the scene is not wide enough for it; it already grasps after another universe. An intellectual movement goes on here comparable only to that which, three hundred years ago, produced the discovery of the New World. It is erroneous to believe that such thoughts can arise only in the head of the philosopher; they strike alike the mechanic and the thinker, the inhabitant of the country as well as of the city. They become embodied in all objects; they form a part of every sensation; they are palpable, visible, felt in one way or other. Born under a different sky, placed in the midst of a constantly moving scene, pushed onward by the irresistible current which carries off all that surrounds him, the American finds no time to fix himself by any kind of attachment; he becomes accustomed only to change, and eventually regards it as the natural condition of man; more than that, he loves it; for instability, instead of presenting itself to him in disasters, seems to engender around him but prodigies."

Travelling along the upper course of the Hudson, and through the valley of the Mohawk, De Tocqueville looked in vain for traces of the aborigines; he sighed after "the Mohawks, the most ancient and bravest of the tribes of the Iroquois Confederation;" he thought with melancholy of the melting away of the Indian races "by their contact with civilization, as the snow melts under the rays of the sun." At Utica he wrote:

"Every ten years or thereabouts the Indian tribes which have been pressed back into the wilds of the West perceive that they have gained nothing by falling back, the white race advancing still more rapidly than they retreat. Irritated by the feeling of their powerlessness, or inflamed by some new offence, they assemble and impetuously dash into the regions they

* "Œuvres complètes d'Alexis de Tocqueville." VIII. ["Complete Works of Alexis de Tocqueville." Vol. VIII.] Paris, 1865.

formerly occupied, and in which now rise the habitations of Europeans. The Indians traverse the country, burn the dwellings, slay the herds, and carry off some scalps. Civilization then falls back, but like the wave of the sea in its tide. The United States take the part of the least of their settlers, and declare that those wretched little tribes have violated the law of nations. A regular army is sent against them, and not only is the American territory reconquered, but the whites, driving the savages before them, destroy their wigwams, seize their herds, and fix the extreme limit of their own possessions a hundred leagues further than ever before. Thus deprived of their new adopted land by what schooled and enlightened Europe chooses to call the right of war, the Indians resume their march westward, until they halt in some new solitude, where, too, the white man's axe will soon be heard."

He was not insensible to the benefits accruing to mankind from this fated vanishing of the Indian race, but it was with a mixed feeling that he observed smiling villages and towns springing up on their bloody track, and followed the pioneer marching in the van of the immense European family through the conquered primeval forest, where he builds his rustic cabin, and only waits for another war to open to him a road towards new wilds.

At Oneida Castle he saw the first Indians. They were begging. Shortly after his return from a trip through Oneida Lake, a narrative of which is given in the fifth volume of the "Works," we find De Tocqueville at Canandaigua, engaged in a conversation with John C. Spencer, subsequently the author of an abridgment of the "Democracy," whose philosophic views on various important constitutional topics, as expressed in his lucid answers to the traveller's queries, fully agree with, if they have not originated, the conclusions arrived at by the latter in his analysis of American institutions. As a striking instance, we cite the following queries and answers:

"Q. What is the influence of the press on public opinion?

"A. Its influence is great, but it is not exercised in the same way as in France. We attach but very little value to the opinions of journalists. The press only obtains influence by the facts it communicates, and by the turn it gives them. In this way it sometimes succeeds in misleading opinion in regard to a public man, or to the character of a measure. The press, it is certain, will be found a formidable instrument in every country and under all forms of government.

"Q. Which, according to your opinion, is the best means of diminishing the power of the periodical press?

"A. I am perfectly convinced that the most effective of all is to have the number of journals multiplied as much as possible, and to prosecute them but in extreme cases. Their force diminishes in proportion to their number. Experience has made this manifest to us. I hear that in France there are only two or three great journals of credit. I think in such a case the press must become a very dangerous agent."

De Tocqueville for several days continued his instructive intercourse with Mr. Spencer. Among other things communicated to him by the latter, he recorded the following anecdote of Red Jacket, one of those men "whose superior intelligence foresees the fatal destiny of their race, and whose savage energy yet struggles against that fatality; . . . . one of those men whom we might call the last of the Indians." In his capacity of District Attorney, Mr. Spencer once conducted a prosecution against an Indian, of the neighborhood of Buffalo, accused of having murdered an American. Red Jacket, with the aid of an interpreter, pleaded the cause of the accused, who was acquitted. When the trial was over, he approached his antagonist, and with apparent simplicity said: "No doubt my brother, on some remote day, inflicted on you a great injury?" Mr. Spencer answered that he had never heard of him before. "I understand," replied Red Jacket; "the white man who was killed was your brother, and you wanted to avenge him." Mr. Spencer tried to explain away his error by making him understand the nature of an attorney's functions. The Indian, having listened with attention, asked him whether he was paid by the elders of his people for doing what he had just explained, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, indignantly exclaimed: "So! not only did you try to kill my brother, who has never wronged you, but you sold his blood in advance!"

In the latter part of July, De Tocqueville made that great excursion from Detroit through lakes and primeval forests which he described in his charming "Fortnight in the Wilderness," given in the fifth volume of his "Works." He immediately after embarked on board the steamer *Superior*, the first which penetrated on the great lakes as far as Green Bay. He ascended Detroit River; traversed Lake St. Clair; saw on the shore of St. Huron a group of entirely savage Indians dancing the war-dance, fine men but gesticulating like devils; cast anchor at the extremity of the latter lake amid Indians all astonished at the sight of the steamer, and on the morning of Aug. 6 reached Sault Ste. Marie.

"A charming site. Admirable weather. Ste. Marie: a palisaded square, with a mast in the centre bearing the American flag; further on, two points of land covered with fine trees, by which the river is narrowed; under the trees, wigwams. Between the points, the rapids. Still further, mountains and interminable forests. At our arrival, the entire population on the banks or on the roofs of the houses. A vessel like ours is seen there only once in a year. Strange character of that population. Mixture of all kinds of blood. The most numerous, the Canadian French."

An Indian canoe carried our traveller to Lake Superior, on the shores of which he visited Pointe aux Chênes and a camp of Indian traders, everywhere studying the character of the aborigines. They were described to him as kind and hospitable in peace, but wild beasts in war. He rejoiced to hear his native tongue spoken in that remote wilderness by Canadians, and learned with pleasure that the Indians of those regions had a predilection for it while disliking the English. He returned to the steamer, descending the Rapids, between rocks, with the swiftness of an arrow, and admiring the extraordinary skill of the Canadian boatmen.

On board the *Superior* he conversed with an eloquent and devoted Catholic priest, Mr. Mullon, who told him his opinions concerning religious freedom, the true condition, as he was convinced, of the advancement of religion; the position of the Catholics in the United States, whom he represented as more fervent in their faith and more successful in spreading it than those of any other part of the world, owing to the total separation, in this country, of the church from the state, and in spite of the hatred of Catholicism which all other denominations united in cherishing; the merits of the ancient Jesuits in converting and civilizing the Indians; and the character of these savage people, of whose laconic eloquence, ferocity in war, and attachment to Christianity, when converted to it, he spoke in very strong terms.

The notes written at Michillimackinac and Green Bay are all devoted to observations on the Indians. After his return to Detroit, De Tocqueville saw the Falls of the Niagara, on which he is silent, and made a tour through Canada, the notes on which, though copious and highly interesting, we pass over without remark or quotation, as transcending the sphere of our article. But we cannot refrain from extracting several remarks from his "Reflections on the Causes which make it difficult for the French to have Good Colonies," suggested by a comparison of colonial developments north and south of the St. Lawrence. The principal difficulties, the writer thinks, lie in the national character, political customs, and laws of the French. In the French character a deep-rooted attachment to his native home and an ardent inclination for adventures are strangely mixed together—two things equally detrimental to colonization. The Frenchman fondly clings to his domestic hearth, but, when torn from it by accident, is most apt to become passionately fond of the hazardous course of savage life. It is exceedingly difficult to persuade the poor but honest countryman of France to seek a fortune beyond its frontiers. But if you succeed in bringing him to a foreign shore, you can hardly settle him there. He is not animated by that ardent and obstinate desire of making a fortune which so constantly stimulates the Englishman, and makes him exert all his faculties toward one aim. The Frenchman is satisfied with little; his progress is slow; he is continually attracted by the charms of a lazy and vagabond life. This original obstacle is aggravated by the influences of political training. For centuries the government has tried to direct everything in France. To-day it not only governs, but administers all affairs in all parts of the country. It has carried its principles of centralization even beyond the seas. Be it from want of confidence in its tools, jealousy of power, or force of habit, it has made prodigious efforts to be at the head of a colony what it is at the centre of the state. It has tried to judge things unknown; to arrange conditions entirely foreign; to obviate wants beyond its conception; to foresee everything; to examine, direct, control, and do everything. The French colonist, on his part, is excellently trained for such tutelage, and is just as eager to refer everything to his protector as the latter is to guide him. He relies not on his own efforts; he has little taste for independence; he must be compelled to be free.

"The history of the last centuries offers us, we must confess it, a singular spectacle.

"We see France undertaking a vast system of colonies. The plans are ably conceived, the places well selected. The task was to unite, by an uninterrupted chain of settlements, the St. Lawrence with the Mississippi, and thus to found in the centre of North America a new French empire, of which Canada and Louisiana were to be the two outlets.

"Great sacrifices in men are made, immense sums and pains are expended, to attain that end. The government is incessantly occupied with the affairs of these new establishments, and forgets not for a moment the duty of guiding them. And still, in spite of all its efforts, the colonies languish. The land opens in vain before the steps of the French; they advance not into the fertile wilds which surround them; the population increases imperceptibly. Ignorance seems to spread. The new society remains stationary, acquiring neither force nor wealth. It finally succumbs, after an heroic struggle, to foreign aggression.

"Near by, on the shores of the ocean, English settlers establish themselves. The others have been sent by the mother country; these have rather escaped from the bosom of theirs. As soon as they have set their foot on American soil, you would say, they have become strangers in England, so little mindful seems that country of governing them. From the start they have their political assemblies and their tribunals; they ar-

point most of their magistrates, organize their militia, care for all their wants, form their police, and frame their laws. The mother country has almost nothing to do with their internal affairs. Its only intervention consists in protecting their commerce and defending them against foreign assaults.

"And yet these settlements, thus abandoned to themselves, which cost their mother country neither money, nor care, nor efforts, double their population every twenty-two years, and become centres of riches and culture."

Returning from Canada in September, De Tocqueville again travelled through parts of New York, and then through New England. He was very favorably impressed by the appearance of the latter, as well as of Boston society, the higher strata of which he found resembling almost completely those of Europe. Where he moved, he noticed refinement and taste, literary culture and distinguished manners. The ladies spoke French; the gentlemen had been in Europe. Fine literary collections were not wanting. A religious interest seemed to prevail. His conversations with prominent men embraced the highest topics of politico-philosophical enquiry. With Senator Gray, "a man of great talent," he conversed on municipal self-rule and the influence of institutions and habits; with John Quincy Adams, with whom he dined at Everett's, and who spoke French "with facility and elegance," on national conventions, the American character, in general and sectional characteristics, slavery and the dangers threatening the Union; with Sparks on the division of lands, laws of inheritance, and emigration to the West; with Channing, "the most remarkable living American writer on grave topics," on religion in France and in the United States, Protestantism, Unitarianism, and natural religion.

He returned to New York meditating on the advantages and much greater disadvantages of a strict division of labor, as chiefly illustrated by the progress of industry and the wretched condition of the laboring classes in England. In the almost total absence of a division of labor he found the cause of the great intelligence and general capacity of working-men in America. Little is done very well, but everybody does a little of everything. Hence, also, a superiority in the common affairs of life and the government of society.

Philadelphia offered him an opportunity of studying the character of the Quakers, "the only religious sect which has always *practised* toleration and Christian charity in its full extent." In a note written in that city he speaks of the superiority of the spirit and manner of a people over its laws in shaping its conditions. Still the laws have their part in forming the character of a people. The "great problem" is to know in what proportion.

In Baltimore we find him enquiring after the distinctive features of the Southern character, the "spirit of chivalry," and the workings of slavery. He there visited Charles Carroll, the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, then ninety-five years of age, and the richest land-owner in America. He found him amiable, well educated, proud of his Revolutionary remembrances, and in everything resembling the European nobleman, even in his political opinions. But this race, De Tocqueville noticed, was vanishing in America, after having given it its greatest men. The tradition of higher manners vanished with it. The people became enlightened, knowledge extended, and a mediocre capacity common. Eminent talents, great characters, were rarer. Society was less brilliant and more prosperous. It was a natural effect of the march of civilization.

Returning to Philadelphia, he conversed with Mr. Biddle on the United States Bank, the great topic of the day. He then traversed Pennsylvania, embarked in Pittsburg on board the steamer *Ohio*, and descended the river of the same name to Louisville, visiting Cincinnati, where he conversed with Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court. Having set out on a fatiguing journey through Tennessee, he fell sick at Sandy Bridge, and reached Memphis only at the close of 1831. His notes now become more and more scanty. New Orleans, Alabama, and Norfolk are the only geographical names marked before reaching Washington, which closes the tour. His last remarks, dated January 30, 1832, refer to "the great men of the first times of the republic, their enlightenment, true patriotism, and high character," and, first of all, to Washington. "*Les dieux s'en vont.*"

MISS COBBE ON RELIGIOUS DUTY.*

"A MAN'S own virtue," says Miss Cobbe, "is the end of his creation;" and the scope of her book accordingly is to exhibit religion as an outgrowth of the moral rather than the spiritual nature of man. Miss Cobbe is full of earnestness, has always a meaning of her own whether right or wrong, and a bluff English directness of speech which disdains the alluring graces of rhetoric. We have a real respect for her conscious intellectual sincerity; but we have none the less decided a conviction that she *overdoes;* that her manner is grave and earnest beyond the requirements of her matter; that her style, in short, is a great deal louder than the strict merits of her thought—estimated at least by its relation to the religious history of the race—at all entitle it to be.

Nothing can be more transparent than Miss Cobbe's philosophy. It is that whatsoever appears is; that the actual or phenomenal is a direct and every way competent measure of the real or absolute; in short, that nature and man, or flesh and spirit, cohere not by inversion or correspondence, as effect and cause, body and soul, cohere; but directly, or by continuity, as greater and less, or beginning and end, cohere. Her idea of religion consequently is very simple. It is that religion was designed to house and nourish the moral or voluntary life of man—that to which he himself is completely competent—rather than his spiritual or spontaneous one, to which he himself is profoundly incompetent; that it was intended to soften and modify his native instincts into a more or less real conformity with the Divine nature, rather than to endow him with a *new* nature exquisitely alien though still tenderly indulgent to the old one, whatever that may have conventionally been. Thus her notion of religious duty, that of worship for example, is that it is of the nature of a debt incurred for benefits received, and can no more go unpaid without serious though limited damage to the debtor, because the creditor happens to be infinite, than it can without such detriment when the creditor happens to be finite. We are "bound to worship because it is *right* that such a being as man should worship such a being as God. It is as much a part of eternal *justice* that the rational recipient of unnumbered benefits should return gratitude to his benefactor, as it is a part of justice that a murderer should be punished." (Pages 13, 14.) Can anything be more plain? Is it not indeed revoltingly plain? Did ever any one before place our obligation to worship God on the same ground of self-defence, or self-protection, as that exacted by the obligation to punish murderers?

Religion, then, according to Miss Cobbe's showing, is much more an affair of the head than the heart; and religious worship much more a prompting of duty than of delight. "Religion," says Miss Cobbe, "is identified with sound morality;" and God is "necessarily a perfect moral being," who, "in making us rational creatures, has implicitly rested his title to our allegiance on his own moral perfection, for to such perfection alone is it lawful for such creatures to bow." (Pages 2, 3.) We repeat that Miss Cobbe's meaning is plain, vastly too plain. For how shall any one who honors, however feebly, the living form of religion, endure to hear it christened a purely "rational" or calculated commerce of man with God? How shall any one who knows the faintest breath of living *worship* endure to hear it defined as a moral or voluntary homage of the soul to God imposed by a sense of benefits received, and not as a wholly spontaneous or involuntary one, based upon no sense of "benefits received" or to be received, but solely upon the sense of a worth in its object so immaculate, so immeasurable and overwhelming as to baffle reason, and leave the soul no voice nor choice but praise.

So it is, however; Miss Cobbe takes religion back to the days of the patriarchs, or runs it into a mere legal covenant between God and the worshipper, conditioned upon the reciprocal worthiness of the parties to it; and the whole strain of her book consequently goes to exhaust the relations of the soul to God of all hidden or mystic depth, of all tender spiritual sanctity and awe, by making them strictly moral or personal relations—such as two mutually independent but mutually courteous persons sustain to each other. Far be it from us, however, to hint that Miss Cobbe's gospel, however Edenic it be in point of theology, is at all inappropriate in point of time. If anything is clear in our mental tendencies, it is that men are getting weary to death of that tyrannous conscience of disunion between them and God which has been bred of their past moral disorder, and aspiring with one heart and mind to a regenerate social condition of the earth, in which every man shall be *born* into harmony with the Providence that governs it, and so unlearn all actual evil. In this new Eden, this beautiful state of human nature, it will be perfectly safe and salutary to make religion the eminently just and decorous thing Miss Cobbe would have it to be. In that condition, no longer of faith but of knowledge, when the Divine bounty shall have drowned the very senses with wonder and reverence, it will be as discreditable to a man not to join in public adoration or worship, as it is now discreditable not to pay his debts. Clearly, religion will then be the superb letter or ritual which Miss Cobbe desires to make it; and every one will feel religious worship to be a debt, the payment of which is guaranteed by his very senses. We hint no word of discouragement to all this jubilant hope, and say Amen, *ab imo corde*. But we must make just one observation to our very clever friend, the force of which, we hope, will one day be apparent to her, and that is—that in every debtor and creditor relation there ought to be some provision made for bankruptcy; and her scheme of religion, as such a relation, leaves this contingency wholly unprovided for.

* "Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe." Boston: W. V. Spencer, 1865.

Without doubt, the observation seems just now wholly unnecessary to Miss Cobbe; but she may be very sure that she is never going to supersede even Moses as a religious legislator, until she supply this want or devise some lustration which shall purge the *guilty* conscience rather than ratify the righteous one. She may rely upon it that while man remains man and God remains God, the courts of heaven are essentially bankruptcy courts, and that no one soever, therefore, will be able to pass them save as a bankrupt, though his schedule should prove him to have paid a hundred cents to the dollar of every debt he owed. In the best conceivable moral condition of the world to which she ever finds herself aspiring, she will encounter a vast deal of this secret spiritual bankruptcy. Even in what she would regard the world's millennium, so far as morality is concerned, there will always be men who abhor religion as a ritual, because they feel it to be an inevitable ministry of death, not of life; men who regard "their own virtue" as something very puerile and ludicrous, when it is not atrocious; who smile with inward scorn, or rather turn pale with dread, at the idea of paying the great God his dues—since this would involve the surrender of their vital breath at every moment; men, in short, who have an infinite horror of inviting God's personal complacency to them at any time, and would much prefer to be for ever forgotten by him, if only his knowledge might so survive with them. We assure Miss Cobbe that these sceptics as to the integrity of the popular devotion will always exist; that they will even abound, perhaps, in that flowing land of Cockaigne to which we are hastening—these doubters, these recreants to the sunshine, these reckless contemners of "their own virtue"—and we ask Miss Cobbe what is to become of such people unless she provide a good bankruptcy law? We, ourselves, feel a sneaking regard for these castaways, who can have no religion "to speak of;" who will be obviously faithless to it in every aspect under which Miss Cobbe sees fit to commend it; who will have no more sense of it as an obligation or debt enforced upon their observance by rational sanctions than any unmitigated Pottowattamie Indian has; and we insist upon Miss Cobbe taking some thought betimes about them.

Thus we have no criticism, but only commendation, to bestow upon Miss Cobbe, within her own intellectual limits. We only find these limits very intolerable to ourselves.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF NEW YORK.*

If there is one thing more than another in regard to which the people of New York appear to be utterly indifferent, that thing is the sanitary condition of the great city in which they live, and die too, at a greater rate than the inhabitants of any other large city in Christendom. Without efficient hygienic regulations, with a thorough disregard of the imperfect system which exists, with the most shameful neglect and criminality in all matters which relate to the health of the population committed to their care, the authorities are allowed year after year to pursue a course which is hurrying thousands upon thousands to untimely graves. The wealthy, the educated, the respectable, in whom the real power resides to right these wrongs against the society to which they belong, are content to look out from the windows of their well-arranged high-stoop or English-basement houses, and to thank God that the street is clean, that the garbage is removed, and that there is no probability that the typhoid fever or small-pox, which exists in the tenement houses in the rear, will infect their own luxuriously equipped dwellings. Attention has again and again been called to the deplorable and wicked recklessness of those having the immediate charge of the sanitary condition of the city, and innumerable efforts have been made to rouse the people themselves from the apathy they have constantly evinced in regard to their own hygienic welfare. It has all been in vain. With a degree of composure and stolid unconcern which have either proceeded from the grossest ignorance or the most thorough indifference, they have turned a deaf ear to the arguments and the entreaties which have been made, and New York to-day is the filthiest and the most unhealthy city to be found within the limits of the civilized world.

In the work before us we have the record of the best organized and most scientific effort which has ever been made to awaken the people of New York to a sense of the great dangers to which they are constantly exposed. If the Citizens' Association had never done another act to entitle it to the thanks of all well-wishers of humanity, it certainly deserves them for the courage, the persistency, and the completeness with which it has conceived and carried out the great undertaking, the results of which are now published. Bearing in mind, however, the failure of all former endeavors in the same direction, and marking the feeble response which has been made to the appeals of individuals and of the press for years past, we have no very sanguine expectations that any decided effect will come from this last and best attempt. The public taste for horrors requires something more *piquant* than the statement that many poor wretches in this Christian city live habitually under the level of the street in spaces of less area than a moderate sized grave. Such dens of everything that is vile and filthy as the "Gotham Rookery," the "Great Eastern," or the numerous "fever nests" of Washington and Park Streets, in which one-fourth of the population is constantly sick, and one in twenty die every year, do not excite sufficiently startling thoughts in the brain of the staid and even-minded citizen.

The report of the Council of Hygiene (composed, we believe, entirely of physicians) is a clearly written, outspoken document, the author of which may well congratulate himself on the valuable matter he has presented to the public, and on the forcible way in which he states his opinions. If his labors have not met with the full attention they deserve, he should not be discouraged. Time, which it is said works wonders, may bring his fellow citizens to a full recognition of the magnitude and value of his exertions in their behalf, and in the meantime action may possibly be quickened by the cholera epidemic, which slowly, but surely, is travelling towards our shores. The same language may be used in regard to the indefatigable and competent medical inspectors whose reports make up the body of the volume. Probably not a hundred persons, exclusive of the active members of the Citizens' Association, have read the sensible and fearless remarks they have made, or cared even to make themselves superficially acquainted with the important information they have collected. Reformers in this world have a hard time of it. They are certain while they live to make more enemies than friends, and it is only after they are dead that mankind begins to appreciate them. Beyond this hope of posthumous reputation, and the approval of their own consciences, we are afraid the gentlemen who have devoted their time and energies to the cause of sanitary reformation in New York have very slim prospects of due appreciation.

But although the reports contained in the book under consideration are valuable, and present a horrible but doubtless truthful picture of the worst phases of social life in the great metropolis, there is an absence of those deductions which can only be made as the result of difficult but unerring scientific investigations. We have no analysis of the air of the tenement houses, or even of that of the city, such as Ramon di Lama has made of the atmosphere of Madrid. It may be said that the nasal organ is capable of telling whether or not the air of a locality is healthy. Such, however, is by no means invariably the case, as some of the most disgusting odors are not only not prejudicial to health, but are, on the contrary, favorable to it. The microscope, by means of which the most interesting and important details might have been obtained relative to the morphological constituents of the atmosphere, does not appear to have been employed at all. As we know that many diseases spread by the actual contact of microscopic organisms floating in the air, we regret that this valuable instrument was not brought into requisition. Neither have we any analysis of the water, except in one instance, or of the milk, or the other articles of food upon which the poorer classes of our population live.

But if the object of the Citizens' Association was simply to act upon the public mind in the shortest and most forcible way, the plan adopted will accomplish the end if it is possible to bring it about at all. It must be recollected, however, that it is from the scientific data which are only obtainable by cold and dispassionate and intelligent research, that well-directed and effectual means can be devised for improving our sanitary condition. We have scarcely glanced at these, but there are doubtless gentlemen within the reach of the Citizens' Association who are perfectly competent to collect them. And now that this organization has so thoroughly done its duty in seeking to awaken attention to the deplorable state of our hygienic arrangements, may we not hope that it will attempt to clinch all its conclusions by the unanswerable and unerring statements which science can enable it to make? In the meantime, we feel that we cannot sufficiently express our high sense of its labors; and in the hope of adding our mite to the good cause, we advise all our people who value their own lives and those of their fellow-citizens to get the book we have mentioned, and to do their part towards remedying the evils which are there so graphically described.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT MARCH.*

The events of the recent civil war are still quite too near us to justify any attempt at grasping them as a whole. Of course, we shall have scores

* "Report of the Council of Hygiene and Public Health of the Citizens' Association of New York upon the Sanitary Condition of the City." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865. pp. 360.

* "The Story of the Great March. From the Diary of a Staff Officer. By Brevet-Major Savage Ward Nichols, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations." New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1865.

of books after the wisdom of our generation, and they may occasionally be the product of genius. Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" is certainly an indisputable proof that current history can be written in current time. But there is a grand dramatic aspect of the rebellion which requires distance for its proper unfolding. We may, indeed, even now hastily glance over the broad stage, assemble the *dramatis personæ*, and roughly sketch the acts, conforming them numerically to the Shakesperian model. Yet our classification and division must be essentially imperfect, unless, perhaps, we except the denouement, which was so rapid, and exhibits such condensation and completeness as to admit of no serious errors. It was in these final scenes that General Sherman played so conspicuous a part, and his mysterious and tortuous march through the hitherto unpenetrated districts of the Confederacy will always fill a conspicuous place in history, both for the startling picturesqueness of the movement and for its splendid results. It is to set forth the story of this great march which is the object of the author of the book whose title we give below.

Major Nichols was relieved from detached service in the West during the summer of 1864, and was ordered to report to the general commanding the Military Division of the Mississippi. He found Sherman at Atlanta, was at once placed upon his staff, and, according to his own story, possessed much of that general's confidence from the start. His position gave him an excellent opportunity for observation, and it is only fair to suppose that he faithfully improved it. The volume which he now presents to the public is compiled from notes taken on the spot, and has, therefore, freshness, raciness, and vigor. There is included in it an appendix containing the official reports of the campaigns of Georgia and the Carolinas, the letters pertaining to the famous conference, Sherman's testimony before the Committee on the War, and much other matter necessary for the complete illustration of the subject. Altogether, it is a valuable addition to our war literature. Preeminently a book of details, it conforms to the great need of the time; for, as we have previously hinted, the irrepressible cry of to-day is for facts—the *tout ensemble* will be done hereafter, and by hands that are yet innocent of the responsibility of the ballot-box. If the reader hopes for revelations, however, he will be disappointed. Revelations about the author, indeed, there are plenty. We get frequent glimpses of his noble sentiments, of his detestation of the slave system, of his admiration of work and scorn of idleness, of his enthusiasm for Sherman, of his cogitations while dripping under a "fly tent" during a rain-storm, and of his night adventures in a Carolina slough. But revelations in respect to anybody else there are none.

Nevertheless, the book is full of interest. Military movements are divested of much of their enigmatical terminology and are made intelligible to the uninitiated. The chess-board of war becomes as easy to understand as simple addition. With the map turned back on the fly-leaf, and with the major as our cicerone, we can follow every move of the game. Hood is to the north; the Union bayonets are gleaming to the southward; Atlanta is flaming to the rear. We witness the defence of Altoona by Corse; we wind along the flexible line of Kilpatrick, now threatening Augusta, now dashing boldly, but alas too late, into the Union prison-hole at Millen; and we mark the straight black line of Logan, always firm to the right, and closing the first stage of its journey on the glacis of Fort McAllister. The campaign of the Carolinas is traced quite as vividly as that of Georgia.

We wish we had space to quote the description of the capture of Fort McAllister, but we will compound for the omission by an extract from the speech of an eccentric Georgian of quasi-Union tendencies, who seemed to take the destruction of his property as a dispensation of Divine Providence. He had been complaining of the cowardice of the original secessionists:

"It is these rich fellows who are making this war and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin went through here the other day, running away from your army. *I could have played dominoes on his coat-tails.* There's my poor brother sick with small-pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month, and has n't got a cent of the d—d stuff for a year. 'Leven dollars a month and eleven thousand bullets a minute. I do n't believe in it, sir!"

It was not always that this universal devastation was so stoically viewed. We have a vivid and painful picture of women in tears, of old men broken down, stunned, almost foolish under this stroke of war, of houses, corn-stacks, wheat-fields, blazing along the route—the great inland army sweeping on as relentlessly and terribly as a fire on a Western prairie. Unavoidable, salutary; it is nevertheless sad. It was the plague—scoffed at by the stern feudal lord when it was afar off, and afflicting only the innocent and the lowly—now stalking through the palace doors and penetrating the loved chamber. Even to-day the effects are still felt, and the latest news from Columbia and other places in South Carolina is of stark misery and starvation; while the worst of all is that these people, cast down as they are, still have the adder sting; and, if Northern philanthropy should bring them aid, would take the gift and curse the giver. Of their helplessness the following bits of conversation are illustrative:

A highly cultivated lady said to me:

"It is terrible, sir! All my slaves have left me; my plantation is broken up. I do n't know but the land will be given to my slaves. I have no money, or but little. I shall have to starve or work!"

"Well, madam," I replied, "I really would n't advise you to starve. Supposing you do work?"

"But I never did such a thing in all my life!" she answered.

Mrs. ——, who had always passed her summer at the North, and had lived a life of perfect ease, found her income of $20,000 a year swept away at a single blow. With the most charming innocence she protested to me:

"I really fear, sir, that I shall have to submit to the disgrace of giving lessons in music."

I was rude enough to reply:

"Madam, I hope so."

Thus far we have only considered Major Nichols's matter, but there is much to say about his manner also. Style, remarks Buffon, is the man himself; we trust that the present work is an exception to this rule. We prefer, indeed, to take the great naturalist's dictum as implying only a coincidence between the emotions of the individual at a particular moment, and the language by which those emotions are made known. An irascible man, when provoked, makes use of violent phrases, yet it would be unfair to infer that his style is always violent. Now, in the work before us, we have an unpleasant impression of stilts. There is a dizzy elevation about it. One is in constant fear lest somebody should tumble. On the last page there is an engraving of an eagle with spread wings—and we cannot get over the idea that it has been flying through every page of the volume. Of course, high art requires the grand style, and the author had certainly a noble subject for his pen. Yet we confess to a wish that the flight had been a trifle closer earth. Its fault, however, is probably due less to the author than to his situation. He had not gotten over the effect of the campaign. The boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry were still in his ears. Thus his very sentences are photographic of the march. They have a dash of national music in them; but the instruments sometimes get dust-clogged. At one time they roll out as superbly as a cavalry charge, and again they are like a body of skirmishers entangled in a swamp.

A real military narrative of the march is still a desideratum. Major Nichols was, we believe, only an amateur, and joined General Sherman's staff more for his own convenience and comfort than for the purpose of soldiering. The working of the great design which underlay the march can only be described accurately by a professional hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. By William Wright.—Harper's Hand-book for Travellers in Europe and the East. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Works of William Shakespeare. (Globe Edition). Edited by William George Clark and William Aldis Wright. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Science.

DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.

The character of wormwood bitters (*liqueur d'absinthe*) has been much debated and little examined. They have been pronounced now pernicious, now harmless, and again an active poison; and wormwood has had to bear the blame as if it were at fault. Dr. Deschamps, of Avallon, has analyzed many different samples of these bitters, which all agree in being destitute of wormwood except in name. The liquor consists of alcohol colored with the juice of spinach, nettles, etc. Indigo and turmeric are also at times employed as coloring agents, but are quite innocuous. The mischief-maker is, as ever, the alcohol, at whose door must be laid all the brutal excesses of the intoxicated. The drink is truly dangerous, and tempts so strongly to continued indulgence that moderation is almost impossible.

—Señor Alvaro Reynoso, of Havana, has devised two new and highly important processes in the manufacture of sugar. To clarify the juice of the cane, he treats it first with the acid phosphate of alum, which eliminates the more persistent and injurious substances, and afterwards with the acid phosphate of lime, which eliminates the useless. The water of the sugar is then removed by artificial congelation, without the risk of change which accompanies the attempt to volatilize it. Thoroughness and economy are claimed for this method, which would be still cheaper if practised in the beet-growing districts of Europe—notably in Germany, Poland, and Russia—where the natural severity of the winters would enable the sugar-manufacturers to dispense with machinery for producing cold. An experiment on

a large scale is to be tried before a committee of the French Academy of Sciences.

—Every man his own gas-maker is likely to be a possibility in any apple-growing country. A discovery has been made in one of the French departments that the residuum of the cider press can be utilized by distillation. With only 200° (centigrade) of temperature a gas is produced that will burn without smoke or smell, and with a power of illumination superior to that of common gas, to make which from oil requires 1,000°. The cost of the former, meanwhile, is only one-fourth that of the latter, and the light coal which remains has also its uses and an appreciable value. The waste heat of our ordinary gas-works could be profitably put to the new distillation, but portable works have been contrived especially for this purpose, and can be owned by the most moderate establishments of town or country. There is evidently here a convenient source of mechanical power also.

—A superior writing ink, that flows easily from the pen, does not grow muddy in the inkstand, and does not clog the pen, is said to be made of pyrogallic acid and certain vegetable coloring matters.

—An experiment was made last month in the Champs Elysées with a post-chaise, to which were attached two horses, driven by a postilion. From a full trot the animals were put to their utmost speed, to represent runaways. Suddenly, as if before some obstacle or precipice, the reins being supposed to have parted, the horses were detached from the vehicle, which, by a simple contrivance managed by the person in the chaise, was turned to the right or left, or even back, with reversed motion, according to the fancied danger. The separation was accomplished instantaneously, and the subsequent movements of the carriage directed with perfect ease and certainty. The experiment was repeated several times with complete satisfaction. The mechanism is said to be applicable to any conveyance.

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OF NEW YORK.

Assets, July 1, 1865, over	$13,000,000
Cash Income, 1864, nearly	3,000,000

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ALL THE POLICIES OF THIS COMPANY PARTICIPATE IN THE SURPLUS, THE WHOLE OF WHICH IS DIVIDED ANNUALLY IN THE MOST EQUITABLE MANNER AMONG THE POLICY-HOLDERS.

Dividends of return premiums will be paid in CASH, or may be used if preferred in the form of additional insurance.

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Secretaries, ISAAC ABBATT, THEO. W. MORRIS. Actuary, SHEPPARD HOMANS. Cashier, FRED. M. WINSTON.

Medical Examiners, MINTURN POST, M.D., ISAAC L. KIP, M.D.

Counsel, WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D., Hon. LUCIUS ROBINSON. Attorney, RICHARD A. McCURDY.

Applications and communications from persons in the undermentioned States to be through General Agents in their respective districts.

F. RATCHFORD STARR, General Agent at Philadelphia, for the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio. Delaware.

HALE REMINGTON, General Agent at Fall River, for the New England States.

H. B. MERRELL, General Agent at Detroit, Michigan, for the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

L. SPENCER GOBLE, General Agent at Newark, for the State of New Jersey.

J. A. RHODES, General Agent for New York and vicinity, office, 5 Wall Street.

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent at San Francisco, for California and Oregon.

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD,

INCORPORATED 1819. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Paid up Capital,	**$2,250,000 00**
Assets, July 1, 1865,	**3,850,351 78**
Losses Paid in 45 Years,	**$17,485,894 71**

T. A. ALEXANDER, Pres't. L. J. HENDEE, Sec'y.
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Insurance against loss and damage by Fire, and of Inland Navigation.

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JAS. A. ALEXANDER, AGENT.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL	$1,000,000 00
ASSETS	1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
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Marine and Fire Insurance.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - - - $1,000,000
Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - - - 400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice-President.
JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

51 WALL STREET, cor. of William, NEW YORK.

JANUARY, 1865.

Insures against Marine and Inland Navigation Risks.

The WHOLE PROFITS of the Company revert to the ASSURED, and are divided ANNUALLY, upon the Premiums terminated during the year; and for which Certificates are issued, BEARING INTEREST until redeemed.

The Dividend was 40 per cent. in each of the years 1863-4 and 5.

The Profits for 22 years amount to the sum of.....$19,691,020
Of which there has been redeemed by Cash..... 12,653,730

The Company has—

ASSETS, OVER ELEVEN MILLION DOLLARS,

VIZ.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks.....$4,974,700
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise.....2,187,950
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable, Real Estate, Bond and Mortgages, and other securities.....3,140,530
United States Gold Coin.....541,890
Cash in Bank.....288,430
$11,133,500

TRUSTEES.

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MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, $885,040 57.

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Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

B. C. MORRIS, President.
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PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 111 BROADWAY.

ASSETS, January 1, 1865, - - - - $1,140,628 89

DIVIDEND, Thirty-seven and One-half per cent.

This Company insures against MARINE and INLAND NAVIGATION risks on Cargo and Freight.

No Time Risks, or risks upon Hulls of Vessels, are taken.

The Profits of the Company, ascertained, from January 10, 1855, to January 1, 1864, for which certificates were issued, amount to..... $1,437,700 00
Additional profits from January 1, 1864, to January 1, 1865..... 324,385 73

Total Profits for ten years..... $1,762,085 73
The Certificates previous to 1862 have been redeemed by cash..... $1,065,960 00

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1865.

ALFRED EDWARDS, Pres.
WM. LECONEY, Vice-Pres.
THOMAS HALE, Secretary.

F. W. WORTH. LOOMIS L. WHITE. H. B. KEEN.

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Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - $200,000

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY, A.M.

WALL STREET has been in a whirl of panic and excitement throughout the week on account of frauds, forgeries, and failures in very unexpected quarters. On Monday it was made known that one of the gold brokers had failed to pay for about $130,000 out of $170,000 gold delivered to him the previous Saturday in good faith; his checks on the bank for the currency value of the gold being refused as not good. But this case, though one of the most flagrant breaches of trust and honesty which could have been well perpetrated—marked by deliberation and a cold calculation of the chances of successfully converting the property of other brokers—was lost sight of next day in the astonishment of the Street at the forgeries of young Ketchum and the stoppage of payments of his father's wealthy banking-house of Ketchum, Son & Co. The particulars have been amplified and sufficiently dwelt upon by the daily press; we are, therefore, content to record in brief the manner of the forgeries; the causes which induced them; the unworthy uses which they were designed to subserve, and the previous abstraction of

good securities by the young man from the house of which he was a junior partner; and also the liabilities of the house to their depositors and correspondents the day they suddenly stopped payment.

The brokers keep their gold accounts with the Bank of New York, on a charge of $1,000 per annum on each account, for the receipt, safe keeping, and disbursement of the gold. Each dealer is furnished with a Gold Check Book, the checks having running numbers printed on each, so that no two or more books can bear the same numbers on their checks. Young Ketchum was a member of the Stock Exchange, but both the house of Ketchum, Son & Co. and himself, for his private account, did most of their business through another member of the Exchange, Mr. Charles Graham, who was regarded as the broker of Messrs. Ketchum, and had credit on nearly all his transactions, as acting for the account of the house. As it turns out, most of his enormous purchases and sales were under orders from young Ketchum, and are disavowed by the house, since their failure. Graham left town at the close of June for summer recreation, and his office was placed in charge of quite a young partner under direction of young Ketchum, by whose orders (and it is now discovered for whose separate account) nearly all the business during his absence would be conducted. Graham had no gold account with the Bank of New York, but young Ketchum opened one for him, receiving a gold check book with 500 checks, numbered 58,501 to 59,000 inclusive. The rule of the Gold Exchange requires that no check shall exceed $5,000. No deposit was made in Graham's name, but young Ketchum commenced the forgeries of the checks furnished from the bank in the names of some half a dozen other brokers who *did* keep accounts in the bank. To these checks, besides the names of the drawers, he also forged the certifications of the bank officers to make them "good" without presentation, and then borrowed money on them under pledge from the lenders that they should not be lent or otherwise used in the market, or presented for payment. The number of checks thus forged, at various times between the 27th June and 14th August, is ascertained to be 350 out of the 500. The number still in circulation or under hypothecation, not provided for, is 209. Assuming $5,000 for each check, the gross forgeries would be $1,750,000; the amount not provided for, $1,045,000, of which sum $595,000 falls upon two of the banks, $100,000 on an Exchange Place banking firm; in both without other collateral to mitigate the loss. The remainder is distributed among various money-lenders, mixed with other and genuine collateral.

Young Ketchum had lost heavily in speculations earlier in the season. He sold stocks heavily *short* at low prices, and they reacted upon him under the lead of equally wealthy and older and more experienced operators. He had sold gold *short* on the turn of the market in February and March, but failed to get in all his profits, the pro-Southern gold houses having failed. He then bought heavily of gold; changed his position in stocks; bought heavily for a rise, and it is said made good his deficiencies by abstracting the securities and drawing on the funds of his firm. This brought him into the months of July and August, when with all the power and machinery and the large credit of his father's name and house, he could neither force up the price of gold so as to cover its cost and the expense of carrying on the speculation, nor take the additional supplies thrown on the market from the Treasury office, without resort to large additional collaterals, which he could no longer venture to abstract from his own house, but which he could and did forge in the manner above described. Nor could he turn suddenly the large mass of railway stocks which he had bought up at high rates, and the sequel of this extraordinary career was explosion, flight, and the ruin of his father's house, with unpaid liabilities to the amount of three and a half millions!

The house of Ketchum, Son & Co. have made an assignment, and Mr. M. Ketchum a separate assignment, for the benefit of their creditors. It is supposed, at present, that the estate will pay 50 or 60 cents on the dollar to the depositors, most of whom are New England banks and bankers.

For some days after the foregoing events, the general money market was much disturbed by loss of confidence rather than scarcity of supply. But on Friday there was more willingness evinced by lenders to meet the market at 7 per cent. The railways were also much depressed by the heavy sales of Erie, Central, Reading, and Western shares forced on the market on Monday night and Tuesday, by way of closing out the large amount held by the brokers for young Ketchum or his broker, Mr. Graham. There was a subsequent recovery, but not to the points of the previous week. The Government stocks held a very steady course, and are now firm. The speculations which led to the Ketchum and other explosions were seldom directed to U. S. stocks, but rather to gold and the railways. The operators found, in the sequel, too much of both for the measure of their ability to command, in an honest way, the greenbacks to pay for them, and yet, with singular inconsistency with the facts of the case, a portion of the daily press assert that young Ketchum was the dupe, and the great house of his father the victim, of the Legal Tender Act!

The trade of the week has again been very active. The dry goods business, both in domestic and foreign fabrics, is brisk and remunerative. The July importations are found not to have been excessive in the total, nor in advance of the wants of the market. The amount of dry goods and general foreign merchandise marketed during the month was $19,674,662, gold value, before the duties were assessed, and on this the Government collected for customs duties $9,778,276 in gold. The August importation will probably exceed these figures, though not to a large difference. The customs of the present week will be about two millions; the exports of produce $3,300,000; the receipts of cotton 19,400 bales. There is scarcely any export of gold, though the sale of exchange for this day's steamers having advanced to 109¾ on London, we look for a partial resumption of gold shipments next week.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The U. S. 5-20's are 106⅛ to 106¼ per cent. for the original issue; the second issue 104⅛ to 104⅜; the 6's of 1881, 106⅜ to 107; the 7.30's (all the series) after declining to 98¾ on Tuesday's panic, are in large request, especially from small investers, and are up to 99¼. The certificates of indebtedness steady at 97⅛ to 97¾ per cent.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessees have advanced from 72½ to 74, and returned again to 72½ per cent. Missouris are selling at 70¼ to 70½ per cent.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The mortgages of the railways stood the panic comparatively well, though the market was dull, and no large sums could have been sold without a serious decline.

Erie shares from 86¼ last Saturday went down to 76½, and have since recovered to 82½ per cent. New York Central marks a decline from 92½ to 88½ and up to 91; Reading, 106½ to 98¾ and up to 102¾; Michigan Southern, 65⅝ to 60¾ and up to 62¾; Pittsburg, 70¾ to 64 and up to 66¾; North-west 28⅝ to 26 and up to 27½; North-west Preferred 62⅝ to 58½ and up to 61; Fort Wayne, 97¼ to 92½ and up to 94; Rock Island, 108¾ to 102 and up to 105½. The market still on the recovery at the close of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

The bank stocks are generally lower, owing to the recent frauds. The Phœnix, Importers', and Fourth National have suffered most. Atlantic Mail ran down to 125 per cent., and recovered to 135. The shares of Canton, Cumberland, and Quicksilver fluctuated 2 per cent. on the panic, but are on the upward move again in common with the railways.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold fell to 140¾ per cent., but subsequently returned to 143½ on the firm appearance of exchange, which is now quoted at 109½ to 109¾ for gold.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, has started on a journey through the South. His letters will appear hereafter every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

It embraces among its regular or occasional contributors the following names:

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

JOHN G. WHITTIER,
SAMUEL ELIOT (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford),
PROFESSOR TORREY (Harvard),
DR. FRANCIS LIEBER,
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH (Oxford),
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This Machine is constructed on entirely new principles of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION COMBINED.

It has a straight needle perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides, performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 9. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1865. $3 PER ANNUM.

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The Week.

THE chief sensation of the week has been disaster by land and flood. On Monday, the 21st, a train on the Chicago and North-western Railway ran at night into a culvert washed away by a storm. On Tuesday, a train was thrown from the track of the Shore Line Railroad, Connecticut, by running over a cow. On Wednesday, there was an accident on the Oil Creek Road, Pennsylvania, and another on the Old Colony Road, Massachusetts—the results of culpable carelessness and misconduct. On Friday, a train on the Alabama and Tennessee Railroad ran off the trestle-work of a bridge. All these involved the destruction of at least twenty persons, and the maiming of more than a hundred others. A collision on the Chesapeake drowns one person and injures two, while an explosion on the Ohio causes the death of twelve and the scalding of eight. Lastly, we hear of the total loss of the steamer *Brother Jonathan*, on the Pacific coast, on the 30th of last month, in which but seventeen lives were saved out of two or three hundred. Among those who went down were Brig.-Gen. Wright and his family. He was on his way to Fort Vancouver, to take command of the Department of the Columbia.

AN important organization was effected in this city on Friday. Representatives of the principal Freedmen's Associations, East and West, met together and formed the "American Freedmen's Commission," with the following list of officers: Bishop Simpson, President; Wm. Lloyd Garrison and John V. Farwell, Vice-Presidents; Fred. Law Olmsted, General Secretary; Jacob R. Shipherd, Associate Secretary; and George C. Ward, Treasurer; which officers, with J. Miller McKim and J. M. Walden, Corresponding Secretaries of the Eastern and Western Departments, will constitute the Board of Managers. Other prominent and representative names embraced in this new Association are Francis George Shaw and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of this city; Stephen Colwell and Francis R. Cope, of Philadelphia; Judge Bond and Archibald Stirling, Jr., of Baltimore; C. G. Hussey and Dr. Howard, of Pittsburg; Adam Poe and Abraham M. Taylor, of Cincinnati; Dr. Newberry, of Cleveland; Dr. Patterson, of Chicago; Dr. Duffield, of Detroit; Calvert Fletcher and Robert Morrison, of Indiana; James E. Yeatman and Dr. Elliott, of St. Louis; Judge Russell and Rev. John Parkman, of Boston; John G. Whittier, of Amesbury; Postmaster Bowen, of Washington, etc., etc. This Commission completes the unity, so long desired, of the various philanthropic combinations which, under whatever name, have the welfare of the freedmen at heart. It will work in harmonious co-operation with the Bureau at Washington, to which it will bring no small measure of strength and public support. It is another guaranty that the revolution of to-day shall go forward and not backward, nor cease till the rights of man are acknowledged in every citizen of this Republic.

THE Mississippi Convention finished its business and adjourned on Thursday the 24th. It declared the ordinance of secession null and void. It prohibited, by a constitutional amendment, the revival of slavery, by a vote of 86 to 11. It ratified the proceedings of the courts, the sales of administrators, and all marriages since January, 1861. It fixed upon the first Monday in October as the day for the State and Congressional elections. Judge E. S. Fisher was nominated for Governor. The delegates, in their unofficial capacity, drew up a memorial to the President asking for the pardon of the two State offenders, Jefferson Davis and Governor Clark. The convention received a telegraphic dispatch from the President through Governor Sharkey, congratulating them upon their action, and the prospects of Mississippi's readmission into the Union, and promising the restoration of the *habeas corpus* and the removal of the troops as soon as practicable.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the fact that a petition was presented to the Senate in February of this year, by Senator Morgan of this State, praying for the passage by Congress of a "General Election Law" regulating the suffrage in all the States, in the manner indicated by "T. F." in the last number of THE NATION, and in virtue of the power claimed by him under the Constitution for the national legislature.

THE Kentucky Court of Appeals have reversed a decision of the Louisville Chancery Court, by which the appellant was required to accept Treasury notes in discharge of his contract for money. Judge Williams dissented, but the majority held the act of Congress of Feb. 25, 1862, to be unconstitutional in so far as it made these notes "lawful money and a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, in the United States." Judge Robertson summed up his conclusions in two propositions: that the people, on adopting the national Constitution, emphatically and aforethought "established gold and silver coin as the money, and the only legal money, of the United States;" and that, to secure this deliberate object, "they determined that no legislation, State or national, should ever make anything else a legal tender for money, demandable on any contract made between citizens under the sanction of State laws." He added, as a necessary corollary, "that all power not expressly delegated over money is constructively *forbidden*," and that, therefore, "there can be no implied power to make Treasury notes a legal tender in private contracts."

THE trial of Wirtz, which was commenced on Monday the 21st, then suddenly interrupted, and resumed on Wednesday, promises to drag its slow length along like the Assassination trial, which it will probably resemble, in evoking a great deal of testimony more pertinent to the general character of the rebellion than to the charges against the prisoner. Wirtz is beyond question a villain, but then a regard for decency ought to restrain people from pelting him with rotten eggs as he sits in the pillory. The following delectable morsel is from a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*:—

"Yet the central figure in the room is, after all, this Swiss-American, Henry Wirtz, whom God probably made, and yet whom no man thinks

of as brother. Is there family relationship among fiends? Let us be thankful that this one can claim neither American birth nor education; let us mourn that our sister republic of Switzerland must own his parentage. Wirtz came in with a quick step and a slightly embarrassed manner. He is about five feet eight in height, and of about 135 pounds weight. He wears a black coat, dark vest, dark brown pants, with reddish tinge, and white shirt. His appearance is slovenly, and he is round-shouldered and stooping. His head is high over the ears, wanting in the rear, and deficient in the upper forehead. His hair is dark brown, and he begins to be bald in front. He has full whiskers and moustache, cut to about half an inch in length. He is thin of face, dark of skin, bloodless of lips, dark and very keen of eye. His nose is thin and sharp, his mouth straight and inelegant. There isn't much of the original villain in his appearance, though he looks like a man utterly without conscience, and ready to do, for a consideration, almost any infernal deed set for him by a superior."

The expression of doubt as to God's having made Wirtz is doubtless intended to be a crusher for Wirtz, but it is in reality not so hard upon anybody as on the person who utters it. And we should like to know from this acute observer how he tells, by a man's looks, that he would not do "an infernal deed for a superior" *without* a consideration, or that he would not do it with a consideration for an inferior or an equal. This stuff, too, is called a "pen picture."

The war between the New York daily papers on the subject of the City census still rages with unwonted violence. The census just taken makes the population only a little smaller than in 1860, when taken by that model of democratic virtue, "Captain Rynders." The Republicans say that he cheated; the Democrats say he did not, and that it is Chauncey Depew, the present Secretary of State, who is now cheating. The probabilities are that a part of the apparently slow growth of population in the last five years is due to the tenderness of Rynders for the Democratic majorities, which the city always gives; and part to the real and steady exodus to the country which has long been going on. The fact is, and there is no denying it, that taxation and bad government have begun to tell in New York already. If no reform take place, there is nothing so very improbable in the supposition that the next ten years may witness a gradual transfer of business to some better regulated port further South. If the municipal net could be thrown over all the people who live elsewhere, and do business here, the local burdens would be considerably lightened, but then the "citizens" who might be caught in this way would only fly further off.

There was substantial agreement between the resolutions passed at Harrisburg by the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention, on Thursday last, and those of the Ohio Democratic Convention on the same day at Columbus. Both affirmed, as a logical deduction from the nullity of secession ordinances, that the late rebellious States are fast in the Union, and have all the rights which formerly belonged to them. Negro suffrage was equally condemned—at Harrisburg as "a high crime against the Constitution, and a deliberate and wicked attempt to degrade the white race to the level of the black." Here, also, negro equality was pronounced a "curse." For the rest, there were the usual charges of the war, and the debt, and illegal, unconstitutional procedure, and the usual harping on *habeas corpus* suspended and military trials established; and, after all, an effort to tack the party to the skirts of the President. Col. W. H. H. Davis was the Pennsylvania nominee for auditor-general; Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, the Ohio nominee for governor.

Mr. Maretzek has written a "second letter" to the editor of the *Herald*. We have not seen the first, and we suppose the recipient would wish he had seen neither. The present epistle is in answer to a threat on the part of the *Herald* to withdraw its "subvention" from the coming opera. The lively manager hastens to return thanks and estimate his losses. He reckons that the *Herald's* private proscenium box, and ten reserved seats of the very best, and extra seats and admissions, if paid for, would amount in a single season to $3,200; that the advertising and printing, done at double the usual rates at the *Herald* establishment, cost $7,500; and that black-mail to reporters, etc., borrowed and unreturned wardrobes, compulsory employment of useless persons, extra advertisements in the *Play Bill*, etc., take $3,000 more from the manager's pockets. Other features of the "subvention" are various interferences of the *Herald* with the affairs of the opera, even to dictating what artists shall be engaged, and what plays performed. So that altogether the threatened withdrawal will save Mr. Maretzek some $20,000, or more than the entire rent of the Academy of Music. No doubt this exposé is as truthful as it is scathing; yet while quite ready to regard the *Herald* as the chief sinner in this business, the skirts of the rest of the daily press are by no means clear, and it is not too much to say that the system of reciprocal favors which now exists makes genuine theatrical criticism impossible among those to whom the public looks for it.

The trial of Charles J. Colchester, a so-called spiritual medium, at Buffalo, terminated on the 23d in a verdict of guilty. He was prosecuted for neglecting to take out a license under the internal revenue law as a juggler, which he refused to do, on the ground that his spirit performances were not juggling. The testimony was neither so interesting nor so conclusive, one way or the other, as might have been expected. There were damaging charges of deception and fraud against the defendant, but the attempts to explain and counterfeit in open court his most remarkable feats—such as the blood-red writing on the arm—were failures. What Colchester did instantaneously could not be produced by the competing "magician" under several minutes, nor would the latter undertake to cross-write at all. It is to be regretted that the defendant was not permitted or called upon to show, if he could, the distinction between the two operations, in which the whole question of supernaturalism is involved; just as, that a table should be moved is no extraordinary matter, unless we see it stirring *suo motu* to all appearance. The counsel of Mr. Colchester applied for time to present certain points of law. Judge Edmonds, the well-known spiritualist, has expressed, in a published letter, his distrust of Colchester's integrity, and condemns his practice of earning money by his manifestations.

The name of Major George Ward Nichols was badly misprinted in our notice of his book, "The Story of the Great March," last week.

One of the trustees of the colored schools in Washington is said to have demanded of the Mayor the portion of the school fund assigned by act of Congress to the education of the colored people of the District. Of course the money was not forthcoming. Campbell Hospital, one of the finest in the city, has been taken possession of by the Freedmen's Bureau. It will accommodate a large number of freedmen, and will prevent much suffering during the coming winter. The Government buildings at Vienna, and the Seminary hospital at Fairfax, Virginia, have been appropriated as centres for freedmen's villages. The approach of winter is regarded with great apprehension by the residents of Prince George County, which was widely devastated by our army. Captain Flagg, superintendent of the First District of Virginia, has received an application from fourteen hundred colored families who wish to purchase with ready money a tract of arable land in Virginia to dwell upon and cultivate. They prefer, for complete security, to make their purchase of the Government or through its agency. It would be pleasant to believe that the pro-slavery spirit in North Carolina is not so black as it is painted, and sometimes there seems to be a set purpose to decry, as during the rebellion there was to extol, the loyalty of the State. Be that as it may, the record is dark without relief. Fayetteville is now most prominent for its hostility to the freed people and their cause. Colored men have been tied up and publicly whipped by the sheriff, at the direction of a magistrate, and the citizens appear to have been exercising the usual prerogatives of slaveholders, including murder. It is needless to add that all this was consequent upon the withdrawal of the military. The mayor of the city has endeavored to deny the truth of these reports, but he makes a liberal exception for "practices of necessary control and discipline." There is no doubt that as one approaches the South Carolina border, the treatment of the blacks grows worse, and that their condition as yet differs little from slavery. Instances occur of a continuance of the old régime by individual slaveholders, far enough removed from the military authorities to preserve by main force their patriarchal system.

Others dismiss their hands unpaid as soon as the crops are secured. Gen. Saxton has issued a lengthy order on the subject of marriage among the freedmen. Some of the complications which slavery creates are revealed by such instructions as the following: If a man, without a wife, finds two wives restored to him by freedom, he shall, other things being equal, prefer the one by whom he has had children. A man living with a wife without issue may, with her consent, leave her for a previous wife by whom he has had children who are still minors, provided she has no other husband known to be living. In many parts of Georgia, particularly around Atlanta, the contract system is adopted very indefinitely, or violence is resorted to to maintain the *status quo ante bellum*. The planters are even said to be organizing for this purpose. Gen. Wild had ordered Mrs. Robert Toombs to vacate her premises in Washington, Georgia, in order to its occupation by the Freedmen's Bureau, but the order was countermanded by Gen. Steadman. General Swayne, assistant commissioner in Alabama, is making the judicial officers under the provisional government his legally constituted agents to assist in the care of the freedmen. Governor Parsons is said to be co-operating personally and by circulars of instruction. Gen. Fisk is on a tour of inspection in his department, in pursuance of orders from Washington. Captain Sweeney, superintendent of the district of Eastern Arkansas, reports that during the month of July rations were drawn only by orphans, the sick in hospital, and the employees of the Bureau. Great numbers of refugees are returning to their homes, and the citizens are reconciling themselves to the new order of things, and making contracts with their former slaves. We cannot better conclude this summary than by quoting entire the letter of a Louisiana planter to the Freedmen's Aid Association of New Orleans, dated Iberville Parish, Aug. 1:

"*Gentlemen:* I am a planter of twelve years' experience; this year I am working twelve hands, six men and six women; my laborers are to get one fourth of the net proceeds of the crops. They have a full understanding of their interest in the said crops. Our contract was made on the 1st of February last, and the result so far is a complete success; we have, to-day, 85 arpents of cotton; 25 arpents of sugar canes; 75 arpents of corn, all in perfect condition. I don't mention the vegetable crops. Under the old system ten arpents to the hand was considered a fair result, and more than three-fourths of the plantations failed to come to that standard.

"My laborers are all good people, behaving well, having good common sense; they are honest and true to their families. Besides the crop in common, they have raised for their private account small crops of corn and vegetables, and have poultry, etc., of their own. Not a single difficulty has occurred among them since they have agreed to work on my farm."

Gen. Banks returns to private life, along with six other Major-Generals of Volunteers and a host of Brevet Major-Generals, more or less distinguished, according to an order of the Secretary of War on Thursday last, which musters them out of the service.

It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. The Lynchburg *Republican*, taking alarm at the colored conventions in Virginia and elsewhere, pronounces all similar organizations to effect a radical change in the present political or social status of the blacks to be "fraught with the most dangerous consequences" to them. The argument which it employs could easily be turned to the disfranchisement of the chivalry, by a simple substitution:

"There can be but one dominant race under any government; and when that is in doubt, the force of arms invariably decides the issue, and proclaims the stronger party. It is clearly, therefore, the part of wisdom for our colored population to be satisfied with their present status, and to make the most of their newly acquired advantages, instead of reaching after impossible results. For just so certain as they undertake to form a distinctive power in the State, just so certain will they be overwhelmed in disaster and ruin."

The negroes have no wish "to form a distinctive power in the State," as they will be compelled to do if divorced at the polls from their loyal white fellow-citizens. The bestowal of suffrage would take away the necessity of combinations according to color and race, by making the test of parties irrespective of these accidents. But the *Republican* expresses frankly the prevailing notion of the Southern mind in regard to the meaning of emancipation—one class uppermost and "dominant" as before, the other submissive and subordinate. This relation may not be denominated slavery, but it is evidently not the same as liberty.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Saratoga, happened to allude to the incredible and infamous treatment which Northern captured soldiers received in Southern prisons. Whereupon, Arthur Freemantle, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Coldstream Guards, writes to that paper to deny the fact and especially to shield Mr. Davis from implication in it. His merits as a witness may be summed up in his statement that he travelled through the entire Southern States at the height of the war and never saw any inhuman treatment of Northern captives. He cites the evidence of the *Times'* correspondent in Richmond concerning the charges against the Libby. He heard General Lee regret, after Gettysburg, the necessity of marching several thousand Federal prisoners back to the rebel capital, because no exchange could be effected. Mr. Davis, too, would have been glad to strike a balance at any time between the prisoners held by the two contending parties, but it is notorious that all objections to exchange prisoners came from the North, not from the South. The public have just been enlightened anew on this whole subject by a letter from Gen. Hitchcock, who shows that the first disturbance of the regularity of exchange was caused by Davis himself, when, in a message to the rebel Congress, he informed that body that Union officers who might be captured while serving with colored troops should be delivered over to the State authorities, to be dealt with under State laws as if guilty of exciting servile insurrection. The colored soldiers themselves were to be disposed of in the same way, and in nowise to be considered in the category of prisoners to be exchanged. President Lincoln at once provided for the safety of the officers thus exposed by holding certain Confederates in our hands as hostages. Then the cartel began to be violated by the Confederate government. At the same time, and most conspicuously at Gettysburg, the practice was inaugurated of making prisoners of Northern citizens, and refusing to release them unless the United States would agree to make no arrests because of opinions favorable to the rebel cause, or avowed sympathy with it. This preposterous demand of course could not be tolerated, however Lee might grieve at being burdened with the inoffensive inhabitants of Pennsylvania; yet it was persisted in to the close of hostilities. This is the whole story; and there can be no doubt that the atrocious cruelty which began to be indulged from the summer of 1863 in Southern prisons and stockades was a deliberate measure for compelling submission to simply impossible terms. Gen. Hitchcock certifies to the exertions of Secretary Stanton to relieve the suffering of the victims, and to the barbarous bad faith of the Southern authorities on receiving supplies from the Federal Government for distribution. Capt. Freemantle thinks there may have been hardships at Andersonville, but attributes them to the poverty and insufficient means of the Confederacy. The excuse is a false one, but it does not explain the waste and peculation of Northern bounty before the very eyes of those for whom it was intended. Nor is truth to be impeached by styling well-authenticated pictures "disgusting sensational photographs—a novel and horrid manner of raising public feeling against the South."

The utility of the Freedmen's Courts is already apparent. They show which party to the contracts now making is least to be trusted. For example, in Tennessee a citizen of Giles County, named Abernethy, refused to pay his colored laborers the wages agreed upon. Two of them went before the court and took oath to this breach of faith. Abernethy was summoned straightway to General Fisk. He was told that two fellow-citizens and neighbors of his had appeared against him, and was not a little chagrined on learning that they were, as he styled them, his "niggahs." Being corrected on the point of ownership, and reminded, moreover, that one of the complainants was probably his own son, the old gentleman surrendered, and promised to discharge his debt next day; which he did, and then entered into a written contract with his employees. In this and numerous similar instances, no redress could have been had in any State court under the existing State laws.

A military commission, ordered at Salisbury, North Carolina, by Gen. Schofield, has half a dozen murder cases to dispose of. Five of

these are the deliberate shooting of negroes by white men. The sixth, which was first on the docket, and has been tried, was also a case of shooting, but the victim was a colored woman, Galina, and the murderer the daughter of her former mistress. Temperance Neely is the name of the person who could not restrain herself from committing this bloody act. The facts as elicited beyond dispute are these: Galina was rescuing her child from punishment at the hands of Mrs. Providence Neely, and had pushed her late mistress down in the act. "Miss Tempe," who had warned her not to enter the house, being disregarded, shot her in the breast deliberately as she came out. Sentence has not yet been passed upon the guilty woman.

We commend to General Cox the action of the colored people who were settled, after the rebels burnt Hampton, Virginia, on the abandoned and confiscated lots within the town, and the farms of Messrs. Sinclair and Shields near by, also deserted, and also appropriated by Government—together amounting to 1,000 acres. These colonists have just taken a census of themselves. They consist of 800 families, or 4,500 souls; 587 can read and write, and 915 are church members. They estimate their own (not the Government's) property at $51,000, and of their wealthy men two are worth $4,000 each, one $2,000, one $1,500, and nine more than $500 and less than $1,500. About a fourth of the population is in the town, and the chief pursuit is agriculture. They have built five churches since the rebellion, and pay their pastors a salary of $1,050. They have a general store of their own in Hampton, stocked by themselves, and an association for the benefit of the colored people. They boast that the farms of Sinclair and Shields will yield this year both richer and larger crops than when under the best slave cultivation. They are now annoyed by the former proprietors, who threaten to dispossess them, and are endeavoring to undo the workings of the Confiscation Act. This the colored people are by no means disposed to submit to. They have resolved in open meeting that they will not leave their "happy homes unless compelled to do so by legal authority;" that they will lease or purchase their lands of the United States; that they will resist the claims of Sinclair and Shields before the highest tribunal. Accordingly, they have employed Mr. Calvin Pepper, of Norfolk, to act as their attorney, and if justice depends for its execution upon the longest purse, we imagine this thrifty community will carry the day against their disloyal adversaries. That they refuse to budge is the point to be heeded by the Ohio candidate for governor.

The yearning for immigration to people and restore the waste places is already visible at the South, along with the first ripples of the flood that is sure to set in ere long. Governor Brownlow has prepared a circular of invitation, in which the resources of Tennessee as an agricultural and mineral State are enumerated. Eastern Maryland points to her "geographical position, salubrious climate, fertile soil, and navigable streams." Virginia delights in the arrival of a company of some sixty Swedes, direct from their native land. Their destination is the upper James River, where there is a thriving colony of their countrymen, by whose representations they were induced to come out to this country. A movement is on foot to plant a Polish colony in the same State.

We publish in this number a rather lengthy review of Mills' book on Sir William Hamilton's philosophy, though not lengthier than the subject demands. We advise all readers who dislike "thinking" to save themselves the trouble of writing to us to complain of its "dryness," by skipping it. For the existence and importance of the science of metaphysics, the constitution of man, and not The Nation, is to blame. The happy time which so many seem to long for has, fortunately or unfortunately, not yet arrived, when the great problems of the universe will be solved by merely turning a crank, and men and women will be able to devote themselves without stint to the perusal of "tales and sketches and anecdotes." Until that period, some will have to pass over the disagreeable duty of diving into the difficulties of metaphysics, which, as Mr. Mill remarks, "lie at the root of all science."

Every year at this season the newspapers are half filled with long letters from the various "summer resorts," giving an account of the way people pass the day at these places. The perseverance with which this sort of writing is kept up is sometimes remarkable, considering that any paper might, by changing the dates, furnish the very same amount of appropriate matter by going back to last year's files. The eating, drinking, and dressing, and lounging at Sharon, Newport, and Saratoga are just the same as they were last summer. The same scenes recur in the parlors and dining-rooms; the men plunge and the women bob up and down in the surf in precisely the same fashion; and the journey to these places is performed in much the same way. An account of a "Walk Down Broadway," or a "Ride to Harlem in an Third Avenue Car," would be novel and interesting compared to most of the gossip from the watering places and mountains to which we are treated every day.

The committee presided over by the French Empress has reported at considerable length the results of its enquiries into the condition of the juvenile prisoners of the department of the Seine. The report gives a very full history of the legislation which preceded the law of August 5, 1850, and by which there had come to be a separation in confinement of the youthful and the more advanced and hardened offenders. In 1837 the American system of cell-imprisonment had obtained such influence, owing largely to the observations of De Tocqueville in this country, that it was extended even to the inmates of La Roquette—the children's penitentiary. The committee first charge the managers of this institution with not carrying out the provisions of the law of 1850, which enjoined some departure from the system of cells, and then devote themselves to a comparison of La Roquette with the various agricultural colonies—what we should call farm-schools—introduced into France by M. Demetz in 1839. The first and most distinguished of these is that at Mettray, a village not far from Tours. The statistics prove the immense superiority of these establishments, under equal disadvantages as regards the original character of their subjects, over the prison of La Roquette and the solitary confinement there enforced. Health, morals, and education in books and the callings of life are more rapidly and surely promoted in the sunshine of the country than within the gloomy walls of a city prison. The decisive test of the merits of the rival systems is the proportion of those who lapse into vicious ways when released from restraint. In some triennial periods the percentage of those who fell a second time was from La Roquette at least twice that of those from Mettray—in one instance four times as great. The gratifying fact is elicited that whereas the new-comers at the farm-schools generally prefer to learn other occupations rather than agriculture, they at last are disposed to give it the preference, and there is no difficulty in finding them homes and situations throughout the country. The boys at Mettray behaved so gallantly at the inundation of the Loire, in 1856, as to cause the city of Tours to strike a gold medal in recognition of their humane services. Massachusetts has initiated the experiment of putting young offenders on board a school-ship, where they are educated as if on land, while at the same time they are qualified to make competent and trustworthy seamen. Some of the graduates of this novel penitentiary distinguished themselves in the naval engagements of the late war.

A reminder of the primary signification of the "Tuileries" (tileries) is contained in a late discovery in the Place du Carrousel at Paris. In digging a ditch for a new edifice, the mattocks of the laborers grazed a brick structure, which proved on examination to be a kiln of the famous Bernard Palissy. An antiquarian who was present immediately connected it with a work which the great potter had undertaken for Catharine de' Medicis about the year 1570. Curiously enough, a letter of his to the queen-mother, offering to construct and decorate a grotto in the gardens which then occupied the place, was brought to light and published only four years ago. The designs which he set forth in it are confirmed almost to the least detail by the remains of moulds for statues, plants, shells, and much fantastic pottery, which have been found in the kiln thus proved to have been erected near the scene of his device.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE LATEST PHASE OF CONSERVATISM.

IT is profitable to observe how the forces of conservatism, rallying after the signal failure of their efforts to defend and perpetuate the institution of slavery, are marshalling their strength for the characteristic attempt to prevent the enlightenment, elevation, and enfranchisement of the negro race.

Viewed in the interest of humanity, our recent conservatism does not present a very praiseworthy record. Its influence, political and religious, has been mainly devoted to the defence of slavery. Learned divines have combined with unscrupulous demagogues to discourage all discussion of the principles involved in the enforced bondage of a race of human beings, and to denounce every effort to mitigate the atrocities of the inhuman system. To attack slavery on any grounds, moral or political, was to be promptly classed with the advocates of women's rights, wearers of the Bloomer costume, disciples of the school of free-love, disbelievers in capital punishment, spiritualists, communists, and supporters of every extreme "ism" and "ology" then recognized as having any adherents in this country. No efforts were spared to debauch the moral sentiment of the nation. A bishop of a Northern diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church vied with a reverend president of a Northern college in defending the institution on Scriptural grounds. An incorporated religious society, organized for the purpose of diffusing pure evangelical instruction throughout the land, controlling immense funds, and having agents in all parts of the country, repeatedly refused to circulate tracts calling attention to the abuse and iniquities of the "peculiar institution," or even to endorse and distribute the teachings of the Bible on a subject so vital to the public morals and the nation's weal. In other words, conservative Christianity could denounce with the fiercest rhetoric the awful wickedness of theatrical exhibitions, and the deadly sin of dancing, but had no word of condemnation for a system that held four millions of human beings in helpless and hopeless bondage, denied them the right of marriage, excluded them from all opportunities of education, and, in short, regarded them theoretically, and treated them practically, as mere chattels.

Conservative statesmen deprecated all agitation of the question, and predicted the dismemberment of the Union and the downfall of democratic institutions everywhere, if the doctrine of a higher law should prevail. Conservative men of business joined most cordially in the unholy crusade against justice and human freedom. They saw danger to their craft from the popular presentation of any arguments which could irritate the South, and preferred "peace on any terms" to a withdrawal of Southern trade. The plausible but flimsy pretence of geographical parties and sectional platforms was vigorously and for a long time effectively urged. Temporary material prosperity was considered an ample equivalent for national dishonor, and large entries on the credit side of the ledger reconciled men to frightful inroads on their capital of self-respect.

Nor does the humiliating history end here. Not only were appeals to pecuniary interest diligently and successfully made, but conservatism did not consider its dignity endangered by the lowest appeals to class prejudice and distinctions of caste. If the opponent belonged to the sterner sex, he was instantly impaled on the point of the following pertinent enquiry: "How would you like to marry a nigger woman?" If the attack was made with feminine logic, the defence was put in this delicate and decisive form: "How would you like to marry a nigger man?" Those who lived by the labor of their hands were threatened with an aggressive horde of blacks to compete successfully with white laborers in every agricultural and mechanical employment, while, with a singular disregard of consistent reasoning, the philanthropic element of the North was informed that even gradual emancipation would inevitably result in the starvation of the negroes.

But the inexorable logic of events, or rather the Providence of God acting through human instrumentalities, has changed all this—American slavery, whether as recognized in the Constitution or as protected by State legislation, exists only in history. The slaveholders' rebellion has been crushed, and the corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy has been ground to powder. It has found in the armies of Grant and Sherman the upper and nether millstone. However the exorcised and departing demon may tear and rend the body of Southern society, its doom is sealed.

But is the sublime mission of conservatism accomplished? Is its ennobling occupation gone? Very far from it. The spirit which has thus far controlled its ineffective councils, and dictated its defeated action, still survives. To be sure, slavery as an existing and legalized institution is past praying for. Even its most zealous defenders, who

> ——"cherished it long as a holy prize,
> Who bedewed it with tears, and embalmed it with sighs,"

are reluctantly compelled to confess that it is a thing of the past.

Unhappy as they must be to abandon such an excellent scheme for christianizing the African race, these benevolent conservatives must forsake their promising field of missionary enterprise. Nevertheless, we see them sorrowing not as those without hope. There is yet something worthy to be conserved. There are still extant many traces of the old iniquity. Neither the Emancipation Proclamation, nor the Constitutional Amendment, nor the utter dispersion and annihilation of the rebel armies, has inspired the great majority of those who were recently slaveholders with any sentiments of common humanity or common justice. There remains the old determination to compel labor without adequate compensation, to exact obedience at the bidding of the lash—in a word, to perpetuate the spirit without the system of slavery.

Now what a rare opportunity is here presented for conservative effort! What may not be accomplished by the active and intimate alliance of Northern and Southern conservatives? The opportune friendship of Pilate and Herod promised hardly less hopeful results. Of course vigorous opposition must be anticipated from those unprincipled radicals who loved the Union better than slavery, and were determined that at any cost of loyal blood and treasure the Constitution should be preserved, even if slavery perished in the conflict. But the principle to be contended for is certainly worth a desperate struggle. The policy to be pursued is clearly consistent with the historical record of conservatism. It is nothing less than a deliberate design to prevent the freedmen of this nation from enjoying those rights and privileges which, if not their natural birthright, have, in the opinion of these same crazy radicals, been fairly won by their services and sufferings.

We may, perhaps, be pardoned if we examine this question for a moment in the light of our recent experience as a nation. The lessons which this war has taught, with reference to the character and capacity of the Southern negro, would seem to be tolerably intelligible even to conservative minds. Let us glance at a few of these lessons.

During many long, dreary, conservative years, the danger of servile insurrection was the hangman's whip to keep the North in order. To discuss the right or wrong of slavery was to endanger the lives of innocent women and children; was to put guns, and knives, and firebrands in the hands of infuriated slaves; was to inaugurate a reign of terror from Baltimore to Brownsville. The Declaration of Independence was incendiary. The Sermon on the Mount was incendiary. Everything was incendiary which did not inculcate abject submission on the part of the slave, and unquestioned authority on the part of the master. To be sure, all this was somewhat inconsistent with what we were constantly told of the tender and touching nature of the patriarchal institution; but it was no time to be logical when the valuable lives of so many worthy and helpless people were imperilled. Now what has the history of the war taught us on this point? We have seen State after State of the so-called Southern Confederacy stripped of the immense preponderance of its adult white male population, thousands of plantations left in the sole charge of helpless women, and yet there has not been a single well authenticated instance of a slave revolt.

Whether this most significant forbearance, on the part of the slaves, to avenge by indiscriminate slaughter their lifelong injuries, was due to their apathy or their ignorance, will appear when we proceed to con-

sider another pithy and pregnant lesson which we have learned during the last four years.

We have long been in the habit of hearing a great deal about the inherent and inevitable incapacity of the negro race. And yet it has been abundantly proved that, while the slaveholding rebels have used their utmost diligence and ingenuity to represent the "Yankee hordes" as the natural enemies of the negroes, fighting merely in the interest of white men, and designing only their swift destruction, the slaves have had a juster appreciation of the real questions at issue in the war, and a truer recognition of their best and most available friends, than the poor whites of the South. In fact, if the recent rebellion has demonstrated one thing more clearly than another, it has demonstrated that the blacks were *par excellence* the loyal population of the seceding States—ever faithful to the flag to which they owed no gratitude, and to the Constitution which had always been interpreted in the interest of their oppressors.

And once more, the war has taught us that the negroes were not only willing but eager to lay down their lives in defence of those great principles of constitutional liberty and republican government which were the hope and the refuge of the democratic idea all over the civilized world. And yet, has any one forgotten with what tardy acquiescence, not to say absolute reluctance, the North consented to offer to the enslaved race the poor privilege of dying that the nation might live? During how many dismal months of disaster and defeat did we hear the shallow and selfish cry: "This war is for the benefit of white men, and must be fought by white men?" How many of our readers who to-day rejoice in the good conduct and are proud of the courage of the black soldier, were hoodwinked for awhile by this appeal, which had only (the obvious pun may be pardoned here) a color of reasoning in its support?

But this is not all. We have learned two important lessons since the termination of hostilities:

1st, That the freedmen have no wish to emigrate to the North so long as they are protected in their old home from the illegal exactions and petty tyrannies of their former oppressors:

And, 2d, That the freedmen evince in every way an eager desire to be educated, which is in striking contrast to the wilful and persistent ignorance of the poor whites.

Now we do not contend that there is anything novel in the views which we have presented. Nor do we propose at this time to insist that any or all of these considerations establish conclusively the absolute right of the freedmen to exercise the elective franchise. This is an independent proposition, which we do not design to discuss in the present article. But what we do ask is, that conservative reasons for withholding from black men the civil rights which are freely extended to white men shall not be based upon theories which have been long since refuted, or enforced by arguments which savor strongly of injustice and inhumanity. The whole subject is too important, and involves issues too momentous, to be disposed of in the summary style which settled similar questions a few years ago. The blacks have at least earned the right to have their alleged claims fairly and fully presented for the deliberate and conscientious decision of a candid public.

Of course, this appeal for fair dealing in the consideration of the subject of negro suffrage is addressed only to honest, intelligent, and loyal conservatives. We desire no controversy on this point with disloyal people, North or South. Such men, whether they are classed with persistent and incorrigible rebels, or with workers and wire-pullers in a certain political party, are insensible to any claims of right and incapable of appreciating any arguments founded on natural justice. They have made up their issue, and seem willing to stand or fall by it. And this issue does not turn on the question of loyalty or disloyalty; of fidelity or faithlessness to the Constitution and the Union; of blood shed in defence or defiance of the Government; of ignorance or intelligence; but simply on the difference between a white and a black complexion. In other words, it is the old defence of slavery with a new application. It is an attempt to revive the infamous doctrine that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect. It is the last effort of defeated and dying despotism to regain by the arts of diplomacy what has been lost by an appeal to arms. It is the latest and not the most creditable phase of the ancient alliance between Northern conservatives and Southern slaveholders. It wholly ignores the origin, objects, and results of the war; the light shed by the progress of events upon the temper and tendency of slavery; and the inherent and invincible strength of free institutions. It appeals to the old spirit of domination in the South and submission in the North. It invokes the aid of such logic as is to be found in frequent allusions to long heels, woolly heads, black skins, and thick lips. If such a war as we have waged for four years has not disabused the loyal North of such palpable heresies as these, there is good ground for despairing of the republic.

GOVERNOR PERRY AT WASHINGTON.

Governor Perry has got back to South Carolina, and gave at Greenville, on the 1st day of August, a most interesting and instructive account of his visit to Washington. He started for the purpose of asking the President to appoint a Provisional Governor and restore civil government in the State, but on his way met a messenger with a commission appointing him Provisional Governor, so that when he got to Washington he was himself a living, moving, smoking, and probably chewing evidence that South Carolina had not been forgotten.

The effect of his arrival in the Capital on his English and his manners was most gratifying. A year ago, he would probably have talked of "sending a message to Andy Johnson to say he 'd like to see him." Now, however, he "sent a note to the President asking the honor of an interview." Not hearing anything in reply, he called on "Governor Dennison, Postmaster-General." This gentleman, according to Mr. Perry's account, seems to have been thrown into a sort of mild ecstasy by the sight of him, for "he obligingly ordered his carriage," and hurried off to the White House to see what was the matter. The note had not been received. So the President wrote to say he would receive Governor Perry and his friends at three o'clock in the White House, or, as Mr. Perry calls it, the "Executive mansion." It might be popularly supposed that Mr. Perry replied that he would be there at that hour. Nothing so vulgar. He wrote to say "that he would do himself the honor to call on His Excellency at the hour designated," and that he would be accompanied by eight friends, four of whom were "colonels," and the other four ordinary men.

When the "hour designated" arrived, Mr. Perry had of course much reason to feel troubled in his mind, because he had, just before he started on his journey, delivered the well known speech in which he declared that the rebellion was no rebellion at all, that there was nobody who felt "the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union more than he did," that the people of the South had won "immortal honors" during the war, "and that for his part he would not and could not ask his fellow-citizens to forget the past as far as the North was concerned." There was evidently some danger that "His Excellency" might not like this speech, and that he might make some disagreeable criticisms on it.

These dismal apprehensions were not realized. Mr. Johnson was everything that the Governor, the four colonels and four citizens could desire. He was "kind," "solicitous," "magnanimous." He impressed them with his "courtesy, dignity, and ability." His "views were those of a patriot and a statesman." His opinions on the subject of State rights "were identical with his (the Governor's) own." He scouted the idea of the general Government meddling with the State franchise. In fact, the party could hardly have had anything to say to each other, for no great thought had apparently ever been hatched in Mr. Perry's brain of which Mr. Johnson was not able to produce a duplicate on the spot.

On leaving the White House they called on Mr. Seward. Owing to the regrettable circumstance that Mr. Seward has no title, the Governor is obliged to call him Mr. Seward simply; but he found him charming —"kind," "cordial," and "gratified." Before seeing Mr. Seward they had seen Attorney-General Speed, who had cruelly expressed "surprise" and "mortification" at the Governor's speech, thereby, however, showing, as might be expected, that "he had only glanced at it," and, poor fellow, "did not comprehend the tone and temper of my (the Governor's) remarks." In Mr. Seward's bosom they found consolation for the Attorney-General's hard and worldly observations. The Secretary

of State knew exactly how it was. He had talked bunkum himself many a time, and knew what it was to have his bunkum criticized by cold, analytical outsiders. Said he, evidently in the charitable design of consoling his guest:

"I read your speech this morning attentively, and, considering the stand-point from which you make it, I think it a very good one. When I was Governor of New York, I used to make speeches which were very severely criticized in Charleston, and I said to myself, what the devil have the people of Charleston to do with my speech made in New York? I did not speak to them or for them, but to the people of New York. And I suppose, Mr. Perry, you intended your speech for South Carolina and not for Washington."

We think Mr. Seward might now very well ask, what had the people of Greenville to do with his speech to Mr. Perry?

Thus the whole matter was explained in a jiffy and to Mr. Perry's entire satisfaction. He had come on to Washington feeling a little uncomfortable about the speech; with a dim consciousness that he had better not have made it, and that it was a very disagreeable burden for a Provisional Governor to carry about; and that the utmost he could hope for in the Capital was that it would not be alluded to. We may imagine his surprise and delight, therefore, when the Secretary of State told him the flattering tale that it was all right; that political opinions are to be judged by the latitude and longitude in which they are uttered; and that when high functionaries applaud rebellion against the Government in Charleston, it is an impertinence for people in other places to pretend to hear them. What Mr. Perry's speech contains, it appears, was local truth, which is well known to be an entirely different thing from universal truth—truth prepared for the citizens of the spot, just as sherries are brandied in Spain for the American and English markets.

Leaving Mr. Seward, the party called on Mr. McCulloch, and had a delightful time. Much as they enjoyed themselves at the Executive Mansion and in the State Department, their gratification in these places was not to be compared to that which awaited them in the Treasury.

The particular barrel of comfort which Mr. McCulloch tapped for them does not appear, and in fact, as well as we can make out, it was less from what this gentleman said that Mr. Perry derived his happiness, than from the contemplation of his character, which the visitors seem to have laid bare in a few minutes. How long he was in their hands does not appear—we should imagine not more than an hour at the outside; but it will astonish Mr. McCulloch, no doubt, as much as it will gratify him, to know that Governor Perry was "very much pleased with him as a gentleman, a public officer, and a statesman." It will be admitted even by the most embittered of Governor Perry's detractors that a person who can discover the qualities of a high official, as "a gentleman, officer, and statesman," in the course of a morning call, must be a person of uncommon penetration.

We ought to mention that Governor Perry also announced that he had informed the President "that he would have the State ready, her constitution reformed, and her members of Congress elected by the first Monday in December." This, however, it must not be forgotten, was said in Greenville, and was addressed to the people of Greenville, and should any evil-minded critics in this part of the country attempt to make disagreeable comments on it, the Governor would doubtless now have his reply ready, that he intended his speech for South Carolina, "and what the devil had the people of the North to do with it?" Bunkum is clearly a great political force. Shallow theorists often speak disrespectfully of it; but on really great occasions, when a nation is laboring in the throes of a mighty social crisis, and its weightiest and most sacred interests are at stake, a little frank and hearty expression of contempt for the popular sense and perspicacity often works wonders.

SOMETHING NEW FROM THE STUMP.

General Howard, in his admirable and instructive address before the Maine Freedmen's Relief Association, a fortnight ago, said, in speaking of the possibility of the white and black races living together at the South in peace and unity:

"Let me tell you my method of solving the problem—how to rid ourselves of this prejudice. It is, get more of the spirit of Christ. That will substitute love for hate in our prejudices. But you will say, 'This is not practical; the love of Christ is not so wide-spread as to render this available.' Well, then, interest will do it."

Commenting on this, the New York *Times* says, in a spirit not, we admit, characteristic of the paper:

"Very unusual sort of talk, this, for the stump, and calculated, we fear, to be exceedingly distasteful to that wholesome public sentiment which turns with indifference from every species of sectarian shibboleth, and reprobates the needless introduction of religious considerations into secular discussions. If Gen. Howard could be transferred into some terribly-swearing department—some army of Flanders—he might be useful as a missionary. We do not, however, believe that his preaching will solve the great problem involved in the condition of the emancipated negro."

Now, in our opinion, many wise things as General Howard said in the course of his address, this was, perhaps, the wisest, for there is nothing more certain, historically, than that, during the last eighteen hundred years, no other agency has been so potential in enabling men of all races and conditions to dwell peaceably together, in effacing distinctions, and in diffusing the sense of human brotherhood, as this very "spirit of Christ." It overthrew slavery in the Roman Empire; it gave the first great impetus to the abolition of serfdom in modern Europe; and certainly, if it was not to the more general application of Christian teaching to the conduct of political and social life that we owed the commencement and the success of the emancipation movement in our day, we know not to what we did owe it. And, much importance as we attach to wise legislation and vigorous enforcement of the laws, we sincerely believe that the final and complete triumph of order and justice at the South, the general diffusion through the white population of a feeling of respect for the rights of negroes, and the permanent foundation on the ruins of slavery of a stable, orderly, peaceable, and prosperous society, will only come when the Southern people have imbibed more of the "spirit of Christ" than has yet fallen to their lot. Anybody who sets about reorganizing Southern society without recognizing this influence in his calculations, would prove himself not a statesman, but a charlatan. And it is because we desire to see this spirit do its work, and do it as speedily as possible, that we rejoice to see slaveholding brutality and violence restrained in the meantime by the strong arm of the law. No moral agency can act effectively on men who are allowed, day by day, to gratify their devilish passions, their hatred of weakness, their ferocious pride of race and color. Look at the case of the Virginia shoemaker of whom our correspondent speaks, who declares that nothing so moves him to "cut a nigger's throat from ear to ear" as to see him testifying in a court of justice. The first thing to be done with a barbarian of this sort is, of course, to restrain him from the commission of evil by the strong arm of the law, but what, we should like to know, will ever banish the anti-social passions from his heart, and give him a right sense of what he owes to his neighbor, if it be not the spirit of Christianity?

General Howard's language is, we admit, "very unusual sort of talk for the stump," and more is the pity. We dislike as much as anybody the practice of dragging in religious ideas or religious allusions to give weight and éclat to every trumpery proposition that may be propounded on the ordinary topics of the day, in the press or on the platform. But no discussion of the right or wrong of slavery, no inquiry into the claims of men, as men, to equality before the law, in which the teachings of Christianity are not acknowledged to be the final source of instruction and of confidence, can ever bear any real fruit. And no settlement of affairs at the South which is not in the eye of the people clothed with this supreme sanction, will, we fear, ever prove lasting or satisfactory, for no laws which are not supported by the moral sense of the community can ever be thoroughly efficient.

The trouble with Southern society in times past has been that it has been practically a pagan society. The separation between religion and morals in it has been all but complete; the restriction of men to custom as their sole rule of life, all but general. They had borrowed their political and social philosophy from heathen Rome, with simply a little tincture in it of the amenities of modern civilization. Aristotle and Cato furnished the sources from which Southern statesmen and patriarchs drew their social science, and probably nothing in modern times has done so much

to shake the hold of the church on what was best amongst the people, as the shameless facility with which she lent her sanction to plantation theories of human relations. So that it is now, and now only, that the social influence of Christian teaching can be fairly tried at the South, and we for our part are satisfied that the final pacification must come from it—from the thorough perception of the equality of men, and the thorough apprehension of the legal consequences which flow from it, which the modern world has derived from the diffusion of the spirit of Christ, and, we might almost say, from this alone.

COOLIE LABOR AT THE SOUTH.

THE *World* a few days ago made the following announcement:

"If the experiment of free negro labor does not hereafter work well in the cultivation of cotton, sugar, rice, and other staple Southern products, it is inevitable that the owners of large plantations South will try what can be done with coolie or Asiatic labor. It is probably known to many of our readers that, during the past ten years, large numbers of Hindoos and Chinamen have been induced to emigrate to Cuba, Trinidad, and British Guiana, under contracts to work, for a term of years, for stipulated sums. All accounts agree that the experiment has proved successful. The climate does not disagree with the Asiatics, whose labor is far more efficient than that of the freed negro.

"An effort is now making to introduce coolie labor into Jamaica."

The writer then quotes Trollope in proof of the success of the experiments in the British West Indies.

Let us commence by saying that Trollope's work on the West Indies, like his deceased mother's book on the United States, abounds in inaccurate statements, and is consequently very untrustworthy authority. So far as Jamaica is concerned, the writer of this article has had an experience of matters there which entitles him to say that most of the statements in that work should be taken *cum grano salis*, and that many of them are totally incorrect. Trollope spent only a few weeks in the island, which he visited on official duties in the post-office department of the imperial Government; and he was during the whole of that time engaged in travelling from place to place. He was everywhere the guest of the planters, from whom he derived all his information as to the state of affairs generally, and the character and condition of the blacks in particular. Such information would be of course colored by the peculiar prejudices of the dominant class; and he cannot therefore be regarded as a trustworthy guide in matters relating to Jamaica. We will not however content ourselves with mere assertion, but shall let facts speak.

At the time that Mr. Trollope wrote his book on the West Indies, it is true that strenuous efforts were being made to promote coolie emigration for the cultivation of the Jamaica sugar plantations, and that those efforts were encountering stout opposition both from a certain party in the colony and from another in England composed of the philanthropists of Exeter Hall. In view of the results of such emigration in British Guiana and Trinidad, Mr. Trollope thinks it "singular" that an attempt should be made to prevent it in the case of Jamaica. But he was either ignorant of the fact, or he suppressed it, that the experiment of coolie labor as a substitute for that of the negro had been already tried in Jamaica, and had proved a total and miserable failure. It was not more than three or four years after the emancipation of the blacks that the planters of that island fell upon the expedient of importing coolies to do the work of their plantations. Under legislative enactment an agency was established in India for collecting coolies and shipping them to Jamaica, and over ten thousand of these people were sent to the island and distributed among the planters. But it was soon discovered that most of them were totally unfit for agricultural labor, and upon enquiry it turned out that the majority of them had been hastily taken from the scum of the streets of Calcutta and Madras, and shipped off to the West Indies. All that the agent and his subordinates seemed to have cared about was their head-money; the more coolies they shipped, the more pay they got; and in their greed of gain they foisted upon the colony a lot of worthless people. The planters found that they had committed a great mistake. The coolies were either turned off the plantations or left to wander whithersoever they pleased without any restraint, and to find subsistence as best they might. The consequences were most deplorable. The poor wretches were soon found infesting the streets and the highways, living by mendicancy, and large numbers of them perished miserably.

Meanwhile the island had been burdened, through the experiment, with a debt of nearly two millions of dollars, that became a charge upon the general revenue, to which the freed negroes were compelled to contribute as well as the planters. Undeterred, however, by the bitter experience of the past, at the period when Mr. Trollope visited Jamaica, the planters, still bent upon obtaining cheap labor, were agitating for a renewal of the experiment that had already so lamentably failed. There were those, both in Jamaica and in England, who had not forgotten the upshot of the first trial. They opposed the scheme, but were unsuccessful in their opposition; and it was ultimately decided, after two years of agitation, that the experiment should be again tried, under, professedly, more stringent regulations than at first—provision being made, among other things, that two-thirds of the expense should be borne by the planters. And what has been the result? This time an agent, specially selected with a view to his fitness for the work, was sent out from Jamaica to India; ships were chartered, and about four thousand coolies were sent over to the island in the space of three years. Then the planters suddenly discovered that there was no longer any need of coolie laborers, that the expense attendant upon the scheme was too heavy for them to bear, and that the negro laborers were preferable to the Asiatic. The agent was summarily recalled; and for nearly two years past, not a single coolie emigrant has been landed on the shores of Jamaica. The greater portion of those now on the island will have to be sent back to India, after fulfilling the terms of their indentures; and when the last of them shall have left for his native land, it will be found that the island has incurred a debt little short of four millions of dollars through the twice-repeated experiment, without having reaped any benefit in return for such a large outlay of money.

As to Cuba, we shall say nothing here, for coolie emigration there is, we fear, only another name for slavery; but with regard to Demerara and Trinidad it cannot be denied that in those colonies the experiment has to all appearance worked successfully. But for this two reasons may be assigned, not operating in the case of Jamaica. First, in both of those countries population is much more sparse than in Jamaica. With a territory four or five times as large, Demerara, according to the last census, has little more than one-third the population of Jamaica; and Trinidad, which is about half the size of her sister island, has barely one-fourth the population of Jamaica. In both these colonies, then, labor is scarce; but in Jamaica, with fair wages and regular payments, it can be had in abundance. Second, the experiment has been conducted with a different system of management from that which obtains in Jamaica. Demerara and Trinidad are what are called "crown colonies." Their legislatures are not elective bodies, chosen by suffrage in the colony, but are composed of nominees of the crown; and thus the imperial Government exercises a more direct and influential control over their affairs than is possible in the case of Jamaica, where the popular voice is represented, or supposed to be represented, in the legislature. In those colonies, therefore, the regulations under which coolie emigration is conducted have been framed in strict compliance with the instructions of the Colonial Minister for the time being, and these were of a nature to ensure the most ample protection for the emigrant laborer. In the case of Jamaica, on the contrary, almost everything has been left in the hands of the local legislature, and the planters have resented, as an arbitrary and unjustifiable interference with the authority and power of the employer, and a gross reflection upon their humanity and sense of justice, any attempt on the part of the imperial Government to apply the same rules to them as to the other two colonies. The results have proved that the conduct of such an experiment as the one in question ought never to have been entrusted to them. We have said that the scheme of employing coolie labor has, apparently, succeeded in Demerara and Trinidad; but the fact is, that both those colonies are now burdened with enormous debts incurred for this Asiatic emigration; and it is notorious that since Trollope wrote his book on the West Indies a sad reaction has taken place in the fortunes of the latter. What the end will be of a system of labor so utterly at variance with all known laws of political economy, remains yet to be seen.

In Jamaica, the second trial of the scheme promises to be as disastrous as the first, although it has been made under all the advantages of the experience derived from that by the planters and the legislature. From a recent number of the *Falmouth Post*, a newspaper published on the north side of the island, we find that vagrancy and destitution are again common among the coolies in Jamaica:

"The parish of St. James is not the only one in the county of Cornwall in which there is a vast amount of destitution among immigrants that have been imported from the East Indies. In the towns and rural districts of Trelawney, Hanover, and Westmoreland, many of these people, covered with sores, almost naked, and apparently in a starving condition, wander about asking for alms. Some of them, it is supposed, are deserters from the properties of their employers, and others, having terminated their contracts of service, depend upon chance for their subsistence. The sub-agent, whose duty it is to look after, neglects them; and we have reason to believe that much of their unserviceableness and vagrancy is the result of this culpable neglect. This is a fact to which we respectfully direct the attention of His Excellency the Governor and the members of the Executive Committee. What is to become of these miserable creatures, who, whatever be their faults, ought not to be left to shift for themselves?"

Commenting on this, the *County Union*, another Jamaica newspaper, says:

"Let the Governor enquire now, and he will find a miserable coolie in the county jail, sent there for no crime whatever—sent there upon the wanton caprice of Mr. Rawlins (the sub-agent)—sent there without trial or offence—sent there to work out that cold-blooded inhumanity of which every act of his is redolent. This poor wretch is, and has been for some time past, a mere anatomy of bone, covered by as sunken a proportion of skin as the human frame can exist in. He is scarce able to crawl—scarce able to lift hand to mouth to keep himself alive with offal picked up in the streets, or thrown from the yard in which turtle is prepared for exportation. We have seen him contest a meal with the carrion-crows, fighting for the refuse bones with raw flesh on them, and if the police were examined on the man's case, and chose to speak the truth, his sores had maggots on them when he was taken up! This," adds the *Union*, "shows what can be done in a country where slavery and the whip have been abolished."

PERSONAL CONTROVERSY.

The intermittent disputes of Mr. Thurlow Weed and of Mr. Horace Greeley must be painful to the friends of these gentlemen. Nor are they creditable to the character of the newspaper press. We believe no man who knows him can sincerely doubt the perfect personal integrity, the scrupulous veracity, and the catholic benevolence of the editor of the *Tribune*. Mr. Weed, during his long career as a political leader, has made many friends and many enemies. Whether deservedly or not, he has the reputation of being a man of intrigue; and if parties are to be managed, as we suppose they must be while parties exist, nobody can bring to the work greater dexterity than Mr. Weed has frequently displayed. Mr. Greeley, on the other hand, is not a good party tactician. Perhaps he is too honest; certainly, he has too little control over a temper naturally violent. When he is angry, and he is often angry, he can no more keep a secret than he can live without breathing. When engaged in a dispute he rarely stops to cull nice phrases, and he has an uncomfortable habit of giving the lie direct, which, if generally adopted in social intercourse, would occasion the breaking of many heads and the blacking of many eyes. In one of his recent replies to Mr. Weed, he speaks of "that shameful, pernicious, systematic traffic in legislation, franchises, grants, and immunities whereby Thurlow Weed has become rich and infamous." This is perfectly plain speaking. Thersites himself could not have improved upon it. Mr. William Cobbett never blackguarded in a more bouncing style. Mr. Weed retorts that Mr. Greeley is "ambitious, selfish, and false," and intimates that he is also "a howling demagogue." We see no end of the controversy, except in the death of one of the combatants; and yet we should be very glad to see it stopped at once. With the private quarrels of men, privately conducted, we have nothing to do; but when they fill up the columns of our newspapers, to the exclusion of much more agreeable and profitable matter, and seek to make every reader a party in the affray, we begin to ask ourselves if these hatreds and misunderstandings are of sufficient consequence to the public to be paraded in large and leaded type and served up to us with the morning muffins. If the public does relish the acrimony of the contest, it is a question whether the relish can be considered a healthy one. We are not aware that literary is any more respectable than physical pugilism; and a scolding match in the newspapers is no better than a scolding match in a fish-market. We may chuckle at the scientific style in which Mr. Greeley belabors Mr. Weed, and at the pluck with which the latter counters the heavy blows; but after all, the spectacle of two such men thus engaged is not a pleasant one. Generally a third and sometimes a fourth party manages to enter the field; the fight becomes more furious as it becomes more extensive, until, after a rainy season of left-handed compliments and of effervescent cards, the "scrimmage" is brought to a welcome conclusion by general consent. It reminds one of the battle royal in poor Kit Smart's play:

> "Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
> The barber beats the luckless collier *white*;
> The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
> And, big with vengeance, beats the barber *black*;
> In comes the brick-dust man with grime o'erspread,
> And beats the collier and the barber *red*;
> Black, red, and white in various clouds are tossed,
> And in the dust they raise the combatants are lost."

It is a curious fact, that for many years the bitterest struggles in this State should have been between members of the same party, who, according to sound policy and the sheerest prudence, should have agreed like Dr. Watts' birds in their little nest. It does not give one a lofty idea of a political organization to hear a moiety of its members calling the other rogues. Family disputes are always scandalous, and there is nothing better settled, as a mere matter of taste, than that people should wash their dirty linen at home. Parties are created for the public benefit; not that this man may be made a governor and the other a senator, not that Mr. Weed may get rich, not that Mr. Greeley may become famous, but that public affairs may be prudently managed and sound legislation promoted. The revelations which are remorselessly made when politicians fall out, only serve to disgust honest men with the whole machinery of party, and to alienate them from that participation in public affairs which is the duty of every citizen. If parties are mainly controlled by the ambitious, the selfish, and the false; if they necessitate corruption and trickery; if they cannot go on without practices of an exceedingly questionable character, then men who wish to keep their hearts from hardening and their hands from uncleanness, will resolutely remain in a private station and leave the country to take care of itself. What, indeed, could give a foreign observer a lower idea of our politics, and of the prospects of the country, than this very quarrel which has just been spicing the New York newspapers? Here are two gentlemen, each of them a prominent Republican, each of them a recognized leader of his party, each of them exercising a great influence in nominations, in elections, and in legislation, and each over his own signature declares the other to be dishonest, ambitious, selfish, and false. It is melancholy to consider.

But we have determined not to interfere with the subject matter of this controversy. It is so literally none of our business, that we feel it to be a point of good breeding to keep scrupulously aloof from it. But with the manner of the battle we have something to do; and we beg leave most seriously and respectfully to suggest to both these gentlemen the propriety of settling their private disputes by a private correspondence. It is true that they have newspapers at command, and the readers of those newspapers are quite at their mercy. But the public, we fancy, will be better satisfied, and the newspapers in the long run quite as prosperous, if their editorial columns are devoted to matter more instructive though not quite so entertaining.

TRAITORS AND TREASON.

Chancellor Oxenstiern's remark as to the small amount of wisdom that goes to the government of men is often quoted, and with effect, there being few things more foolish than most attempts that are made by governments to do good, or to prevent the occurrence of evils. But if the Swedish statesman had seen fit to pursue the subject that was in his mind when he warned his son of the follies of governors, he might have added that the governed were generally as foolish as their

governors. There is hardly an error of rulers, or of parties, which is not the reflection of popular sentiment. Were it not so, the history of government would not be the history of blunders diversified by crimes.

If we look at the history of treason, we shall find that the view generally taken of that offence by mankind is scarcely compatible with belief in their sanity. The law visits treason with the severest denunciations, and certainly those who have administered the law have often been severe even to savageness in their treatment of traitors. The sentences passed upon persons guilty of treason in England, down to quite a recent date, were as filthy as they were fierce, and would have disgraced the Aztecs when Cortes first visited them. The object seems to have been to degrade and to insult the condemned, and to cause them to feel, as it were, pain after death. Few men have the indifference of Diogenes to their remains, and most of us love to associate "solemn and lovely images" with the place of our last and long repose. We think of the grave as if we could be conscious of unconsciousness. Taking advantage of this peculiarity, those who have aimed to make the bitterness of death doubly bitter to persons convicted of treason, have accumulated posthumous horrors for their annoyance. One of the charges against Jeffreys is, that he "always appeared to be in a higher state of exhilaration when he explained to Popish priests [convicted of having been concerned in the Popish plot] that they were to be cut down alive, and were to see their own bowels burned, than when he passed ordinary sentences of death." The foulest of murderers was never made to suffer such punishment as was apportioned to traitors, who often have been persons likely to feel insult far more than pain, treason being, so far at least as concerns the leaders in it, the crime of gentlemen. The famous statute adopted in the reign of Henry VII., by which adherents of the king *de facto* were secured against the pains and penalties of treason, was made necessary by the severity with which the parties to the Wars of the Roses had visited their foes, as each party in its turn became triumphant. Another such generation of civil warfare as that which preceded the decision on Bosworth Field, and the English patriciate would have shared the fate of that of Rome. It would have become an extinct order. And the English lived in constant dread of the renewal of the war for the succession to the throne throughout the entire existence of the Tudor dynasty (1485–1603). This protecting statute was construed so closely that it was not allowed to save the regicides, after the Restoration, though they had adhered to the existing government, and their cases seem fairly to have been within the equity of the act; but as a rule that statute did much to mitigate the evils of the laws against treason, and that it was found necessary to enact it shows not only the profound effect which a long and bloody contest had produced on the English mind, but the extreme severity with which the crime of treason was punished. Executions for treason were numerous under the Tudor dynasty, but they were far less numerous than they would have been had not the law adopted in the reign of the founder of the dynasty confined treason to the adhesion to parties that should seek to overthrow a king in possession. Had Cromwell made himself king, and then caused Charles I. to be put to death, after trial, no member of the High Court of Justice could have been punished legally in England on the restoration of the House of Stuart.

But while the crime of treason has been so severely regarded by the general law, and it has been found necessary to soften that severity by the passage of a statute, the adoption of which makes an era in English history, public sentiment has taken exactly the opposite view of the crime. It is not too much to say that, with the majority of mankind, treason has been in a certain sense a popular crime—that is to say, traitors have never been regarded with that horror in which men hold murderers, fire-raisers, and others who are guilty of great offences against laws that protect life and property. Exceptions there are to this rule, but of the existence of the rule itself there can be no doubt. Some very peculiar specimens of the class of traitors are mostly spoken of with horror, but in every such case there is to be found something exceptional. Catiline is a representative man of these unpopular traitors, but the place he has in history, and in opinion, is owing chiefly to the denunciations of Cicero, whose orations enter so largely into the education of youth, but partly to the mystery that envelops the man and his designs, and which affords room for thinking the worst of him and his aims. Benedict Arnold is another traitor who is almost invariably painted in black; but there was something so very mean in his doings, and André's fate was so affecting, that we are at no loss to fix accurately his unpopularity. Yet even Catiline has found defenders and Arnold apologists. Look at the case of Sir Edward Digby. He was engaged in a conspiracy that had in view the most comprehensive plan of assassination ever formed. A dynasty and a legislature were to be blown out of existence in a moment; and a great revolution, it was hoped by the conspirators, would follow from the success of their plot. That plot came very near being successful. But Sir Edward Digby is seldom spoken of as a great criminal—never, indeed, is he spoken of as he would have been spoken of had he been engaged in a plot to commit murder. The purity of his character, and the unselfishness of his conduct, and the fortitude with which he met his fate, are points on which most writers dwell, while they have little more than matter-of-course condemnation for his crime. It is plain to be seen that his doings excited no horror, and we know that his family did not lose consideration because of his part in a conspiracy that stands quite unrivalled for its comprehensive wickedness, and which might have produced the worst effects on the course of the world for the last two hundred and sixty years. He had, as well was said, aimed to "murder a kingdom in its representatives." Yet he died in the firm conviction that he had done no wrong in the sight of heaven, and was both surprised and grieved when he heard that his conduct was condemned by Catholics. He admitted his offence against human law, but he could not be convinced that he had offended God. Such was the view of treason taken by one of the bravest gentlemen of England, and a man of whose personal purity there is no room to doubt; and public sentiment has substantially sustained his own estimate of his action.

That treason has not usually been considered a disgraceful crime, we see by reference to the history of the British nobility. Leaving aside houses that have been ennobled during the last five generations, there are few noble families in Great Britain that have not contributed victims to the scaffold. Howards, Seymours, Percys, Russells, Sydneys, Capels, Radcliffes, Greys, Campbells, Grahames, Devereux, Courtenays, Boleyns, Stanleys, Dudleys, Elphinstones, Wentworths, Vanes, Coles, Staffords, Douglases, Ruthvens, and many other noble families, have seen some of their number perish by the hand of the headsman. But this has happened without bringing any of the disgrace upon the connexions of the victims. And why the difference? Because the world does not look upon treason as it looks upon other crimes of the first magnitude; and the noble personages alluded to were traitors merely, and not murderers or robbers. There is not an old patrician house in Britain which is not proud of the fact that some of its members died on the scaffold for treason, and this without reference to the motives of the gentlemen who were beheaded. For it is necessary to complete the honor of traitors that they should die by steel, and not by the cord. A rope in the family line would not be colored by "all the blood of all the Howards," but the axe is a welcome weapon to every noble mansion. The slightest touch of the hangman causes degradation. The hardest blow of the headsman is as ennobling as of old was the blow from some knightly sword for good services well rendered on a stricken field. The crime committed is never thought of—the mode of punishment is all that is considered. The sovereign in England has generally, when the criminals have been of noble blood, remitted all the worse penalties of treason, and allowed the traitors to perish by simple decapitation. This he has done from the abundance of his grace, for in law the high-born traitor stands no higher than the lowest of his low-born associates. There has been little of grace exhibited to the herd of traitors, who have stretched hemp, while their instigators and leaders have made the acquaintance of "dull blocks and sharp axes." Both leaders and followers have excited pity, not hatred, and more indignation has often been vented on one murderer than on a score of traitors, whose action had caused ten thousand deaths, and misery incalculable.

It is to be observed, as a sort of commentary on men's lenity in the cases of traitors, that treason mostly includes, because it causes to be committed, all those crimes which men hold in especial abhorrence. Murders, rapes, robberies, arson, theft, and miscellaneous violence, are the accompaniments of treason, if it be committed on a tolerably large

scale. It is because treason leads to all these crimes being committed, and to general insecurity, that it is so terrible an offence. Take the grand treason that has been committed in this country by the secessionists: the crime against the republic is of the highest grade, and the highest punishment should be inflicted on those who took the lead in its perpetration. But we could afford to forgive them that offence, were it not for the misery which it has brought on millions of people. The Southern States have been desolated in many parts, and that "section" has been thrown back for years. Sources of wealth that had excited the world's admiration have been dried up, and some of them it will be difficult to open again. An enormous debt—a debt quite unparalleled, when we note the short time of its creation—has been brought upon the country; and to pay that debt will cause the industry of the country to be burdened throughout the present century. The silent misery that is caused by the existence of a great national debt is altogether beyond calculation. It defies the gatherer of statistics to say what evil is done by the gatherer of taxes. Life has been made much harder by the occurrence of the civil war. Thousands of families that lived easily before the war now find it difficult to live at all. The measures which it was found necessary to take to combat the rebels—measures affecting the currency, for example—have prodigiously appreciated the cost of everything, and the change seems to be assuming a permanent character. The evil effect of this may be partially imagined, but it defies description. All feel it, but none can adequately tell the story of their sufferings. And these changes for the worse, and others that have taken place, are all owing to the action of a few men who had no cause to be disaffected with the order of things that existed in 1860, and which had prevailed for seventy years, and under which an amount of prosperity had been enjoyed such as no other country had ever before known.

That treason, the greatest of all crimes, and the cause of most other crimes of violence, should be as lightly regarded as it is by many people here as well as in Europe, is to be attributed to two reasons. In the first place, the law of treasons has been most terribly abused in all old countries. It has been the agency through which bad governments have often rid themselves of inconvenient critics of their proceedings, or by resort to which they have been able to plunder wealthy subjects. Much of that historical literature which forms a portion of our mental food is devoted to the denunciation of tyrants who have employed treason laws to effect the most heinous of purposes. We get many of our notions concerning treason from historians who have written of sovereigns like some of the Roman emperors, who certainly did make a horrible use of the crime of majesty. In England, the history of which country is most familiar to Americans, the abuse of the laws against treason, and their shocking perversion by wicked judges, were as bad as anything that is to be found in the Roman annals. We never think of treason in Rome without also thinking of Tiberius and Sejanus. We never think of treason in England without also thinking of James and Jeffreys. Delation and the Bloody Assize are inextricably associated in our minds with treason; and the conclusion to which this association leads us is prejudicial to the demands of justice. We would rather that all traitors should escape than that our name should be associated with that of bad governments. In the second place, it is not to be disputed that many men who have died on the scaffold as traitors were good men, who sought good ends. They were traitors only in a technical sense, or were condemned to death through the abuse of law by bad tribunals, or through the abuse of power by bad kings or ministers. When such men as Henry Vane, Lord Russell, and Algernon Sydney were condemned as traitors, and suffered accordingly, it is idle to expect that the mere word traitor can be made to move men against the person who bears it; and when they know that if George Washington had failed, and been taken prisoner, he too would have been executed as a traitor, since, technically, though not morally, a traitor he would have been. Were half a dozen good and great men to be executed on the charge of murder, of which it was notorious they were innocent, even the crime of murder would lose much of the horror with which it is now regarded. Doubts would exist in all save the most palpably clear cases of the justice of every conviction for murder that should take place, after such abuses of the law had been witnessed, and convicted persons would be allowed the benefits of all such doubts by the world.

Correspondence.

CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The remarks of the author of "Classical and Scientific Studies" in your last number seem to me at once sensible and practical. They are directed against an evil which does not exist at Harvard alone. It is a fault at Yale, and it is my impression that it exists to a great degree in nearly every one of our colleges. The course of preparatory study has been too entirely classical, giving young men a distaste for mathematical and scientific studies if they inclined to the classics, and a distaste for all study if they were put exclusively upon the classics, when their tastes were for other studies; so that, beyond the competition for honors, they have no enthusiasm in study. And whatever may be the theories of mental discipline, it is a fact patent to common sense that boys will not study heartily what they are not interested in; but allowing them to begin with studies which they like, under judicious direction, their tastes are enlarged, and by-and-bye they cheerfully engage in studies which at first seemed irksome. The cramming mill through which boys are pushed at the two leading classical academies in Massachusetts (Andover and East Hampton), I can testify from personal observation, does not expand or discipline the mind so generally and so well as those less noted schools where more play and variety are given to individual minds.

I agree, too, most heartily with the writer in his suggestion that the maximum amount of Latin and Greek required for entering college might safely be diminished "by at least one-third," and in place of it there might be "a very stiff examination in physical science." This would engage and interest and develop a larger number of minds. It would give each one who had any aptitude for study a chance to make himself strong in his specialty; it would give all a fairer presentation at the doors of the college. But, further, it would correct a most lamentable failure in college instruction. Boys going in college now are chiefly engaged in Latin, Greek, and mathematics for Freshman and Sophomore year. In this those who like these studies are tolerably successful. But this will comprise hardly more than one-third of the class. Another third will be those who have no special *animus* for them—but engage in them because it is the only way to a college "sheep-skin." The rest are those who are in danger of being plucked at every examination, and many of whom, with a different arrangement of preparatory and earlier college studies, might have stood respectably. They are the unfortunates of this partial and traditional course of study. But the failure of discipline to these minds is not all. When the junior year arrives, the study of the physical sciences begins. There is a little chemistry, a little astronomy, a great deal of natural philosophy, together with a little French and German by way of variety; and the rest of the study of the physical sciences is accomplished by the lecture system, consisting of elaborate, able, and interesting lectures from such men as Dana, Silliman, Newton, and Loomis at Yale, delivered to a class of young men numbering a hundred perhaps, not twenty-five of whom know more than the A, B, C of the sciences, if they do that. The tutors to whom the care of these physical studies is assigned are men elected to office for their attainments in the classics; they know little more than the students themselves about these studies; they presuppose a knowledge of them in the class before them; they do not, therefore, say a word to interest those who know nothing of the subject in its study; it is a simple recitation of the text-book; and a large part of the class, finding these studies so different from the classics, which they have learned to like, turn from chemistry and astronomy in disgust, making them only *memoriter* exercises (as the historian Prescott did his mathematics at Harvard), and thus defeating the very object of their study. The tutors are not the men to teach these studies, unless they are those who had an aptness for them in college; the time given to them is inadequate; there are no brief and attractive explanations before entering on the study, such as every true teacher would give his pupils; the students themselves are not prepared in the class-room for receiving in full the rich expositions of the lecture-room; and the final result of the entire study of the physical sciences as at present pursued at Yale is a failure, nay, more, it is a sham. It is a wrong to the students and an insult to the able men who lecture. In the scientific department of the college, these studies are conducted in a rational way. This entire failure might be amended by the study of these branches in the preparatory course, and by placing live, active, healthy, enthusiastic men in the tutorial chairs—men who, first of all, are manly, and, next, who know something besides Latin and Greek—men who can secure the respect and fidelity of the class they instruct at once by their geniality and faithfulness and ability. There are such men in every

class, who, though excellent scholars, do not take the valedictory, but with a singular blindness they are seldom chosen to these most important posts.

But I hope the day will soon be gone when such failures as these can be reported in our first literary institutions. The press is doing a noble work in urging on the study of the physical sciences. Herbert Spencer's writings have not been without their effect. The more general attention now paid to these pursuits, and the demand for them now made in educated men, will both hasten the change, and with that change we may reasonably hope for a more successful and no less disciplinary college curriculum.

In this change, however, there is a danger, now increasing at Yale, in crowding the college course with too many branches of study. This might be urged for the exclusion of these physical studies, only they are imperatively demanded by the age. But the difficulty is, that some of our larger institutions are ambitious of loading the simple college system with all the attractions of an English university; and this, so long as the college system is adhered to, *may* result in so crowding the four years of collegiate study as to turn men out mere smatterers in everything, even as it now turns out (and perhaps ever will) its best scholars excellently furnished in nearly everything but a knowledge of common things. J. H. W.

CHESHIRE, Conn.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

VII.

LIBERTY, VA., Aug. 17, 1865.

THE little village of Appomattox Court-House, distant from Lynchburg about twenty-five miles, is situated on low ground at the source of the Appomattox River, and in a district devoted exclusively to farming. It is, therefore, small even among Virginian towns, containing, besides the court-house and a jail in ruins, only some twenty or thirty buildings, mostly the dwellings of farmers; but small as it is, no other collection of houses in all the county so well merits the name of town. It boasts one hotel and one country store, the stock of goods in the latter sadly needing to be replenished. During the time of my visit, both of these buildings were pretty constantly occupied by men who seemed to have no other business on their hands than to lounge in some easy attitude chewing tobacco and talking to each other, or watching across the muddy road and pools of rain water the movements of the soldiers quartered opposite in the court-house yard. In the country parts of Virginia I have seen at one time and another hundreds of white men, and I doubt if I have seen in all more than ten men engaged in labor of any sort. At the store or tavern of every village just such a group of idlers is sure to be found. In accounting for these assemblages, the fact that apple brandy is always for sale by the glass at such places can hardly be considered a sufficient cause, apple brandy being exceedingly abundant in all this region, as nearly every farmer has a still in operation on his own premises. It is to the custom of the country, which throws all work upon the negroes, that the general idleness must in great part be attributed, and in part also, I suppose, to the unsettled condition of public and private affairs, which furnishes to every man a wide and fertile field for conjecture and conversation.

Within musket-shot of the court-house and the store is the range of low hills where Lee's army was drawn up on the morning of its surrender; on a parallel ridge was the centre of Grant's line of battle; and in the valley between, the town's people point out the spot where the commanders met for conference. It is marked by a deep hole, made by the relic-hunters, who have dug up even the roots of the tree beneath which the generals met. At the invitation of Mr. McLean I visited his house, and sat for a while in the parlor where the articles of capitulation were signed.

Nearly all the furniture which it then contained has been taken away by people anxious to possess some memento of the famous transaction. Tables, chairs, vases, fans, pens, books, everything small and great that could be removed from the room, were eagerly bought, or appropriated without purchase, by enthusiastic visitors. All the movables were exhausted, while yet the demands of the curiosity-seekers were unsatisfied. The standish which the generals used happened to be overturned, and a splash of ink was left upon the window-seat and wall. Urgent requests were repeatedly made for permission to cut out the stained wood and plaster, but this one remembrancer of the event, it having thus become part and parcel of the real estate, Mr. McLean has been able to keep for himself. His other souvenirs of the war are less pleasing, for they consist chiefly of negroes set free, lands abandoned, and houses and barns destroyed in the early campaigns. "Yes, sir," he said to me, "I was the alpha and omega of this contest—the beginning and the end. The first battle of Bull Run, as you call it, was fought on my plantation, and it was in my house that General Lee surrendered his army. But my first state was far worse than my last. At the time of the surrender I escaped all molestation. I could overhear your soldiers saying, 'Well, boys, we can afford to let this old fellow alone; he 's seen about enough of it.' It was true; I had seen plenty to satisfy me, and I may say that I was truly thankful that the thing was all over." So far as I could learn none of the villagers suffered at all in person or property at the hands of the Union army, but, on the contrary, its occupation of their district was an advantage to them; for no fighting of any consequence took place in the neighborhood, and when the soldiers of the two armies marched away, they left behind many cows and horses, which of course came into the possession of the people. The requisitions of rebel collecting agents had left the country almost bare of animals fit for the plough or for carting, and the supply of horses thus obtained was very seasonable. The Government has made known its intention of not calling in these animals, at least for the present; and, furthermore, in pursuance of the same benevolent policy, has recently been selling a large number of mules and cavalry horses at Lynchburg. Some of the animals are nearly worthless, but many of them are valuable, and all are cheap; and these sales will doubtless enable the farmers much more easily to get this year's produce to a market, and to prepare a much greater breadth of land for the new wheat crop than they otherwise could.

The town of Liberty, the county seat of Bedford, lies nearly west of Lynchburg on the line of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. I made the journey by rail, and though the iron of the track was much worn, the rolling stock seemed to be in very good order, and we passed over the twenty-four miles between the two towns very comfortably at the rate of ten miles an hour. The fare charged was eight cents a mile. The town, which contains no more than six or seven hundred inhabitants, is very prettily situated on high rolling hills that command fine views in every direction, and particularly where in the north-west, ten miles away, are the blue Peaks of Otter, with the cultivated green slopes at their feet. Half the male population was at the depot to witness the arrival of our train—the one event that breaks the monotony of the day.

In company with an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau I climbed the hill to the main street of the town, and made my way to the court-house. Here are the offices of the provost-marshal of the county and his subordinates, and of the sergeant who acts as local superintendent of freedmen's affairs. The basement of the large court-house is occupied by attorneys' offices, and the first floor is reached by means of a high flight of stone steps. Four stone pillars ornament the front of the building, and are themselves adorned by circulars and printed orders of various Union generals. In one corner of the empty court-room the sergeant had set up his desk, and near it I sat down and watched for an hour the transaction of business. A good many people came in—now it was an old farmer who entered, dressed in an oddly cut, shrunken suit of homespun, wearing a spur on one heel or carrying in his hand a short whip made of leather thongs plaited together; now it was a negro, hat in hand, with a question or a grievance or a request for transportation; now it was a citizen who came in to hear what decision had been made in reference to the case of a friend, or to vouch for the friend's good character, or, more likely, to spend an idle half-hour in a busy place; or a soldier walked listlessly in and out again.

One rough-looking old farmer ties his horse at the foot of the steps and, coming up, enquires for the "provo." His business relates to negroes, and the sergeant tells him that he has charge of all negroes in Bedford County, and will hear what he has to say.

"Two o' my niggers, sir, out thar on my place, are roamin' about and refusin' to work in any shape or manner, and I've come in this mornin' to see if anything kin be done."

"You want to get them back to your farm?"

"Yes, sir; they 'd ought to be thar. Both of 'em 's got a fahmly thar—women and children—and I have to feed 'em reg'lar, and I want the men to come back and work."

"Have they been at work for you?"

"Yes, they begun this spring, but about a fortnight ago they quit; say 'they 'll be dogged if they 'll work for me any mo',' and walked off and left their fahmly with me."

"Are they at work anywhere else?"

"I can't say; reckon not. Oh, no, they a' n't goin' to work; not while their women folks take my corn to feed 'em. The women feed 'em."

"Have you been paying any wages?"

"Well, they get what the other niggers get. I a' n't payin' great wages this year, an' I a' n't doin' any great work—makin' a little corn 's about all. But they 'd ought to be whar their fahmly is. One o' the women's no good

to me, and they 've both got children to feed, an' they can't take care of 'em without the men. The men agreed to stay on the place."

"Well, what do you want us to do?"

"Well, I thought like enough you 'd give me a guard to bring 'em back."

"I have n't any horses, and I can't send men out afoot to hunt up your darkies. They ought to be at home supporting their wives and children, of course; but I guess if the truth was known they 've got plenty of wives and children in other places as well as there."

"Like enough they may, but I know these women belong to 'em. They 're hanging round the quarters pretty often, for I've seen 'em, and talked to 'em. 'T a' nt fur out."

"Say, sergeant," said a soldier, "I'll go out with the old man."

"Will you go? All right, you know what to say to them. It 's just a chance if you get hold of them, though."

"Oh, they 'll be thar. They 'll know I'm away from home to-day."

The old man and the soldier walked off together, and probably the negroes are now at work on the plantation, for whenever they are not brought too closely in contact with the soldiers, so as to receive ill treatment from the badly disposed men who are to be found in every company, they pay unhesitating obedience and respect to a soldier's advice and command. Such, at least, is the testimony given by military men quartered in the country places.

Soon a planter of a better class came in to find out if he could not discharge his negroes. Of course they did n't work to his satisfaction, he said; there was nothing to make them work; employers could n't punish their servants, he believed; punish a negro, and he immediately dropped his hoe and set off for the Yankees. He could manage his negroes if he could have leave to punish them, otherwise they managed themselves, and no work was done.

The sergeant informed him that punishment was not permitted, and probably would not be.

"So I supposed. Well, will the Government take them off our hands? I 'm sure I do n't want mine any longer. I can't feed them, and I do n't want to be bothered with them. They are free, and the Government ought to take them, or it ought to give the employers such power as would enable them to control the negroes and make them work. At any rate, a good part of mine are unable to work, and Government ought to take them."

"Were the negroes on your place at work for you this spring?"

"Yes, they are what I owned."

"Did you make any contract with them?"

"No, I told them to stay and keep on with their work. They were there, and there appeared to be nothing else to do with them. I should have been very glad to have had them go; their work has n't paid for their food."

"You 'll have to keep them on the plantation, sir, for the present. We can't take them until we get different orders in reference to this whole matter. The Government has no place for them, and if they 've worked on your crops all the year so far, I guess they 've got a claim on you to keep them a while longer. At any rate, I can't do anything about it. We 'll do what we can to make them work for you while they stay, but they can't be moved."

The planter went out with every appearance of dissatisfaction, and as he passed out of hearing, the sergeant remarked:

"We have lots of those cases now. That man, now, has worked his niggers till he 's made all his crops, and when his year's work 's done he wants to get shut of 'em."

A very good-looking mulatto man had been standing near the desk while this colloquy was going on, and listened to it with a great deal of interest. In dress he was quite a dandy; his waistcoat and trowsers were snow-white, and he wore a long-skirted uniform coat, that had formerly belonged to some Confederate officer, for it was still garnished with the interdicted buttons. When his turn came to speak, he said that he was a deputy from a number of negroes living out in the country, and that he came in to ask two or three questions.

"All right, go ahead, and ask them."

"Is it true, sir, I hear, sir, that all we colored folks is a goin' to be hired out for five years? I said no, I did n't believe it, but I am informed we is; that 's to be the law."

"No, it a' n't true. You can hire yourselves out for as long as you want to —one year or two years. You can hire out for five years if you like, but nobody 's going to make you. If you can get a good place, I recommend you to hire for as long a time as you can."

"Yes, sir. Well, I got the rights of that, anyhow. Now, sir, some of we would wish to hire land to work for ourself, or, perhaps, buy a piece of ground, and we would wish to know, sir, from you, sir, if we can do it."

"Yes, rent or buy. I do n't know why you can't do it if you can find any one that 'll let you have the ground. There 's no objection to it so far as I know."

"Yes, sir. Well, sir, perhaps we can do so, sir. Perhaps we can do so. But we has n't any horses, or mules, or ploughs, and what we would wish to know is, if the Government would help us out after we get the land. We could rent a place up here if we had some horses to plough, and so on."

"No; the Government has n't any ploughs or mules to give you. You must get those things for yourselves. Well, do you want anything else?"

"Yes." He wanted "a paper, a writing," before he went home, that should authorize him to buy or rent land. It was given him, and he went away contented.

A field-hand was the next applicant: a stalwart young fellow, as straight as an arrow, and perfectly black. He complained that his master had been beating him with a stout stick.

"What did you do to him? You 've been sassy?"

"No, boss; never was sassy; never *was* sassy nigger sence I'se born."

"Well, I suppose you were lazy."

"Boss, I been working all de time; ask any nigger on de plantashn ef I'se ever lazy nigger. Me! me and dem oder boys do all de work on de plantashn same as 'foretime."

"Well, then, what did he strike you for?"

"Dat jest it, sah. Wot 'd he strike me for? Dat ar jest it. I done nothin'."

"How many of you are there on the plantation?"

"Right smart family on de plantashn, sah. Dunno how many."

"Did he strike any other boy but you?"

"No, sah, me one."

"You must have been doing something?"

"No, boss; boss, I tell you; I'se in at de quarters, me and two o' dem boys, and he came in de do', jump on me wid a stick, say 'he teach me.'"

"What did you do then?"

"Run, come yer."

"Well, now you go back home and go to your work again; don't be sassy, don't be lazy when you 've got work to do; and I guess he won't trouble you."

Very reluctantly the man took his departure.

"That's a sassy looking darkey," said the sergeant. I could not deny it; he certainly had a face that would add much to the force of any insolent speech he might make.

In a minute he came back and asked for a letter to carry to his master, enjoining him to keep the peace, as he feared the man would shoot him, he having on two or three occasions threatened to do so.

"Oh, you go on. He won't shoot you. If he does we 'll have him up here. You go back and go to work, and if he do n't use you well come in again and we 'll see about it." "There 's any quantity of those cases," continued he, "and we could n't begin to hear half nor quarter of 'em. When there 's one that looks bad, we investigate it; but most of 'em are trifling."

This jurisdiction of the military authorities over the relations existing between whites and blacks is very distasteful to the former masters. "Last Sunday," said my landlord at dinner, "the captain here sent out more than ten miles and made a gentleman and his wife come into town and appear before him to answer to some charge one of their own niggers had made against them. I tell you, sir, it 's mighty humiliating. The lady did nothing but cry all the way in and out."

"Did the negro prove his charge?"

"I do n't know. Do n't know whether he did or not. But I know if that captain over there is going to do that, if he 's going to listen to nigger evidence, he 'll have his hands full. Why, we 'd never let a nigger give evidence against anybody but people of his own color. They never gave evidence against a white man in no court in Virginia. But this captain lets 'em, and it would make you laugh to see the way they flock in to him with complaints. Always a crowd."

"Nothing would make me cut a nigger's throat from ear to ear so quick," said a shoemaker at whose shop I stopped for a minute the other day, "as having him set up his impudent face to tell that a thing was n't so when I said it was so. The idea of letting one o' them be sworn to give his evidence! But I'm d—d if they did n't convict the man," he said, continuing a conversation that I had interrupted, "and not a word of evidence against him but them blamed niggers."

Just before dinner I took a stroll through the quiet streets of the town, in company with an officer of the little Federal garrison.

"That house," said he, pointing to one at a little distance, "had a win

dow or two broken the other evening. I do n't blame the boys much; whenever any of us went past, if any of the women were outside they would go in, banging the door as they went, or perhaps hurry to the piano and strike up some rebel tune. On this particular evening they were singing:

'Farewell for ever to the star-spangled banner,
No more shall it wave o'er the land of the free.'

They stopped when the stones were sent against the shutters, and sent down a complaint to me the next morning. I told them they should n't be molested, and asked if they would please to give up insulting the men by singing disloyal songs. I do n't suppose the men would have cared about the singing so much, but it 's not that alone. They 're very bitter in these little country places where they have n't seen much of the Yankees yet. The women cross the street if they see us on the same side with themselves, they make faces—indeed, I 've been called after—and the men would be just as bad if they were not afraid to make so open a display. I was in one of the churches on the first Sunday that our company spent here, and, as there was n't any sexton, I thought I 'd find a seat for myself. There was one pew a little way down nearly empty—there was one woman sitting in the end of it—so I opened the door and was going to take a seat there. But the lady rose hastily, looking very angry, and showed that she intended to leave the pew if I took a seat in it. I begged her to be seated again, as I would n't enter against her wishes, and kept on my way down the aisle. There was a chair at the end of it, standing back against the wall, and I took that. Nobody offered me a seat. The minister had seen it all, and when he saw me sitting in the aisle alone he came down from the pulpit and insisted on my going into his pew. I had to go at last, and, returning to the pulpit, he laid away his sermon, and lectured the congregation on the folly of cherishing a rebellious spirit, now that the rebellion is dead, and on the duty of showing themselves good citizens of the United States by living in peace and amity with their fellow-citizens of the North."

One of the citizens of Liberty announces himself as a candidate for a seat in Congress, and expresses opinions that, I dare say, will ensure him a strong vote in his native district:

"I shall favor and encourage the emigration and colonization of the negro population as a measure calculated, under present circumstances, to promote the interest of both races, as well as the repeal of all laws for the confiscation of the property of those who co-operated with the South in the late terrible struggle between the two sections of this country. . . . I shall oppose any law or amendment of the Constitution of the United States having a tendency to give to the negro the right of suffrage, or to so change his status as to place him upon terms of equality with the white man." He can see "no necessity for continuing in the limits of the State armed forces of the United States, and will do all he can to effect their removal."

ENGLAND.—INFANTICIDE AMONGST THE POOR.

LONDON, August 12, 1865.

ARE we better or worse than our neighbors? This is a question which all Englishmen, who think at all on such matters, cannot help asking themselves frequently, and especially at such times as the present, when the columns of our newspapers are literally crowded with the reports of atrocious domestic crimes. I am speaking now not of our public or political, but of our moral character as a nation. Now, if there is one belief firmly implanted in the British mind, it is that we are superior to continental nations in our respect for and practice of the family virtues. No doubt our faith in our general superiority is very strong. Only the other day, I happened to remark in the presence of a large company of really very well educated people that I preferred the French practice of breakfasting in the middle of the day to our own English one of early breakfasts. A lady, who certainly was not a foolish person in ordinary matters, remarked seriously she could not believe anything French was ever better than anything English; and none of the company, except myself, appeared to think the remark absurd or foolish. Thackeray remarks somewhere or other that a Frenchman always thinks it incumbent on him to assert his belief in the pre-eminence of "La France" because he is not quite certain in his own heart that the assertion is just; but that an Englishman is so absolutely confident of his own superiority, he assumes it as a recognized fact. Of course, this exaggerated self-esteem is not found to any great extent among Englishmen of the world; but even men who are very sceptical as to our transcendent merits in other respects, cherish a deep-rooted conviction that our private life is more moral and virtuous than that of other nations. Now a dispassionate observer will not, I think, disregard the weight of this testimony, interested though it may be. There is always some foundation of truth both for an individual's and a nation's estimate of his or its character; and I believe, without national vanity, that, subject to certain very grave qualifications, our opinion of our own virtue rests on a ground-work of fact. I have lived so much of my life out of England that I am well aware there are other virtues in the world besides conjugal fidelity, and other duties besides the family affections, and therefore I do not consider that we are a wonder to gods and men because, on the whole, our educated classes supply a greater proportion of good husbands and wives, good fathers and mothers, than can be found amongst similar classes on the Continent. What may be the value of this fact I do not propose to argue; but I do believe, from considerable experience, that the fact is as I have stated it.

An objector might urge that my theory is upset by the revelations of our divorce court. My answer is, that the importance of these revelations is immensely exaggerated. In the course of a year we have, perhaps, some couple of hundred gross exposures of conjugal vice and domestic misery. It is sad enough this should be the case; but, after all, the proportion of these ill-assorted unions to the total of marriages is infinitesimally small. Having myself long passed the age at which the model citizen ought to marry, and being still a bachelor, I may safely say that I am not prejudiced in favor of matrimony. Yet I can truly say that, as a rule, the married lives of my fellow-countrymen are happy ones, and that people who judge of English life by the disclosures which take place before Sir James Wilde, the successor of the late Sir Cresswell Cresswell, are arguing from the exception to the rule. So far I can speak confidently; as to the wider question, how far this assertion is true of other than the well-to-do classes, I must speak with some hesitation. My own opinion, however, and that of those who have studied the subject far more deeply than myself, is that the English middle class down to its lowest gradation is, on the whole, a very moral one. Clerks, petty shopkeepers, and skilled mechanics are, I should say, quite as moral in their domestic relations as the higher grades of society, if not more so. The real doubt in my mind is about the working classes, especially in the agricultural districts. The habits of life amongst the rural poor are not favorable to morality, and the cost of supporting children is a burden which laboring men, who find life a hard struggle at the best, are unwilling to undergo. In parts of England I am acquainted with, the ceremony of marriage is habitually deferred amongst farm servants till the woman is far gone in pregnancy. As a rule, I should say the standard of morality was low amongst English peasant girls; but, on the other hand, the wives of the same class are commonly virtuous. In fact, in this, as in almost every grade of our society, prostitution is unusually prevalent, but adultery is unusually rare.

The consideration, how far the reputation of morality on which we pride ourselves as a nation is justified by facts, is forced upon us by the repeated instances of child-murder which have lately been brought before the public notice. The other day a mother was tried at Exeter, in company with another woman, on a charge of having murdered her illegitimate child. The suspicion against both prisoners was grave; but there was not proof enough to convict either; when the mother turned "king's evidence," and was placed in the dock as a witness against her accomplice, a Mrs. Winsor, the wife of a Devonshire laborer. The story, as she told it, was a revolting one: this Mrs. Winsor seems to have been a professional murderess, who contrived to let all the girls in the neighborhood who, according to the local phrase, had got into trouble, know that she would make away with their babies for a few shillings. The wretched girl who told the story was a maid-of-all-work, who had been seduced by a man in her own rank of life, too poor to do much for her child. In order to get rid of a burden she could ill support, she, according to her own story, availed herself of the services of Mrs. Winsor, and by her desire was present in the room while the baby was being "smothered between the mattresses." The story, strange as it was, bore the stamp of truth; and Mrs. Winsor was sentenced to death, without hope of pardon, though there is some reason to expect she may be reprieved on account of a technical irregularity in her indictment. Monsters are to be found in every country; and the remarkable feature in this case was not the atrocity of this woman's crime, but the general demoralization which, if the evidence could be credited, was shown to have prevailed in the neighborhood where she lived. By some strange law of causation, which appears to cause crime to come in batches, we have had since this Exeter trial one case of infanticide after the other occurring in different parts of the country. There being a general dearth of news, these exposures attract, perhaps, more notice than they would do otherwise; but the subject is alarming enough in itself to demand grave attention.

As usual, statistical authorities are found ready to explain that the percentage of illegitimate births and the rate of mortality amongst babies not born in wedlock are lower in England than in continental countries. But to do ourselves justice, we care very little about statistics; and the national conscience is not satisfied by learning that infanticide is more common in

China or Chili than in Great Britain. Of course, too, there is immense difference of opinion as to the extent to which the practice is carried in England; but there can, I think, be no moral doubt that amidst the needy classes of the community infanticide is what the French call a "cas prévu"—a recognized eventuality. It is much more easy, however, to acknowledge the evil than to suggest a remedy. Our present system, by which mothers are expected to be deterred from killing their children by fear of the gallows, is an utter failure. The practical good sense of the country knows so much allowance must be made for the temptations of shame, distress, and poverty, which cause ninety-nine child-murders out of a hundred, that this crime cannot justly be treated as equivalent to homicide. The consequence is, that our juries will resort to almost any quibble sooner than bring in a woman guilty of wilful murder in cases of the kind alluded to. Unquestionably a diminution of the nominal penalty for infanticide would render its punishment much more certain, and therefore more powerful as a deterrent; but then public sentiment cannot endure to admit formally that child-killing is not murder. Much in the same way, any sensible man knows that foundling hospitals would do a great deal to lessen the number of children killed by their mothers. Whether this advantage would not be counterbalanced by an immense increase in the number of children deserted, is of course an open question. But the fatal objection to the proposal does not consist in its intrinsic merits or demerits, but in the fact that our public cannot tolerate the idea of encouraging the status of illegitimacy. We can never legislate about a subject which we insist on ignoring wilfully. Meanwhile, the sentimental portion of our public critics writes diatribes on the heartlessness of men, and calls for increased severity towards the seducer. The plight of a mother without a husband or protector is sad enough in all conscience, without investing it with artificial colors. As a matter of fact, seduction in the ordinary sense of the word has nothing whatever to do with infanticide in this country. Save in some very exceptional case, the fathers of the wretched little beings who are stifled or strangled by their mothers are poor working-men, who find the bastardy tax of half-a-crown a week impossible or difficult to pay. The absurdity of our system is that this fixed charge, which tells most cruelly on a man earning ten to twenty shillings a week, is a bagatelle to the wealthy profligate; but then, as the late Justice Maule once said in commenting on our fixed tariff of fines for certain offences, "it is the beauty of the law of England that it is the same for the rich and the poor."

For the present, however, nothing will be done. Every now and then we are subject to spasms of public virtue, during which society is called upon to put down immorality by imposing legal and social penalties on the men who take advantage of female frailty; but when once the spasm is over, we relapse to our normal tolerance for all male breaches of morality which do not interfere with matrimonial relations. My own belief is, the only real remedies for infanticide are of a social character. To a household servant in a respectable family, or to an unmarried woman in any employment, out of the fields or the factories, it is almost ruin to be known to have an illegitimate child. If ever there should be such a change in English feeling that the fact of being an unmarried mother should not tell against a girl's chance of getting a situation, servant-maids and shop-girls will have far less temptation to conceal the fact of pregnancy. But, as I have said before, the vast majority of English women who get rid of their children do so not from shame or fear of losing caste, but simply from the difficulty of supporting them—because, in fact, they are too poor to be mothers; and for this evil the only possible remedy lies in the increased prosperity of the working classes. Want is at the bottom of infanticide, as of almost every sin and evil in this country, and I am not sanguine enough to have much faith in political changes removing poverty. After all, the purest democratic government in the world could not supply England with your Western prairies. The presence of sordid, lifelong want amidst vast masses of our population is a fact which any honest foreign critic of England ought to bear constantly in mind, if he would judge us justly; and it is one which Americans, if you will excuse my saying so, are too apt to forget. It is a dark aspect of our social condition this on which I have touched; but my wish is in these letters to give you, as far as I can, an understanding of all questions which agitate the mind of Englishmen.

Ever since I last wrote to you, on Wednesday week, extreme anxiety has been felt with reference to the fate of the Atlantic cable. It is possible you may already have received direct tidings as to the nature of the disaster which has befallen this great international enterprise; but, up to this moment, we are altogether in the dark. That Wednesday appears to have been the crisis of the undertaking. At last the speculating public had, for the first time, begun to believe in the success of the cable; and when the news came early in the morning that some twelve hundred miles had been laid down successfully, the new shares of the Atlantic Telegraph Company were quoted at a small premium on the Stock Exchange. Before the day was over, a telegram was forwarded from Valentia announcing that there was a loss of insulation, or, in plain English, that communication between the shore and the ship had ceased; and since that date we have received no intelligence whatever of other than a speculative kind. It seems that about the time that the accident occurred there was a magnetic storm in the atmosphere of unusual violence, and a number of letters were published in the London papers from high scientific authorities, declaring that in such a storm it was unreasonable to expect messages could possibly be forwarded by the Atlantic cable. The argument was excellent in theory, but its practical value was injured by the fact that throughout the whole of this storm the European submarine telegraphs worked without interruption. But, somehow or other, my experience has been that whatever scientific thesis anybody chooses to propound, he will always find some high authority in science to endorse it with the weight of his opinion. For a day or two the public were pacified with this explanation; but the magnetic storm spent its fury, if the observations of the Greenwich Observatory are to be believed, and still there was no renewal of communication with the *Great Eastern*. Meanwhile experiments were made, and the electricians came to the conclusion that the break had occurred exactly 1,250 miles from the shore: one authority fixed the point where the solution of continuity took place at 1,175 miles; but the former calculation appears to be the correct one. When it became evident that the accident was not of a temporary character, it was supposed the *Great Eastern* would return home at once, and it was calculated she would arrive off Valentia by Tuesday last, at the latest. Her lengthened delay, however, somewhat revived the hopes of the shareholders, as it was thought she must be trying to recover the cable and repair the flaw. Then again a despondent fit fell on the public, and there was a rumor, which of course could be traced to no reliable source, that the *Great Eastern* herself had met with some serious accident. All this, however, is mere guess-work. The only honest critic who ever wrote a life of Shakespeare, remarked that all we knew about him was that there was such a man, and that he had something to do with Stratford-on-Avon. In much the same way, all I, or anybody, can honestly say about the cable is, that we have heard nothing of it since Wednesday week.

There is, I am afraid, far less uncertainty about the approach of the cholera. It is obviously marching westwards—is encamped, if I may use the metaphor, in European Turkey, and has thrown out its outposts into Greece and Italy. In the course of a period more or less short, we must expect it in England. The best feature of the case is that the summer is far advanced, and that before next summer comes the disease, if it reaches us, must have spent its force. Still we have had all the usual atmospheric symptoms which are thought to prognosticate the approach of epidemic maladies; and already we have raging amongst our cattle a strange murrain of an unknown description. It is supposed to come from Russia, where it has almost devastated the herds of the Ukraine; and, oddly enough, like the cholera, it appears to march westwards. There is quite a panic amongst our breeders and graziers on the subject of this plague; but nobody seems yet to know what ought to be done; and while veterinary authorities are quarrelling as to whether the disease is endemic or epidemic, it is spreading rapidly.

The Queen has gone to Germany to be present at the inauguration of a memorial at Cobourg to the late Prince Consort—about the hundredth ceremony of the kind which has taken place. The public are becoming heartily weary of this perpetual glorification of a worthy but commonplace man; and the continued retirement of the Queen tells very much against her personal popularity.

OUT-OF-TOWN SUMMER LIFE.

THE impudent and amusing Sala, in his last very impudent and amusing book, which our publishers did n't republish, and are supposed to have sold him by *not* selling, among other valuable dicta concerning us, declared that we were "a barbarous people." Sometimes he qualified the disparaging epithet by a prefix, such as "half" or "semi." Of course we repudiate with scorn the general application of the adjective, but there are occasions when a saucy traveller might use it with plausibility at least, for instance, if he had been in Washington the other day at the Harris trial, or had made a brief investigation of our fashionable watering-places. The miserable accommodations at most of the large hotels, the menagerie-like way in which the guests are crowded together at all times, as much from choice apparently as from necessity, the absurd displays of finery in the most inappropriate places, above all and through all the inevitable, irrepressible Jenkins, taking down for publication not only every man's name, but every man's horse—an uncharitable foreigner might say that all these things betokened a thin

veneer of doubtful elegance, imperfectly concealing a very imperfect civilization. Not the least unpleasant feature of the whole is, that when real "swells" turn up at these caravanserais, they act as weakly and unintelligently as the rest. All their little absurdities—and a man may be a little absurd within his own four walls, it is a privilege of the individual even in countries not otherwise free—are magnified and exaggerated by the eternal publicity of their sayings and doings.

In two things there is a slight improvement within our recollection. First, free speech has got the better of the hotel-keepers. Twenty years ago the landlords had so "subventioned" the press and bullied individuals that no complaint or exposure of their misdoings could reach the general ear. But now, instead of the reporters being all on the side of the publicans, some of them are on the side of the public. Jenkins is divided against himself. Secondly, it is possible to obtain (which it was not under the old system) a slight portion of privacy, provided you have Fortunatus' purse. You may then procure a parlor to yourself by paying for a single room the hire of an Italian *palazzo* or a Parisian suite of apartments. Let these small favors be thankfully received. In all other respects, to judge from oral as well as written reports this summer, our fashionable watering-place life seems to be growing more extravagant, uncomfortable, and absurd than ever.

But you are not obliged to go to a fashionable watering-place. Of course not. If you have that purse, you can build your body a lordly pleasure-house or a "chaste cottage." You may even, with proper pains, find a mosquitoless site for it, and thus avoid improper pains. (If you take our advice, you will make sure of this first before landscape-gardening half a mountain, as an enterprising speculator has done not far from this city.) Then you may fill your house with good company, and settle yourself therein at ease for aye to dwell, defying Landlord Grabster and all his works. Or if you are a clever, agreeable, popular man, or a witty and fascinating woman, you may pay Fortunatus a visit. But this latter class is limited enough, and so is the class able to provide for it. It costs no trifling sum to keep up a country house of even very moderate pretensions, the original price of building or purchase being but a small part of the necessary outlay. For persons of moderate means who eschew the fashionable watering-place, the usual alternative is to "board in the country." Having collated the experiences of many persons who underwent this operation in various places, our astonishment has been great that they ever repeated the experiment. It is not so much that your established hours of doing everything are turned upside down, and your provender undergoes a decided change for the worse. These may be accepted as usual results of travelling or any displacement. The great annoyance is that you are obliged to make intimate associates of people with whom, most probably, you have nothing in common. The head of the house will interest himself in your biography and genealogy, and if your grandfather had a second cousin tried for forgery will be sure to find it out. Sairey Jane and Jemimar Ann will insist on sororizing with your daughters. You must either let your standard of propriety and refinement down to that of the family, or be at perpetual feud with them. To be sure, there are lucky exceptions. The land does contain poor gentlemen and ladies, sundry travellers to the contrary notwithstanding, and you may have the fortune to light on a lady in reduced circumstances keeping a country boarding-house. But it is a rare piece of good luck.

In view of these and other drawbacks, it is not surprising that many should advocate and some adopt the plan of passing the summer in town. And a single man who has his club for refuge and consolation might often do much worse. But a summer in town is very hard upon women and children. Indeed, the lord of creation has a double advantage here. If the veriest "pillar" of the club (as the French would call him) feels the brick and mortar enter into his soul and pines for a bit of "greenery," he may rush off to the Adirondacks or some still wilder region, camp out, and snap his fingers equally at Grabster Jenkins and Jemimar Ann. But camp life, like a French novel, was not made *virginibus puerisque*.

And now, if asked what remedies we have to suggest for this state of things, we candidly confess our inability to think of any. The intense heat and the very imperfect sanitary system of our cities drive pretty much every one out of town who can possibly go. Such inconveniences as are not of climatic origin, may usually be traced to some national foible. Take Jenkins, for instance. In his American development (the animal exists to some extent throughout all the tin region of the world) he is certainly a nuisance; but, nuisance or not, he has come to be a fixed "institution" of the country. Not even another civil war could rid us of him. We are as yet too excitable and sensation-loving a people to take our ease in our own inns or anywhere else, and one of our prime motives for ruralizing, like Pat's for marrying, must be to make ourselves "unasy."

THE COMPETITIVE ELEMENT IN EDUCATION.

The summer season, with its long series of college commencements, naturally calls up before the public mind various questions connected with education. Foremost among these is the great dispute of the humanities and the positive sciences—formation *versus* information. There are others which recur less frequently, but still crop up every now and then; for instance, the possibility or desirableness of dispensing with the competitive element. Many good men and women certainly believe the suppression of all emulative stimulus both desirable and feasible. Some have said as much in print, and the idea must have been tolerably prevalent last year in Boston, or Mr. Everett would hardly have felt bound to notice it so particularly in his lectures on "University Life."

The principal ground taken by these reformers may briefly be stated thus: "Emulation is a low motive. It corrupts and poisons the minds of youth, introducing jealousies and hatreds." Mr. Everett's answer to this is the obvious one which would occur to most persons of reflection—that emulation is *not* a bad motive; that it is not to be confounded with envy any more than economy with parsimony, courage with rashness, or any virtue with its resembling vice. Also (though this he rather hints at than fully expresses) that the enlarged application of the principle would bring society to a *reductio ad absurdum* in a dozen ways; for instance, that no moral and conscientious man could become a candidate for office!

Thus far, however, the case is only half stated. Not only is competition not dangerous to the morality of youth, but it involves a valuable moral lesson. It is no small matter to know how to be beaten gracefully. It is a knowledge that cannot be acquired too soon, and which is in constant demand. Probably the most successful men, taking their whole lives through, fail in more things than they succeed in. Certainly it is the case with the majority of mankind. How frail and hot-house a virtue must that be which is only preserved till manhood by utter ignorance of the temptation which it *must* encounter at once on its entrance into active life! It is justly considered the extreme of maternal folly to refuse to contradict a child for fear of spoiling its temper; yet the banishment of emulation is advocated for a similar reason, and differs more in degree than in kind.

The argument of the anti-emulationists seems to imply the independent theory of morals as a basis, and on that basis it is thus successfully met. But should any one wish to change the venue, and admit the utilitarian theory, our answer will then be more manifold and even more complete. We may positively begin by admitting their major premise. Suppose emulation *is* a low motive. What then? Are we not constantly obliged to appeal to low motives? In this very matter of education, has it been found possible to dispense entirely with that very low motive, fear? The difficulty of making all students work fairly, owing to natural indolence and other causes, is such that we must call in the aid of all incentives not actually dishonest on the one hand or cruel on the other. Besides, as the non-competition principle must in consistency also proscribe most branches of gymnastics and nearly all juvenile sports (since competition enters largely into these), it would damage pupils physically even more than intellectually. Some extremists may indeed say that no intellectual or physical development will compensate for a danger incurred by the moral nature. To such persons schools and colleges are altogether superfluous. If they only want their children to learn morality, surely they can teach them that at home. There is, however, a *quasi* system of morality which is neither independent nor utilitarian, though it sometimes pretends to be one or the other, or both. What to call it we hardly know, whether the negative, the accidental, or the ultra-subjective. It makes every man a measure of all things unto himself, has a radical dislike to any objective rule of action, and specially objects to retribution either in the sense of reward or punishment. It will admit the name of law out of deference to popular prejudice, but the sanctions of law it always dispenses with when it can. This peculiar scheme of morals, which has some prominent and easily recognized representatives among us, is the only one on which the non-emulationists can justly found their theory.

Of course, we do not mean to say that schools and colleges may not be carried out for a certain time with a certain degree of success upon the principle of suppressing competition. The permutations and combinations of circumstances are such that it is hazardous to predict impossibility of any conceivable system. Grote observes that if the Spartan polity had never existed except in philosophical treatises, no one would have admitted the possibility of its existence in fact. *A priori* reasoning would probably reject as incredible the formation of a polygamous community out of perverted Christians, had we not the living example of the Mormons before us. Large academies and small schools on the non-emulation principle have existed here and in other countries, but they have generally depended for what success they had on the character of their founders, and have not survived them.

Fourierite and Shaker communities can maintain themselves under favorable circumstances for more or less time, but this does not prove the general propriety and expediency of Fourierism or Shakerism.

NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

THE public interest, so strong and prevalent, in the great hygienic and humane experiment which this institution was founded and endowed to realize, as a matter of course languished when a great civil war diverted the charities of the people to the sufferings incident to battle. Now that the war-cloud has passed away, we know of no philanthropic object which has more stringent claims on the liberality and sympathy of our wealthy citizens and all public-spirited friends of social order. The war has vastly increased the victims of intemperance. In thousands of families the inebriate is a source of perpetual anxiety; he is a dangerous inmate, and yet an object of love; his personal safety and that of those who surround him is in constant jeopardy; he needs to be taken care of, and yet cannot be subjected to the requisite guardianship, while his fatal habit *may* be a disease capable of cure. All these and many other obvious considerations point to the necessity of a safe, healthful, convenient, and comfortable *home*, where the poor slave to alcoholic stimulants may be cut off from temptation, enjoy salubrious influences, build up his strength, recover his moral tone, and thus be restored to society, a useful, temperate, cheerful man. Such is the aim and object of the New York State Inebriate Asylum. It is at once protective, curative, and reformatory. The enterprise has attracted the earnest attention of physicians and humanitarians at home and abroad. It was ushered into existence under the most auspicious circumstances, and the magnificent edifice that crowns the hill near Binghamton, in the very heart of this State, is the best monument and memorial of the zeal and liberality of those who, ten years ago, began the noble work. But, as we have intimated, the war, and within a few weeks a conflagration—which half destroyed one unfinished wing of the building—have retarded the consummation of a work destined to mark a new era in the annals of science and charity. A recent visit to the institution renewed our confidence in its ultimate and absolute success. One ward being finished, the indefatigable superintendent determined to receive patients at once. Some have been inmates of the asylum for more than a year; and the result is most satisfactory. Brought to this home of the unfortunate—in many instances so shattered in nerve as to be unable to walk from the carriage to the portal—with minds weakened, and limbs quivering, and soul and body degraded—they are now vigorous, cheerful, intelligent men; their families and friends rejoice in their safety and improvement, and they acknowledge that such treatment as they have received could alone have saved them. By a judicious tonic course in the beginning, the physicians ward off the worst immediate effects of sudden abstinence from accustomed stimulants; then wholesome food, judicious exercise, air, and recreation, complete the cure. The library, bowling alley, billiard room, conservatory, chapel, and garden, each furnish enjoyable and salubrious occupation and elevating influences to the recovering body and awakening mind. Gradually the absence of temptation, the quiet and regular life, bring back health and peace of mind; and meantime those who love the unfortunate victim know and feel he is safe, well cared for, and on the road to reform and restoration.

With such objects and results, shall this great charity languish for want of financial or moral support? The establishment is but half completed; the chapel and library, the extensive grounds, the unfinished wings, can advance but slowly towards completion, unless the generous and humane expedite the process by contributing of their substance. It is a sure opportunity for the rich and liberal to connect their names honorably with a great cause and a noble monument, by finishing and endowing the chapel or the library. Meantime, it is pleasant to see how instantly the claims of the institution are recognized the moment they are understood. We noticed between six and seven hundred fruit trees and shrubs—the gift of Ellwanger & Barry, the eminent nurserymen of Rochester; other plants were sent from Mount Hope nurseries; a splendid Alderney bull and fine mare are among other recent donations; and we doubt not the institution will be the recipient of innumerable like favors, to say nothing of special endowments and bequests on the part of those who have had benign experience of its safeguards and reformations. We hope the history, aims, and system of this new, needed, and most effective charity will be examined by our wealthy and benevolent citizens. Let them visit the institution, when passing over the Erie Road; let them consult any of the trustees they know (and the board includes some of the best known and most esteemed persons in every part of the State); let them read the appeals of such men as Everett, or the late Doctors Mott and Francis, and especially the several reports of the Secretary to the Legislature, and they will learn to estimate this institution not only as an honor to the State, but as a blessing to society and a hope for humanity.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

THE word printed above has for several years very much annoyed the art-loving public of New York. The customary use of it is one of the most vexatious pieces of art-slang we have. The word has a definite and a very exact meaning, but it is used as if it had twenty meanings, or were a generic term of wide application. Firstly, every odd-looking picture is called, in popular language, "Pre-Raphaelite," especially if the color is at all vivid, or the shadows of unusual sharpness or definiteness. So, secondly, is every work of art in which figures appear, if they assume attitudes less studied in appearance, or more real and less academical than usual. Thirdly, minuteness of detail, especially the careful painting or drawing of foreground objects. Fourthly, every word of criticism which is discriminating, that is, which gives praise here and censure there, with reasons for each. And if this were all, and if pictures and criticism only were so entitled, it would not be so bad. The sale of a bad picture would not be helped nor that of a good one hindered by being called a Pre-Raphaelite picture; and a sound criticism is pretty sure of a hearing and of having something like its due weight, and a foolish one is forgotten while the eyes still rest on the page, and the calling either of them by an arbitrary name will not change the reader's mind. But the unfortunate word is made a slogan, a sort of battle-cry. It is used, as we have said, generically, and in that sense cuts off discussion, removes all chance of a rational opinion being formed, prejudices the hearer of it at once for or against the work in question, and, worst of all, prejudices the hearer for or against a whole class of artists and writers on art. These convenient nicknames and christenings are so convenient for the smart talker! They save so much thought—they enable the uninformed of good memory to appear so much at his ease—they carry a gay party from end to end of a long gallery so smoothly!

It would be well to ascertain how many persons in this city know what the term Pre-Raphaelite means. There cannot be a great many, for, amid all the gossip of the drawing-rooms, chat of the picture-galleries, and smart sayings of the newspapers, we remember but two instances in which the word was appropriately used. The *other* instances are thousands. One popular supposition is that there are two great schools of painters—the Idealists, who feel and imagine; the Pre-Raphaelites, who see and copy. According to this, Mr. Church has been called a Pre-Raphaelite, and Mr. Palmer is called so every day; a critique on the last Academy of Design Exhibition boldly classed Mr. Griswold's work and Mr. Vedder's together as Pre-Raphaelite. Another conviction, held by people who are thought well informed, is that the Pre-Raphaelites are an American club, or rather a New York City club, who paint and write according to certain principles of their own. Accordingly we were told once, in a grave rebuke of some painter supposed to belong to this supposed club, that "no European community would endure the existence in its midst of so false a school of art." Indeed, it is quite generally supposed that the word at the head of this article is of American devising, and belongs to an American school of art. Another notion, prevailing among those who have travelled abroad, or who have once or twice visited Mr. Jarves' gallery, is this: that the *real* Pre-Raphaelites were the painters before Raphael, and that there are certain base modern imitators who assume the same name. Thus we have heard Giotto called by the useful name in question; and we once heard a lady say, speaking of a picture by Mr. Eugene Benson, "Yes, very nice; but it is n't as good as the *real* Pre-Raphaelite pictures I used to see in Italy."

The *real* Pre-Raphaelites, our readers will agree with us in assuming, are those who invented the name and applied it to themselves—the only school of artists that ever were so self-styled. What this school was, and where located, and whence arising, we shall show. But first it should be stated that, so far as we know, there has never been a Pre-Raphaelite picture painted by any American-born artist; there has never been a Pre-Raphaelite picture in any exhibition of the Academy of Design, except on one occasion, nor elsewhere in New York at all, except in the exhibitions of British Art in 1859 and 1860. There is no modern school of art so little known in this country as this. There is no European school of art which has so few followers in this country. There is no modern school of art of such strongly marked and individual character, and so impossible to be confounded with others. There is only one painter whose work is at all known in the Eastern cities of America who has ever been under the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite school, and he has long ago ceased to show sign of this training. Whether the Pre-Raphaelite influence is a good one or not, whether we regret the fact

or not, the fact remains. American art has not as yet been influenced by that famous school, except so far as the immediate personal weight of this one or that one of its more powerful members has made itself felt.

Changes in the feeling and thought of a people come slowly, are not foreseen by the people itself, but suddenly are found to exist. The growth of a popular regard for art or literature is unseen, until it is found to have grown to strength and permanent importance. Thus the modern revival of art begins with the quieting of Europe after the wars with Napoleon; as early as 1815 there were some signs of the new feeling in England, but it was 1840 before its existence could have been plainly perceived by those who watched. By this time its value and strength were made certain. The revival of the mediæval spirit in architecture proved successful. All over Europe people began to care for their Gothic cathedrals and churches. Repairs and restorations, often the most foolish and destructive, it is true, were begun. New ecclesiastical buildings, by a sort of tacit agreement, were built in this style, particularly in the Protestant countries of Europe, the revived classic styles being abandoned to domestic and civil buildings. A course of study of mediæval decoration, and, with this, of the whole subject of ornament, began, which has since led to the happiest results. In painting, the reaction against academic laws and the disposition to study nature and paint honestly for love of nature, though less defined than the moving of the spirit in architecture, was yet clearly to be discerned, even before the year we have named. It is necessary to look at the state of the arts in Europe just before the turning point, and to feel the falseness of aim and feebleness of purpose with which architects and painters were working, with public approval, that the full importance of the change may be felt.

Our present enquiry leads us particularly to England. In England, in 1840, Turner was at the zenith of his power. English popular judgment, though strongly and cruelly pronounced against the rarest and loftiest qualities of his work, was given in favor of its truth and power. English society, while refusing to receive the whole of his message, praised him and approved of the fortune he won by pencil and graver. His contemporaries, with far less power and with but little concentration and definiteness of aim, were under the influence of the growing taste for naturalistic landscape. De Wint, David Cox, Constable, Copley Fielding, Edwin Landseer, and Clarkson Stanfield—probably the six most popular painters of the twenty years between 1830 and 1850—were all landscape painters of avowed naturalistic tendency, quite reversing, by their practice, whatever was taught by the art-writers of the time concerning the greatness of the classical landscape of Claude and his followers. And, at the same time, the course of the architectural revival was steadily pursued by a host of hard students and by an army of designers not often very graceful in design, but nearly always very much in earnest. Begun by Rickman, Willis, Blore, and A. W. Pugin, it was still but a feeble and meaningless art, this new Gothic, when their efforts ceased. But by 1850 it was proved capable of greatness, proved fit to be a complete and rounded art, subduing to itself every material and ornament of every kind.

And it is in 1850 that we first hear of the Pre-Raphaelites. We have dwelt upon the state of architecture as well as the condition of painting at the time, to illustrate the fact that the whole spirit of art was changing at the time. For it is this change in the spirit of art, and not only carefulness and truthfulness, that the new reformers represented. A few young painters formed a society which they called the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," and which was generally denoted by the well known letters "P.R.B." Among them were Dante G. Rossetti, John Everett Millais, W. Holman Hunt, Thomas Seddon, Arthur Hughes, painters, and Thomas Woolner, the sculptor. Their brotherhood was very dear to them, they mentioned it with affection; Millais worked or carved P.R.B. into a chair in one celebrated picture; Rossetti's poems pleasantly allude to it; William B. Scott, brother of the famous David Scott, and a later member of the brotherhood, wrote his loving sonnet "To the Artists called P.R.B.;" Thomas Seddon's delightful letters are full of gratitude and kind thoughts of work and fellow-workmen. At one time a little journal was published called *The Germ*. It was in this that some of Dante Rossetti's poems first appeared; and in this was the first sketch of Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady," published in 1863 in book form. These poems, like their principal pictures, were full of the loftiest sentiment and pathos. It is clear that the feeling of their work was more to these men than the mechanical excellence of their work, even when they were thought to be principally devoted to faithful copying of nature. Their principles of art may be estimated from their works of art, and may briefly and not unjustly be summed up as follows:

(1.) Religious feeling was a controlling influence over all their actions. The name they chose for their school illustrates this. Had it been faithful and skilful workmanship only or chiefly that they wished to attain to, the name would have been absurd. They looked back to Giotto, Cimabue, Perugino, Angelico; they saw that the art of these men was religious; they saw that with these men skill was secondary, thought and holiness primary; they saw that great art was only possible to artists who cared more to worship than to please the multitude, more to be right than to be praised. They thought that Raphael's influence was of great weight in changing this, and introducing the art which, however great technically, was as indifferent as the other was intense, the art which enthroned Venus beside the Madonna, and painted the legends of mythology as gladly as the scenes of sacred history. They saw that the turning point was Raphael's life and painting at Rome. And they allied themselves to their admired teachers, the early Italian painters, in feeling as well as in name.

(2.) With this came naturally a great respect for the beauty and sentiment of the Middle Ages, for chivalry and chivalric customs, for splendor of dress, ornament, and architecture. In this they were heartily at one with the new Gothic architects and archæologists, whom they helped, and who generally sympathized with and aided them. The Christian Middle Ages, a time most interesting to all students of art, was particularly so to these passionate lovers of the spirit of early Christian art.

(3.) They were deeply in sympathy with the modern respect for quiet domestic feeling and simple incident. In this they are with the poets. Much of the best known work of this school is of the nature of Coventry Patmore's poems and Tennyson's idyls.

(4.) They were unreservedly for faithful representation of nature, and as nearly perfect representation as possible. It was thought, but probably wrongly, that they bound themselves to paint nothing except from the object. It is certainly true that their landscapes were studies of real scenes, and their figures portraits of real people. Different members of the brotherhood, however, were not equally strict in carrying out the principles which governed them all in their course as painters.

Like most important reformatory movements, and quite unlike the contemporary struggle for reform in architecture, the Pre-Raphaelite enterprise was supported by very powerful advocates. The greatest imaginative painters of England were and still are Rossetti, Hunt, and Millais, and of all modern sculptors Thos. Woolner is the most original in his general treatment of subjects. Founded by such mighty men and their diligent and devoted seconders, the new school rapidly gained power and influence over the whole art of England. The names of the confessed adherents of the cause alone make a great list, even taking those which are most salient and at once occur to the memory. We have mentioned six—Rossetti, Millais, Hunt, Seddon, Hughes, and Woolner; there follow T. C. Dobson, H. Wallis, William B. Scott, W. Dyce, John Brett, J. C. Hook, J. Wolf, J. D. Watson, F. R. Pickersgill, C. Keene, E. Byrne Jones, Calderon, and Collins. These are the names that first occur, but the list might be much longer and yet include only honorable and distinguished names. The better and truer artists who had already grown to reputation before Pre-Raphaelitism was heard of, were either influenced by the energy and power of the new men, or else were already working so well up to the limit of their powers that there could have been no change but for the worse. Such were Mulready, J. T. Lewis, William Hunt, John Gilbert, John Leech, Landseer, and Stanfield. The works of these artists would have been solitary among such pictures as filled the halls of the Royal Academy of Arts before the Pre-Raphaelite movement began. Among the pictures of the last ten years they are more at home. For Pre-Raphaelitism has gone through the first phase of its life and has entered on its second. It is hard now to distinguish and draw a line between the new school and the old. Under the strong and self-confident teaching of the reformers, the art of England has changed its nature, and to-day, in England, it is inaccurate to call any painter a Pre-Raphaelite, unless the word is used to denote a member of the original P.R.B. For between the crowd of well meaning and hard working artists and the great chief Dante Rossetti himself, there is no gulf or visible separation. Realistic, pains-taking, purposeful work is the rule with so many painters that they set the fashion. Pre-Raphaelitism as it once was exists no longer, having done its work.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE well known conservatism and adherence to established custom that forms so striking an element in English character receives marked illustration from the habitudes of the publishing business in London. Readers of the memoirs and diaries of Byron, Walter Scott, or Moore, will not need to be reminded of the continual reference made in them to Mr. Murray and Messrs. Longman. In plain prose or jocose rhyme these gentlemen are constantly apostrophized or animadverted on, and they have been so long near the immortals that they seem to share in their perennial youth. What was true in 1815 is now pretty exactly reproduced fifty years later in 1865, as regards the relative position of the two firms to each other and to the book trade of England. Stars have risen and set in the interval—houses have been established and dissolved. Some have made fortunes, like Mr. Colburn

and Mr. H. G. Bohn—others failures, and many important concerns flourish collaterally; but still the chief literary interest of the season concentrates around the lists of announcements put forth from Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row. Though similar in the position they maintain before the public, there are remarkable differences between the two houses. The present and third John Murray bears "no brother near his throne"—like his father and grandfather, he reigns alone, and deals in no books but those bearing his own imprint. Messrs. Longmans' firm, on the contrary, though with a hereditary backbone of "Longman" (since the first of that name came up a boy from Bristol about 130 years since), has always comprised many partners, so as to keep up a steady influx of mercantile ability. They also, besides selling their own books, do what is called here a large "jobbing business" in the publications of other houses; and since the conflagration that destroyed the stores, dating from the fire of London, in which they used to burrow, are the best lodged bookselling firm in England. Though business still seeks the channels it did fifty years since, its character has remarkably changed. Then it was poetry that offered the chief prizes of authorship and publication. The names of poets then living and writing will occur to every one. Now, as a commercial interest, it is utterly dead. Classical literature, history, biography, and travels retain about the same hold on the public that they then possessed. The departments where the greatest accession of activity is visible, and for which a new world of readers has sprung up, are natural and physical science, theological criticism, the fine arts, and prose fiction. Darwin, the naturalist, has beaten his grandfather, the poet, out of the field—practical interests prevail, even romance grows tame—and Thos. Moore, Rogers, and Campbell might sing in vain to the audience who gather round Dr. Colenso, Ruskin, and Anthony Trollope.

Mr. Murray's last list of books, announced to appear in the fall, or some more distant season, is rather a meagre one. A book that will attract notice in this country is "The Correspondence of King George III. with Lord North during the American War." Portions of these letters have appeared in Lord Brougham's "Sketches of Statesmen," but the present publication of them "from the originals in her Majesty's Library, printed by Royal permission," and edited by Mr. Bonham Donne, will be undoubtedly more complete and attractive. Dr. Livingston's "Narrative of his Exploration of the Zambezi" may be speedily looked for. Mr. Smiles' "Lives of Boulton and Watt, comprising a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam Engine," is promised, copiously illustrated in the elegant style of the "Lives of the Engineers," of which it will make a fourth volume. Mr. Charles Darwin's scientific work, "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants, or Principles of Variation, Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Inter-Breeding, and Selection under Domestication," in illustration of the views he has heretofore defended, will be looked for with interest. Dr. William Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible" aims at popularizing, in one volume of 1,008 pages, the results of study and investigation that fill the three ponderous royal octavos of the original work. A new series of popular books, to be called "Choice Travels," will commence with Hon. Robert Curzon's well known "Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant," and for the succeeding volumes Mr. Murray will have an ample store of material at command from the number of books of travel originally published by him in expensive forms. One series of the "Wellington Despatches" is no sooner completed by the publication of the twelfth volume—relating to the occupation of France by the allied armies under command of the Duke, and his measures for settling that kingdom—than another is announced to begin, extending from 1819 to the termination of the Wellington administration in 1830, adding probably some twenty solid octavos to the materials of the future heavily tasked historian. "Chinese Miscellanics," by Sir John Davis; "Notes on the Battle of Waterloo," by Lieut.-General Shaw Kennedy; an illustrated work by L. Gruner on the "Brick and Marble Polychromatic Architecture of Italy;" a translation of Prof. von Sybel's "History of the French Revolution;" and a few others of less importance, nearly exhaust a list not rich in promise.

—The entire history of letters contains no sadder chapter than that unfolded in the "Life of John Clare," who was known some fifty years ago as the "English Burns" and the "Northamptonshire Poet." His origin was socially lower than that of Burns—he sprang from the humblest stratum of agricultural laborers. Gifted with a tremulous sensibility of the beauties of nature, and acquiring unconsciously a power of expression delicate, refined, and picturesque, that placed him high among the poets of the time, every step he took forward, every new acquisition, only added to his distresses and more deeply branded his misery. Coarse even in their kindness, the country gentry who gazed at him as a phenomenon (happily a rare one), thought he was well rewarded for his verses by a dinner with their servants in the kitchen. Would-be patrons were offended at his sensitive feeling of independence. The literary world to which he was introduced, by a kindly notice by Gifford in the "Quarterly Review," had more admiration for him than solid reward; and at last the acute struggle for bare existence ended with his being consigned to the County Lunatic Asylum, where he remained forgotten and unvisited, even by his wife and children. The last verses he ever wrote, shortly before his death, after *twenty-two years' confinement*, were these—solemn and fitting finale to such a career:

"I am! yet what I am, who cares or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost;
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host—
Shadows of life whose very soul is lost;
And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed

"Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem,
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

"I long for scenes where man has never trod,
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept,
There to abide with my creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept:
Full of high thoughts unborn. So let me lie
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky."

They are given by Mr. Frederick Martin in his lately published memoir, and we see that a complete edition of Clare's Poems is announced for the benefit of his widow and children.

—Mr. Howard Staunton's "Great Schools of England" is one of the books that perform an acceptable service creditably and satisfactorily. When a gentleman figures in such diverse lines of employment as editing Shakespeare and compiling manuals and hand-books for chess-players, it throws a suspicion of "job work" on his literary undertakings; but whether just or not, and to whatever inspiration its appearance is owing, "The Great Schools of England" is a welcome addition to our stock of information. It is said, and correctly, of the English endowed school: "No original, no counterpart, no copy of it is to be found abroad, and it bears no resemblance to any foreign institution, under whatever denomination, where boys are assembled for educational purposes." At once so peculiar and so influential—so general in their broad characteristics, so varying and diversified among themselves in the special features of each—it is not surprising that curiosity should be felt respecting these establishments. Their "foundation, endowments, and discipline" are copiously described in Mr. Staunton's book. He also gives a topographical account, with drawings, of each locality, and a glimpse of the eminent masters and scholars that have been connected with each school. Though rarely visited by American tourists, there is much to reward inspection in these unique institutions. Some, as Eton and Harrow, are remarkable for beauty of site; others, as Rugby, Winchester, and Westminster, for association with eminent men. This, indeed, attaches to all of them, and is one of the most powerful links that connect the England of past days with the actual life of the present.

—The revival of metaphysical studies lately alluded to is not to proceed unmolested. A warning voice issues from Philadelphia, where Messrs. Lippincott announce, by an author whose family name is known to science, James Rush, M.D., a work with this trenchant title: "Brief Outline of an Analysis of the Human Intellect, intended to rectify the scholastic and vulgar perversions of the natural purpose and method of thinking, by rejecting altogether the theoretic confusion, the unmeaning arrangement, and indefinite nomenclature of the metaphysicians." This "brief outline" will form two volumes octavo. "Forewarned is forearmed," and we trust that Messrs. Mansel, Mill, Grote, etc., will be prepared for the threatened attack that is to dissipate their science into thin air. Messrs. Lippincott's list of forthcoming books contains the names of others well worthy of notice. Among them are "Inner Rome: Political, Religious, and Social," by Dr. Butler, professor of ecclesiastical history in the Divinity School, Philadelphia; "Bracton, and his relation to Roman Law," a contribution to the history of Roman law in the Middle Ages, translated by Brinton Coxe from the German of Prof. Carl Guterbrock, of Königsberg; "Curious Facts in the History of Insects, including Spiders and Scorpions: a Complete Collection of the Legends, Superstitious Beliefs, and Ominous Signs connected with Insects, together with their uses in Medicine, Art, and as Food, and a Summary of their remarkable Injuries and Appearances," by Frank Cowan: this must be a curious book, more resembling some of the German collections of "Folk Lore" than anything we have in America; "The Western Orator," exemplifying popular parliamentary, forensic, and dramatic eloquence, dialogue, poetry, humor, and burlesque, by Prof. Edgarton, of Ohio State Law College.

—When the edition of his works now in preparation has appeared, James Madison will take his place on the literary shelf alongside of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Samuel and John Adams, Clay,

Webster, and their fellows. The production of good editions is the best sign of appreciation that can be given, and any American should be proud to own the noble series of books, which may easily be brought up to over one hundred volumes in number, where lie enshrined the undying remains of the fathers of their country's greatness. As long ago as 1848, the papers of Mr. Madison were purchased by Congress from his widow for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is from these papers, under the direction of the joint Library Committee of Congress, that the present impression is derived. It will contain Mr. Madison's correspondence from 1769 to 1836—his famous pamphlets, "Examination of the British Doctrines" (1806), "Political Observations" (1795), and other political essays, and also his lighter productions, as the apologue of "Jonathan and Mary Bull," his "Letter on Napoleon's Return from Elba," his "Note for the Princess" (now Queen Victoria), and his "Advice to my Country," etc. It is expected the whole will be included in four volumes octavo. There is one other work necessary to complete this political and historical series that we hope some day will see published. We allude to the papers of Albert Gallatin. From his exact and critical habits of accuracy, the copious MSS. he left cannot fail to be of great value. They are still, we believe, in the possession of his family, who have not the same motive for parting with them that have operated in many similar cases. Still, the nation is the best guardian of such material for its history, and a Congressional edition of them is a national tribute and an enduring monument of past services rendered to a grateful country.

—Unwritten chapters of the world's history crowd upon us from all quarters. The truth illustrated by Mrs. Barbauld's familiar story, "Eyes and no Eyes, or the Art of Seeing," was never better exemplified than by modern archæological discoveries. The faculty of sight grows with the knowledge of the thing worthy of being seen, as every day's experience proves. "Lake Habitations and Pre-historic Remains of Northern and Central Italy," by Prof. Gastbaldi of Turin, a translation of which forms the last published of the Anthropological Society's volumes, extends to a new field the area of the phenomena now familiar to us on the northern side of the Alps. The relics found in the turbaries that fill the dry lake-basins on the southern slope of the mountains that bound the valley of the Po resemble in general character the pile-founded villages and dwellings on the Swiss lakes, and show the prevalence in both countries of a civilization existing under similar physical conditions. In the early marl beds of Central Italy relics of man are traced as elsewhere in connection with the remains of fossil and extinct animals, while in the later deposited strata of the same composition these evidences of man's occupation continue and increase in variety and skill of workmanship, till at last they are found contemporaneously with objects that unquestionably date from the Roman era. This synchronism is a point of great interest, and has nowhere else occurred. From the north of Scotland comes a note of similar researches—Mr. Samuel Laing, M.P. for the Wick Burghs, being about to publish a work on the recently discovered "Pre-historic Remains of Caithness," including a memoir by Prof. Huxley on the skulls and other human remains. This will doubtless revive the controversy commenced with some acrimony last autumn on the question whether the ancient inhabitants of Scotland were cannibals. It may be remembered that the evidence on which Prof. Owen decided for the affirmative was the scientific skill shown in cracking the jaw-bones of some youthful crania found in Caithness, for the evident purpose of getting at the medullary deposit within. The suggestion, however, excited a storm of indignation, and Prof. Huxley's testimony will be eagerly looked for.

—The election for Westminster is scarcely over when the death is announced of the unsuccessful candidate, Mr. W. H. Smith. He was at an advanced age to seek for Parliamentary honors, being in his seventy-fourth year. The particular talent that brought fame and fortune to him was a quick apprehension of the possible bearing of the railway system of transit on the circulation of newspapers, and the foresight that the railway stations throughout the country would in future form the great markets for light and current literature. By contracts on most of the great trunk lines, he secured within his control both of these great levers of business, and was able to dictate his own terms to the *Times* and other morning papers, and to make or mar the fortune of any enterprise in cheap literature by the power of granting or refusing its admission to his railway book-stalls. He possessed great power of organization, and commanded respect from those he came in contact with. The large supplies of the *Illustrated London News*, *Punch*, etc., called for in America previous to the war, reached the distributing agents in New York through his establishment.

—By the recent death of Professor Aytoun, Scotland has lost one who did good service to the land of his nativity, and kept up the traditions of Scottish Toryism with somewhat of the old spirit displayed in its triumphant days of George IV.'s reign, ere reform was. He belonged to the school of Scott, Wilson, and Lockhart, and inherited the tastes of a past generation from them. He is rather conspicuous for a general sense of cleverness (in the English sense) apparent in what he undertook, than for anything actually achieved. His "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" so well imitate poetry that the Tory part of the nation accepted them as such. His "Firmilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy," is that tedious thing, an overdone joke. "Bothwell" is never heard of now. "Bon Gaultier's Ballads" are good specimens of parody, the lowest kind of wit. Some comic prose sketches in "Blackwood's Magazine," "The Glenmutchkin Railway," etc., have more real vitality than any other of his writings, though he failed signally as a novelist with "Norman Sinclair." The Professor was born in 1813; brought up to the Scotch bar; and in 1845 he received the appointment of professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh; he married the youngest daughter of Professor Wilson; in 1852 was made sheriff and vice-admiral of Orkney (which would seem to show that jobbing was not yet extinct in Scotland), and had been for some years in a failing state of health.

—The great national work in French literature, "Histoire Littéraire de la France," commenced by the Benedictines, and now being continued by a commission of the Institute which includes the names of Guingené, Daunou, Renan, etc., is being reprinted at Paris, the early volumes in particular having become very scarce. The new edition is supervised by M. Paulin Paris, and is brought out in royal octavo at twenty francs per volume. The work reaches at present the fourteenth century in 23 volumes quarto. The demand for substantial books in France is evidenced by the reprint of many other important works of the last century, the existing copies of which are insufficient to supply the demand. Among them are Ceillier's standard "Histoire des Auteurs Ecclésiastiques," in 21 volumes quarto, and the great "Acta Sanctorum," the famous collection of lives of the saints by the Bollandists, in fifty or sixty folios. Some years since copies of this work were of little more value than waste paper, but now such is the eagerness shown in mediæval studies that one if not two reprints of the entire work, also in folio, are now in progress. On a smaller scale, the same kind of demand will tend to the same results in England and America. The existing stock of English books on the early literature of the country is entirely insufficient to satisfy the constantly increasing American demand. An ample subscription list might now be got for really good and handsome reprints of Sir Egerton Brydges' "Censura Literature," "Restituta," and "British Bibliographer," the "Retrospective Review," Dibdin's "Typographical Antiquities," Ritson's various works, "The Harleian Miscellany," "Dodsley's Old Plays," etc., books that are rapidly becoming unfindable in England (where, when they were made, nothing but the small local demand was calculated on), and wanted for every American library of any pretensions. Mr. Francis's edition of John Payne Collier's "Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," now in progress at Cambridge, is a first step in this direction, and some of our astute publishers will not be slow to follow it up.

MILL ON HAMILTON.*

THE subject of this work "is not Sir William Hamilton, but the questions which Sir William Hamilton discussed." Many of these, though originating in the school of philosophy of which Sir William Hamilton is the most eminent representative of the present generation, and though often ignored under the general designation of metaphysics by the school to which Mr. Mill belongs, are questions which he regards as important enough to justify his elaborate work. "A true psychology," he says, "is the indispensable scientific basis of morals, of politics, of the science and art of education," and "the difficulties of metaphysics lie at the root of all science." In his work on logic, and in many of his shorter essays, there is manifested the same appreciation of metaphysical studies, with which, however, he always deals warily, and he has reserved as the work of his maturest powers the complete definition and defence of his metaphysical opinions. Questions which often engage the attention and tempt the powers of immature thought Mr. Mill has reserved for his latest work, and he has thereby contributed to philosophy most important additions.

Much more space is given, it is true, to dissecting and estimating Sir William Hamilton's special opinions and characteristics than the proposed design of the work seems to warrant, but this does not diminish in the least its interest, nor in fact its positive value as an exposition of the opinions it advocates. A master in the tactics of philosophical polemics, Mr. Mill

* "An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his writings. By John Stuart Mill." Boston: William V. Spencer. 1865. 2 vols., pp. 330 and 354.

strikes very effective blows for his own opinions, and builds on the ruin he makes of the best accredited rival philosophy. Disciples of this philosophy may justly object, however, that the opinions they hold are not responsible for the defects of a teacher, even of so unquestionable a master as Sir William Hamilton; and his very excellences seem to us to furnish the vantage ground from which his critic makes so effective an assault on the opinions of his school. Few writers of this school present so clearly and distinctly the fundamental questions of metaphysics as Hamilton. His statements have such precision and scientific distinctness that his critic is able to exhibit even in his own words the contradictions and inconsistencies which abound in his writings.

Many of these, however, are, we think, apparent rather than real, and are explicable from the metaphysician's point of view, which Mr. Mill does not appear to us to have clearly comprehended. We willingly concede that so far as perfect candor, most patient study, and an earnest desire to ascertain Sir William Hamilton's opinions could avail, Mr. Mill's examination is all that could be desired. But something more than justice is required of a critic in matters so difficult and profound. Sympathy—a certain degree of sympathy—is essential to supply the links and concordances of thoughts, which were never reduced to a coherent system, but were scattered through the writings of many years, and stand much in need of a commentary—not by an opponent, but by an admiring and competent disciple. It is not less true of a philosophical system than of a religious creed, that to judge it competently one must first believe in it, and then, perhaps, cease to believe in it—at least lose the ardor of the disciple.

Although Mr. Mill is by no means so far removed in opinion from the school of philosophy which Hamilton represents as many of his own school are, he is none the less separated from it by that fundamental division which has maintained two great schools throughout the whole history of speculative thought; a division which is at bottom one of feeling and mental character, and one in which no love is lost. No philosopher has had the genius to arbitrate between them. Not even Mr. Mill, sagacious and just as he is, is generous enough to catch the spirit and point of view of his opponents in speculative matters.

We cannot give an adequate illustration of this defect from the topics of Mr. Mill's book without exceeding the limits of this article. It may suffice to point out one misinterpretation of Hamilton's doctrines, as we conceive them, which is fundamental, and plays an important part in the "Examination." Mr. Mill attempts to prove that the doctrine of "the relativity of human knowledge as held by Sir William Hamilton" is in direct conflict with Hamilton's doctrine of the perception of the primary qualities of matter, two doctrines on which his fame as a philosopher chiefly rests. Nothing could be more damaging to Hamilton's reputation than this criticism, if it be true. Minor defects and inconsistencies in his writings might be accounted for on grounds not dishonorable to his character as a philosopher; but if the two principal doctrines, on which he has expended so much learning and labor, are incompatible with each other, then indeed his sagacity was much at fault.

After an introduction, in which Mr. Mill sets forth the scope of his work, he discusses in the second chapter the authentic meanings of the phrase "relativity of knowledge," and the varieties of the doctrine as held by different philosophers. In its simplest form the doctrine is this, that we know only our sensations, and know not any other things save as existences which, in themselves unknown, produce sensations in us. Other things are only supposed, not known; and are only supposed as powers to produce sensations, not as reasons or inmost natures, which might explain the phenomena of sensation. They are as inmost natures inexplicable, and cannot be described in known terms, but only as the unknowable. This doctrine is fundamental in one of the two great systems of metaphysics, but can be understood in a less definite sense. If a philosopher should hold that some properties of things are not powers to produce sensations in us, but existences, which like our sensations are immediately known, he would not hold, our author thinks, to the relativity of knowledge in a perfectly definite sense. He might mean that all knowledge is a mixture of the relative and absolute kinds, but he ought not to affirm that *all* knowledge is relative.

The author then comes to the discussion of the meaning in which Hamilton taught the relativity of knowledge. Hamilton affirms the complete relativity of human knowledge, but in his doctrine of natural realism he appears to deny it. He affirms it of the secondary qualities of matter, such as colors, odors, tastes, etc., but denies it of the primary qualities, such as extension, figure, resistance, etc. The existence of matter as the cause of sensations can only be affirmed, Hamilton thinks, by being known immediately and in itself *as extended*. An extended something is immediately known, the property of extension not being a *power* to produce a sensation or a group of sensations, but an existence known as immediately as our sensations are. By "immediate" Hamilton does not mean non-relative to us, but without the intervention of a representative object or sensation. The knowledge is immediate, though the thing is related to us in the act of knowledge. But Mr. Mill enquires whether this knowledge is supposed to involve more than exists in this relation; that is, whether this immediate knowledge is of anything non-relative to us. Hamilton appears to think that it is, and he therefore appears to hold that the knowledge is not wholly relative to us. Hamilton asserts in the plainest terms, says Mr. Mill, that this immediate knowledge of things "is a knowledge of somewhat in the thing ulterior to any effect on us;" but in his doctrine of the relativity of knowledge he asserts that neither matter nor mind are known in themselves as substances or subjects of the phenomena. Matter is known "only in its effects." "The existence of an unknown substance is only an inference we are compelled to make from the existence of known phenomena." In such words Hamilton lays down the doctrine of the relativity of human knowledge in an exposition which, Mr. Mills says, "would have satisfied Hartley, Brown, and even Comte." The doctrine that we know matter "only in its effects," and that "its existence is only an inference we are compelled to make" from phenomena, is the doctrine, however, says Mr. Mill, "which, under the name of cosmothetic idealism, is elsewhere the object of some of Hamilton's most cutting attacks."

We have dwelt somewhat at length on this topic, since it illustrates very completely how much a philosopher's comprehension may be limited by his creed. Even with the words before his eyes, Mr. Mill appears to have overlooked, or else rejected as trivial, a distinction of great consequence in Hamilton's philosophy—the distinction between "*effects on us*" and effects in general, or those relative phenomenal existences of which unknown substances, matter or mind, are the causes. In this is all the difference between Hamilton's doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, and that doctrine of cosmothetic idealism which he attacks. That a knowledge should be of effects, and yet not of effects *on us*, does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Mill; but this is briefly Hamilton's doctrine. Mr. Mill and Sir William Hamilton (in his metaphysics) use the words "cause and effect," however, in different senses; but Mr. Mill does not appear to be aware of this, else his chapter on Hamilton's "Theory of Causation" would, we think, have been made less severe.

The division of existences into phenomenal and real (the always becoming, the never being, and permanent real existences) is made in the school to which Hamilton belongs, irrespective of any theory of perception. This Platonic distinction is as fundamental in the older metaphysics as the simpler doctrine of relative knowledge is in Mr. Mill's, but has no reference to the distinction of subject and object in knowledge. Draw the line where we will between the ego and the non-ego; include all cognizable being in the ego, or exclude a part—whether all cognizable modes of existences are sensations and groups of sensation in us, or whether other modes of existence form a part of the phenomena of knowledge—it is in either case true that particular and passing modes of existence, not their substances, are the objects of knowledge. All that Hamilton in his "Theory of Perception" contends for is, that we have a knowledge of modes of the non-ego as immediate as our knowledge of our own sensations; that our consciousness in presentative knowledge is composed of phenomena or modes, which are referable immediately some to a substance ego and some to a non-ego; but that it is only through these phenomena that either ego or non-ego is known, and the knowledge of both is therefore relative. The subjects of phenomena are still unknown in themselves, though the primary qualities of matter be as immediately known as sensations are. The relations involved in the phenomena of knowledge are, according to Hamilton, *sui generis*, and cannot be explained, he thinks, as relations of attributes to a single subject, but they are explained to the common sense of mankind by the doctrine which Hamilton calls natural dualism. According to this, a real or immediate knowledge is no more a mode of the ego than of the non-ego, but is a phenomenon, a mode of being, by which two substances manifest themselves equally and in contrast as two substances. When Hamilton speaks of our "knowing nothing absolute, nothing existing absolutely, that is, in and for itself, and without relation to us and to our faculties," he does not contradict his doctrine of real presentationism. Though things do produce effects on us—namely, sensations—it is not these which constitute knowledge of things. Real knowledge, as a phenomenon, is the joint result of two real causes, neither of which is known in itself, but both are equally known as the necessary substrata of the phenomenal elements of knowledge. Those elements which are immediately referred to the non-ego are not "a knowledge of somewhat in the thing ulterior to any effect on us," as Mr. Mill interprets them, but at the same time they are no mere modes of the self. They are

the modes of a self and a not-self in union and equipoise. When Hamilton contends that we know the primary qualities of matter as they exist in things, he does not assert that we know things in themselves—that is, the noumena or things independently of us. We only know them as independent of any affections of us. We know them by affections of themselves on the occasions of their mysterious union with us in our intuitions of them.

That this doctrine is a genuine product of the old metaphysical mode of philosophizing, and is exposed to the gravest objections, we willingly admit. It is really an attempt to explain a phenomenon by describing it in terms which imply that it is ultimate and inexplicable. Like much beside in metaphysical philosophy, this doctrine attempts to justify the common opinions and natural prejudices of the undisciplined mind, instead of attempting to account for them. Very profound in appearance, it rests on the most superficial evidence, and does not bear examination. But while we admit all this, we are unwilling that the really strong points of Hamilton's metaphysical genius should be underestimated. His theories really fit each other much better than they do the more recondite facts of experience. Between this doctrine and the psychological explanations which Mr. Mill gives in Chapter XI. and the two following ones, there is a difference as important as that between the astronomical theories of Plato and those of Newton. We regard Mr. Mill's definition of substances as "the permanent possibilities of sensation," and the interpretations of the facts of consciousness which he makes in accordance with it, as among the most important contributions to psychology which have been made in modern times. The chapters devoted to his psychological theory of the belief in an external world, in matter and mind as substances, and the psychological theory of the primary qualities of matter, are the most valuable in the book, and comprise the maturest and most defensible views on these difficult subjects which have been reached.

In the chapter on Sir William Hamilton's theory of causation, Mr. Mill retorts with great effect the criticism of Hamilton on Brown, but, as we have intimated, this severity could have been spared, if instead of aiming at a polemical success our author had attempted to realize what the metaphysical idea of cause is, and what precisely Hamilton meant in his charge against Brown that "he professes to explain the phenomena of causality, but previously to explanation, evacuates the phenomenon of all that desiderates explanation." Misled, we suppose, by what must be allowed to be a very faulty account of the principle of causality, in which Hamilton gives a precise scientific explanation of the metaphysical idea of cause, while in fact the idea has only a vague unprecise import, Mr. Mill thinks that Hamilton has confounded the notion of efficient cause with that of substance, the causa efficiens with the materia, and that when Hamilton speaks of the complement of existence always remaining unchanged, and of the impossibility of conceiving any change in it, he has in mind the permanence of material substances, which, as Mr. Mill justly says, is not a necessary conception, such as the principle of causality is supposed to be. Doubtless this conception furnished Hamilton the faulty metaphor under which he describes the principle of causality, but it should have been interpreted like Plato's archetypal world—that permanent existence which is supposed necessary to account for the *changes* as well as the apparent permanences in the world of phenomena. Mr. Mill, following Brown, is quite as far from defining, in his law of causation, the metaphysical efficiens as he supposes Hamilton to be. His idea of cause is the scientific one, which is more properly named physical cause. It is the most general law of the successions of phenomena, and is derived from the total results of experience, whereas the principle of causality is supposed to be implied in the very beginnings and elements of experience. The law affirms that all successions are made up of invariable and unconditional sequences, but the metaphysical cause is the supposed real substratum of the unconditionality of a sequence. This principle is a genuine product of the metaphysical mode of philosophizing, and on close examination does not yield much meaning, but such as it is was Hamilton's meaning. Phenomena change. What makes them change? Not themselves. Not their regularity, which is expressed by the law of causation. "That which can produce changes must itself be permanent" is the metaphysical postulate called the principle of causality. For if it also changes, then something else must make it change, and this something else must either be permanent or the effect of some still more remote unchangeable existence. Such we conceive to be the notion of causality as held by Sir William Hamilton. Doubtless, if Mr. Mill had so comprehended it, and applied to its explanation his psychological method, he would have resolved it into a mere crudity of undisciplined thought—into anything but a necessary principle. This, however, would have been better than misunderstanding it, to the apparent detriment of his author's reputation.

In respect to one of the principal topics of Mr. Mill's book, the position of Sir William Hamilton is quite anomalous. Though belonging to the school to which Mr. Mill is opposed, Hamilton, it is well known, agrees in one of his most important opinions with his opponents. This has caused a great quarrel in the family. The absolutists and the *quasi* absolutists among religious thinkers have found in him a formidable antagonist; but this wins for him no sympathy from his critic of the opposite school, but rather subjects him to a severer condemnation. He is discovered in his lion's skin. He is not genuinely unorthodox, but, by what appears to his critic to be a subterfuge, retreats from his position on the incognizable and inconceivable character of the infinite and the absolute, by affirming that, though these cannot be known or conceived, they may yet be believed in. "What is rejected as knowledge by Sir William Hamilton, brought back under the name of belief," is the topic of Chapter V., in which Mr. Mill disposes somewhat summarily of a distinction of great consequence with theological writers, and one which also plays so important a part in Hamilton's philosophy, that a more careful and sympathetic study of it would have saved Mr. Mill, we think, much perplexity in his interpretations of Hamilton's opinions, especially in a later chapter on the doctrine of Judgment.

"Belief without knowledge" seems to our author an absurdity, and though the antithesis and the frequent antagonism of faith and science have rendered the distinction a familiar one, it must be confessed that there are few psychological matters more difficult than the discrimination of a faculty of faith from our general faculties of knowledge. But that there is more than a simple difference of degree between knowledge and belief, even in the common acceptation of the terms, seems to us obvious. Hamilton uses the word "belief" in a somewhat technical sense, to express a simple and elementary form of consciousness, which he supposes to underlie every cognitive act, and to take part in the formation of notions as well as of judgments and reasonings. That Mr. Mill is not fully apprized of this use of the word appears when he says that, "according to Sir William Hamilton, we believe premises, but know the conclusions from them," and adds, "but if we know the theorems of Euclid, and do not know the definitions and axioms on which they rest, the word knowledge, thus singularly applied, must be taken in a merely technical sense." But really, according to Sir William Hamilton, we not only know these theorems by means of the axioms and definitions, but we also know the axioms, though in a different manner. Though proposed in the form of cognitions, they rest, he thinks, on an instinctive apprehension of certain universal facts, which may govern our actions and even our judgments without passing themselves into the distinct consciousness of knowledge. Expressed in language they may be known, but independently of this they are believed and acted on. They exist and are originally given in the form of "simple feelings or beliefs." Mr. Mill, of course, gives a different and, we think, a better account of the origin of universal truths, but this is no reason why he should not comprehend and correctly state the real opinions of his author, though it may serve to explain why he does not do so. His own opinions are so different from Hamilton's that he is very likely to mistake him.

Among the many confusions, real and apparent, which Mr. Mill finds in Hamilton's writings, the most perplexing belong to this subject. Hamilton appears to our author to propose, at a distance of exactly three pages, two different theories of judgment "without the smallest suspicion on his part that they are not one and the same." But, in reality, though Mr. Mill does not appear to be aware of it, the first of these theories is a definition of the act of judging in its simplest form the element, which, according to Hamilton, is common to all the products of the understanding or the elaborative faculty, while the second theory defines the special product called specifically a judgment, in which, in addition to the common principle of comparison, there is apprehended and expressed the relation of subject and predicate. It is this relation which, according to Hamilton, distinguishes the logical judgment from a complex concept, and not the element of belief, which, according to Mr. Mill and others, belongs only to the judgment. This difference of opinion and nomenclature occasions Mr. Mill much perplexity. His author seems to him to reach in this matter "the very crown of the self-contradictions which we have found to be sown so thickly in Sir William Hamilton's speculations. Coming from a writer of such ability, it almost makes one despair," he adds, "of one's own intellect and that of mankind, and feel as if the attainment of truth on any of the more complicated subjects of thought were impossible."

Mr. Mill makes small account, as we have said, of the distinction of knowledge and belief. They differ, he thinks, only in the degree of the conviction with which they are held, or else in the degree of simplicity and directnesss in the evidence on which they rest. But if we examine them through their correlative ignorance and doubt, an important difference in kind becomes apparent, at least in their psychological relations. Knowledge and

ignorance are wholly beyond the immediate influence of the will. They depend only indirectly on feelings and motives. Belief and doubt, on the other hand, involve volition and depend on feelings and motives. That which Hamilton calls belief, the simple elementary sense we have—from whatever source—of a congruence or conflict among objects and ideas, is that which governs our attention and determines our cognitive acts. Such beliefs control one another like other motives to action, so long as any conflict can arise among them, and it is only when such conflict ceases or is supposed to cease that we attain to knowledge, or suppose ourselves to have attained to it; for much which is called knowledge is only supposed, not real—is a contingent knowledge, held without any actual doubt, but not without a recognized possibility of doubt. Knowledge, then, according to this theory, is not a single simple act of our cognitive faculties, but a harmonious action of all concerned, in which no opposing motive to action exists or is operative; so that what we know, we know without consciousness of choice. In the same way we are ignorant without choice. Conflicting beliefs are not only absent, but all beliefs are absent. Conflict among our elementary beliefs or judgments of agreement and disagreement ceases in two ways, by the discipline of our cognitive objective experiences, and by the discipline of our wills in the formation of character—by submitting our thoughts to the influence of scientific studies, and by submitting them to the control of a restraining culture. Hence the antithesis of the results, science and faith.

This account of the distinction between knowledge and belief is independent of the doctrine, which Hamilton holds in common with his school, that some of our universal beliefs are original and independent of experience; and it is perfectly consistent with what we regard as the truer doctrine of the other school, namely, that there are no postulates in real science—nothing requiring to be admitted beforehand. It is a doctrine, however, associated so strongly with the *à priori* theory, that it appears to have prejudiced Mr. Mill against it.

In Mr. Mill's examination of Hamilton's review of Cousin, in spite of certain important agreements in opinion with his author, he is not disposed, as we have said, to grant him any favor. He even seems inclined to charge him with the absurdities involved in "the senseless abstractions," "the infinite," and "the absolute," and to make out as good a case as possible for those who think they attach significance to them. He goes so far as to say that though "the infinite" (what is infinite in all respects) is not merely a "fasciculus of negations," but, what is worse, a "fasciculus of contradictions," yet if in place of "the infinite" we put the idea of something infinite, Hamilton's idea collapses at once. "Something infinite is a conception, which, like most of our complex ideas, contains a negative element, but which contains positive elements also. Infinite space, for instance; is there nothing positive in that? The negative part of this conception is the absence of bounds. The positive are, the idea of space, and of space greater than any finite space. So of infinite duration; so far as it signifies 'without end' it is only known or conceived negatively; but in so far as it means time, and time longer than any given time, the conception is positive. The existence of a negative element in a conception does not make the conception itself negative, and a nonentity." True, if "infinite space" *be* a conception, and not a mere juxtaposition of words or incompatible ideas, then space is a positive part of it. But the question is whether the judgment, "Space is infinite," can be made, so as to bring the ideas together. Mr. Mill simply assumes that it can, and this too by a mistake of the meaning of the term "infinite," which Hamilton took much pains to guard against. He confounds the "infinite" of the metaphysician with the improper use of the word by mathematicians. In itself and with the metaphysician, this word is simply the negative of the finite; and as such is entirely incomparable with the finite in respect to magnitude or in any other respect. How does Mr. Mill know that the infinite is greater than any finite? Only by substituting for it a false representation of it. "True," he says, "we cannot have an adequate conception of space or duration as infinite, but between a conception which, though inadequate, is real, and correct as far as it goes, and the impossibility of any conception, there is a wide difference." But the conception which Mr. Mill puts forward as the "infinite" is not only inadequate, it is a false conception; arising very naturally, it is true, from an association in our minds between the indefinite and the incognizable. Very large magnitudes are the least definitely or adequately conceived, and we therefore attempt, but wrongly and confusedly, to represent infinite space by putting for it an indefinitely great extension. But this indefinitely great does not contradict or exclude the finite. "Greater than any finite" does exclude the finite, it is true, but so does "less than any finite" exclude it, and both are equally entitled to be called the infinite, yet neither of them is conceivable—neither can be judged to exist.

Mr. Mill appeals for the reality of the conception of the infinite to the results of mathematical calculations. "Considering," he says, "how many recondite laws of physical nature, afterwards verified by experience, have been arrived at by trains of mathematical reasoning, grounded on what, if Sir William Hamilton's doctrine be correct, is a non-existent conception, one would be obliged to suppose that conjuring is a highly successful mode of the investigation of nature." When we consider the reproaches which our author heaps upon Hamilton in a later chapter on the "Study of Mathematics" for his presuming to write about a subject of which he knew so little, we are tempted to respond in the same kind. Hamilton was at least fortunate in not knowing just enough of mathematics to be misled by a loose technical term, or else in knowing enough to be aware that mathematicians can afford to be careless about the etymologies and the strict connotations of the terms they employ. Mr. Mill is not given to superstitions, but if he supposes that mathematicians ever drew any conclusions in regard to physical nature involving in the premises a negation of the finite, he should look again to the works of his philosophical mathematician, Mr. De Morgan, for a correction of his error. The conclusions of the calculus are founded, not on a consideration of quantities really infinite, but of those which by the conditions of its problems may be regarded as indefinitely great—or, more correctly, incalculably great and incalculably small; and the conclusions drawn with their aid are proved to differ from the truth by incalculably small amounts—that is, by as little as we please. This is all that mathematicians have to do with the infinite, and this is just nothing at all.

Of the metaphysical infinite and absolute, and the simple feeling or belief, and the religious sentiment through which Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Mansel think these can be regarded as existing, Mr. Mill washes his hands. Rather than worship a being such as Mr. Mansel presents, of which no real conception, however inadequate, can be formed, he is ready to suffer the worst possible fate. Perhaps those among Mr. Mill's opponents who are more familiar than he with religious æsthetics, would deny the name of worship to the sentiment he is capable of feeling toward a being whose government of the world receives his unqualified support and approbation, with the sanction of "the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving."

In spite, however, of Mr. Mill's incapacity to enter into a requisite degree of sympathy with his opponent's point of view, his eminent justness of thought and feeling give his criticisms great weight and value. There is much of interest in his book which we cannot even mention in this brief notice, but we earnestly recommend the whole to our philosophical readers.

DE TOCQUEVILLE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

ABOUT half of the contents of the eighth volume of the "Works" of De Tocqueville is devoted to the history of the French Revolution, in the widest sense of this term. We find there an article on the "Social and Political State of France before and after 1789," published in English, in the "London and Westminster Review," in 1836, and now for the first time in the original French; seven chapters of an unpublished work destined to serve as a continuation of "The Ancient Régime and the Revolution;" an essay "On the Marquis de Mirabeau;" another on "Turgot and his Writings;" and "Notes and Thoughts" relative to a work on the Revolution (including the Empire), the title of which the author had not yet determined upon. Scanty as these latter are, we find them the most interesting of the collection, not only on account of the surpassing greatness of the subject, but also because we see in them fragments of the thoughts of the distinguished writer on the first Revolution of France and the first Napoleon, as conceived or shaped in his logical mind, in its maturest age, when the third Revolution had passed over that country before his eyes, and Napoleon III. had established a new imperial throne on the ruins of the republic. The quantitively little before us reflects sufficient light upon the vast subject of De Tocqueville's last studies and meditations to enable us to discern its principal features, its most striking characteristics, as viewed by an eye as well prepared for observation by study and experience and as unbiased as any that ever examined the past. In the following lines we shall try to construct those unconnected remarks and notes, some of which are no more than headings of chapters to be written, or notations of problems to be solved, into an embryo review of the French Revolution, fragmentary and devoid of details, but Tocquevillean.

The tableau opens with the taking of the Bastile—to the contemporary

* "Œuvres complètes d'Alexis de Tocqueville." VIII. ["Complete Works of Alexis de Tocqueville." Vol. VIII.] Paris, 1865.

witnesses the great victory of the Revolution of 1789; "to us, who see the event at a distance of seventy years, the first manifestation in history of the dictatorship of Paris, already established in popular and administrative habits: a dictatorship productive of future revolutions." The behavior of the people—a name for the first time applied to the populace—of Paris, on that occasion, so full of confusion was astonishing on account of the consistent severity with which common crime and licentiousness were banished from the stage of political commotion. It made enthusiastic observers believe that the character of the people was changed, "a mirage which appears at every revolution." Abroad the éclat of the event was immense. It was hailed as the dawn of a new era for mankind. It was not the beginning of a French, but of a European revolution. The victory of the people was complete; it produced no civil war, not because the enemies of the Revolution were not sufficiently numerous, or lacking in moral courage to struggle against it, but because there were neither men nor local administrations capable of forming centres of resistance. And then, it is in the nature of revolutions to be all-powerful and to baffle all individual influences as long as their first impulse lasts; a grand and terrible spectacle!

On the 14th of July, 1789, when the Bastile fell, the Constituent Assembly became the Government. Replacing the executive, it received deputations, addresses; it demanded the dismissal of the ministers, the reappointment of Necker; to it Marshal de Broglie reported the retirement of the army; all the bodies of the state appeared before it to render homage. All this was not novel. The history of French assemblies, estates, and parlements offered numerous precedents. What was new was the result attained. Those who looked at what passed before them without knowing the future, could not perceive the revolutionary character of the acts of the Assembly; many things now generally regarded as infallible signs of anarchy were at that time not yet known as such. But this Assembly, victorious by the people, was exceedingly feeble when it had to face it. It was elected to combat aristocracy and despotism, and its action against them was full of vigor. It had no energy at the sight of popular crimes and anarchy. The greatest popular excesses could not arouse it to do its duty. It wasted its time in debates and votes. A timid address to the people recommending moderation could not be passed in ten days. This was the great fault of the Assembly; from that day it was doomed to obey; the people of Paris became the sovereign. And yet the Assembly was then possessed of an immense moral prestige; it appeared unanimous; was strong enough to face at the same time both royalty and the people, and to preserve in its hands the direction of the Revolution. But it lacked a clear insight into the consequences of events, which only revolutionary experience could give, and that steadfastness which is acquired only from a practical familiarity with public affairs. It also lacked organization. It was entirely unlike that English Parliament which deposed James II., but solved every question itself, without or in spite of the populace. The general views of the French Assembly were just, its designs grand, its sentiments generous and exalted; it admirably united the love of liberty with love of equality; but its practical maladroitness and ignorance made all its good intentions end in a powerless, anarchical administration, and finally in a general disorganization, from which sprang the Reign of Terror. The current of the Revolution carried the Constituent Assembly, its child, one way; the latter did not try to stem that current. It is rarely given to individuals or assemblies to make violent efforts in opposite directions. The force that impels them towards one side makes them powerless on the other.

The tendency towards equality was in all minds, even in those of the privileged. The idea of universal suffrage was shared by all, being favored by the old divisions of the people, which attached inequality and inabilities to classes or estates, but knew none within these limits. With the barriers that divided the classes, all inequalities were to break down. But while the bourgeois were ardent to conquer political rights, the people of the villages gave vent to their desire for material welfare, and to their impatience of feudal burdens and restrictions, in an almost universal rising against the chateaux. The wildest anarchy prevailed all over France, fear and disorder in the National Assembly. But fear pushed all spirits in the direction of the then dominant opinions. Fear and enthusiasm combined—it is impossible to state precisely in what proportions—produced the night of August 4, when nobles, clergymen, representatives of provinces, all burning with impatience to sacrifice their respective prerogatives and privileges on the altar of a united and reconciled country, pressed, pushed, or succeeded each other around the tribune, which resembled a besieged place. The nobility and the clergy were the actors in that extraordinary scene, which is unsurpassed by anything recorded in history, and which more than anything shows the French character in full relief. "The third estate remained in the position of a chorus, supporting the speakers by involuntary cries expressive of their emotions."

La Fayette proposed the declaration of the rights of man; Mirabeau reported on it. A fortnight of brilliant oratorical debates, characterized by a singular confusion of ideas, followed, which, however, was not fruitless, Europe listening attentively, and thus imbibing the spirit of the Revolution But while the Assembly deliberated, the treasury was empty, Paris famished, the press frantic, the court plotting, the king wavering, the work of the constitution hardly progressing. A tempest was slowly gathering. The 5th and 6th of October saw it burst over Versailles. Only a combined effort of the victorious middle class and the Assembly could have prevented this new victory of the Parisian populace. This effort was not made, from a common fear of the court. Both the middle class and the Assembly accepted, if they did not invoke, the aid of the populace, and henceforward bore its sway. Mirabeau, who for a time during the debates on the constitution had been more conservative than his party, was now again the man of July, and again showed himself the master genius of the Revolution. Was it because he had lost the hope of leading and governing for the king, or because he was anxious for the Revolution, or carried off by the current of its passions?

However, this Constituent Assembly, now in Paris, resumed its labors, which resulted in a system of institutions unequivocally marked with the double character of liberalism and democracy. The French nobility, seeing itself suddenly deprived of all its roots in a soil where it had been planted for more than a thousand years, finding in no other class of the nation any force of resistance which it could join, and nowhere either sympathy or common interests, emigrated *en masse*. They resembled a body of officers fleeing before the fire of their soldiers, who have all turned their guns against them. This isolation condemned them, but, at the given moment, it was also their excuse.

The new political faith, preached by the Revolution, followed in the wake of the emigration, if it did not precede it. It is wonderful to observe how easily most of the European nations were persuaded to make those novel ideas, apparently French, their own. General causes had prepared them for it.

But the terror which reigned in France was a peculiar offspring of its time and place. It could nowhere else have the character it there bore. It was the product, it is true, of general causes, but which *local* causes forced beyond all limits; it was the product of the French manners, character, and habits, of French centralization, of the sudden destruction of all hierarchy. Its force lay in powerful organization, in its crushing unity. It could nowhere be imitated with success. To have set a pernicious example to other times and nations is an evil done to posterity by the Convention, which by its ravings did so much evil to the men of its time. Its triumph was made possible by particular domestic and foreign circumstances, which are generally overlooked. It will not always be enough to attempt with violence and temerity what appears impossible. "The Convention created the policy of the *impossible*, the theory of raving madness, the worship of blind temerity."

Neither could the wars of the French Revolution be imitated and victory organized accordingly. The circumstances will find no parallel. Democratic armies fought kings, when a democratic revolution was sweeping over Europe. The new world fought the old. Victory was carried by surprise; everything was novel. The spirit of the revolution marched before its martial banners. Devastated Europe aided its ravagers. The new faith, as once Islamism, swept on, ravaging and converting at the same time. Imbecile princes were broken before they knew what was passing around them. A stupefied, servile diplomacy, without unity or harmony, made futile attempts to oppose an unparalleled centralization. An equally servile strategy could as little cope with democratic boldness and impetuosity, which were, besides, revolutionary and French. The defects as well as the good qualities of the French co-operated alike in making them triumphant. Their principal constitutional defect, that concentration of power and violent amalgamation of all parties which carried them through revolution into servitude, was equally momentous in bringing about their military successes. "For the same reasons which render states unstable make them strong at a given moment. The same government which does not allow peace to bear all its fruits, and liberty quietly to establish itself, is, on a certain day, highly effective in war; and a power which wields that force has an immense advantage over all others. The same reason produced the greatness of Louis XIV. and of the Revolution." England alone was able to defend herself against the latter, "because she opposed to the French force a similar force, a centralized government and an erect nation. It is not the sea that saves her: it is her spirit, her constitution, and especially her liberty. A grand spectacle · liberty alone able to struggle against revolution."

The Revolution continued to advance, to complete its course, after the fall

of Robespierre, in spite of reaction, of the successive vanishing of illusions, of the exhaustion of the assemblies, and of the drooping of the spirit of freedom, amidst the growing preponderance of military power; but it more and more assumed a military character. The armies remained energetic when the nation ceased to be so. The war power of France survived the decline and degradation of the civil government, even when the latter had fallen into the contemptible hands of the Directory. However, it would be an error to believe that in the period following the Reign of Terror the people of France fell into a languid state of enervation. On the contrary, we learn from enlightened eye-witnesses "how far that time, amid all its incoherences, its vices, and its chaos, was superior in one point to our own. People entertained true convictions; everybody followed the one he cherished courageously and passionately, occupied with it and not with the part it made him play; and thus doing the most eccentric, the queerest, and often the most ridiculous things without any desire of appearing singular." Business affairs were frequently secondary things—ideas and intellectual enjoyments the leading objects. Never was there more true equality, founded on the power of intellect, between men of different conditions.

Abroad, France ceased to be victorious for a moment, only when the Russians, in the spring of 1799, entered the lists against it together with Austria. She had been regarded as invincible, the vanquished continent despairing of resisting her forces, and fear suppressing in the enemies of the Revolution the abhorrence and contempt with which its follies inspired them. Her first reverses changed these sentiments into an equally exaggerated feeling of exultation and contempt. Tired of French oppression, which deadened their revolutionary sympathies, the nations commenced voluntarily offering their arms to their sovereigns. However, all this was of short duration. The ridiculed Revolutionary Government reorganized its armies, crushed the Russians in Switzerland, and again carried the war into Germany. Soon after, the greatest master of war held both the civil and military power of France in his hands.

At the beginning of the Revolution its course was at every moment expected to be stopped by this man or by that. Towards its close it was not believed any more that it could be checked by anything. A double error. There are times when a giant is not strong enough to check the course of a revolution; at others, a pigmy can do it. It is not the intrinsic force of the obstacle to be conquered that must be considered, but the *ensemble* of the circumstances. In this light we must look at the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire.

The Revolution had spent its force. France was tired of convulsions and revulsions, all of which ended in a tyranny of one kind or other. It had suffered reverses in war. It despised its government, the Directory. One strong hand was desired. Even abroad, Bonaparte, who had "astonished the world before his name was known," was pointed out by thinking men as the one. He was adored by the army and the peasantry. He came and conquered. Withal, "the 18th Brumaire is one of the worst conceived and worst conducted *coups d'état* that can be imagined. It succeeded through the omnipotence of the causes which brought it about, the state of the public mind, and the disposition of the army, probably more through the first cause than the second." The part which Bonaparte personally played in its execution was ludicrously paltry. Ill-disguised republican hypocrisy marked the whole action; perjury, as usual in such cases, was not wanting. Some of the actors, however, were themselves deceived.

When Napoleon entered the Tuileries as first consul, Roederer remarked: "This abode is sad." "Like greatness," answered the other. But good fortune entered with him, "the good fortune of neutral powers that succeed long and violent revolutions. All the hatreds of parties are for them changed into toleration. They are loved not for what they do, but on account of what they prevent being done by others." Napoleon was to the Jacobins an adversary of royalist restoration; to the royalists an obstacle in the way of terrorism, should it attempt to return. The people liked his usurpation.

We shall not follow the writer into the examination of the single phases of the reign of Napoleon, as he sketched them out to himself in brief outlines and half intelligible notes. The following passages will suffice to show how he judged that extraordinary man, and how he purposed to treat the history of France under him:

"What I should like to depict, is less the facts in themselves, however surprising and grand they be, than the spirit of the facts; less the various acts in the life of Napoleon, than Napoleon himself; that singular, incomplete, but marvellous being, whom we cannot attentively observe without beholding one of the strangest and most curious spectacles that can be met with in the world.

"I should like to show what, in his prodigious enterprise, he drew from his own genius, and what facilities were offered to him by the condition of the country and the spirit of the time; to make known how and why that indocile nation then ran, of its own accord, to meet servitude, and with what incomparable skill he discovered in the work of the most demagogical of revolutions, and how he naturally extracted from it, all that was useful to despotism.

"Speaking of his internal administration, I intend to contemplate the efforts of that almost divine intellect grossly bent on the repression of human liberty; the organization of force carried to a perfection such as only the greatest genius in the middle of the most enlightened and civilized age could conceive; the drooping movement of the intellect; the languishing of the human mind; the shrinking of souls; the disappearing of great men; an immense but flat horizon, on which, whithersoever you may turn, nothing else is to be seen but the colossal figure of the emperor himself.

"Coming to his external policy and conquests, I should try to describe that impetuous course of his across nations and realms; here, too, I should like to show how far the strange grandeur of his warlike genius was aided by the strange and eccentric grandeur of the time. What an extraordinary tableau, if it could be executed, of both human power and weakness, would be the picture of that impatient and mobile genius incessantly making and unmaking his works, incessantly tearing down and replacing the boundaries of empires, and distressing nations as well as monarchs, less by the sufferings he inflicts on them than by the eternal uncertainty in which he leaves them about what they have still to fear!

"Finally, I should like to point out by what a series of excesses and errors he hurled himself to his fall, and also to point out the trace which, in spite of his excesses and errors, he has left behind him in the world, not only as a remembrance, but as a lasting influence and action; to show what died with him and what remains. And in completing that lengthy picture, to show what is the meaning of the Empire in the French Revolution; the place which this singular act ought to occupy in that strange drama the dénouement of which is still hidden from us."

AFFIXES TO ENGLISH WORDS.*

WE can imagine a good reason for writing this book, but we can think of none so good for its publication. There was need for one on this subject, one which would treat it exhaustively and completely, which would tell us all that was known with regard to the prefixes and suffixes, which would show us the way in which the present forms of words came about—the way in which the Latin supines became English infinitives, and in which other infinitives were formed by dropping the verbal ending in whole or in part, which would teach us something more than we now can get with difficulty from various dictionaries and foreign grammars. Such a treatise we unquestionably want, and not only a treatise on this subject, but a whole grammar. Such, no doubt, was the kind of work which this author had in mind to write. But such he has not given. We take it for granted that he has not fully carried out the idea which he proposed to himself, for he certainly has not written such a book as will satisfy any person who has given ordinary thought to the subject. It is not as good as the succinct statement of the prefixes and suffixes in Bain's little English grammar, and by no means equal to the treatment of the same subject in Mätzner's larger work. Why, then, should Mr. Haldeman have published his book? The stock of poor and mediocre books is already so large that we need no additions to it. But it is one of the signs of hasty scholarship to be eager to get into print. Were Americans taught in the same thorough and careful manner as the Germans, that portion of our best intellect which will here devote itself to study, and resist the attractions of outside life, would probably produce as good fruits as any in Germany or France. We first are half-taught, and after that half-study. We lack thoroughness and completeness. But in philology we are no worse than the English. Their system of education is as vicious in this direction as our own. The making of Latin verse and the study of quantity help very little to make thorough scholars or anything more than *dilettanti;* and it is of English scholars this author has taken counsel. We augur no good to a book from its being inspected and annotated by a member of the Philological Society of London; for its chief leaders and most prolific writers have brought all its members into discredit, and, except its reprints of early English texts, we place little value on any of its lucubrations.

Mr. Haldeman's book is not critical enough for the scholar, and for the student, for whom it seems intended, it is marred by confusion, useless and false learning. Many things, indeed, might be learned here, but much wrongly, and it would require a teacher of great accuracy himself to point out and guard the learner from the numerous errors, and from making false inferences from what is right in itself, but badly stated.

Mr. Haldeman we believe to be right in the title to his book. An affix means, etymologically, something fastened to, and would therefore include syllables placed at either end of the word—both prefixes and suffixes. We

* "Affixes in their Origin and Application, exhibiting the Etymologic Structure of English Words. By S. S. Haldeman, A.M." Philadelphia: published by E. H. Butler & Co. 1865. 12mo, pp. 271.

have already two words, suffix and postfix, with the same meaning, and it would be better to agree with Mr. Haldeman's definition, and use affix in a comprehensive sense; at the same time, it must be admitted that in general an affix is equivalent to suffix only, and that there will be a slight danger of ambiguity. No such advantage, however, will justify the spelling *hibrid* for hybrid, or *altho* for although. In fact, Mr. Haldeman is a little apt to use such singularities in a very ordinary way, as if there were no doubt of their correctness.

The first thing which will be noticed in going over the lists of prefixes and suffixes which are given in this volume is that that they are not sufficiently discriminated. Those derived from the Anglo-Saxon and the Romanic originals are placed side by side, with no attempt at marked separation, except by difference of type. An alphabetical arrangement is on some accounts convenient, but neither on the whole as convenient nor as useful as two distinct lists would have been, one of the Anglo-Saxon and the other of the Romanic prefixes, with all those of similar derivation arranged under the same head, and then an index, so as to be able to turn at once to any special form. Let us look for instance at the prefix *a*. This is both Anglo-Saxon and Romanic. In Anglo-Saxon it has a variety of meanings, and is variously derived. Some of them are here stated at length, some are slurred over, and some entirely omitted. Thus the fifteenth class is called "verbal or redundant"—giving no special derivation to the prefix in this one. Among the examples are *arise, arouse, awake, alight,* when *a* is the O. H. Ger. *ur, ar, er, ir,* Goth. *us,* A.-S., *â,* with a meaning of up, out of. Also *abide,* when *a* is the Goth. *and,* Ger. *eut,* A.-S. *and on,* as *andbidaw, onbidaw,* being the same prefix that is seen in *acknowledge, adread,* and *answer.* The *a* or *ac* of acknowledge is nowhere given, while the *an* of answer is considered to be Latin, and the same as *anti.* The *af* in affright, which is the same as the *a* in awake, is not given at all, or else either as from Lat *ex,* where afraid is the example, or from Lat. *ad,* when the form *af* is given. Now take the Romanic prefix. We have it given thus:

"A–, AB, ABS—*from.* [Lat. A–, AB, ABS. *from*; Sanscrit APA, AP-, AVA, *far; ἀπὸ, ἀπ-, ἀφ-, ἀ-, from*; Russian, Polish, Bohemian ob-; Irish as; (Aztec accidental), Irish, Gaelic a-; Welsh af- (negative), o *from,* aw *a flow;* eb, wff *motion from* or *out;* ob *a going from,* if *that is impelled;* wy *that proceeds from.* Gothic af, abu, German ab; Anglish af-, of-, a-; English of, off. Sanscrit root AB, AMB, *to go, to move.*]

This is a specimen of the etymological treatment of all the prefixes and suffixes. Here is a little of everything except what is wanted. What Mr. Haldeman should have given us was the Latin prefix or its meaning, with possibly a reference to the Greek and Sanskrit (though in a book of this kind rather useless), with the forms which the prefix had taken in French or Italian or any other language from which any word beginning thus might have come to us. Why give us all this display of learning, which is, to say the least, useless to a boy trying to make out the meaning or trace the origin of an English word? What does "Aztec accidental" mean? Are both Aztec and accidental compounded with the Irish *as;* or is the prefix *ab* accidental in Aztec; and if so, what is the authority for, and what the pertinence of, the statement? We only wonder that we were not given also the Finnish congener, it being well proved—to the Philological Society—that the Finnish is the great original of English.

On the prefix *ad* we are favored with another equally interesting piece of philology. It is remarkable for the juxtaposition of languages, whether rising in hierarchical order or on the footing of mere consanguinity is uncertain:

"AD, Welsh at, idd *to;* Ss. ADHI, A, *towards,* at; Fr. à; Go. at; Ang. at; Isl. ad, at. Gaelic ath- *very.* (Heb. ἠθ, ἐθ-.) Ss. root AT *to move;* Welsh eth, s. what is in motion; add, s. *a laying upon;* idd, *to, into;* eto, yet, *also;* Gr. ἔτι *yet.*"

The prefix *out,* A.-S. *ut,* Ger. *aus,* was originally the preposition *out* in its usual meaning, as *outpour,* then outside or outside of, as *outpost, outlaw.* Then it gained the idea of extending, as *outspread;* and of lasting to the end, as *outwear;* and, finally, of lasting beyond something else, or of excess, as *outlive, outlast, outdrink.* Yet from this signification Mr. Haldeman argues that *out* in such pure Anglo-Saxon words as these, is derived from the Latin *ultra,* in the same manner as *outrage,* of which there is no doubt.

Mis under the word is referred to its proper originals, though elsewhere the author evidently derives it from the Latin *mittere* to send, for he speaks of the position of the affix being changed in *mis*take and re*miss,* p. 36.

Some common prefixes are omitted, such as *forth* and *wel,* which are fully as important as many given, and others are given which are in no proper sense English prefixes, or prefixes at all, as *bu* in the Greek word *bulimy,* or *nun* in enunciation, nuncupative, which is a part of a compound root. Considerable space is given to examples of prefixes of single letters, such as b, c, d, f, fe, gr, pe, etc., but very little attention is paid to their explanation. All these, we think, are hardly to be regarded as prefixes in the usual sense; they are rather modifications of the root, and it is very difficult to trace their origin or their signification. Some of the cases given are, without doubt, instances of such altered roots; others and most are doubtful. We always understand a prefix to be the remnant of some word, and thus a word with a prefix is really a compound word; but these words which are formed by adding another letter to the root, undergo no change different from those that have a vowel in the root changed, or some intermediate letter altered. Nor are *d* in *dicere* and *docere* and *t* in *teach* prefixes, but an integral part of the root. A specimen of these so-called prefixes can be seen under the letter *m.*

"Welsh my—*that is, that is in agency;* ma, *what is produced;* mw, *that is forward or about.* . . . W, mus (from mw *that is forward,* and ws *that is impulsive*), *that starts out, an effluvium,* hence mu-s-k and mu-s-tard, tardd, *issue.*"

The probability of these derivations is apparent to any one who remembers that long before the perfume was ever known to Welsh or Celts, there was a Latin *muscus,* a Greek *μόσχος,* an Arabic *musk,* and a Sanskrit *mushka;* and that we can trace *mustard* through the French, Italian, and all the Romanic languages, till we come to the Latin *mustum.*

We have no space to enter into a detailed examination of the suffixes, and merely call attention to the very undiscriminating and unsatisfactory treatment of *ow, ew, er,* and that *old,* as seen in threshold and cuckold, is omitted as well as numerous others. We also say to Mr. Haldeman, that whatever *barren* may be from, it certainly is not the A.-S. *unberende,* and is not a present participle.

At the end of the book are some examples of the analysis of words, where the author's partiality for the Welsh appears very plainly. Witness especially the labored derivation of *buckler* from *bug,* a scarecrow, and *cledr,* a board—a board which shelters from scarecrows. Mr. Haldeman ought to pay a little more attention to French and Latin before he writes again.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN SCHOOL QUARTO GEOGRAPHY. By J. H. Colton. Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., New York.

A TREATISE ON MILITARY SURGERY AND HYGIENE. By Frank Hastings Hamilton, M.D. Baillière Brothers, New York.

THE HERO'S OWN STORY. General Sherman's Official Account of his Great March through Georgia and the Carolinas, etc., etc. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

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ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS	$414,729 18	
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages		$134,672 00
Temporary Loans		92,630 00
Real Estate		10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank		5,000 00
Government Sec., value		144,514 00
Cash on hand		18,042 34
Interest due		3,085 58
Premiums due		6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES		$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS		198,733 26

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY, A.M.

THERE is a sudden fall of 2 per cent. in the value of money employed by the brokers this week, as compared with the previous fortnight or three weeks. The rate on call is now more generally 5 per cent. on large temporary balances left with the brokers than any higher rate. Business paper is also salable at lower rates, say 6 to 8 per cent. per annum for prime names, in place of 7½ to 10 per cent. early in the month. The cause of this change is traceable in a good measure to the explosion of the gold and stock gambling operations of young Ketchum and other desperate operators like Mumford, last week. Their loans on gold have been liquidated, and such loans have become unpopular; so that the gold arena is tamer than for many months past, and although the Custom House has absorbed about three millions for duties this week, the price has scarcely varied one-half of 1 per cent. Part of this steadiness, in the face of an unusually heavy customs demand, is due to the circumstance that the Government continues to sell a portion of its surplus, the Treasury having no other use for it, beyond about four millions of September gold interest, until November.

There is a supply of $960,000 of California gold, mostly in bar gold, suitable for export, this week, and our steamers to-day will take nearly this amount to Europe. The exports of produce for the week are $3,300,000; the imports of dry goods, $2,010,000; and of general foreign merchandise (not yet made up), probably over $3,000,000. Exchange, notwithstanding these free importations and very active sales making by the importers, is scarcely so firm as this day week.

Business is remarkably active and prosperous among nearly all the merchant classes. The importers and jobbers of foreign dry goods are fully employed; the domestic commission houses are selling heavily of cotton and woollen goods of the New England and other mills; the receipts of cotton are 21,000 bales, and the outward trade by coast steamers to New Orleans and other Southern ports on the increase. The receipts of breadstuffs by canal are somewhat irregular, which is to be regretted in view of better orders from England for grain and flour. The harvest weather in Great Britain generally is reported unfavorable, and the potato crop in Ireland not so good as promised earlier in the season.

The estimates of the old cotton in the South when the war ceased are still the subject of much controversy, but the accumulation of the stocks of cotton, here and at New Orleans and Mobile, about two hundred thousand bales at the three ports, is against the low estimates indulged early in July. The new crop is estimated at from 600,000 to 800,000 bales. Prices are steady in this market, however, as, in addition to a fair export demand, the New England mills are again increasing their supplies.

The affairs of Ketchum, Son & Co., promise to liquidate about 70 cents on the dollar of their indebtedness; the affairs of their broker, Mr. Graham, about 40 cents. The sum of $50,000 which Mumford attempted to secrete from his defrauded creditors, has been brought to light, and ordered by the courts into one of the trust companies to await the litigation of his creditors. This is equal to about 25 or 30 cents on the dollar of his deficiencies. No other difficulties have occurred to the brokers, and their losses in the instances above referred to will scarcely exceed $250,000, distributed among ten or fifteen sufferers.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The U. S. 5-20s of the original issue have advanced from 106⅛ to 106¼ to 106⅜ to 106⅞ per cent. The new issue, not so scarce on the Street, remain steady, closing at 104⅜ to 104⅞ per cent. The 6 per cents of 1881 are the same as last week, 106¾ to 107 per cent. The 10-40 5 per cents have advanced from 97 to 98 per cent., owing to the close approach of the 1st September dividend, which, with gold at 143¾ to 144 per cent., will give $3 60 currency to each 2½ per cent. gold coupon. The 7.30 currency loans are all in request, at 99⅝ to 99½ per cent. and accrued interest. The certificates of indebtedness have advanced to 98¼ per cent.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessees are 72½ per cent., including 27½ per cent. arrearage of interest. Missouris, 71 to 72 per cent. The War Department has directed General Thomas to surrender all the Tennessee railroads to the charge of their owners, but with the condition that no dividends shall be paid on their capital until all the arrearages of interest on the State of Tennessee bonds and on mortgage bonds endorsed by the State, originally issued for the construction of these roads, are paid up.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

There is no important change in railway bonds. The shares have generally advanced on a rumored upward speculation at the gold exchange, which is favored by cheap money and the position, as a leader in Erie, of one of the wealthiest speculators on the Street. Erie has advanced from 82½ to 87; Central, 91 to 92½; Reading, 102¾ to 105¾; Michigan Southern, 62¾ to 63¾; Pittsburg, 66¾ to 70½; North-west, steady at 27½; North-west Preferred, 61 to 62¾; Fort Wayne, 94 to 95½; Rock Island, 105½ to 106½. The market steady at the close of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

The bank stocks have recovered from the decline of last week. The Fourth National makes a dividend of 4 per cent. (half yearly) for September, notwithstanding some loss by Ketchum. The Pacific Mail Company have made the usual quarterly cash dividend of 5 per cent., and an extra dividend in scrip of 25 per cent. Atlantic Mail has further recovered to 150; Canton, Cumberland, and Quicksilver are 1 to 2 per cent. higher than last week.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Bills on London, 109⅝ to 109⅞ for gold. The price of gold, 143¾.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 10. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1865. $3 PER ANNUM

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The Week.

THIS week has much resembled that which preceded it, if its "sensational" features are alone regarded. The disasters by rail have continued, and have been brought home to this community by a shocking collision on the Long Island road, the result of heinous recklessness, aggravated by the parsimony of a corporation which forced its passengers upon the platforms, rather than provide them with accommodations inside. The verdict of "somebody to blame" in the Housatonic "accident," has been followed even more pointedly by the jury which sat upon the smash-up on the Oil Creek road. They not only indicate the guilty parties, but request the coroner to issue his warrant for their apprehension and trial. Wirtz's case still proceeds. His counsel deserted him for one day in a huff with the court, but were induced to return on the next. The evidence against him is most positive, and equally sickening. Edward Ketchum has been arrested in this city, which he not only did not leave, but scarcely skulked in. At the request of Ketchum, Son & Co., their inventory was examined by a committee of gentlemen not interested in their solvency, and a careful valuation of their assets made. Their liabilities amount to $3,985,608 35 against $3,093,639 63 of assets, and they were advised to offer fifty per cent. in cash and ten per cent. in notes at twelve months. This report was adopted by the creditors at a meeting on Friday. Mr. P. R. Mumford was discharged on the admission of the prosecution that there was no ground to convict him of fraud, since the bank had been in the habit of honoring his checks even when he was known to have no deposit.

ON and after Friday, by previous proclamation of the President, the last restrictions upon trade with the South were removed. The necessity having in a great measure ceased, those articles which, in the proclamation of June, were prohibited from importation as contraband of war, are now released, subject only to such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe. If the faith of our British cousins is still strong in the invincible spirit of the Southern people, they may embrace this opportunity to renew their traffic in Whitworths, Blakelys, and the lesser munitions of war.

GOVERNOR HOLDEN asks General Ruger, commanding the Department of North Carolina, for what purpose he, the said governor, is clothed with power to appoint judges of the civil courts; and General Ruger negatively responds that it is not for the purpose of preserving the peace, which is solely the business of the military. These troublesome men of war, it seems, had arrested three citizens of the County of Person, upon the charge of an assault made by them upon the body of a freedman named Currie. The governor objects to the jurisdiction, and says he has "every confidence that strict and impartial justice will be administered" by the magistrates of his appointment. The general manifests a decided lack of confidence in the justice, but no doubt whatever about the jurisdiction. He says that he has never heard of any official notice being taken of acts of unlawful violence towards freedmen, and that, at the time of the arrest, no civil court had taken cognizance of the disorder in question. The governor replies that the old Carolina way is good enough for him and (constructively) for the negro, and that the delays complained of "have been tolerated for ages." Moreover, the free blacks have always been treated fairly in the State courts, and he cannot suspect "as honest a people as exist anywhere"—meaning the citizens of North Carolina—of any disposition to deal unjustly with the same class at the present time. The general remains firm, and the difference has been referred to the President for settlement.

OUR law correspondent, in number five of THE NATION, alluded to the very gradual melioration of the treatment of the accused in criminal cases. Spite of the maxim that a defendant is assumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty, he has been treated so, in British courts, only in the matter of evidence. Thus, to quote from our correspondent, "till very recently, the prisoner or his defender was not permitted to cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution; and it was not till the year 1836 that the persons on trial for felonies were allowed personally or by counsel to address juries in defence." This last July a still further concession was made, under a recent act of Parliament, by which criminal advocates now have a right to sum up the evidence before the reply of the prosecution. In France, the practice is for the magistrate to cross-examine the defendant, as if his word were not to be trusted. A State which has more than once been a pioneer in our American legislation, again excites our interest and, we cannot err in saying, secures our commendation by a novel experiment in criminal procedure. The Legislature of Maine, at its last session, passed an act which permits a prisoner arraigned for murder to testify in his own behalf. It has just been applied in a case of which it is reported:

"The testimony of witnesses left no doubt that the prisoner killed the person alleged; but as the deed was done in the dark, no one but himself could know whether it was in self-defence or not. The remarkable simplicity and apparent truthfulness of the prisoner, his prompt and ready answers, freedom from all contradiction and equivocation, and in fact every test of truth, were so striking, that the court, jury, and the crowd of listeners were all convinced that he was fully justified in the killing. Without his own testimony, however, he would probably have been severely dealt with by the law."

THE politics of the week find their main interest in the doings of the Jersey Democracy at Trenton, on Wednesday, the 30th ult. So distinguished a party hulk might have been looked to for something original in its bill of complaints and charges against its opponents, but the convention's resolutions were hardly more than a repetition of what we have been hearing all summer. The little character which they have is entirely in keeping with New Jersey's reputation for liberality in money matters. There must be a return, say they, to a gold and silver currency; it is unequal to exempt Government bonds from taxation; the soldiers must be paid the full bounty promised them by Government; the national debt is "onerous and improperly managed." The Democratic game of selecting candidates from the army, as shown in Ohio and Pennsylvania, was confirmed by the assembly at Trenton.

Major-General Runyon was nominated for Governor. It is touching to observe with what magnanimity our conservative friends overlook participation in the "cruel war" brought on by the radicals. The official returns of the Kentucky election divide the House into 58 Opposition and 42 Union, while the Senate has a tie of 18 to 18. Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs is said to favor the Constitutional Amendment, and his vote would then decide for it in the upper chamber. Gen. Cox made a speech at Oberlin on the 21st ult. A colored member of his audience rose to ask him if he would, when elected Governor of Ohio, advocate bestowing the suffrage upon the colored people of the State. The General's reply was received "with enthusiastic applause," if we may credit the report, but it hardly seems to us to have called for such a demonstration from the class most interested in it. The speaker "believed the question must be decided for the black men as a unit, and that the duty of the colored man here was to connect his destiny with those of the South." Still, if there was to be a separate decision, he should be for the full application of the rights of man. The "Worcester Freedom Club" is alarmed at the wooing of the President by every Democratic convention, and warns the Republican party against "Tylerization." They see in negro suffrage the only assurance that the disloyal element when returned to office will not join the Democracy in demanding the assumption of the rebel debt and indemnification for the loss of their slaves. That these fears are not visionary may be inferred from the advertisement of David Miller, who wishes to represent in Congress the Eighth District of Virginia. He publishes in the Lynchburg *Republican* his political confession, and says, apropos of the debt created by the United States in prosecuting the war against rebellion:

"I am opposed to the Southern States being taxed at all for the redemption of this debt, either directly or indirectly, and if elected to Congress I will oppose all such measures, and I will vote to repeal all laws that have heretofore been passed for that purpose. And in doing so I do not consider that I violate any obligation to which the South was a party (!) We have never plighted our faith for the redemption of the war debt. (!) The people will be borne down with taxes for years to come, even if the war debt is repudiated. It will be the duty of the Government to support the maimed and disabled soldiers, and this will be a great expense; and if the United States Government requires the South to be taxed for the support of the Union soldiers, we should insist that all disabled soldiers should be maintained by the United States Government, without regard to the side they had taken in the war. (!)"

The eighth annual report of the Central Park Commissioners shows that little was done during the past year beyond completing structures already in progress and extending the drive. Remains of fortifications thrown up in 1812 on the brow of the hills forming the southern boundary of the Harlem plains, and traces of a Revolutionary encampment, will be preserved as far as possible. The practice of transplanting trees of large size is abandoned as unsuccessful. The visitors to the Park have increased largely since 1861, and the vehicles more than doubled. In 1864 there flocked thither 2,295,199 pedestrians, 100,397 equestrians, and 1,148,161 vehicles, the greatest numbers of each being recorded in January, June, and May respectively. About $1,000 profit was derived from boat service. The police have few, and these mostly trifling, charges to make against the multitude.

It appears strange, at first sight, that the freedmen of Maryland, a self-emancipated State, should need the protection of the Bureau at Washington. The report of Lieut. G. A. Clark, who has been visiting Prince George, St. Charles, and St. Mary's Counties, makes the necessity plain, however. He found the spirit of slavery and the spirit of disloyalty unabated, the accomplished fact of negro liberty accepted only in bitterness, and the relations between employers and laborers of the most uncomfortable character. Yet labor is scarce, and but half the usual amount of land is under cultivation. The witnesses against North Carolina are too numerous to sustain the pretence of a conspiracy against her reputation. Lieut. A. W. Hahn, passing through the northeastern portion of the State, where there is no military force, reports the shooting of three negroes in Northampton county, by the Home Guard, because they accepted employment away from their former masters and refused to return. The freedom of the colored population is not admitted, and a disposition on their part to assert it is met with torture and death. A Union man in Hertford County was hunted for his life for hiring a negro girl without consulting her master. Col. Whittlesey, the commissioner at Raleigh, informs the freedmen by circular that if any refuse to enter into contracts because they expect the Government to give them farms, they will be disappointed. They will own land when they have earned it by diligent industry. Offices of the Bureau have been established in South Carolina, at Orangeburg, Spartansburg, Winnsboro', Camden, and Austin; at all which points the planters are said to be readily embracing the contract system. At Columbia alone over six hundred contracts have been made since July 1st. Gen. Ely, the commissioner at that place, has prohibited the discharge or driving off of the freedmen from the plantations upon which they are engaged without permission from the Bureau, as has been done in several instances on insufficient grounds. Gen. Swayne, at Montgomery, Alabama, states that many cases of violence now bruited really date back to the occupation of the State, but there are still frequent murders of whites and blacks, chiefly owing to cotton stealing and indiscriminate robberies. An abstract of the report of Col. Samuel Thomas, assistant commissioner at Vicksburg, dated Aug. 15, is worth reproducing. After mentioning the speedy repairs of railroads, bridges, and highways, and the extension of the telegraph to the interior of the State, he says:

"The colonies of freedmen working the land assigned them at Davis Bend, Camp Hawley, near Vicksburg, De Soto Point, opposite, and at Washington, near Natchez, are all doing well; their crops are maturing fast; as harvest time approaches, the number of rations issued is reduced, and they are compelled to rely on their own resources. At least ten thousand bales of cotton will be raised by these people, who are raising crops on their own account. The number of idle people around them is constantly declining, as labor is abundant, and good prices are offered for all kinds of work. The Treasury Department has turned over to the Bureau all lands, houses, and tenements held by them. This included houses in Vicksburg and Natchez, which were being rented from month to month, and plantations leased Jan. 1, 1865. This property is a source of considerable revenue to the Bureau. The amount of rations issued to whites is about the same as issued to freedmen. Not less than 5,000 people are cutting wood for steamers on the Mississippi River, and more people are engaged in this business than ever, but they support themselves. The total number of freedmen in the State is estimated at 346,600, of whom only 3,000 are receiving assistance from Government."

The lot of the people of color in the parishes of Louisiana is hard enough. The ordinances of Opelousas afford an example of the general treatment of the despised race. The freedmen cannot hold meetings, move about or come to town without passes and permits from their employers, be found in the streets at night after ten o'clock, keep or rent a house within the limits of the town, engage in traffic without written leave, nor even reside in town, unless in the regular service of some white person. It is small compensation that the colored citizens of New Orleans, under the protecting wing of "headquarters," have just overcome the prejudice which confined them to certain "star cars" on the horse rail-roads. At Chattanooga, 904 whites receive rations, and only 43 negroes. Gen. Fiske has broken up every contraband camp in East Tennessee, and intends doing the same with all that remain in his department. The Bureau at Washington has received an application for one hundred freedmen, to be employed at fair wages in coal-mining on the James River.

On Monday, August 28, the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon in Philadelphia was closed, after having performed its beneficent mission of nourishing our defenders on their way to and from the battle-fields of the South. In four years twelve hundred thousand soldiers have been fed and cared for by the quiet, regular, unostentatious contributions and personal attendance of the good women of the Quaker City. This gigantic charity, local only in its scene of operations, deserves to rank with the widespread labors of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and reflects as much honor upon Philadelphia as the latter upon the nation at large.

We omitted to mention, last week, that the clause whereby the Mississippi Convention amended their constitution in favor of emancipa-

tion also directed the legislature, at its next session, to "provide by law for the protection and security of the persons and property of the freedmen of the State, and guard them and the State against any evil that may arise from their sudden emancipation." This sounds well enough, but we venture to predict that the protection afforded will not be self-protection, nor the instrument the ballot; and, therefore, we earnestly hope that the Government, in the exercise of its proper function toward the reconstructed States, will forestall the action of the Legislature of Mississippi. What sort of protection, even with the best intentions, could be extended by this body is questionable, when we know that the convention refused to submit its work to the popular judgment, as was the case in Tennessee; that Gov. Sharkey has called upon the people by proclamation to form two companies in each county —one of cavalry and another of infantry—to preserve order and put an end to murder and robberies; and that the gubernatorial candidate, Judge E. S. Fisher, is still an applicant for pardon. Gen. Slocum has, meanwhile, countermanded the dangerous and extra-official call of the governor, as was right, and has ordered a general surrender of arms to the officers of the United States.

A LIQUOR DEALER in Massachusetts attempted to outwit the law of the State which makes his calling illegal by claiming a right to sell intoxicating liquors under a license from the United States. The Supreme Court, to which the case was carried up, decided, against Mr. Holbrook, that the payment to the United States of a fee for license, and a revenue duty or tax, does not exempt a man from responsibility for violating the criminal laws of the commonwealth. The statute in question is sometimes inaccurately called a sumptuary law, but even if it were, it would not be diametrically opposed to the internal revenue regulations, which surely are not intended to foster the luxuries which they tax. Neither could the action of the State, if it had been subsequent to the passage of the United States law, be considered unpatriotic, since vice, or the cause of vice and crime, as Massachusetts regards the sale of liquor, is not more respectable or to be tolerated because so long as it is unmolested the Government can extort a tribute from it. The ordinary tradesman or manufacturer who seeks in a legitimate way to escape the burden of taxation must also not be judged hardly. If some departments of industry are abandoned, others are created, and the general balance is preserved. The fashion which has so largely superseded felt hats with those made of cloth, is due to the enhanced cost of alcohol and lac, in a solution of which the former are dipped for stiffening.

THE following is an extract from the letter of an intelligent correspondent, sent out by an association of factories in Massachusetts, for the purpose of obtaining information on the condition of the South and prospects of the cotton culture. It is both interesting and important:

"AUGUSTA, GA., Aug. 18.

"I have given considerable attention to the causes leading to the exodus of the freedmen from the plantations to the towns, and have arrived at the following conclusions: Negroes do not like plantation labor, particularly the cultivation of cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco, on a large scale. Those blacks who are engaged in any other employment, mechanical or domestic, have always looked down on the 'field hands,' as they were accustomed to call them, and felt above them. Now the field hand perceives, as he thinks, an opportunity for a higher grade of labor, and with an aspiration that is perfectly natural and easily understood, will do *anything* else rather than work on the plantations for the same wages. An odium attaches to field service among the blacks; hence they flock to the towns, and any number can be hired for deck-hands on the steamers, servants at hotels or in private residences, stevedores, teamsters—in short, anything else besides the detested field service. The crack of the driver's whip still echoes in their ears, and they fly from the scenes of former cruelties. Those who could remain—mostly the older ones—are taunted by the others as 'mean-spirited,' and their inclination overborne. This is my explanation, derived from my observation of *one* of the causes, and a principal one, which leads the freedman to desert the old plantation. But other reasons are not wanting. The blacks are all inclined to think this is their holiday, their 'year of jubelum;' and many careful observers and good judges believe that next season much of the license and hilarity which at present are universal among them will have passed away. And it must not be forgotten, that up to the day of the dispersion of the Confederate armies, thousands and thousands of negroes remained under the same control within the Confederate lines as before the war; hence, the breaking down of the rebellion was the forming of a new existence for them. On the large plantations in this vicinity were hundreds of blacks who had never in their lives visited a city or been further than a few miles from their master's plantation. What wonder that they should swarm to a scene with so much of novelty and interest to them? It cannot be denied that wherever our black troops have been stationed, the labor on the surrounding plantations has almost entirely ceased. If the advice of the soldiers has not influenced the plantation hands, their example has. I must give it as my opinion, from what I see on every side, that the day is very distant when such crops of cotton as were produced just before the war will again be raised. Northern men must be the men to plant. Of this there can be no doubt. Not one planter in ten will ever adapt himself to the new order of things. Everywhere I meet them with their families moving out of the country, firmly persuaded it is ruined."

IT is said that the Postmaster-General finds it difficult to make appointments in South Carolina, because of the almost universal connection of the population with the late rebellion, and an act of Congress requires an oath to the contrary. Now we submit the difficulty is not so great as represented, for about two-thirds of the inhabitants can take this retroactive oath without a particle of perjury. Why does not Mr. Dennison choose his postmasters, clerks, and route-agents from the ever-loyal blacks of South Carolina, since Congress has removed all disabilities for that service, and it is no longer a penal offence for a colored man to know how to read and write? Why not retort upon the South generally a little of the black-mailing which she attempted upon us here through her minions? Gov. Perry is clamorous for mail facilities, though it is likely that if his first speech at Greenville had come more promptly to Washington, he might never have enjoyed his provisional title. We doubt if, with all his professed desire for newspapers and letters, he would relish seeing colored employees in the Charleston office, from which, not many years ago, the mails were taken forcibly and burnt—by spontaneous combustion, if we remember, since they were charged with "incendiary" publications. However, beggars must not be choosers, and it does not follow that because a person cannot vote he cannot hold office under Government and receive a salary. There are postmistresses, and we wish Mr. Dennison would institute colored postmasters. Meanwhile, let us applaud his activity in arranging for the carriage of the mails on the Mississippi, and by the new route to Brazil; also, for a regular mail service between San Francisco and Hong Kong, China, *via* the Sandwich Islands and Kanagawa, Japan. The latter will not commence before Jan. 1, 1867. Twelve round trips per annum are to be made for $500,000. As many will be made between New York and Rio Janeiro for $300,000, touching at St. Thomas, Bahia, and Pernambuco.

IN the necrology of the week are embraced the names of Governor John Brough, of Ohio, and Mr. George Livermore, of Boston. Gov. Brough died at Cleveland on Tuesday, the 29th of August, of gangrene in the foot, accompanied by malignant carbuncle, from which he suffered for weeks before his decease. He was born in 1811, at Marietta, and became an office-holder through the familiar stages of law and journalism. He was largely identified with the railway interests of the State when the rebellion broke out and found him prompt to enrol himself among the War Democrats. He carried the election against Vallandigham by an unprecedented majority, and the universal tribute now paid to his memory explains the reason of his popularity. He was honest, energetic, and of native nobility of character. Mr. Livermore was a wool merchant, and one of the most thorough gentlemen in the trade. His leisure from business was devoted to literature, and especially to antiquarian studies. His work entitled an "Historical Research respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and Soldiers," was printed and circulated at his own expense, and helped efficiently to improve public sentiment on the subject of negro enlistments. After a prostration of twelve weeks from varicose veins, he succumbed to a stroke of paralysis, and died on Wednesday, August 30. He was but fifty-six years of age.

THE latest advices from Jamaica represent the existing state of things there to be really dreadful, and fully corroborate what we have

asserted of the wretched management of that island. Between an extraordinary drought and the grievous taxation of the necessaries of life, the suffering of the poorer classes is extreme. Add to this that a petition of distress which was addressed by the blacks to the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Cardwell, was met with an exhortation to them to work more diligently than they had been doing, and that public feeling is so much aroused as to cause apprehensions of an outbreak.

News from the belligerents about the tributaries of the Plate River is chiefly favorable to the Paraguayans. They have recovered the guns from their disabled ships, and also from one of the enemy's vessels, and have driven the Brazilian fleet down stream by threatening it with land batteries. They have invaded Matto Grosso and other of the interior provinces of the empire, but have received a repulse not far from San Borja, in Rio Grande. Gen. Urquiza has lost his army by desertion.

The spreading of the cattle-plague and the approach of the cholera, which has reached Marseilles, occupy the general attention of England. She has been also concerned in the celebration of the Emperor's birthday, so far as relates to the naval gathering at Cherbourg, whither she sent her iron-clads on the 14th. On the 18th the squadron proceeded to Brest. The festivities of the 15th were dampened by the most dreary weather. At Rouen an equestrian statue of the first Napoleon was uncovered by Marshal Vaillant, the deputed representative of the Emperor. The artist was a M. Vital-Dubray. The adventurous aeronaut, Godard, made an ascension on the same occasion, during which he was caught in a storm, and forced to abandon his balloon to save his life. At Lyons the bridges were freed from tolls, and a magnificent fountain in the Place Louis XVI. inaugurated. The Emperor dispensed numerous pardons, commutations, and reductions of penalties, and set at liberty several juvenile prisoners of La Roquette. The Empress also distributed 74,200 francs among seventy-five charitable societies in several cities. Close upon the heels of the report which we noticed last week, comes the announcement of a new farm-school, "with all the modern improvements," to be established, perhaps, in the department of Nièvre, where, as is not more wittily than truthfully added, "they will adopt a somewhat more sensible plan than that which isolates the youth in order to teach them to become 'sociable.'" Austria and Prussia have settled their quarrel. The latter buys Lauenburg of the former; the provisional government of the Duchies continues, Prussia managing Schleswig, and Austria Holstein. The Suez Canal was opened on the 17th of August, and a boat laden with coal passed through from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The *Great Eastern* reached England in safety. A letter from Captain Anderson to Mr. Low, of this city. expresses his utmost confidence in the ultimate success of the cable, He does not believe that the faults were occasioned by malice, but by accident only. The attempt to recover the cable will not be made this year.

The death of Mme. Charles Lemonnier at Paris has elicited a tribute to her eminent services to her sex. Desirous of ameliorating, by a practical education, the lot of women who have to labor for their subsistence, she undertook to found establishments for the professional instruction of young girls of scanty means. She solicited with great zeal subscriptions for this purpose from among her personal friends, but at first could raise comparatively little. For six years, beginning with 1856, she confined herself to sending a certain number of girls to Germany, to an institution such as she was contemplating for Paris. In 1862, the Society for the Professional Instruction of Women was at last constituted, and opened a school in the Rue de la Perle which was soon transferred to a much more commodious site in the Rue de Val Sainte-Catherine, where it still remains and numbers 133 pupils. Last November a new school was started in the Rue Rochechouart. The morning is occupied with such general studies as history geography, etc., and other hours with industrial drawing, wood engraving, trade, the making-up of garments, linen-drapery, etc. "The success of the enterprise," we are told, "is no longer doubtful, and it should be declared the more loudly by as much as it is an initiatory work purely feminine."

"In France the state is quite disposed to believe that the citizens cannot succeed in founding anything good unless it lends them assistance; and men, for their part, are apt to imagine that women cannot dispense with them. By dispensing with them, as with the state, the ociety affords them at once a little lesson in humility, and a good example of self-government. It is exclusively composed of and conducted by women."

One of the principal bankers of Paris is building a sumptuous hall for artistic, scientific, and literary uses, and purposes bestowing a large portion of its revenue upon the society. We may note, in connection with the subject of female employment, that the printing-offices in France are now entered by a small but significant number of women, who are exciting the opposition of their male fellow compositors, much as we have witnessed it in this country. The *Journal de Saint-Pétersbourg* mentions a stringent regulation of the University in 1863, which prohibited women from following the University courses. A Miss K., who had a decided taste for medicine without the means to devote herself to that profession, applied to the authorities of the country of Orenburg, offering to put the medical education she should receive at the Academy at the service of the Cossack inhabitants, who have superstitious scruples against being treated by men, and in consequence resort to ignorant female sorcerers. The ingenious application met with favor. Miss K. received permission to attend the Academy of Medicine, and the Cossacks of Orenburg assured her a stipend of 28 roubles a month. In May of the present year she passed the examinations for the first half of the course as well as most of the students, if not better, and the Cossacks sent her 300 roubles by way of encouragement. The case is altogether remarkable.

The obelisk of Luxor, which was brought from Egypt to Paris in 1833, and set up in the Place de la Concorde three years later, is undergoing a restoration, or, rather, the pedestal on which it rests. For while the chiselling on the monolith itself has defied the ravages of time, the inscriptions on its base in gilded letters, on the northern and southern faces, along with the representations of the process of removing and erecting the obelisk, have been in large measure effaced and rendered illegible in the short space of thirty years. It is proposed to ornament the apex with a metallic star, such as one sees on the obelisks at Rome, but we hope this idea will not prevail. This obelisk is seventy-five and a half feet high, on a single block of granite sixteen and a half feet high; but the weight of the former is but twice and a half that of the latter. In Europe there are thirty-five Egyptian obelisks standing: fourteen in Italy, twelve of which are at Rome, two at Constantinople, five in England, and two in France—the second being at Arles.

They are discussing in France the meteorological influence of forests, before disposing of those which belong to the state. Against the theory of M. Boussingault, that the prevalence of woods tends to reduce the temperature, the testimony of Humboldt is cited: that no change whatever has been effected in the climate of America by reason of the wholesale destruction of trees which has taken place here. Mr. Marsh, in his "Man and Nature," takes exactly the opposite view, and his appeal to the recollection of by no means the oldest inhabitants will be supported. Our winters are both shorter and less severe than they used to be less than fifty years ago.

George Peabody's magnificent gift of $750,000, for the purpose of constructing dwellings for the poor of London, has been partially expended in a huge brick building in what was one of the worst spots (morally) in London. It is divided into single rooms and suites of two and three, which are let at two, three, and five shillings a week respectively. There are four blocks, each of which will contain sixty families. The rooms are nine feet by twelve, and well ventilated, and the building is five stories high, and is furnished with space for drying clothes, washing-room, and a well capable of supplying 1,760 gallons of water. Similar structures are to be put up in other parts of the city. Some good men have begun a similar work for New York, but, unhappily, they confine themselves thus far to building houses for sale, and so bring little comfort to some of the most unfortunate victims of the "tenement houses."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE RICHMOND PROTEST.

A MASS meeting was held at Richmond last week, which the correspondents of the morning papers pronounce to have been a "decided failure," but which, nevertheless, did suceeed in uttering some very strong denunciations of the persistent and wicked efforts

"of a portion of the press and people of the Northern States to brand the people of the South with perfidy and insincerity in the honest attempts they have made, and are making, to resume their former relations with the Union, by questioning their fidelity and truth in the oaths of allegiance which they have taken, and, by vague and unsupported charges, that they desire, if they do not contemplate, further resistance to its authority."

Other resolutions proclaimed anew the submission of the South to the authority of the Government, and soundly rated "the so-called Radical party, which propose to the Southern States the alternative of negro suffrage or an indefinite exclusion from the benefits of a common and equal Union."

Now we have never doubted the sincerity of the desire expressed by the Southern people within the last three months to come back to the Union. Ever since Lee's defeat there has evidently been nothing they sought more eagerly. The reason why they have been so much denounced at the North, and why there is so strong a determination to keep them out of Congress, is that they have never given any of those signs of love for the Union, and have never offered any of those securities for their good behavior, which the people of the North, whether rightly or wrongly, have decided to be essential.

It is hardly necessary to argue with so sensible and practical a people as the Southerners the right of the North to impose these conditions. It seeks to impose them, as it believes, in the interest of its own safety, and in virtue of the power which it has won by the war. The South deliberately appealed to the sword, the consequences of such an appeal being, as the world has known ever since war began, that the vanquished shall take the law from the victor. It has been thoroughly beaten. The decision of its fate rests, therefore, with the North. It is very amusing to hear men who for four years have been shedding their blood like water for the destruction of this Government, railing now, when the sword has been stricken from their hands, over the monstrosity of not admitting them with alacrity to the position in which they stood before they took up arms at all.

They make a great fuss over the fact that they submit to the abolition of slavery, and think this should cover all other omissions. Well, it covers nothing whatever. We feel under no more obligation to them for submitting to the emancipation of the negroes than to Lee for surrendering Richmond, or to John Morgan for giving up the ghost. They have in this simply accepted an accomplished fact. It is absurd to talk or think of it as a concession made to the North, which can or ought to be made the basis of a compromise between the two sections, or which gives the planters a claim on our indulgence or forbearance. We ask them now, as proof of the sincerity of their professions and of their determination to promote a solid reunion, not for things which the war has already wrested from them, but for things which it is still in their power to yield or withhold; and one of them is, not "negro suffrage," as they sophistically call it, but equality before the law for all classes and conditions of people. This is what we exact of them; and it is our exacting this, and nothing more, that leads them to utter the dismal lamentations and reproaches which are wrapped up in the Richmond resolutions. "See how repentant and well behaved we are," they tell us; "we let the rain fall, and the rivers flow, without a word of remonstrance; but not content with this, the wicked radicals actually ask us to give our black neighbors the same securities against robbery, murder, and oppression which we enjoy ourselves."

It is worse than silly to tell people, at this time of day, that the political condition of the negro at the South is no affair of ours. The blacks form a third of the Southern people, and constitute its whole laboring population. It is their social and political condition, therefore, which must determine whether it is safe or not for us to live under the same government with the Southern States; whether the rate of progress of these States is to be the same as ours; whether, in short, their civilization is to have the same character and drift as ours. So that the whole question has an interest for us altogether apart from any philanthropic concern we may feel for the negro. It is mischievous and false to talk of the matter as if it had no bearings but humanitarian ones. Whatever seems likely to interfere with order and progress at the South, as we understand them, and we have won by the war the right of defining them, threatens also the peace and welfare of the North; and we have therefore a right to look into the nature of the institutions under which the South proposes to come back and live with us. The exclusion of a large portion of the population over half our territory from the protection of the laws, is a matter with which we have everything to do. It is our affair politically to just the same extent that it is the affair of the South, for the simple reason that it is a national affair.

We have not the least desire, and we doubt if anybody has at the North, to bear heavily on the Southern people, or to misconstrue their intentions. But we can only judge of how they feel and think by their acts, and none of these have so far afforded any proof of a readiness on their part to advance one step further towards reconstruction and reunion than they were compelled by military power. We had a right to expect, if not as friends and neighbors, at least as victors, that the persons chosen to represent the South in the dealings with us would not be persons who had played a prominent part in the late unhappy troubles. No others, or next to none, have so far been elected. In the new constitutions that have been framed, slavery it is true has been declared abolished, which is about as valuable as a resolution declaring the grass green or the sky blue, but no disposition has been shown to give the Emancipation Proclamation effect, by placing the negroes under the protection of the law. These injured innocents in Richmond, these unhappy unprotected white men who are so horrified by our unwillingness to place our purse and sword and honor in their hands, will not even consent to give the blacks the simple right of being heard in a court of justice. The mere mention of it excites their rage, though we believe it is a right which no freeman in any civilized country has ever been refused, and a right without which a man stands in the position of a wild animal, and holds his life, limbs, and property at the mercy of every knave or ruffian in the community.

Southern men may be satisfied of one thing, and that is, that if the North be, as they say, vindictive, there is but one way of meeting and disarming its vindictiveness, and that is by doing justice. They have only to say that no legal distinction shall hereafter exist amongst them on account of color, and they will find the agitation about the negro which has so long raged here silent for ever. We do not ask them to turn over the government of their States to the ignorant. They may exact what qualifications they please in the way of intelligence or property from either voters or candidates for office, but we do insist upon it that they shall exact them of men of all colors. We propose until they do this to keep them out of Congress as long as we can, not because we take any delight in harassing them, or because it pleases us to see military government perpetuated amongst them, but because we consider their willingness to establish democratic institutions, to become really one people with us, can in no other way be proved. We ask them, in short, to do something more than accept the fact which we have forced on them at the point of the bayonet. So far, they have done nothing but throw down their arms, and obey the orders of our military commanders.

DEMOCRATIC DISTRESSES.

IT was no idiosyncracy of the Bourbons that "they remembered nothing and forgot nothing," and consequently learned nothing from the teachings of exile. The same infirmity of memory is incident to Democrats as well as to despots, accompanied by a like incapacity to profit by the lessons of their own experience. They remember perfectly well the golden days of Pierce and Buchanan, when they possessed the

land, and waxed fat on the milk and honey of office wherewith it flowed. They remember that it was through the alliance and helping of their Southern brethren that they had entered into this goodly heritage, and they long for a renewal of the fraternal affiance which shall restore it once again to them. They seem to have forgotten that it was through the treachery of those very allies that they were thrust from their paradise into the cold outer world, and that they see its gate

"With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms,"

whenever they cast a lingering look backward towards its portals—now, alas, closed against them. And they fail to discern, as it would seem, what a different world they live in from that of five years ago; how completely the fiery tide of war has swept away the old landmarks of parties, and how impossible it is to set them up again as of old. The restoration of the Bourbons was a failure, because the French nation had remembered everything while it had forgotten nothing; and the restoration of the old Democratic party is an impossibility, because the American people have also excellent memories, and intend to apply them to equally excellent uses.

The proceedings of the Democratic conventions in several of the States, lately, have been full of proofs that it is as impossible for inveterate politicians as for inveterate potentates to understand that times change and men change with them. To read their platforms, one might infer that there had been a considerable riot somewhere in the Southern country, which they had helped to put down, but which was not of consequence enough to justify interference with the regular exercise of their political rights by the rioters; that, in point of fact, the riot would have been prevented had the Democracy remained in power; and that it was the success of the party now in possession of the Government that brought the disturbance about. They affirm that the revolted States have never been out of the Union, and that they are entitled "to all their reserved rights and their due representation in Congress." They agree as to the horrors that would ensue from the admission of the negroes to citizenship, and the entire subjection of the white race to the black in the event of such a catastrophe. And they are unanimous, we believe, in making love to President Johnson, and trying to entice him to barter his position as the head of a great nation for that of the leader of a desperate faction. A good symptom of general public health may be discerned in the zeal they all profess for the maintenance of the national credit and the payment of the public debt—a zeal which they can hardly expect to be shared by the prodigal brethren they are inviting to return from the husks of rebellion to the old Democratic homestead. All, we believe; unless it be the *Split* Convention held at Columbus, Ohio, which, if we understand the abridgment of its doings that we have seen, went squarely against the debt and in favor of free trade, and flatly denied the right of the Government to emancipate the slaves—a question which the more responsible bodies either avoided entirely or touched only inferentially.

We suppose that the hackneyed politicians who made up the mass of these conventions are beyond the reach of grace. They must be given over to a reprobate mind and to the idols to which they are joined. Like old drunkards, their case is hopeless; but we would uplift a warning voice to the young who are just entering on the devious ways of politics, and bid them beware of casting in their lot with those broken-down tempters. The whole ground on which they used to stand, as if established for ever, has been utterly cut away from under their feet by the sword of the nation. The whole state of public feeling is radically changed from what it was then. The revolution in public opinion which, having begun, was sure to go on and ultimately prevail, has been hurried forward a half century by the suicidal hands of the Southern Democracy; and it is one that will never go backward.

Up to the time of the election of 1860 the nation was at ease in its possessions, making money, growing in population, lightly taxed, and having all the substantial elements of material prosperity in abundance. It shrank from any disturbance of its repose. Above all, it shuddered at civil war and intestine strife. It was content to let the Democratic party of the North, with the assistance of the Southern slaveholders, rule and revel, provided it could enjoy tranquillity in its borders for the time, and have the evil day postponed. The bullying of the slaveholders, though only half believed to be in earnest, was allowed to shape the policy of the nation, and keep the party which incarnated it in power. But the bullies were not content with this dispensation. Like the boy in the fable, the diurnal egg of gold was not enough for their greed; they must needs hew the Democratic goose in twain, in hopes of securing an inexhaustible treasure at a stroke. The result we know. The old Democratic party, thus slain in the house of its friends, it is in vain to endeavor to galvanize into a ghastly show of life again. Its particles must live in new forms and under new conditions, or suffer political annihilation.

The people, as we have said, have the best of memories. They remember well the rule of the Democratic party under the nominal headship of Pierce and Buchanan, but under the real dictation of the slave power. They remember how the rebellion was contrived, and all the particulars of the plot arranged under those auspices. They have not forgotten the disadvantages under which they therefore entered into their struggle for life. Their dangers from false friends, all of the Democratic brand, are fresh on their minds. They bitterly call up the cruel cost in the blood of their best and bravest at which their freedom has been purchased. All this will not be blotted from their memories by the "glittering generalities" or the commonplaces of the Democratic party. The people have learned, further, that they can exist without the help of the South—that they can not only exist, but thrive and grow rich and increase in goods, while it is the South that is one great almshouse supported by their charity. The old prestige of slaveholding wealth and chivalry is gone for ever. The nation does not intend that its paupers shall govern it just yet, and it will take all needful precautions to hinder this consummation so devoutly wished for by hungry Copperheads—yes, even if one of them be to erect the loyal negroes into citizens, to guard by the ballot what they have won by the bayonet.

And this it is our painful task to assure the Pennsylvania Democrats they will have to submit to. The idea of negro suffrage was as repugnant five years ago to the great mass of the Northern people as it is now to them. But the idea has been thrust into the minds of the most intelligent portion of the people, including all the best part of the old Democratic party, by the action of the rebels and their Northern friends. And the leaven is fast leavening the whole lump. It is a matter of simple self-defence. The white rebels of the South are not to be trusted with power unless the black loyalists keep them in check. The nation is not going to set the rebel beggar on horseback that he may ride to the devil and drag it after him into the pit. He may have indemnity for the past when we have the security for the future which the equal citizenship of the negro will give us. Anything short of this would be nothing less than national suicide; and the nation has not fought for its life so long and so hard to die now by its own silly hand. If the Democrats had but the wisdom that is profitable to direct a party under difficulties to success, they would cease their old habits of servility to the white men of the South, and try to conciliate the black men by showing that they really believe in the democratic principles they profess by helping them to their equal political rights. They may find themselves in power again, some day, by this method, but by no other. But we fear their case is past advice.

COTTON CULTURE.

It is now pretty well ascertained that the large estimates of old cotton on hand at the close of the rebellion were erroneous, and it is not probable that over one and a quarter million bales will come to market in sound condition. There are still some estimates higher than this, but there are many more that are lower. There was probably quite a large planting for this season, possibly for a crop of 700,000 bales; but the sudden collapse of the Confederate authority disorganized the old system of labor just at the most critical season, when continuous labor is needed to prevent the weeds from choking the young cotton plant, whose first growth is very slow, and it is not probable that over one half the crop planted will be made. From the best information now attainable, one and a half million bales of American cotton must supply the world's need from about July 1, 1865, to October 1, 1866, at which date a moderate supply of the crop of 1866 will be coming in. At the first glance it would seem to be a misfortune

to the country that the available supply should be so small, but a little reflection will prove that this is the most desirable condition in which we could be placed.

Consumers of cotton cloth will have to pay a little more; but as the average consumption of the country, with the factories all in operation, never exceeded ten pounds of cotton a head per annum, the difference between twenty cents and forty cents per pound is no very severe burthen; and forty cents per pound secures good order and peace in the cotton States, whatever may be the political mismanagement. Disorder cannot exist, and ill-treatment of the colored laborer will be impossible, when it shall appear that his labor will produce from $1,000 to $1,600 in gold value, besides all the food he can require. The total consumption of cotton in 1860 north of the Potomac was about 800,000 bales; south of the Potomac, about 150,000 bales. The present rate of consumption north of the Potomac is about 10,000 bales per week—say 500,000 bales per annum; and the consumption South was much increased during the war by the manufacture of home-spun cloth.

If we take the supply for fifteen months at 1,500,000 bales, this country will require one half, leaving 700,000 to 800,000 bales for export; and whenever it shall be demonstrated that such are the facts, even though this supply should all come in during the six months from September 1, it must be taken at a very high price, and if at twenty pence per pound in Liverpool, the amount placed to the credit of this country in gold value will be $130,000,000 to $140,000,000.

England must take American cotton, even though her supply of short staples be very large. The dread of an immense influx of American cotton held back by the war being removed, her market for cotton goods has re-opened with a fair demand, and her mills are now on two-thirds speed, but such has been the migration or change of employment of Lancashire operatives that labor is now very scarce; and when labor is scarce, the mills operating on American cotton will draw all the hands from the mills working Surats, even at the same rates of pay, because the work is so much easier.

We have said that with forty cents per pound once established as the price of cotton (or even twenty-five cents per pound), good order will be secured and ill treatment of the laborer impossible. Every landholder will endeavor to plant the largest possible crop, and he who ill-treats or underpays his hands must lose them. And here must come the solution of the labor question. It is believed that the Northern planter will succeed, because he will be familiar with the Northern system of piece or job work, while the old planter will fail in the attempt to secure persistent labor on the old task system of slavery, which put every man on a dead level.

The first requisite for the free-labor cotton planter is to recognize two facts:

1st, That the negro is a man.

2d, That there is a great deal of human nature in man.

Now, every one familiar with human nature, as developed in the laborer, knows that work by the job or piece establishes as the standard of accomplishment the amount of work done by the best man, while work by the day or month, or by the task, establishes the standard by the laziest or most incompetent.

The plan of sharing the crop with the laborer, or what is called the contract system, is an unfortunate necessity now, because the planter has not the means of making weekly or monthly payments; but it would be very unreasonable to expect the great mass of negro laborers, just emerging from the barbarism and ignorance of slavery, to work faithfully and persistently for a share of a crop of uncertain value, payable at a distant date by men who have up to this time defrauded them of their natural rights. Verily, if the negro does work well under that system, he will prove not only his equality but his absolute superiority over any other class of laborers in the world.

The plan by which Northern men will succeed (and this is no theoretic plan, but one which has been fully tried upon the Sea Islands, and from which results have been obtained in two years of over two hundred per cent. upon the capital invested, and which has also been tried with success upon the Mississippi River and in Tennessee)—the true plan is, to cultivate cotton by job or piece work, with prompt weekly or monthly payments of moderate amount, not sufficient to induce idleness from excess of wages, with full payment completed when the crop is made and baled; and with this may well be combined a small share in the result. But the essential element is a moderate payment, at short stated periods, based upon the amount of work done. By this the human nature in the negro man will be worked upon, individuality will be developed, the intelligent and industrious will reap his reward—the lazy and thriftless will be discharged.

On a Sea Island plantation the old slave-master's task for ginning Sea Island cotton on a hand-gin was thirty pounds per day, and this was considered hard work; but on the same plantation, the old, superannuated laborer made free, who had been almost cast aside by his owner as past service, found that at two cents per pound he could gin sixty pounds per day. This is absolute fact.

There can be nothing more simple for an intelligent employer than to cultivate cotton by the job or piece. Let him allow each laborer to assume charge of as much cotton land as he will undertake, not exceeding ten acres; hold him responsible for raising or purchasing his own food; furnish him good tools, charging him for breakage or loss; pay him for ploughing and listing by the acre, for hoeing by the acre, and if he hoes it oftener than usual, so much the better; when picking comes on, the hardest work of the season, pay him by the pound, ginning by the pound, and packing or baling by the bale. Pay him promptly, at each date agreed, all that you have agreed, and at the end of the season his bonus or share, and a good crop cannot fail to be made; on good land, not less than a bale to the acre.

The great danger to the negro will be that such will be the competition for his labor as to cause his wages to increase faster than his wants, and thus cause him to become idle. The only possible cure for this is, by education to raise his standard of life; and how rapidly this will be accomplished, has been proved by the demand of the stores established upon the Sea Islands changing from the coarse and simple requirements of a slave population to a demand nearly like that of a New England village.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON "SPIRITUALISM."

It is astonishing to find a man like Judge Edmonds resorting, in defense of what he claims to be supernatural manifestations, to the baldest Paleyan materialism. Yet this is precisely the philosophical blunder into which the learned lawyer is betrayed in his late letter to the *Herald* on the Colchester trial. In arguing for the truth of spiritual manifestations, Judge Edmonds says:

"But you and others say—and very naturally—first satisfy us that there is such a communication with such an unseen intelligence.

"How can we do that? Some there are who cannot receive the evidence unless it is presented to themselves and through their senses.

"Such was my own condition. I refused to believe, and did not, until all my senses—hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling—were appealed to."

We desire to say nothing here of the credibility or incredibility of that which is called "spiritualism." It is of the methods by which Judge Edmonds professes to have attained his present convictions that we wish to speak. He refused to believe until all his senses were appealed to successfully. When these had been fully satisfied, the judge, through the aid of his ears and of his eyes, of his fingers, his palate, and his nose, listened, looked, felt, tasted, and smelled his way from one sphere of the invisible world to another, until the very glories of the seventh heaven burst at once upon his sight and his nostrils! His language admits of this construction only. "Such," he says, "was my own condition. I refused to believe until all my senses were appealed to."

There is, to us, something melancholy in this confession. It is not merely full of psychological confusion, but it displays either a profound ignorance of the methods adopted by sound modern thinkers, or an utter indifference to the loftiest evidences of revelation. If we may say so, Judge Edmonds reasons from the tail to the head—from his conclusions to his premises. He believes upon grounds upon which other men disbelieve; he makes common cause with the grossest materialism, and then insists upon its falsity; he would get bread from stones, and fishes from serpents, and is utterly unable to perceive that from physical phenomena nothing can be logically deduced except physical truth

Judge Edmonds bases his spiritual belief, at least upon the present occasion, upon an assumption of his own perfect acquaintance with every natural law, and does not see that two or three discoveries, no greater, no more unexpected, than many which have occurred within the memory of the living, might explain to the satisfaction and comprehension of the simplest a perfect conformity between the most startling wonders of "the circle" and the laws which regulate the material universe. It is not necessary for the purposes of the argument to assume that all "mediums" are jugglers and cheats. The raps may be honest, the tippings inexplicable for the present, the various parts of the exhibition quite beyond our comprehension; but after all our gaping wonder, after all our tremulous fright, nothing like the doctrine of spiritual manifestations has been proved, or begun to be proved. We are as far as ever from the spheres and the bright intelligences. For the evidence does not, in the nature of the case, apply to that which is to be demonstrated. It is like saying that water runs down hill because two and two make four, or that nature abhors a vacuum because a straight line is the shortest distance from one point to another. This unhappy incongruity of ideas has pervaded half the so called "revelations" which it has been our ill fortune to read. The celestial is but a rigid prolongation of the natural and terrestrial; the "spiritual" only the material in an exaggerated and often nonsensical form. The pretension is lofty, and the performance is mean. It is true that mortal language is incompetent to express the glories of immortality; but the inspired teachers of man through whom God has spoken to his children of the mysteries of the future, have always maintained an elevated dignity of style, and have given us high poetic pictures instead of the tinsel scenery of the theatre. Or to compare one mere mortal with another, what is there in the books of Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis to lead us to believe that he has a clearer vision of heaven than was given to the blind eyes of one

> "—— that rode sublime
> Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
> The secrets of the abyss to spy?
> He passed the flaming bounds of space and time,
> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble while they gaze;
> He saw, but, blasted with excessive light,
> Closed his eyes in endless night."

We might extend our argument, drawn from the material character of these revelations of modern times, but we have already been led further into these discussions than we originally intended. We have particularly desired to point out that the foundations upon which Judge Edmonds rests his belief are utterly inconsistent with the belief itself. There is a gaping abyss between the intellectual grounds of his faith and its secondary developments, which no logical ingenuity can bridge. It would have been far safer to have argued from his religion to his raps, than from his raps to his religion. His statements are of importance, because he is one of the best educated men of his creed in the country. What he says is authoritative; and we have therefore taken the trouble to point out what appears to us to be a fatal flaw in his logic.

THE PROGRESS OF NATIONAL WEALTH.

The burthen of a nation's debt should be judged, not so much by what it can bear at present as by its probable future of wealth and resources. The world itself is progressive; the world of trade, and commerce, and industrial skill in such states as Great Britain and the United States especially so. What seemed a burden of debt to the former a century ago, too great to be borne, was scarcely equal to two years' British taxation in the present day. The social and material improvement of the empire has been in a compound ratio to the multiplication of debt. The late Lord Macaulay, in one of his powerful papers in the "Edinburgh Review," eloquently illustrated this truth as early as 1830, and in replying to the theory of Mr. Southey of social retrogression, concluded with the pregnant question, "On what principle is it that when we see nothing but improvement behind us, we are to expect nothing but deterioration before us?"

The fears expressed of national bankruptcy by some of the wisest heads of the eighteenth century, are not more striking at this distance of time than their complete dissipation by the steady march of social and material improvement, and the stupendous energy of the English people at the beginning of the present century. Both are happily illustrated by the great reviewer. He relates that after the wars of Marlborough, closing with the Treaty of Utrecht, had left a debt of £50,000,000 sterling, and £6,000,000 a year expenses, Dean Swift declared the country ruined. When the seven years' war had increased the debt to one hundred and forty millions, Junius sarcastically remarked that Lord Chatham had left the Government a legacy of debt for which the country could not be sufficiently grateful, since it could never be repaid. And so the wise heads of all parties after the American war regarded the enlarged debt, in 1783, of £240,000,000, as a burthen almost too great to be successfully grappled by statesmanship. Yet, in less than forty years after the Treaty of Vienna, the grand total had been swelled to £800,000,000 sterling, or *four thousand millions of dollars*, and the country has advanced and flourished under it for fifty years, to a degree that Lord Macaulay himself could not have dreamed of in 1830. Indeed, half the wonders that he then predicted as likely to occur in material wealth and advancement before the year of grace 1930 (such, for example, as travelling almost exclusively by steam), had actually come to pass before the author of the prediction was laid in his tomb thirty years afterwards.

We do not start out with these examples to prove our national debt a national "blessing," for we hold no such opinion. But it would not be difficult to illustrate in a similar way the groundlessness of the fears entertained at the present time about providing the interest on our large debt, as well as about the ability of the country to pay the principal as it comes to maturity in the next twenty or forty years. We may without outraging probability look for a far greater rate of progress here in all that relates to trade, both foreign and domestic; to manufactures; to gold and silver mining; to the multiplication of private fortunes, the magnitude of incomes, the growth of population, and the distribution of taxes and imposts; and not least in importance, in the proportion of the last to the civil expenses of the Government, including the charge of the public debt.

When the United States, as a constitutional government, was founded in 1789, our population was 3,443,070; our Revolutionary public debt, $75,463,476; the foreign trade of the country, in exports and imports, $43,205,150. On emerging from the second war with Great Britain in 1815-16, our public debt, which had been previously reduced to $45,209,738, had increased to $127,334,934. In fifteen years thereafter the whole of this sum had been paid off, or provided to be paid on the presentation of the United States stock then held in Europe. Our foreign trade in 1830 had reached $143,726,438; population, 12,866,020. Such was our first experience with public debt. The popular ideas of the burthen of debt in 1816 in this country were much the same as Dean Swift's notion of the British debt almost a century before. It was felt to be a large undertaking for a people numbering about 7,500,000. But statesmanship did not hesitate to grapple it. The tariff was revised under the lead of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay; a national currency was established through the Bank of the United States, internal taxes levied, and a complete American system adopted for paying off the public debt, and economizing the civil expenses of the Government. The main object was accomplished, as we have remarked, in fifteen years. It is a significant fact that John Quincy Adams, one of the purest and ablest Presidents of the Revolutionary stock, was beaten on his second nomination, partly because he spent thirteen millions ($13,062,316) in 1828 to conduct the civil expenses of the Government, and partly for the bare suspicion that he had brought part of this *enormous* Federal patronage to bear on the freedom of elections!

After the defeat of Mr. Adams, the expenses of the Government were rapidly doubled by his successors, Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, and quadrupled at a later period by Mr. Pierce and Mr. Buchanan. The last year of Mr. Pierce cost, for the civil administration alone, over *sixty millions* ($60,924,037), which fact was scarcely noted in the canvass of 1856, so greatly had the popular ideas of economy changed in less than thirty years, when another President of the same politics, Mr. Buchanan, was elected, who in turn spent $60,333,836 in the closing year of his administration without attracting notice on the score of extravagance. The foreign trade of the country had increased from $143,726,428 in 1830 to $762,286,237 in 1860; population from 12,866,020 to 31,620,000.

Another striking illustration of the progression of figures, and the change of popular ideas thereon, is found in the relations of the cotton trade to our foreign commerce. The exports of this staple advanced from $20,157,484 in 1821 to $191,806,555 in 1860. They constituted nearly one half the whole export trade of the year before the rebellion. During the greater part of this forty years' rapid progress in the cotton interest, the popular belief was that the country would be absolutely bankrupted without it; that this immense product of slave-labor could not be dispensed with except at the price of our entire commerce; and that no political concession to the slave oligarchy or cotton-planting interest of the South could be too great to save the Union from disintegration and our material interests from ruin. This error was common at the North. It became an infatuation, as well as fallacy, at the South. It was soon exploded in the loyal States; it proved fatal only to the States in insurrection. In less than two years after the troubles began, the North had learned to do without Southern cotton. In four years it was scarcely missed from our list of exports. In two years, and before the value of our currency had changed, the great North-western and Middle States had trebled their exports of bread and provisions, from $45,271,850 in June 30, 1860, to $119,338,785 in June 30, 1862, and, adapting themselves to the altered state of things, they had diminished the consumption of foreign merchandize to $6 88 per caput from $10 50 per caput North and South before the war.

But this is but a brief episode in the history of the American cotton trade. The experience of the war only proves that our loyal people can do without it; not that its importance to the commerce of the country has been overlooked. It now takes a fresh start in its career of usefulness on the enduring basis of free labor. And the young merchant is now living who will witness a product of ten, if not twelve, millions—a domestic consumption of three or five millions, and an export to foreign states of seven or eight millions.

What is true of the relation of the cotton-planting and cotton-producing wealth of the South to the maintenance of the public credit, is equally true of the products of farm labor in the West, and of the Pacific States in gold and silver mining. Each interest is destined to produce an annual surplus for export, the extent of which will more than authorize the consumption of five or six hundred millions in value of imported goods, provided always our own skilled labor shall not render such a movement uncalled for. The question, so far as excise and impost taxes are concerned, is one of policy rather than ability. The adequate revenue can be had in either way. The charge of interest on the public debt, and the sinking fund for the payment of the principal, are within the easy control of the Government in any event. The time is not far distant when the payment of $150,000,000 annual interest on three thousand millions of debt, and the application of $100,000,000 yearly to the liquidation of the principal, will be deemed not only a practicable but extremely easy achievement. The maximum of the debt has been, or is about to be, reached, as in England soon after the Treaty of Vienna. Our ability to pay the accruing interest, and our means, including the growth of private incomes, to liquidate the principal, are, so to speak, but in their infancy. These means will not be wasted or diverted. Our people will never dream of repudiation, but are not the less restive under public debt. They want to be rid of the burthen rather than keep it stationary, or perpetuate it to succeeding generations. And herein we differ from the English people. They have been raising and paying from £60,000,000 to £70,000,000 sterling, or $300,000,000 or $350,000,000, yearly for the support of the civil expenses of their Government, and the interest charged upon their public debt, for a score of years or more. Their imposts, though reduced since the era of free trade, are still equal to $115,000,000 or $120,000,000 of our money. These about support the interest on the funded debt. They raise little or nothing in liquidation of the principal. Their Chancellors of Exchequer study to adjust both customs and excise to the exact wants of the civil service and the interest on the public debt. The sinking fund, projected by the younger Pitt, has been lost sight of. Their statesmen of the present day, to all appearances, really accept the public debt as a national blessing, and whenever the Chancellor's budget happens to produce a few millions in excess, his next step is to take something off the tax upon tea or abate something on the income tax or sugar duties. He has no thought of the principal of the great debt of the nation. The example, we venture to predict, will not be copied by our own statesmen or tolerated by our people. It is not desirable that it should be.

THE INCOME TAX.—A CONTRAST.

No fact speaks so well for the loyalty of the American people, and in support of their determination to pay their debts, as the readiness with which they submit to the payment of war taxes in time of peace. It is true that there has been no opportunity to make an effort to obtain a repeal of taxes since the war was closed. Congress adjourned almost seven weeks before General Lee threw down his sword and gave up his army and his cause; and Congress alone has the power to change the laws regulating taxation. But if any feeling hostile to taxation existed it would find present expression with a view to a change. The income tax, which is, and from its nature must ever be, a peculiarly unpleasing imposition, would have been assailed with vigor from the day that peace was assured, were the people in a state of discontent. Yet nothing is said against it, though for weeks past men have been paying millions upon millions derived from it.

In this respect the conduct of the American democracy forms a striking contrast to that of the English aristocracy half a century since. When the income tax was first proposed in Great Britain by Mr. Pitt, the war with revolutionary France being then at its height, he solemnly declared "that it should be a war tax only, and should positively cease on the restoration of peace." Mr. Pitt had been almost ten years in his grave before that war was brought to a final close, the truce of Amiens not counting for anything; but the Liverpool Ministry, when Parliament met at the beginning of 1816, were by no means disposed to redeem Mr. Pitt's pledge, though the act enforcing the tax declared it to be "for and during the continuance of the war, *and no longer*." They knew that the country needed money, and that they could not safely give up the tax, no matter how strong the pledge to give it up had been made. They resolved upon a compromise. They would not repeal the tax, but they would reduce it from ten per cent. to five per cent. They had every reason to suppose that their plan would be carried easily through the House of Commons, in which body they were so strong that they had had a majority of one hundred and sixty-three on the address in response to the royal speech, after a debate that lasted through two nights. They counted on a majority of forty for their measure, and the opposition allowed them twenty. The question came to a decision on the 18th of March, 1816, "after a debate," says Lord Brougham, "that did not last half an hour; no one would, indeed, be heard in an assembly so impatient for the decision; and by a majority of thirty-seven voices the tax was defeated for ever, and the wholesome principle, as Mr. Wilberforce well observed, was laid down that war and income tax are wedded together." None but ministers were astonished at the result, for the demand for repeal was all but unanimous outside of Parliament, and had that body really represented popular feeling, there would not have been forty votes for the tax in the Commons. Patricians and paupers were of one mind on the subject. Lord Brougham was wrong when he said that the tax was defeated for ever, as Sir Robert Peel caused it to be imposed upon Great Britain again in little more than a quarter of a century, but it may be said that Sir Robert was justified in regarding his action in the light of a war measure, as the hostilities carried on by England in China and Afghanistan, and a little later in the Punjaub, made an income tax really necessary. The Syrian war, too, had its part in adding to the embarrassment of British finances. The Russian war made the continuance of the tax necessary; and the sort of war-in-peace life that England has been living for almost fifteen years with France, and the Sepoy war, have done much to render the income tax permanent. But the fact that in 1816 the English nation all but unanimously demanded the repeal of the income tax, though their Government was embarrassed, and their debt exceeded £800,000,000, is on record; and the unanimity of that demand contrasts strongly with the silence of the American people on their income tax. It is true that no promise was made, in our case, that the tax should cease with the war; but probably it was taken for granted that it would be repealed

as soon as hostilities should be over, as to impose it was an extreme measure, and to be justified only by the existence of war. It is a tax that can be defended only by the necessity of the case, seeing that it bears hard upon men of moderate means, and that it is by its nature essentially inquisitorial, and places every one's business and modes of life at the mercy of tax-gatherers, who in all ages have been regarded as the most odious of mankind. That so little complaint should have been made of it, and that its early removal is not urged, are facts that deserve honorable mention as much as anything that is connected with the history of the late struggle. They show that an earnest determination exists on the part of the people to bear the burdens of war in time of peace, rather than allow any doubt to exist as to their intention honorably to discharge all their obligations. When the English sought immediate relief from their burdens, and could not be made to understand that peace should for some time be as costly as war, they were charged with being under the dominion of "an ignorant impatience of taxation." No such charge can be brought against Americans, and thus far the democratical form of government has been better sustained by the people than was the aristocratical form. What may happen in the future, the future will decide; but for four years this country, so often accused of meanness in all that relates to money matters, has exhibited the by no means common spectacle of a people more ready to be taxed than Government was to tax them; and all that is really bad in our financial condition is owing to Government's not being early ready to impose burdens while the people early were ready to bear.

Correspondence.

THE GRATE EASTURN."

New York
August 25

To the Editur of The Nation: 1865

Sur,

i ave bin told that you ave put me in your paper i am a decent man and i dont mean to stand it ef i chose to keep my ouse dirty its none of your biznes i wil see Mr Howe about it but i wil settel it without trubble for 5 hundred dollars

Yours &c

James Mulligan
No. 137 E 37 St
Grate Easturn

Pleas Ansur Soon

[The "Grate Easturn" is a huge tenement house in Thirty-seventh Street, in this city, containing, we are afraid to say how many families, crowded in the most shocking manner. We alluded in No. 8 to the probability that, when the cholera comes, it and others like it will breed and spread the pestilence in its worst form.—Ed. Nation.]

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

VIII.

Lynchburg, Va., Aug. 24, 1865.

In compliance with an invitation given me yesterday, I paid a visit to a large farm, situated within twenty miles of this city, and, so far as I could, examined the working of the new system of labor, as it exists under an employer utterly opposed to it, who denies its justice and expediency, disbelieves in its long continuance, and accepts it only on compulsion, and only so much of it as he is forced to accept. On his plantation it is a failure, he says, and he thinks it destined to fail everywhere.

The farm contains nearly twelve hundred acres, of which the greater part is covered with timber, and but four hundred and fifty acres are of arable land. Formerly, a good deal of tobacco was got from it, but during and since the war it has been used for the production of Indian corn and wheat. "I did not consider it patriotic to raise anything else," said the owner; "I could not plant tobacco while the country was starving for food. This year I have a few hills—an acre and a half—just to give the people what they want for chewing and smoking."

There are now on the place about sixty negroes, of whom twenty-one are able-bodied men and women, who have been employed upon the crops of this year; the rest are reported as being infirm people and children. I learned, however, that the care of infants, the cooking of the laborers' meals, and all house service at the owner's residence, is done by persons classed among the children and infirm. This latter class, I was told, is exceptionably large on this plantation, because the old gentleman who owns it, and whose long life has been mainly passed in the practice of his profession and in congressional service, has never carried on farming with a view to making it profitable, and has always been an indulgent master. He claims this character for himself. "I never bought a nigger in all my life, sir; and I never sold or whipped but one. Have I ever ordered you to punish any one of them, Mr. W——?" said he to his overseer. "I believe you never did, colonel." "That single one was a thief in grain, sir. As good a laborer as we had, but he would steal a sheep every week of his life. He baffled us repeatedly, but, finally, sir, we caught the rascal; took him red-handed—the mutton in his cabin and the skin in his yard. I ordered him a sound whipping, which he richly deserved, though I knew he was entirely incorrigible. Then I told my overseer to take him down, tie the skin on his back, with the ram's horns over his head, lead him into the city with a rope around his neck, and sell him for whatever he'd bring. The overseer begged to be excused from cutting such a figure in the streets, so I sold him in his own skin only, and satisfied my conscience by a verbal announcement that he was the most accomplished sheep-stealer in the Old Dominion. I have owned slaves now for five-and-forty years, and he is the only one ever whipped by my order; so you can judge if I am a hard master.

"I wish still," he continued, "to treat my people in the same way, but they are fast making it impossible for me to do so. There are always some bad men in every hundred, and now the bad niggers spoil the rest. Since mine were freed, they have become lazy, stubborn, and impudent. They know that they have escaped from all government; that we cannot chastise them. And they are not like white people. I begin to believe that they are without gratitude. Mine appear to have forgotten all the kindness and lenity with which they have been treated by me and my family."

"You 've had considerable trouble, colonel, I understand," said my companion, who was armed with authority to investigate and settle disturbances and disputes on the plantations.

"Yes, sir. I am sorry to put you gentlemen in Lynchburg to so much inconvenience, but what can we do? The Government has taken away all coercive power from us; a negro does what he likes, and I cannot inflict adequate punishment, nor have him punished without riding up to the city. The troubles we have all grow out of the complete anarchy in which our negro population now is. It was only day before yesterday that my daughter-in-law told one of the servants to do some simple thing—hang out clothes, I believe. Three times she told her without being able to secure her obedience, and I had to be called in. Really, gentlemen, I did not know how to proceed. I decided to banish her. We have on the place a house that stands alone at some distance from any other, occupied by an old blind man, Uncle Tom by name. 'Go, Elsie,' said I, 'go down to Uncle Tom's cabin; I banish you the house till you can behave yourself. Take your rations along, and stay till we send for you to come back. You shall live in exile, with nothing to do but to eat and sleep.' I could think of nothing else to do with her. We have no means of making them obey, unless they choose to do it of their own free will."

"What 's to-day's case, colonel?"

"Another one of the house girls, on the day after this occurred, was rebuked by my son for negligence, and made a very improper reply. My son boxed her ears—gave her two slaps on the side of the face with his hand, that was the whole of it. She immediately left her work, all unfinished, and betook herself to her father's house. My son sent for her, but she did not return, and we have seen nothing of her since."

"Is she at home now?"

"In the woods, I reckon," said the overseer; "she a'n't on the place. It 's her father's fault. I told him, 'London, take the gal and give her a whalin' for her impudence, and make her beg Mr. John's pardon.' He would n't though. He 's the one 's in fault, he 's so grouty."

"I went to him, myself," said the colonel, "and told him he must chastise the girl, and that she must express contrition for the offence. What answer do you think he made, gentlemen? 'That up at Lynchburg they knew the law better than he did, and I 'd better go there if I had a complaint against Rose: that Rose said she had n't done anything.'

"Now, sir, I want that man removed from my plantation. Nothing would induce me to let him stay here, and he shall not, unless the authorities in Lynchburg compel me to permit him. Such insubordination I cannot tolerate."

"Where is the man?" said my companion; "I 'd like to see him if he can be found."

"He a' n't in the field," the overseer answered. "I 'm just in from thar, and he a' n't out to-day. He 's at his house, I believe."

"Well, sir, the overseer will take you down to the quarters. I will not go. I do not wish my presence to be a restraint upon their answers."

We went to the negro cabins, the overseer, as we walked along, talking about the condition of the plantation.

"I swar, I thought we 'd go through without any more durn trouble; did n't think you 'd have to come up again. I 've been gettin' on right well with 'em, myself: ha' n't had to strike a lick. We had a considerable muss about two month ago, but the man quieted down again, and now I would n't ask no better hand than he is. His brother had been havin' some hard talk with the colonel one day, and, as I come on up from the tobacco lot, I seen 'em all round the corn-house, and I went along toward 'em. On the way, this boy met me, and he opened on me right away. 'It 's you,' he says, 'made this muss 'twixt the master and Jim: it 's all through what you told on him.' I was perfectly clar, you see; did n't know what the to-do was, anyhow, and it made me mad to hear him. Oh, he spoke almighty careless, I kin tell you, gentlemen,—sassy. Says I, 'You shet up, quick.' I had my pistol with me, and I drawed it. 'Say another word,' says I, 'and durn me but I 'll blow your brains out. I 'll put a hole through you whar you stand.' He shet right up. If he had n't I 'd ha' killed him, sure, I would. He was dreadful nigh it for a minute. Since then, everything 's gone on quiet and peaceable; but the colonel 's pretty mad, now: it 's the old man he 's mad with. Well, it 's his fault. I told one o' these gals, the other day, to go get the cows out o' the corn. They 'd broke in. She started, after two or three biddins, and she went so deliberate it fretted me so that I went after her. 'I told you to jump,' says I, and I give her a whalin'. Her father he thought that war n't right. 'You make her step, then, old man,' says I; 'she 's got to move when I talk; but if you 'll take the whalin' part on yourself, I'll give it up.' Well, now, when I find fault he does whale her. That 's what London ought to do."

While this discourse was going on we reached the negro cabins. Two or three women were there, and some nursing children. As we approached they eyed us with no very pleasant expression of countenance. The overseer enquired whether London was at home. The woman who answered was his sister-in-law, and the cause of her sulky manner appeared in her reply:

"How! Bro' Lunnon no gone since mornin'? Bro' Lunnon hear say master gone to Lynchburg yesterday, come back, say Lunnon, for leave dis place to-day. I dunno whar Bro' Lunnon now."

The wife, however, was at home, and was requested to give her version of the trouble between her employer and Rose. "Her daughter had been sick," she said, "and went late to her work on the morning in question. When asked why she had not come earlier, she answered that she came as soon as she could—that she was sick. Rose was not very late."

"'T was an hour by sun when I see her," said the overseer, "and I heerd she said she could n't come, she was a-makin' her bed."

"Well, Juliana, did her master strike her?"

"Not master," the woman said, "mass' John he hit her over the head; 'cordin' to what Rose say."

"Did he hit her hard?"

"No more 'n her nose was bleedin' when she came back."

"Well now, aunty, she 's a little girl; you box her ears when she offends you; why did n't London promise the colonel to make her behave herself?"

The woman knew nothing about what talk the colonel had with London, she said; the servants at the house would get along well enough, except that one of the ladies was too hard to please. Rose had done nothing. Yes, she knew she was bound to work, and keep a good character; so she did.

After the women had received some exhortations to industry and respectful deportment, we went up to the overseer's house, a mud-plastered cabin with two rooms, where the colonel was awaiting our return. He persisted in his request that the man London, and his family, should be at once sent away from the place.

"Why, gentlemen, such insubordination sets an awful example. We have no armed patrols here, no police, no discipline on the plantations, and there are five hundred negroes around me, and not thirty white men. We live in an isolated place, and my house contains three or four women; and it is essential that they be protected. My corn-house was broken into not long ago, and, I think, my wheat is going out of the barn. Something must be done. It is a very cumbrous mode of enforcing good order to summon you from the city to come down here and discharge my laborers, but it is the only method you have left me. And now I want an example made; I shall not feel safe unless you do what I ask, and, if it cannot be done, I would like to send them all off the plantation. I should feel better to work my garden with my own hands than to endure such insolence."

The colonel was asked if he paid his people anything for their services. "No sir," he answered, "no money wages. If you give money to a nigger he goes and spends it for whiskey, and I have no intention of making the country any more unsafe to live in than it is at present. Besides, sir, and Mr. W. will tell you the same, they are not worth it; a white man will do the work of three niggers, and one slave did more than three of these freedmen."

"So, sure," said the overseer, "anyhow they ha' n't done a third part what they might this year."

"I called my people together when your army first came here, after General Lee's defeat, and told them I should not pay wages. 'You are free,' I said, 'to go where you please, but if you choose to stay here you may; you shall work for me as you have heretofore, and I will give you the same treatment you have always had, the same quantity and quality of food, and the same amount of clothing.' Most of them have staid, and I have no specific complaints to make against any family but London's, though all, as I have said, are unprofitable servants. Two men chose to go away."

Of these two who refused the colonel's terms, one, it was incidentally told in the course of the conversation, now acts as cook on a canal packet-boat, and earns fifteen dollars per month besides his board. He visits the plantation once in a while to see his former fellow-servants, and is well contented with his new condition. The colonel would not be harassed and overworked again, he said himself, by an attempt at farming under the free labor system. He had leased the place to his overseer, and washed his hands of the whole business.

Mr. W., the lessee, expected success. He showed me the rough draft of a written contract which the negroes have signified their willingness to sign, and under which he and they are to work together during the coming year. While my friend conversed with the colonel and brought the affair of London to a conclusion, I studied the agreement. It reads nearly as follows:

"The undersigned bind themselves to stay on the —— —— plantation from Nov. 15th, year of 1865, to Nov. 15th, year of 1866. We agree to work on said plantation for Mr. W. He is to pay the rent of the plantation, and he is to pay all the expense of the crops. Mr. W. agrees to give us payment for labor by sharing equally with the negroes—one half the crop to be his, one half to be ours, one half the wheat, one half the oats, one half the corn, one half of every crop on the place, excepting that all the fodder and straw is to belong to Mr. W. Mr. W. is to give us rations and clothing, and the expense is to be paid back out of our half of the crop. We are to act polite to him, and to be obedient and industrious, and make no disturbance in the place."

The crops this year have been small. Next year the new employer intends they shall be very much larger, and I venture to predict that his hopes will be fulfilled. For the causes of the trouble on this plantation are sufficiently obvious, and they may all be removed. The owner of it is, I should say, a humane man, and I could readily believe that he himself, whatever his overseers may be able to boast, had ordered but one of his negroes to be whipped. His people probably found him kind and indulgent in all his intercourse with them, and he is now conscious of none but the friendliest and best intentions towards them. But as a wealthy slaveholder and a veritable descendant of Pocahontas, he is proud, and will have nothing less than complete deference; he believes that the blacks were born for slavery, and is intolerant of anything resembling independence and self-reliance in them; moreover, he is an original secessionist, and thinks emancipation unjust. In short, he wishes still to be master, is willing to be a kind master, but will not be a just employer. Perhaps he is now too old to learn; but they, on the other hand, are not, and his endeavor to keep them tractable slaves has had no better success than to make them unpaid and discontented freedmen. Having tried the new labor system, with the essential feature of it left out, he, of course, finds it a failure.

As we talked, he seemed to please himself by painting a gloomy picture of Southern society as it is to be when the military occupation ends—smoke-houses broken open by the laborers, and bacon stolen; corn-houses robbed, and the corn sold for whiskey; then the worst of crimes committed by drunken niggers, murders like that on the canal-boat the other night, houses pillaged and burnt because their owners would not yield to every demand that ignorance and insolence could make; the woods full of outlaws; idleness followed by want, and the country impoverished for lack of laborers—all because fanatics were determined, by main force, to lift up the nigger to a level which of himself he could never attain, and which, if let alone, he never would have sought. Negro suffrage, if it became a fact, would strip the white man—it would in his county, where niggers were in a majority—of all his property; perhaps reduce him to servitude. Why not? "You in

Massachusetts, sir," he said, "are all abolitionists, and think a nigger is the equal of the white man, and, of course, you have a right to hold that opinion there. We, in Virginia, know that he is not; that God made him our inferior. Perhaps we know nothing about it. You may know best. The fortune of war has enabled you to try and prove your theory correct; but I feel so well assured of the result, that I wish from the bottom of my heart you had chosen some other place for your experiment. I wish you had confined it to Massachusetts."

I said but little in answer: that so far as Massachusetts was concerned, the matter was now out of the region of experiment; free negroes in that State were an estimable class of citizens, whose condition vindicated the good policy of paying wages for labor; that I supposed most men to be industrious, as most religious men are religious—either from hope of reward or fear of punishment; and that, as negroes in Virginia could not now be whipped, the payment of wages was the only course left open; that it was important, if negroes were to constitute so dangerous an element in Southern society, to use all fair means to keep them contented.

The experience gained in this first year of freedom has, I think, taught most farmers who intend to live on their land the necessity, for the sake of their own comfort and profit, of paying something like fair wages. The existence of the Freedmen's Bureau probably does not diminish the pressure of this necessity. Applications for a supply of laborers frequently come into the superintendents, and the wages offered are considerably higher than those now paid; one man offers one hundred dollars a year, board, clothing, and a week's holidays at Christmas; others offer one-fourth, or one-half, the crop. As a rule, the farmers say very little about colonization.

I see that one of the Lynchburg newspapers urges all persons needing the services of mechanics to hire white men in preference to black. Their labor, the paper says, though more costly than that of negroes, is better, and, moreover, to give them employment is a charitable work, for many of them are needy. An acquaintance of mine in the city, having some rough work to be done not long since, offered it to a white man, who was willing to undertake it, but would not do it for less than sixty-five dollars in specie, and was much displeased when the gentleman gave it into the hands of a negro. There were twenty days' work, and it was done for fifteen dollars. "I 'm told," said the aggrieved mechanic, "that a man's house won't be very safe if he puts niggers to work on it and shuts out white men."

While there undoubtedly is a good deal of this feeling in some portions of the community, I do not perceive that its existence prevents employers from hiring whom they please, whether he is black or white, their choice being governed not so much by considerations of color as of cost.

ENGLAND.—THE FIVE-FOLD MURDER.

LONDON, August 15.

WE must all have heard the story of the shipwrecked mariner who got thrown upon an unknown coast, and who, when he caught sight of a gibbet standing on the beach, exclaimed, "Thank God, I am in a civilized country after all!" As a sort of corollary to this story, I should note the fact that the more civilized a nation becomes, the more keen its interest becomes in the reports of murders. It certainly is the case with ourselves, that as violent crime has become less common, the fascination exercised by its narration over the popular mind has grown wonderfully intense. Nothing sells a newspaper like the account of a murder. I never can recollect any public event which created so deep an instantaneous impression in England as the news of President Lincoln's assassination; yet I believe it is a fact that the extra sale of the dailies in consequence was not so large as that occasioned by the narrative of Constance Kent's confession of the Road murder, which appeared on the morning preceding the arrival of the mail which brought us the news of Wilkes Booth's crime. I should fancy, from what I recollect of your papers at the time of the Webster and the Sickles trials, that in this respect your public is not unlike our own. At any rate, no correspondent could pretend to give a faithful chronicle of English news who omitted mention of the startling crimes which from time to time almost monopolize public interest in this country. Such a crime is that with whose details our papers are now full. And besides its intrinsic interest, it possesses an incidental importance as a strange illustration of a phase of society peculiar to England—that of the low sporting world. Let me, then, tell you the story of the Holborn and Ramsgate murders as briefly as I can.

I don't know whether the somewhat peculiar repute of the Earl of Dudley, better known as Lord Ward, has ever reached across the Atlantic. In every continental country, wherever there are opera managers and picture dealers, he is probably better known than any living Englishman. He is about the last representative of the typical "milord" we read about in French novels, and not many years ago you used to hear in every European capital strange anecdotes of the extravagance and eccentricities of the great "Milord Varde." His fortune, however, as proprietor of a great part of the Staffordshire "black country," is so enormous that even operatic speculations have been unable to impair it. Oddly enough, the murderer with whose name the country is ringing first came before the public notice in connection with the Earl of Dudley. The present earl has a brother, the Honorable Dudley Ward, who, by one of those family arrangements which seem so natural in England, and so unnatural out of it, was about as poor as his elder brother was wealthy. This younger brother of a peer and a millionaire seems a year or two ago to have been hanging about Brighton. There he played billiards with a chance professional player, who went by the name of Southey, and lost to him some twelve hundred pounds sterling. Whether he considered the money had not been won by fair play—an opinion which, possibly, was correct—or whether it was not convenient for him to pay the amount, it is certain that Southey could not get his money from Mr. Dudley Ward. Failing in this, he made various attempts to induce Earl Dudley to pay his brother's gambling debts, but without any success. At last he sent a Mrs. White, a woman with whom he cohabited, to get an interview with the earl on false pretences, and on his emissary being turned out of the house on disclosing her errand, he tried to obtain a summons against the earl for having committed an assault. There was no evidence to support the charge, which had obviously been brought with the sole view of extorting money under threat of an inevitable exposure of an awkward family scandal, and the charge was dismissed at once. Under pretence, however, of establishing his case, the fellow Southey found opportunity to make public a long document, revealing the supposed turpitude of the Dudley family, and the injustice with which the world had treated him. The document attracted some interest, chiefly from the high names introduced into it, but partly from a sort of flashy eloquence of its own. According to his own statement, Southey was a sort of "blighted being," a creature of noble instincts, who had fallen through some romantic fault, and whose efforts to redeem his past had been baffled by his own chivalrous attachment to one as unfortunate as himself, and by the heartless injustice of our social system. Leading articles were written about the subject, and then it was dropped; and the newspaper-reading public had forgotten the existence of Southey till within the last few days, when we heard one day that three children had been found poisoned in a public house in Holborn; then that a woman and child had been shot dead at Ramsgate; and the next day that the author of both these monstrous and bloodthirsty crimes was the man Southey.

His story, as it has been elicited by the coroner's inquests, is a strange one enough. Ten years ago the man, whose real name was Stephen Forward, was a baker in a small way at Ramsgate, much, as far as can be learnt, like other petty tradesmen of that seaside suburb of Cockagne. He was not prosperous in business, and one fine morning he left the place in debt, leaving a wife and child behind him utterly unprovided for. He had picked up more education than is common with his class in England, and seems to have had a strong ambition to become what he thought a gentleman. He changed his name to Ernest Southey, and took to the only pursuit in which a man of his class with us can live by his wits, and yet not come within the clutches of the law. He became a betting man, a frequenter of races, a layer of odds; a minnow in the turbid waters in which Jackson and Steele and Davis are leviathans. It is not hard to understand the evil fascination which the turf exercises over men like him. There are scores of speculators in the betting ring who back horses for tens of thousands, and pay when they lose, who started with as little capital as Southey, and who are men of far less education than this bankrupt baker. And then not only is money made without labor on the turf, but it is made very pleasantly. The race-course is perhaps the only place in England where there is perfect social equality. Tom Sayers is as good a man there as the Marquis of Hastings, or better too, for that matter; and the mere pleasure of booking a bet to a gentleman, or being nodded to by a lord, has an attraction for lower middle-class Englishmen which you must be a native of this country to appreciate. Moreover—this at least is my own surmise—to a poor profligate scapegrace there must be considerable satisfaction in observing how every species of rascality is tolerated, if not countenanced, by men of high social standing and public character. Had Southey been lucky he might have had a speaking acquaintance with half the peerage and the House of Commons, though, to do the aristocracy justice, beyond this degree of intimacy he would have had no more chance of getting than I have of being asked to-morrow to dine with the Queen of England. Southey, however, was not only a blackleg, but an unsuccessful blackleg. He never rose above the lowest ranks of the betting fraternity—a fraternity which, I can conscientiously say from some experience of many countries, comprises more unmitigated scoundrels that

can be found in the same number of individuals in any civilized country. Whether he was too stupid, or not quite unscrupulous enough, or simply unlucky, it is certain he never got an innings. The only slice of luck which ever seems to have come to him was when he met a pigeon he could pluck at billiards in the person of the Honorable Dudley Ward, and even then the fish broke from the hook just when the angler thought he was going to land it. In the course of his low life of chequered vice, he formed a connection with the wife of a needy schoolmaster, who at last left her husband to live with Southey as his mistress. After the failure of the attempt to obtain payment of his brother's debt from the Earl of Dudley, the Southey fortunes sunk yet lower in the world. He became a professional begging-letter writer, and used to carry on correspondence with public men, appealing to their compassion, and declaring that if a remittance was not forwarded by return his death would lie at their doors, as nothing would remain for him but suicide. At last even this precarious source of income failed. The wretched fellow sank lower and lower; and the woman who had shared his fortunes so long grew weary of his ill treatment and the misery of their existence, and ran away from him with the view of going to Australia—an intention which she is believed to have carried out. After her flight Southey grew desperate, and maddened partly by want, still more by the sense of failure, he resolved, as far as one can guess about his motives, to make the world talk of him at last. With this end he went to the husband of his fugitive mistress, and persuaded him to give up three children—who bore the name of White, but who were believed by both men to have a better claim to that of Southey—under the pretence that he was going to take them to join their mother in Australia. Having got them into his possession, he took the poor little lads, the eldest of whom was a child of ten, to a low public house near Holborn, secured bedrooms for them, and poisoned them in their beds with prussic acid. Death was instantaneous, and the murderer made good his escape without exciting any suspicion. From London he went down to Ramsgate, presented himself to the wife whom he had deserted, and made a great profession of repentance for the cruelty with which he had treated her. At his request, the poor woman, who had earned a livelihood in his absence as a dressmaker, brought their child, a little girl of twelve, to see her father. As soon as the scoundrel had got his victims together, he drew out a pistol, and shot them each through the head, killing them on the spot. He was arrested at once, and as soon as he was taken into custody he boasted that he was also the murderer of the three children in Holborn, for whose detection a large reward had been offered by the Government. There is also reason to believe that he intended to murder the child who had been born to him by Mrs. White after she had left her husband's home, if he had not been accidentally hindered. He was committed for trial at once and will in all human probability be convicted at the next assizes, sentenced to death, and hung.

Now perhaps your impression on reading this sketch of a long story will be that the man must be insane. I doubt the impression being correct; in a certain sense, every man under the influence of unbridled passion is mad; but in no other sense can I see that this butcher of women and children can plead insanity. The peculiar feature in the case, from a psychological point of view, is the individual vanity of the criminal. Throughout his examination before the magistrates, he insisted on virtually defending himself, not apparently with any idea of escaping his doom, but simply with the desire of figuring in public. In a long string of wild and rambling rhodomontade, he urged the plea that he was only the guiltless agent of destiny, and that the real authors of his five-fold murder were the Dudley family, which had declined to pay his winnings at billiards; the noblemen and gentlemen who had not responded to his begging letters; and the society which had not supported him in such a manner as to enable him to lead the higher life to which his nature urged him. He expressed extreme indignation at being photographed while he was innocent in the eye of the law; at not being allowed to read the comments on his case published in the newspapers; and, above all, at being sentenced to be tried at a county court instead of before a metropolitan audience. Some of you may remember in Thackeray's prize novels the confession of "George de Barnwell," which was written as a parody of Bulwer's "Eugene Aram." Well, what Thackeray wrote as a grotesque exaggeration Southey uttered seriously, or, at least, in such earnest as a man of his shallow self-conceit can be capable of.

This tragic story has been—I need hardly tell you—the sensation of the week. Indeed, our topics of late have all been of bloodshed or crime, in one form or other. At the late election in Cheltenham—the Saratoga of England—a Tory voter drew a pistol in the open streets in broad daylight and shot a passer-by wearing the Liberal colors dead upon the spot. For this act he was tried for his life; but the jury having a general, perhaps not an unreasonable, impression that in a contested election men's blood will be up, refused to convict, and insisted, in spite of the judge's directions in bringing the man in guilty of manslaughter only. Then, too, we have had, what is very rare now, a published challenge. Some months ago there was a wearisome military scandal at the Horse Guards, relating to the quarrels of a certain Lieutenant-Colonel Dawkins and his brother officers, which ended on his compulsory retirement on half-pay, under protest. At the general election he contested the borough of Totness, in the Tory interest, but without success. During the hustings speeches, his opponent, Mr. Alfred Seymour, alluded to him as no longer a "fighting gentleman." This insinuation was considered by the Tory candidate to be an insinuation that his retirement from the service was due to some lack of courage; and thereupon he wrote to Mr. Seymour, stating his readiness to show at Wormwood Scrubs—the favorite resort of duellists in byegone times—whether he was a fighting man or not. Mr. Seymour politely declined the invitation on the ground that if Colonel Dawkins liked to make an ass of himself by fighting a duel, he did not; and the verdict of society is that Mr. Seymour was right. Public feeling has gone so strong of late years against duelling in England that men must be very desperate of consequences who resort to it. If Colonel Dawkins and Mr. Seymour had met, and one of them had shot the other, it would have gone hard with the survivor in a court of law. Cases, of course, may be conceived where the provocation given was so gross that the law would look leniently on a man who avenged a domestic outrage by the duello; but even in such a case, the seconds must make up their minds to a long exile or to penal servitude, in the event of the duel terminating fatally. This being the case, duelling has long ceased to be a recognized contingency in English social life; and the formal publication of a challenge strikes men of my generation like the reappearance of a pigtail or a sedan-chair in the streets of London.

I have just been furnished a copy of a pamphlet called "The *Times* on the American War: a Historical Study." The writer, is, I believe, Mr. Leslie Stephen, who travelled through the States at the time of the war, a couple of years ago. The object of the pamphlet is to show the extraordinary inconsistency and ignorance manifested by the "leading journal" in its disquisitions on the American contest. It is written with great vigor and good temper; and I would candidly recommend it to any of your readers who may chance to take an interest in understanding how public feeling in England was acted on by the *Times*, and re-acted on it in turn. The writer's theory is that the "root of all the errors of the *Times* may be found in its views about slavery." Having once made up its mind that slavery could have, and should have, nothing to do with the civil war, the whole story was, in its own words, "a mystery and a marvel." "A foreigner"—so the critic aptly remarks—"looking on at a cricket match is apt to think the evolutions of the players mysterious, and they will be enveloped in sevenfold mystery if he has a firmly preconceived prejudice that the ball has nothing whatever to do with the game." Quoting chapter and verse, he shows with an almost cruel pertinacity that on every point connected with the American war, the *Times* repeatedly contradicted itself. To quote one paragraph only: "It had thus," he says, "asserted within a year that slavery was the cause of the war; that slavery was one cause and protection another; that slavery was the cause and protection the pretext; that slavery had little to do with the war and protection much; that it could be all but demonstrated that slavery had nothing to do with it at first, and quite demonstrated that slavery had since passed out of sight; that 'some people thought' abolition was at the bottom of the whole business, and that it would probably be the result; and that slavery was the 'reel on which the coil was wound,' though 'not the material of which the coil was made.' In other words, the *Times* knew nothing about it."

Now, if the *Times* was to be judged as an historical authority, nothing could be more damaging to it than this exposure of its errrors and blunders. Whether it will injure the paper's popularity is a point about which I am not equally confident. People buy the *Times* much as I believe Americans buy the New York *Herald*, not because they agree with its views or believe implicitly in its authority, but because they get, *quoad* newspaper, a better article for their money than they would get elsewhere. No amount of literary criticism will ever destroy the *Times*. Its power can be supplanted only by the rise of other papers as prosperous as itself. Till quite recently, the *Times* could afford to pay ten pounds where any other English newspaper paid one, and therefore it virtually possessed a monopoly of the news market. With the introduction, however, of the penny press, the *Times* has, for the first time, met with a formidable rival in the person of the *Daily Telegraph*. The enormous sale of this paper is the first danger which has ever really threatened the monopoly of the *Times* within my recollection. For my part, I look on this fact as a very hopeful sign. No paper, I think, can ever again obtain the monopoly which a variety of accidental circumstances conferred upon the *Times*; and as far as

newspapers are concerned, I am sure that in the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Nothing is worse for the country than an irresponsible autocrat, whether in a palace or in an editor's chamber.

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

AUGUST 19, 1865.

It would be vain for me to conceal from you that great anxiety is felt in Paris on account of a possible war between France and the United States. The presence of a large Federal army on the banks of the Rio Grande, the letter written by the popular leader of that army, Sheridan, the speeches of Mr. Blair, of Winter Davis, and a few others, may be said to justify partly these apprehensions. We know, however, that the Executive in America is singularly free in its action, and that while allowing its subordinates the fullest, if not always the wisest, expression of their individual opinion, it keeps its own counsels, consults the highest interests of the nation, and turns a deaf ear to most advisers. Nothing has more astonished the European mind during the four years of the rebellion than the extraordinary independence manifested by the acts of the Executive power. The Buchanans, the Pierces, had voluntarily abdicated this great power and made themselves the tools of the Southern oligarchy; no great show of authority was necessary in those times when no apparent danger threatened the republic, and when the engine of state was moving by its acquired velocity, without meeting with any friction or resistance. The great and unexpected trials to which the Government has since been subjected, have made manifest the great power which the framers of the Constitution had placed in the hands of the Executive. With regard to foreign politics, this power places the American Executive in a peculiar, and I should almost say an unparalleled, position. The whole weight of the responsibility being momentarily thrown on the President, he is at liberty to declare himself irresponsible as regards the doctrines and the professed ideas of the most important public men of his own administration. Placed on the highest situation of the political stage, he reminds me of those kings and emperors whom Corneille likes to represent in his tragedies, listening to their advisers, and presiding over political tournaments. Cassius, sword in hand, speaks of war; Flavius represents in pompous language the advantages of peace; Valerius is for temporizing. The king listens to them all, often maliciously throws a dubious word in the conversation, and seems to enjoy the mêlée of the conflicting passions. But after the torrent of Cassius, Flavius, and Valerius' eloquence has freely flown, the spectator is still ignorant of what the king will do, and the knot of the drama seems only tighter than before. In a constitutional monarchy, the responsibility is thrown on a cabinet, and the opinions of several men on a particular question cannot be as easily concealed as the opinion of an individual. Besides, the members of the administration are led by their party quite as much as they lead it; it is, therefore, seldom difficult to anticipate the action of the cabinet on a question of foreign politics. The Executive in your Government, though brought to power by a party, has something of the character of an arbiter among the parties. The President in his exalted position personifies, as it were, the nation; his duty is to open his ears to all the confused sounds that come to him from all the parts of an enormous territory, to survey constantly the whole of it: numberless forces, great and small, ought to find in him what the mathematician calls the resultant force. This is what gives to his action such a solemn meaning; this is also what makes it so difficult to prophesy his action. His will is and must be a mystery till it has given the signal to his arm and to his hand. He has no right to restrain the expression of any opinion; but he is the slave of no individual opinion, whatever be its weight. It is needless to show what advantages such a position gives him in the management of his foreign politics. In the turmoil of passions, in the noise of unrestrained license, he preserves that calm and silent power which till now has seemed to be the attribute of despotism.

It would be almost amusing, if the matter was not so serious, to read the conflicting comments made on the American news in its relation to the Mexican affairs. One day, everything goes smoothly; your Government has given the most friendly assurances of neutrality; the American army is to be entirely disbanded; the feathered crown of Montezuma, placed by our hands on the head of an Austrian archduke, is as firm as the pillars of Hercules; the liberals have been entirely defeated and have lost all hope; all the soldiers and generals of the rebel armies of Lee and Johnston are enlisting in Maximilian's army, and swelling the ranks of that cosmopolitan force, which is instructing the Mexicans in all the arts of civilization. The next day, the Juarists are seen everywhere; Maximilian sends frightened envoys to his European allies; arms and ammunition are secretly conveyed to the liberals across the Rio Grande; the Federal pickets on one shore are insulting the French pickets on the other; the Monroe Doctrine is preached from every stump in America; and President Johnson is only waiting till some trifling business is ended to send the order to march to Sheridan. The news we receive is confused and often untrustworthy, and distorted by M. Reuter, whose pleasure seems to be now to disgust Europe with American politics; he can no more turn defeats into victories and victories into defeats, but he systematically misrepresents all the facts, and is trying to produce the impression that the United States are in as deplorable and desperate confusion as his own telegrams.

Public opinion in France has always been adverse to the Mexican war; the common sense of the people has never been able to understand why French soldiers should die by the thousand and French money be spent by the million, in order that a crown should be placed on the head of a prince whose family has always been hostile to France. The Mexican scheme has shaken the faith and confidence of the blindest admirers of Napoleon III.; and there is no doubt that, were he to die or to fall from power, the new Government, be it what it may, would make it its first duty to recall the French army from Mexico, and to leave Maximilian I. to the devotion of his people and to the protection of his Austro-Belgian legion. It is because the Mexican scheme is merely a personal scheme, because it is a nightmare which will vanish as soon as French liberty wakes up, that we feel so much anxiety lest it would involve us, by accident, in war with a country which has been for so long the traditional ally of France. The anxiety is rendered all the keener by the new solidarity which the recent events have established between the American republic and the liberal party in France. All liberals have sympathized with the North in its great struggles, and have almost looked upon America as on their second country. In the face of despotism, America has become their last argument, their *ultima ratio;* to those who pretend that democracy cannot exist except under the strong hand of a Cæsar, they show a democracy without Cæsars; to those who maintain that the triumph of equality is impossible without a sacrifice of liberty, they oppose your example. We feel indeed that a war between France and America would be a fratricidal war: your defeat would make the Imperial tyranny stronger; and your triumph would associate names and doctrines which are now our best hopes with a sense of humiliation. France and America have never been at war; they are so placed that they cannot inflict on each other any permanent injury; their antagonism would have no other effect than to gratify their enemies, to endanger the rights of neutrals, of which they have both, till now, been the most powerful supporters, and to put new and formidable difficulties in the way of the liberals in France.

Your Government need not interfere in Mexico; the Mexican war has already been baptized by public opinion under the name of the War of Spain of the Second Empire. Let not your eyes wander too much over the Rio Grande. I wish our eyes were not forcibly turned on those provinces where so much French blood has already been shed for a worthless cause. Time is the ruler of peoples and monarchs; time will solve the Mexican question without your help; time will reveal the base motives which have moved the originators of the Mexican expedition; time will show the vanity of their hopes; time will reduce to its true magnitude the new star added to the diadem of dynasties; time will show whether a German prince can make a nation on the American continent. A war at the present moment would have but one alternative—it must be a war of liberation or a war of conquest. If it is a war of liberation, if your troops succeed in forcing the invaders to evacuate the Tuileries-born empire, you must inaugurate a new government; and, in the actual state of Mexico, public opinion is not so unanimous that you can avoid being more or less responsible for the acts of the new administration. Would such a responsibility be desirable? I doubt it. Where will your intervention, once begun, stop? The honor of your name and of your flag may, perhaps, suffer from too close a connection with any Mexican party. Is the war to be a war of conquest? No good American can desire it. It was an absolute necessity for you to reconquer all the rebel States, not so much for the sake of their territory as for the sake of an important and vital principle. This has been done; but whoever has followed the military history of the civil war, knows what difficulties have been thrown in your way by the mere extent of your territory. The time has not come yet when the tide of immigration can be thrown on the provinces of Mexico; let the South be your Mexico for the present: how much time, capital, and intelligence will be required to put the Southern States on the social level of the Northern, to destroy every vestige of slavery and barbarism, to develop the resources of an admirable country, which in so many parts is still a desert! I have always considered the Monroe Doctrine as a just doctrine, in its true sense;

it is to your continent what the doctrine of the Balance of Power is to Europe. We have our international ideal, founded on old historical divisions, and necessary for the preservation of the independence of the smaller states. America has a right to have her own ideal; the Atlantic is broad enough to separate our political conflicts from yours. The Monroe Doctrine is nothing but the assumption that America ought to be American; but the doctrine needs not to be enforced by arms—nature, time, and necessity will work it out. The folly of European intervention in American affairs is every day more apparent, and the demonstration will be even more complete if it is achieved without the arbitrament of war, by the all-powerful agency of a fatal historical law. AUG. LAUGEL.

LEGAL MEMORANDA.

ON CIRCUIT, Aug. 19.

THE courts at Westminster and at the Guildhall have been closed this month past, and fourteen of the fifteen judges are on circuit. The leaders, *i. e.*, the Queen's counsel and sergeants, are engaged making their eight or ten or fifteen speeches *per diem*—appealing in more or less fervid or deprecatory accents to that intelligent and noble personage, the British juryman, as their tastes and inclinations range 'twixt argument and declamation, craft and audacity, small talk and tall talk. Behind the busy gentlemen in silk sit the half-dozen juniors—whom attorneys have elected from the hundred and thirty or fifty briefless stuff gownsmen to business and prospective judgeships. They are hardly less engaged than their seniors; for the heat and burden of the day is often at *nisi prius* with them, and the examination of witnesses, under the censorship of a great leader, is by no means a grateful office in intricate insurance or shipping cases. Their briefless brethren sit and lounge about them—some reporting, some discussing *L'Africaine*, while others are drawing imaginary heads of the beauty with five thousand a year that your aspiring utter barrister (so called because he never gets an opportunity of opening his mouth) firmly believes he is to wed, when business comes to him at last. A quaint old writer described a barrister as an odd fruit, "rotten before he 's ripe, like a medlar;" and if to be idle, as the philosophic Jacques puts it, is to rot, then indeed "he rots and rots" away. Fervent young men, full of ambition and Greek verses, coxswains of university crews, the best amateur bowlers and the best judges of a good dinner in Europe, fellows of colleges and Smith's prize-men, senior wranglers who are the sons of senior wranglers, all sit among the briefless bewigged, who look so wistfully and hungrily at attorneys from the back benches. The fervent young man will have become a middle-aged old fogy or an elderly father of a family, pinched to keep up appearances, ere the business he once dreamed so imminent will reward him. His ambition to get into Parliament, his friends' firm belief that he was destined to shine "in the House," his Greek verses—all have vanished. He was a brick in the days he joined, with a marked taste for expensive coats, lemon-colored gloves, and French boots. Now he is a sloven, whose tailor despises him for his poverty and sartorial inattention. Attendance in courts has lined his face like a map of the Indies, with the New World flung in, and sprinkled his hair with grey; he is soured and bittered in temper, and is, indeed, vastly changed from that gay and volatile being who once drove tandem in town, who was on nodding terms with at least three opera coryphées, and a member of one of the best West End clubs. He has now fallen into the mere rank and file of the profession, who eke out a miserable subsistence by chance briefs, by revising barristerships or editing legal books for the benefit of their more prosperous brethren.

But this is *en passant* in reference to the species of barrister on circuit, and to that enormous professional class of lawyers in England that stand 'twixt the attorneys and the judges. There are, it may be explained briefly, seven circuits in all, which comprehend in their districts the various towns, or more properly the forty counties in England. These are respectively the Northern, the Western, the Home, the Norfolk or Eastern, the Oxford, the Midland, and the North and South Wales. Of these the largest are necessarily the Home, which includes the metropolis and its suburbs, and the towns in its immediate vicinity; and the Northern, which takes in Liverpool and Manchester, the two next largest English towns. There are three assizes, or gaol deliveries, in the year: one in March, called the spring—another in July, the autumn or summer—and a third in December, the winter assize. The spring and autumn, or summer assize, takes usually from seven to ten weeks, according to the length of the circuit, and the winter a fortnight or three weeks only. The presiding judges, two to each circuit, sit alternately in different towns, for the trial of civil and criminal causes, and visit in succession each town appointed in the circuit. But, inasmuch as these legal districts were mapped out at a remote period in English history, and when Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield were relatively small towns, the circuits till very recently presented the anomaly of avoiding these great centres of industry in favor of the small country towns. Thus Warwick was an assize town, though it had not twenty thousand inhabitants, and Birmingham, with near two hundred thousand, was not. Manchester, with a population of nearly half a million, was only elevated to the distinction last year; and Brighton, with seventy thousand people, has still to send its prisoners and witnesses and jurymen to Lewes, a place with only about eight thousand inhabitants and some ten miles off.

As your correspondent is a member of the Northern circuit, his more immediate information must be limited to the experiences of that district generally, and of Manchester and Liverpool, in which towns he has spent the last five weeks especially. The judges on this circuit have been Mr. Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Montague Smith, this last being the most recently, or junior, appointed judge on the bench. The civil business in the two chief commercial towns is especially of a commercial kind, arising out of disputes on cotton, questions of insurance, breaches of contract generally with an odd smattering of breach of promise cases, and questions on leases, rights of way, and trespasses to the person or property of different kinds. The criminal calendars are much the same in each town: three or four murders, seven or eight rapes, as many manslaughters, with several cases of burglaries and assaults and robberies with violence, comprising the list. In Manchester the business was strictly of a routine character, and with the exception of a civil cause, in which a theatrical manager was sued for not properly exposing the plaintiff's advertisements in a pantomime, an action to recover insurance money by a fraudulent insurer, and another against members of a trade union for conspiracy, and a very fine case against a railway for injury to a servant, there have been no especially important causes. There were one or two breach of promise cases, but these were of minor note. Four or five cases of libel by a clergyman against different newspapers, an action against a sheriff, and one or two heavy breach of contract cases, include almost all the exceptional or noteworthy cases in Liverpool.

The action for conspiracy in Manchester was, however, to some extent unique, and as possibly illustrating the different state of feeling and of law existing on opposite sides of the Atlantic may be referred to, especially as it has been made the subject of demurrer, to be argued next term before the judges in banco. The suit was briefly to recover damages, first, for money paid under duress on account of an alleged conspiracy; and secondly, for money lost and expended by reason of the alleged illegal acts of the defendants. The plaintiffs were two brothers, and the conspiracy imputed to the defendants was that they had confederated together to make these brothers pay their father's debts. The plaintiffs were contractors or builders; the defendants brickmakers, and members of the United Brickmakers' Association. The father had been bankrupt a few years ago, and then owed a small sum of money—some twenty or thirty pounds—to a member of the Brick makers' Association. This person went to each of the members of the society to which he belonged, and either by suasion, or interdict, or the rules of the society, prevented the supply of bricks to the defendants by any member of the association. As nearly all the brickmakers in the neighborhood of Manchester are members of this society, this was virtually a general prohibition of supply. In each case, in more than twenty contracts specified, the brothers were allowed to commence building, which they did as small working contractors, and they were then informed that unless they were prepared to pay a small sum of their father's debt no more bricks would be delivered. The terms dictated were in no case hard, as little as thirty shillings or two pounds on account being accepted. Their alleged hardship was that they were thus compelled to pay their father's debts. The case for the defence in reply was, that the father was the real owner of the business, and that his sons were merely put forward as the ostensible persons contracting, it being admitted that the father was engaged in the work of each contract—as the one side maintained, as a servant; as the other declared, as a principal. The declaration was on two counts, the first charging the defendants with conspiring together to hinder and prevent the plaintiffs from following and executing their trade and business, and executing certain contracts; the second, for conspiring to extort money from the plaintiffs, and to force and compel them to pay to the defendants certain sums of money which it was alleged were due to their father. The judge, on hearing the evidence, ruled that these counts could not be sustained, and non-suited; the plaintiffs will have to argue the demurrers.

The question of a husband's right to the property of a wife from whom he has been divorced *a mensa et thoro*, was raised recently and is now reported in the case of Moore *vs.* Barber. From the facts, it appeared that the deceased wife was divorced by a decree of the Court of Arches, in 1848. On the 2d of May, 1850, the court ordered the husband to pay to the testatrix,

during their joint lives, the annual sum of £350 as alimony. The wife it appears had saved from this sum £1,650 5s. 5d. Bank 3 per cent. annuities, and £170 12s. in cash. At her death she had left this money to the plaintiff in the suit, the residuary legatee, and had appointed the defendant the executor to her will. The husband, this being an ordinary administrative suit, now claimed the money saved out of the allowance made to her as alimony. The grounds of his claim advanced in argument were that the allowance in legal contemplation was given for the mere sustenance and support of the wife, and if the result proved that it had not been used, it followed that there had been failure in the purpose for which it was given, and the money must revert to the husband. She could not give that which was allowed to her by her husband for her own personal expenditure to strangers, and if there were arrears or savings of such alimony they belonged to the husband. For this position, Howard *vs.* Digby, 2 Cl. and Furnelly 634, was chiefly relied on.

Stuart, V. C. The suit is for the administration of the assets of the wife. It is most extraordinary that of all persons the husband should be the one to appear in such a suit, as he, by a decree in the Ecclesiastical Court, has not only been shorn of his marital rights, but has also been mulcted in the costs of that suit, and compelled by the decree to pay an annual sum of money to his wife. No doubt the divorce was only *a mensa et thoro*, and the husband remained husband still, and was entitled in his marital right to become his wife's legal personal representative. If he were so entitled, why has he not so constituted himself in order that he might have dealt with his wife's assets? It has been said that the present case is similar to that of Digby *vs.* Howard, 4 Sim. 588 and 2 C. and F., where it was said that if a husband be ordered to pay money for a particular purpose, and that purpose does not arise, the court will consider that the marital right remained attached to the property which was directed to be so applied. Now, what was the position of the Duchess of Norfolk in that case? She was a lunatic entitled to a large sum by way of pin-money, which had not been paid to her. A bill was filed by her legal personal representative, who claimed the money on a ground perfectly intelligible, as far as it went, and which was, that according to the course of the decisions in this court as to the wife's separate estate, a husband, if he has not paid what is due to his wife in respect of such estate, is held to be entitled to keep possession of it, upon the assumption that his wife has consented to his so retaining it. Had the wife chosen to demand her money, she would have obtained it; as she did not ask, the presumption was simply that she consented to give it up. In this case, however, the law has made this money assets of the wife, and the husband can have no more equity in coming into this court to get back alimony, than the wife to be paid arrears of alimony.

One of those very numerous and, it might also be said, vexatiously inevitable cases, on the interpretation of certain words in a will, has recently been decided by V. C. Kindersley, in Ruck *vs.* Barwise. The words of disposition employed by the testator were that the interest of his property was to go to his daughter, *and after her death the property to go to her children or heirs for ever.*

The question to be decided was, Was this fund divisible into six or eight shares?—the daughter having given birth to eight children, of which number six survived her.

The difficulty was, Did the children take as first tenants under the will, or could any argument be founded on the words "heirs for ever" to alter the construction placed on the first bequest in the sentence.

The decision was that the children took as first tenants.

In a case, Williams *vs.* Jones, on appeal to the Exchequer Chamber, an interesting decision, on the question of negligence, has been decided.

The facts were exceedingly simple. A publican bought some boards of a timber merchant, and asked permission to convert them into a sign-board in a shed belonging to the timber merchant. To effect the conversion, a carpenter was employed. This man, in lighting his pipe, dropped a lighted shaving amongst other shavings, and the shed was burnt down. Action by the timber merchant to recover money of the publican, the defendant, for value of the shed and the loss caused thereby.

The argument for the plaintiff was, that the fire, having been caused by the negligence of the carpenter, who was the servant of the publican for this purpose, the publican was liable. The jury had found that the shed had been lent under an implied promise that it should be used in a careful manner, and that the defendant would take reasonable care that no damage should accrue to the plaintiff thereby, and that the fire was *caused* by the negligence of the defendant and his servants. But the point on these facts was, whether the defendant was liable for his servant's breach of duty. In smoking, the carpenter was guilty of negligence. But it might be urged adversely to this that he was not acting within the scope of his employment. In the absence of any precedent, it might be suggested that the case should be governed by the law applicable to bailments, and that the loan of the shed was analogous to a *commodatum* to the defendent. If so, the defendant, as a gratuitous bailee, would be responsible even for slight negligence: Coggs *vs.* Bernard, 1 Sm. L. C. 171.

The court below considered the fact that the shed was part of the realty prevented the law of bailments from applying. In the case of a loan, the borrower is bound to restore the chattel to the lender uninjured, unless prevented by some *vis major*. It is contended that the defendant, though merely a licensee, is liable: Story on Bailments, § 285.

There is no reason why the rule of law, with regard to a licensee under a revocable license, should differ from that with regard to a bailee. It was argued *contra:* 1. That the law of bailments did not apply. 2. That the act of the carpenter in smoking was not the act of the defendant, and that the maxim, *qui facit per alium facit per se*, in no wise applied. The carpenter had acted in a manner not contemplated when the shed was built. The master is only liable where the servant is acting within the scope of the business for which he is employed. But doing an unauthorized act, the man became a trespasser. For the trespass, he and he alone, and not his master, was liable. If the act had been committed by the master personally, trespass would have been the only remedy against him. There was no bailment, merely a revocable license to the defendant to enter upon land. There was no contract between him and the plaintiff. The defendant is not liable for the trespass of his servant.

It was held, in affirmation of the previous judgment of the court below (Blackburn and Mellor, JJ., dissenting), that the defendant was not liable, for that the negligence of the carpenter in the use of the shed was not negligence in using it for the purposes of his master, the defendant, nor in the course of his employmeut.

Held by Mellor and Blackburn, JJ., that such negligence was negligence in the course of the carpenter's employment, and therefore the negligence of the defendant.

It was also held by all the court, that the loan of the shed to the defendant was neither a demise, nor anything analogous to a bailment of the shed, but a mere license by the defendant to use it, by his servant, for the purpose of making the sign-board.

Blackburn, J., among his reasons, assigned this: The master is not liable for any negligence or tort of the servant which is not in the course of his employment. It might be said that the carpenter was not employed to light his pipe or smoke. That was no doubt true. But the act of lighting a pipe is in itself a harmless act; it only became negligent and a breach of duty towards the plaintiff, because it was done when using his shed and working there amongst inflammable materials. Had the action been brought against the servant, it could not have been maintained for lighting his pipe merely, but that would have been under the circumstances evidence that he failed to take reasonable care while using the plaintiff's shed, and that would have been the true ground of action. The point is not capable of being elucidated by argument or by decided cases; it depends rather on whether this is a correct statement of the effect of facts.

A woman of the name of Winsor, under sentence of death for murder, has just been respited, in order that the question of a re-trial (the first jury having been discharged without a verdict) in capital cases may be considered by the twelve judges forming the court of appeal in criminal cases. The question is one of the most interesting in constitutional law, and will be discussed at length, in anticipation of the judges' consideration, so far as it is settled in existing law, in my next letter. TEMPLAR.

August 19, 1865.

THE BREAK UP.

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

FROM CHARLESTON TO FAYETTEVILLE.

EARLY in February, 1865, I was ordered to the Signal Station, at Battery Marshall, on the extreme east end of Sullivan's Island. There were various rumors about evacuation, and holding the city to the last ditch, every one contradicting the other, according to each man's idea of Sherman's intentions, and each man's version of the meagre reports of his march that reached the city. On the 15th, however, we learned something positive from the following message, in cypher, from headquarters: "Prepare to move at a moment's notice, bringing off the most valuable Government property, and destroying the rest, along with all papers."

On receipt of this, I immediately sat down and wrote a request, which I pasted in the case of my watch, that if, by the chances of war, it should fall into the hands of a benevolent individual, he would do an unfortunate man a favor, by sending it to his mother, stating her address, and, what was

more important, that its full price would be paid. Then I arranged my affairs; told my servant, Job, what I wished done with "my tings" in case "anything should happen," and that night took my last sleep on the old Island, dreaming of the happy summers of my childhood passed there.

The next morning all was bustle and activity, getting ready for the final move. The day I spent in Charleston. That evening I passed with some jolly companions, and we celebrated our last night by having a gay time; however sorry we may have been, we knew we could n't help it, and our motto, like most soldiers, was "Dulce est desipere," etc., etc. The next day, Friday, 17th, I should have returned to my post; but as I knew the transports with the troops from the Island were to go up Cooper River, and with all the forces from the city were to rendezvous at Strawberry Ferry, I got leave to go up by land. The grand difficulty was to secure a horse. As the day advanced, things became more excited and confused. The commissary stores were opened, and a complete rabble of men, women, and children, without respect to age or color, began cursing and fighting over bacon, flour, salt, coffee, etc. I went in and secured a few things for an old woman; but she was so horribly grasping that I soon left her, disgusted at her struggling with another old wretch for her booty. A little after dark I met a cavalryman offering a tolerably good horse for the low sum of $500. Being in great want of a beast I offered him $150, on the plea of running the risk of its being reclaimed as stolen property. The man was extremely indignant, and wanted to fight at the imputation on his character. I told him to pitch in; he then explained his reason for holding the horse so low. He expected a friend to whom he meant to lend it, and who in return would supply him with money; but the friend had left, and he was hard up, and two horses were more than he could take care of, etc. So we compromised by my giving him $200, equivalent to about $4 in specie. I mounted the nag and rode to the Quartermaster's Depot, whence I was to leave at one o'clock that night. I hitched it at the door, and on returning, twenty minutes after, found the animal nibbling grass down the street, but saddle and bridle gone. So securing the beast with a rope and leaving it in a safe place, I thought I would walk around and see how things were going on. There was no life anywhere, except at the fires, where thousands and thousands of bales of cotton were being destroyed; there were engines to keep the fire within bounds, and guards to prevent the cotton being stolen instead of burned. It was painful to see so much property, the sweat of so many brows, making food for fire. But such is the fate of war. To stand at a little distance, and look at the men rushing about in the smoke, cursing, yelling, and laughing, while the whole sky was lit up with bloody red, gave one no mean idea of pandemonium. The rest of the town was still as death, not a light in a single house, only now and then a frightened woman hurriedly closing some forgotten shutter, her eyes straining through the darkness for the dreaded robber or murderer, whose gun she expected to see aimed at her. The quiet was oppressive, and I hastened from it.

About 11 A.M., mounting my horse with a rope for bridle and a blanket for saddle, I may say I commenced my march, going up to Hempstead Mall, whence the wagon train was to start. There I met several acquaintances, and my servant Bram with "my things," four times as much as I wanted. Hitching my charger to a wagon with a bag of corn before him, I addressed myself to getting acquainted with the crowd, helping to cut down a flagstaff, and trying to keep warm the best way I could, until the train should start. At 1 P.M. it commenced moving, not without great difficulty, on account of balking teams and green teamsters. I climbed into one wagon and Bram into another, and in a little while we were lumbering along quite steadily, and I fell asleep.

When I awoke we were seven miles from Charleston, and day just breaking. I crawled out to look after my horse; he was nowhere to be seen. So borrowing another I went down the road about three miles, without seeing or hearing anything of him. At last I was told that a gray horse had been seen astray that morning, at an old camp on Ashley River, about two miles off. I went there, and sure enough descried my beast, and with some trouble I caught him. I had scarcely joined the wagon train when an old fellow in a buggy drove up and commenced calling me thief, and claiming the horse as his own. I told him he would have to prove property, and advised him to change his tone lest he should get his head broke.

One of my acquaintances here put in that he was the son of the old man; that the grey really belonged to him, and had been stolen the preceding evening with bridle and saddle, just as I had bought him. Of course I gave up the horse; the old fellow apologized for his language, and invited me to share his basket of grub and jug of lightning whiskey. So we breakfasted in high glee, and parted the best of friends. At Goose Creek, fifteen miles from town, I stopped to dine with an aunt who lived a little off the road. I could hardly realize what had come to pass. It seemed like moving in a dream; and not until it came to leaving those five helpless women alone on the plantation, with no man except negroes, did I fully comprehend that the war had actually come to the spot where I had passed many a happy holiday with my cousins. On Sunday morning, 19th, we reached Strawberry Depot, on the North-eastern Railroad, 28 miles from the city. Here I was quite at home, having passed my childhood on my father's plantation, five miles off, on Cooper River. I borrowed a horse and rode to the old plantation. I saw several of the neighbors; some had not seen me since I was a child, but all gave me a hearty welcome and plenty to eat. One old bachelor, married in 1861, had everything just the same, and bustled about to give me a good breakfast, with the kind hospitality of peaceful days.

The only difference in the establishment I could discover, was the lady sitting by the fire, and a curly-pated little urchin, whom his father spoiled much as he used to do me in the old times. On leaving, he loaded me with an enormous lunch. I could with difficulty dissuade him from sending a cart along with me; and it was only by threatening to empty everything into the road as soon as I should be out of his sight, that I convinced him I wanted no more feed. The kind old fellow thought I was going to starve. I am glad to have learned since that his plantation was unmolested.

All the troops from Charleston, consisting of two brigades, Rhett's and Elliott's, forming Taliaferro's Division, camped that night at Monk's Corner, where they were joined by Mr. Law's Division, the whole between 12,000 and 15,000 men, forming Hardee's Corps. Tuesday we reached Santee River. It took four days and nights to ferry the troops across. There I rejoined my companions of the Signal Corps; but, knowing that institution would "go up" with the fall of Charleston, I concluded to look out for myself, and ride when I could, instead of trudging along with them. While waiting to cross the Santee, I amused myself with a colt that I bought with a pair of gloves and $100, *i. e.*, $2 25 in specie. He was a perfect beauty. On leaving, I put him in the charge of a quartermaster friend, and that is the last I saw of him.

People were giving away horses. They ran about loose, and many enterprising persons picked them up; then other fellows still more enterprising would come with a friend to back them and carry off the prize, so that horses were held by most uncertain tenure.

One night three of us "slipped" past the guard a cart which some fellow had "pressed" on the road, and we started for a place which we were told was five miles off, and rich in corn and potatoes. It turned out to be eight of the longest miles, over the roughest and darkest road I ever travelled. We finally got to the place, and routed up the old overseer, who was very surly, and declared himself dying of rheumatism. He swore he had neither corn nor potatoes; that potatoes were the bane of his existence; that it was nothing but "potatoes," "potatoes," "potatoes," all day long, and here now he was routed up at night for the "damn potatoes."

He had none, but we might get some three miles further. We were not to be bluffed off in that way; the horse was too tired and we were too cold to go three miles further on a wild potato chase. The old fellow had committed a grand mistake in letting us into his chamber, and having the fire kindled to look at us. We were quite comfortable, and swore we would not leave until we had our cart-load, for which we were willing to pay. He said we could stay and be d——d, and he drew his head under the bedclothes and pretended to snore. We had been very quiet, and had made our requisition with great politeness; but one of us had been out reconnoitring and found five potato cellars, which a negro to whom he had given a "chaw of tobacco" assured him were all nearly full, and that there was besides plenty of corn. So to teach the old sport better manners we looked around, and I found a horn, one of my companions a cow-bell, and the third a stick, with which instruments we began a concert and dance, to the great delight of the negro.

The man became furious, and raved and threatened to report us; but he would not have done much at that, as according to our account we belonged to some outlandish battery of artillery which no one could ever have found.

At length he proposed a compromise, and asked if one bushel of potatoes, five of corn, and as much fodder as we could carry, would satisfy us? To which we agreed. He gave the keys to the negro, bidding him go with us; but blackey tried to put off the work on us; so we took the keys and helped ourselves. The cellars were some distance off in a field; the negro forced us to open each one before the right one, which only, he swore, was empty. But we carried our point, and made him fill a basket of the best, and gave him half a basket for himself (which he didn't deserve), for in

carrying them to the cart he lagged behind, and, pretending to stump his toe, he tumbled them all out. So we had to get a torch and undergo much trouble in picking them up, on account of wind and rain which had come on. We went into the house till the rain should cease, and cooked a pot of potatoes. The old man kindly sent us out some cold pork, and I never expect to eat so much pork and potatoes again.

Returning to camp, the horse was too much played out to haul us with the load. Two of us walked, taking turns with the third to drive. I never was so sleepy in my life; I put my hand on the cart and kept nodding the whole way; when it came to my turn to drive, I merely fell into the cart, and when I awoke we were just entering camp and day was breaking. I never stirred that day, but slept right through. That trip did n't pay for the trouble. Thursday evening we crossed the Santee. As soon as ever they commenced to move, I cut off from the Signal Corps and joined the wagon train, with which I travelled to Kingstree, thence by rail to Florence, keeping Bram with me. Job, who had come up Cooper River by transport and joined me at Strawberry, I sent on by the wagon train to Cheraw. I was told Job behaved remarkably well, and was extremely cool in picking up some of his traps, which he dropped on the bridge between Sullivan's Island and Mount Pleasant, under a tremendous shelling. I overheard him describing the scene to some other boys. "Look ya," he said, "you nigger ought to ha' bin dey, for see how I fling dem ting on my back. I put my head down and cut. When de shell come and buss, I shy and kick up jis like one o' dem little dunkey; you would n't o' tink 't was dis ole Job. Some o' dem soger scare so dey fall down. I run ober dem jis like dog."

How he brought the load, bundled up as it was, I can't imagine. There were two large pots, two tin pans, a plate, knife, fork, and spoon, a pair of shoes, two suits of clothes, four packages of tobacco, and two cans of preserved meat, and a pillow, all rolled up in a large cotton bed-quilt.

At Florence, on the following day, I learned from some men who had escaped capture at Town Creek, near Wilmington, that Haywood's Brigade, from which I had been detailed, was captured; which relieved my mind considerably, as I did not fancy returning to the infantry.

At Cheraw I came upon one of my uncles, in former times the jolliest, most peaceable man in the world, now transformed into a ferocious captain of Home Guards. He wore a homespun uniform, with three gold bars on the collar; a dilapidated tarpaulin hat, cocked fiercely on his dear old grey head. He was chewing awfully, and haranguing his men. "Go it, my fine fellows," said he. "Lick Sherman, don't you run; I'll be along with you. Only lick Sherman, wherever you catch him!" I don't believe Gen. Sherman ever came within the danger of this formidable veteran.

Here, also, I caught the last view of my precious dog-cart; the only piece of property which the vicissitudes of fortune had left me. At the evacuation of Charleston, not having yet made the famous purchase of the grey, I had lent my dog-cart to a friend, who was so fortunate as to possess a horse. I overhauled him at Cheraw, and he engaged to drive to Charlotte, and sell the carriage to recruit my finances. In a hopeful spirit I beheld it floating down the river, on the deck of the gunboat *Pee Dee*. When next I came upon my erratic companion, he informed me that he had driven into a mud hole, the wheels separated from the body, and so the cart "went up."

At Cheraw I got assigned to the Stono Scouts, an independent company acting as body-guard to old Hardee. I was put on "temporary duty until I should reach my command," which I never expected to do, having heard it was captured. Saturday, March 4, they began the march again. At the railroad depot there was the greatest confusion, plundering of the commissary stores, and of wine and all sorts of things sent up by the citizens of Charleston for safe keeping.

I pitched in and secured six bottles of old Madeira, and nearly got drowned in a cask of port. The head had been knocked in, and being among the nearest, I plunged my two canteens in. But the crowd was so great I could not raise my arm, which was up to the shoulder in wine, and they continued to press till my head was forced half way into the barrel; I was unable to raise myself until it was completely drained; and then the side of my face was all scratched by the canteens which had been shoved by it, and my clothes saturated with wine.

At the door of the depot I met Job, who was loaded with wine, sugar, coffee, and ham, all of which he had got in a bag. He generously presented me with two bottles of wine. As it was not always easy to procure food for two servants when forage ran short, I consigned Job to the care of a friend in Rhett's regiment. I met him afterwards at Fayetteville, for the last time during the war. Losing the horse on which my friend had mounted him, he attached himself to a company of artillery, and travelled back to Charleston with them after the surrender. Bram, too, went heavily into the commissaries. He did not rejoin me until I reached Fayetteville, coolly telling me the road was too muddy for him to walk, so he had waited for a wagon train. He was not the fellow to go on foot when ingenuity could obtain a horse. Accordingly, at Fayetteville he soon succeeded in what he was pleased to call "capturing" a horse.

I here gave away most of my wine, because I had a cough, and I was so much disgusted with the smell on my clothes I could not drink it, and I have not cared much for wine since.

I rode my pony without a saddle until we reached Rockingham, where I saw an old citizen leading a horse with an army saddle, the girths hanging loose. I quietly lifted the saddle, the old chap walking on, and I don't know when he discovered his loss. My saddle having been taken off from the old grey at Charleston, I had ridden bare-back ever since, which was derogatory to a cavalryman, and very uncomfortable. As there was no knowing when the proper authorities would equip me, I was only restoring that piece of goat property to the right hands. We passed the night at Rockingham, and at 3 A.M. were ordered to saddle up, though we did not move until 8. This is a practice at all headquarters, which all the men dislike.

For two days we marched in the direction of Greensboro', where we expected to form a junction with the remains of Hood's army, and make a stand. But orders came from Joe Johnston at Fayetteville, and turned everything in that direction. The night before we reached Fayetteville we stopped at a house where they agreed to take us in; indeed, I was so unwell, having ridden all day in the rain, I could go no further. There were several old women who were very kind in doctoring me with ley tea, pepper tea, and other villanous remedies, to which I patiently submitted, although they did me no good.

In my haversack I had about half a pound of coffee, mixed with crumbs of wet corn bread, looking anything but tempting; their eyes however gloated over it as if it were gold. Indeed, they declared it was worth "in town" $50 (about fifty cents). I asked them to boil it all, that there might be enough for my companion as well as myself and the whole house. After awhile they set the table for us; but none of them sat down; they stood and looked at us. We had bacon, eggs, sorghum, and the everlasting corn bread. I was too sick to eat, but expected my coffee. At last it was produced, worse even than the ordinary corn coffee. I could n't go it. I went to the pail and took a draught of water. They were very much surprised I did n't like the coffee. It was, they declared, "whole one-fifth real coffee!" I begged to have it all real coffee for breakfast; they agreed. But for breakfast they served some blackened water. Finding they were so careful of the coffee, I could not bring myself to reclaim it; so, thanking them for their kindness, I rode off.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CHOLERA.

In the year 1629, Bontius, a Dutch physician, residing at Batavia, in Java, made the civilized world acquainted with the existence of that terrible pestilence, the cholera, which had doubtless, since the organization of society, prevailed with more or less violence in India and the islands along its coasts. His observations were scarcely heeded outside of the scientific circle for which they were intended, and notwithstanding the fact that the disease was subsequently recognized by British physicians in the East Indies, and by travellers of other nations, Europeans gave themselves very little concern in regard to a malady which, however virulent and destructive, was not likely to extend its ravages so far to the westward as to invade their homes.

But in this expectation they were wofully mistaken. In the year 1817 it raged with great violence at Jessore, a large town near the mouths of the Ganges. It spread, not very swiftly, but yet with awful certainty, in all directions, and by August of the following year had reached Bombay, on the western side of the peninsula. Thence it travelled through Arabia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria, etc., on its westward course, and, continuing to extend itself eastwardly from its place of origin, invaded the Burmese empire, Siam, Java, China, and the other populous countries of that portion of the earth.

Still, its progress was very slow. Several days frequently elapsed before it passed from one town to another only a few miles distant. The means of communication were, in the regions where it prevailed, very imperfect, and to this cause its sluggish movements must be attributed. In these days of steam its course is more rapid.

Up to 1823 its ravages had not extended beyond Asia; but in that year it appeared at Orenburg and Astrachan, two towns situated on the eastern frontier of Russia. Here it remained until 1828, when it increased in violence, attacking a tenth of the inhabitants of the province of Orenburg, and proving fatal to a fourth of those affected.

In 1830 it reappeared at Astrachan. In less than a month 4,000 persons

died of it in that city, and over 21,000 perished from it in the province. Ascending the Volga, it reached Moscow, destroying thousands in that city; and, continuing its fatal course, appeared at St. Petersburg on the 26th of June, 1831. From Astrachan it also diverged along the northern coast of the Black Sea, and thence spread into Austria, Poland, Prussia, and Northern Germany generally. In August, 1831, it was conveyed to Cairo by a caravan from Mecca. Thousands perished from it on the road, and over 15,000 died of it in the former city.

On the 26th of October, 1831, the disease appeared for the first time in England, at Sunderland, a town situated on the North Sea, near Newcastle. It was supposed to have been introduced from Hamburg, by a return collier. It showed very little disposition for some time to pass beyond the limits of this city, and was mainly confined to the worst parts of the town; according to a statement made at that time, it crept like a skulking hyena from one dirty lane to another, affecting localities remarkable for their filth, poverty, and wretchedness, and carrying off those who, from decrepitude, drunkenness, hunger, or uncleanliness, were already fit subjects for the grave.

From Sunderland it spread slowly through the northern part of England and Scotland, and did not break out in London till the 14th of February following, when some persons living in the immediate vicinity of the shipping were attacked. In this city, as in all others in which the disease had made its appearance, the districts mainly affected were those chiefly distinguished for their filthiness and an utter disregard of all sanitary regulations. Thus, for instance, the streets of St. Olave, St. Thomas, and Whitechapel, which were the most unhealthy districts, were stated to be "a disgrace to the civilized world." In Whitechapel, the great majority of its confined and crowded streets, courts, and alleys were without ventilation, water, or sewerage. In Lambeth, where the cholera also prevailed extensively, the cleansing, drainage, and water supply were either totally wanting or grievously defective. It was invariably noticed that the disease was especially prevalent in those sections where typhus and typhoid fevers and other affections due to dirt and overcrowding were most liable to occur.

On the 8th of June, 1832, the cholera broke out at Quebec, this being its first appearance on this side of the Atlantic. It was supposed to have been introduced in an emigrant ship, many of the passengers of which had died from it during the voyage. Two days afterwards it appeared at Montreal. On the 24th, New York was unexpectedly attacked—the cities and towns along the coast to the north entirely escaping. From New York it extended to Albany, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, New Orleans, etc.—most of the larger towns being visited, but some unaccountably remaining exempt from its ravages. The first case in New York occurred at the corner of Gold and Frankfort Streets. The patient was a native male citizen. Some cases immediately followed in Cherry Street; the subjects were Irish emigrants, who had arrived at Quebec in the autumn of 1831, and had resided in Albany till the month of May, 1832, when they had removed to New York. On the 27th, the disease manifested itself at Bellevue Hospital. The patient was an aged woman who had not been out of the institution for three years, and who had held no communication with the city. Reade, Washington, and Duane Streets, the Five Points, and the whole region of the Sixth Ward, were visited by the epidemic with fearful violence. Rotten Row in Laurens, between Grand and Broome Streets, was another deadly centre of the malady. In all these places, as well as in the others where it raged with the greatest intensity, the local and removable conditions of general insalubrity were abundant.*

The epidemic reached its height in New York on the 21st of July, from which period it continued to decline. It did not finally disappear from the United States for three or four years.

So much for the first epidemic of Asiatic cholera. In Great Britain and Ireland over 116,000 cases and 40,000 deaths occurred. In the cities of Quebec, Montreal, New York, and Philadelphia, embracing, at that time, about 450,000 inhabitants, there were over 18,000 cases and 8,000 deaths.

Europe and America remained free from the pestilence for several years. It did not, however, entirely die out in India; and in May, 1846, it broke out with extreme severity at Teheran, in Persia, carrying off as many as 300 a day for several weeks. "Those who were attacked dropped down suddenly in a state of lethargy, and at the end of two or three hours expired without any convulsions or vomiting, but from a complete stagnation of the blood, to which no remedies could restore its circulation." At Kurrachee, near the mouth of the Indus, it prevailed with terrific violence—more than 8,000 died in a few days.

Entering Europe almost by the identical route it traversed in its first visitation, the cholera ravaged parts of Russia and Turkey during the years 1847 and 1848. It then declined in violence, and the hope was indulged that it would disappear without visiting the western countries which had suffered from it fifteen years previously. But this was not to be. When once this fatal pestilence emerges from its birthplace, it never stays its course at the outset of its travels. Wherever there is food for it, there it goes, with a certainty that ought to be appalling, but which civilized man has thus far almost entirely disregarded. After a short period of remission, it broke out with increased violence, and during the latter part of 1848 and the whole of 1849 prevailed throughout Germany, France, and Great Britain.

On the 9th of November, 1848, the ship *New York* left Havre for the city of New York, with 385 passengers. There was no cholera either at Havre or Paris when the vessel sailed, and the passengers remained healthy till they had been out sixteen days. One of them was then taken ill with a disease resembling cholera, another and another case followed, until, when the vessel arrived at Staten Island, on the 4th of December, eight or ten had died, and as many were still suffering from the disease. Cases continued to occur at quarantine among the passengers and the patients of the Marine Hospital. A few days after the ship arrived at quarantine, an individual came from there to the city, and stopped at a German emigrant house on the corner of Cedar and Greenwich Streets. He was attacked with the disease, and being carried back died in a few hours. On the 11th of December another case occurred in the same house. This house was excessively filthy, and contained upwards of 200 lodgers, mostly emigrants. One other case occurred at 161 Washington Street, and then the disease ceased its ravages. In all, there were 92 cases and 48 deaths.

But as usual it was only resting from its labors. During the first week of April, 1849, it re-appeared at quarantine, and by the 30th of May 43 had died of it. In the city it made its irruption in the most filthy regions and among the lowest of the population.

Meanwhile it had appeared at New Orleans, and had spread over the greater part of the Eastern and Western States; the emigrant parties and military expeditions on the prairies suffered severely from it; many tribes of Indians experienced its attacks, and the mortality from it in California was fearful. It did not entirely disappear from the United States till 1855, and in 1854 became very violent in some localities. In 1853 and 1854 it prevailed again in Great Britain, and in 1855 and 1856 the allied armies in the Crimea suffered intensely from the pestilence. Since then until the present year, if any cases have occurred in Europe or America, they have been altogether isolated and exceptional. Now, however, we hear from the East that the disease has again broken through what may be called its normal limits, and that it is rapidly spreading over Asia Minor, Northern Africa, and Europe.

On the 10th or 11th of May, the first death from cholera occurred at Alexandria, in Egypt, the disease having been brought to that city by pilgrims returning from Mecca. From that date to the 16th of July, 3,300 deaths had ensued from the pestilence, and there had been about 10,000 cases in a population of less than 60,000. Rosetta Santa and Zagazig were attacked about the same time. In June it had reached Cairo. On the 12th of July it appeared at Constantinople, and almost simultaneously several cases occurred at Ancona. From Alexandria it was imported into Marseilles in a steamer, and it is said a few cases have already occurred in Paris. That it will visit our country ere long is as certain as any event in the future can be. It behooves us, therefore, if we value our own lives and those of the individuals committed to our charge, to enquire into the circumstances calculated to mitigate the violence of the pestilence even if we cannot entirely prevent its inroads. From the recorded experience of many physicians, and from the results of our own observations of several hundred cases in 1849, 1853, and 1854, we propose, therefore, to place before our readers such information on the subject as we think should be possessed by every intelligent and conscientious citizen.

Although cholera is pre-eminently a disease of the poor, the miserable, and the filthy denizens of large cities and towns, it is by no means confined to this class. It always, however, originates among the former, and if the latter become affected, it is due either to the great virulence of the poison or to their violation of the plainest laws of sanitary science. As we have seen in the epidemics of 1832 and 1849, the disease began in New York in the most wretched localities, just as it had previously done in the other cities it had visited, and just as it has always done since. During the latter visitation it appeared first in the Sixth Ward, and it may be safely predicted that its next outbreak in our city will be in that district. At that time it was noted that the greatest mortality occurred among the occupants of cellars. A physician in large practice stated that he did not know of a single instance of recovery among those who were not speedily removed from these subterranean dwellings.

The predilection of cholera for filthy, badly ventilated, and overcrowded

* See the late "Report on the Sanitary Condition of New York," page lxiii.

localities has been already mentioned. Its liability to revisit the exact place where it formerly occurred is a very remarkable feature in its natural history, and one full of interest in a sanitary point of view. Thus, the first case that occurred in Edinburgh, in 1848, was in the same house, and within a few feet of the same spot, where the epidemic of 1832 began its course. On its re-appearance in the town of Pollockshaws, the first victim was from the same room and the same bed in which it had broken out in 1832. In Bermondsey, both epidemics originated in the same locality—close to a ditch filled with excrementitious matters. In Oxford, on both occasions of its visitation, it broke out in the county jail. At Groningen, in Holland, it began its ravages in 1832 in two houses, and in 1848 the inmates of these identical houses were the first attacked. The first case of cholera in Chelsea was in Whitehall Court, in 1848. It hung around this region till 1849. The first case in 1854 was in the same locality, and, perhaps, in the same house. Dr. Ackland states that in Oxford every street and every yard in St. Thomas's parish—with one exception—which had been attacked with cholera in 1832 and 1849 was revisited in 1854. These are startling facts, and prove with a force requiring no argument to sustain it, that the germs of cholera are localized, and that only the exciting cause is required to start them into active existence.

Now, what is this exciting cause? Is it something given off from an infected person's body, or from his clothes, or from his discharges? Is it some alteration of the atmosphere? Is it an excessive or diminished amount of electricity? Is it due to the presence of ozone, or to the existence of millions of microscopic organisms which, floating in the air, are inspired and swallowed? All of these suppositions, and a great many more, have been vigorously contended for by their proposers. We do not intend to discuss them at length. We shall only express our own firm conviction that cholera is not, strictly speaking, contagious; that it is excited by a peculiar poison in the atmosphere, which clings to individuals, clothing, vessels, houses, soil, etc., and which is therefore portable, and that, unless it meets with what may be considered its germs, it is altogether inert. To cause a case of cholera, two things, therefore, are necessary: exposure of the individual to the influence of bad air, wet, improper food and drink, overcrowding, filth, etc., etc., and the action of the morbific principle referred to above. Cholera, therefore, cannot be kept off by quarantine, however rigid it may be. In Hungary, in 1849, every approach from infected districts was strictly guarded by a military force—so severe was the watch, that it was said only the wild animals passed through, and yet the entrance of the poison was not prevented. So long as the atmosphere has free circulation from an infected to an uninfected locality *containing the germs*, so long will cholera extend itself until the power of the poison is expended. A vessel, therefore, arriving at quarantine with cholera on board, would certainly infect the mainland if the conditions favorable to infection existed, even though there should be no direct communication with the shore.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE important series of publications known, from the name of their originator and projector, as "Bohn's Libraries," is not suffered to languish in the possession of its new proprietors, Messrs. Bell & Daldy. In fact, their purchase, involving the whole stock, stereotype plates, copyrights, etc., of the different volumes, was so large a one, that it is only by activity and attention to the interests of the series that a return proportionate to the outlay can be realized. Rarely has so much money changed hands in a single transaction connected with literature—the amount of the purchase being thirty-five thousand pounds, or, in our currency, at the present rate for sterling, about $260,000. More than five hundred volumes are contained in the different libraries. The first cost of them was considerably more than one hundred thousand pounds; but, as the current sale had paid for them and cleared the outlay incurred in their production, the sum disbursed by Messrs. Bell & Daldy represented the net profit and return for the enterprise and ability shown in the management of the undertaking. Among the new volumes now in a forward state of preparation are Coleridge's "Friend," for the Standard Library; Flaxman's "Lectures on Sculpture," with all the illustrations; and Clark's "Introduction to Heraldry," edited by J. R. Planché, both for the Illustrated Library. The volumes lately added comprise an elegant revised edition of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England,'

with steel plates, in six volumes; Sir Charles Bell's Bridgewater Treatise on "The Hand;" Professor Craik's "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties;" Southey's "Life of Wesley," etc.

—Industrial biography, or the lives of men to whom their country is indebted for the development of new sources of wealth and its attendant civilization, has but lately obtained a recognized place in English literature. A few years since it was in vain that any particulars were sought in the ordinary channels of information respecting the men who acted as pioneers in the progress of the useful and manufacturing arts. Now there is a change for the better, and the lessons afforded by the career of such men are earnestly dwelt upon for the benefit of those who have succeeded to the vast practical results of their predecessors' self-sacrifices and endurances. The subject was fortunate in being inaugurated by the beautiful and tastefully embellished works of Mr. Smiles, whose "Lives of the Engineers" first won the readers, by the elegance of its illustrations, whom it retained by the surpassing interest of its style and matter. Other heroes of industry have since found biographers, as Watt, Robert Stephenson, Brunel, Telford, etc., and we now see two rival lives of Wedgewood, the eminent improver of English porcelain and pottery, brought out, both candidates for popular favor at the same time. One is by Mr. Jewett, an artist and amateur, the other by Miss Meteyard, who has access to the family papers and correspondence. The first volume only has appeared of the latter work. In general effect of paper, printing, and embellishments, it is one of the most beautiful books ever produced in England. As appropriate illustrations, nothing can excel the classical elegance of the specimens given of Wedgewood's peculiar art. Like that of most inventors, the recital of his trials and troubles is full of interest; how well he was furnished with the iron will to overcome them is exemplified by the incident that he deliberately submitted to the amputation of his right leg to avoid some painful consequences following a severe attack of small-pox. In his intimate connexion with artists, and especially with Flaxman, he set an example to manufacturers that is only now commencing to be generally followed. The whole family was a remarkable one. Their liberality to Coleridge won his grateful affection and is commemorated in his works.

—Among the books that are promised us with some degree of confidence before Christmas, is one so long looked for that its appearance seems almost beyond ordinary calculation—the "Life, Letters, and Journal of Dr. Jonathan Swift," by John Forster. This work was announced originally as forming the introductory portion of a new edition of Swift's works, now become very scarce and dear in the most desirable impressions—those edited by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Forster combines in an unusual degree literary talent with a capacity for what is usually called drudgery, or the minute investigation so useful in throwing light on dark portions of history or biography. His large "Life of Goldsmith," in two volumes octavo, which he unaccountably suffers to be out of print, exemplifies the possession of both these faculties, and we may be sure no available source of information will be slighted from which any probable elucidation of the Dean's character and conduct may be gained. There has been no noticeable addition to the stock of materials accumulated for this purpose by succeeding editors, since Sir Walter Scott's time, that the public have heard of. Dr. Wilde's "Closing Years of Swift's Life" is the only book of importance on the subject that we remember; but Mr. Forster's position will, no doubt, procure for him access to much in the way of private papers, correspondence, etc., that was inaccessible at an earlier time to former biographers. At all events, we may look for a lifelike picture of Swift, painted with the care and accuracy of a master, that will, for some seasons, make his name again a household word in the literature from whence the constant succession of novelties has temporarily deposed it.

—Among the commercial literary enterprises commenced in a hopeful spirit, at a time when, to many observers, the prospects of the country scarcely warranted the undertaking, none promises better success than Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s attempt to present to English readers a commentary on the Bible, on a scale of far greater extent and completeness than anything that the language previously afforded. It is mainly a version of the German work of the eminent divine, Dr. Lange, of Halle. He and the scholars associated with him in the task have lately completed the New Testament, and are now engaged on the Old. The commentary surpasses in thoroughness and exhaustiveness any former work of the kind, and is a model of conscientious labor, while, at the same time, it possesses all the characteristics of a fervid, impassioned, and poetical individuality. The whole of the sacred text (besides a new translation, various readings, etc.) is accompanied by a threefold commentary, critical, doctrinal, and homiletical, each under distinct and separate heads. The portion chosen to commence the American republication was St. Matthew's Gospel, under the editorial charge of Dr. Philip Schaff. So well has it been received, and so nobly has the religious world responded to the confidence felt in its support, that, though it forms a large royal octavo volume, and sells for five dollars, between three and four thousand copies have been sold in the first year of its publication. The remaining books of the New Testament are preparing by various eminent scholars and divines, and it is a feature of the plan to add to the completeness of the work by making use of any sources of information that may have escaped the original authors. The gospels of Mark and Luke, by Dr. H. G. T. Shedd and Dr. Schaff, will appear this fall. Prof. Tayler Lewis, of Union College, has the volume on Genesis in hand, and the whole work will be forwarded with the utmost speed consistent with the necessary care and accuracy demanded in such an undertaking.

—A publication welcome to the antiquaries who interest themselves in the old British story, and the philologists who study the most ancient existing European languages, is promised by Mr. W. F. Skene, a gentleman distinguished for his proficiency in Celtic researches, who has done more to disentangle the truth respecting the vexed questions of the date and origin of the Ossianic poetry than any who has preceded him. Its title is "Four Ancient Books of Wales, containing Kymric Poems attributed to Bards of the Sixth Century, with Introduction and Notes." The publishers are Messrs. Edmonstone & Douglas, of Edinburgh. The manuscripts whose contents it is intended to print and make available for purposes of study for the first time, are "The Black Book of Caermarthen," dating from the twelfth century; "The Book of Aneurin," of the thirteenth; "The Book of Taliessin," and "The Red Book of Hergest," respectively of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Few merely literary questions have greater interest than the authenticity and genuineness of these Welsh bardic poems. Of late years they were first used as materials for history by Sharon Turner, who, in a dissertation appended to his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," was supposed to have triumphantly vindicated their integrity. The severity of later criticism tends, however, to different results, and though the headstrong nationality of the Kymric and Celtic temperament has precluded anything like impartial discussion at home, outsiders have gone so far as to affirm that the claims to an early date of these poetical remains are unsupported by reliable evidence; nay, more, that the Welsh are not "ancient Britons" at all, but an intruding tribe from Armorica, whose arrival was probably coincident with the irruption of the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles into Britain in the fifth century A.D. The arguments in support of this opinion are singularly curious and acute, and have been put forth by Mr. Thomas Wright, in his late collection of "Essays on Archæological Subjects." Mr. Nash, in his classical work, "Taliessin and the Bards and Druids of Britain" (London, 1857), has well dissected the religious poetry of Wales. It remains to be seen whether the historical portions can support a searching critical scrutiny.

—Mr. Charles Knight, whose industry seems rather to grow than to suffer diminution with his advancing years, has no sooner completed his too brief autobiographical "Passages from a Working Life," than he commences a new work. "Shadows of the Old Booksellers" is an anecdotical and biographical sketch of the ancient men of "the trade," from the restoration of Charles II. to the close of the last century, and, of course, embodies much interesting literary anecdote. Mr. Knight's claims to be admitted among the worthiest of the band he commemorates need not wait for the recognition of posterity. They are universally admitted in his own generation. To many who consider the subject transiently, publishers may seem to be "like flies in amber," worthless themselves, but preserved by contact with more precious objects. This, however, would be but a very insufficient appreciation of the services actually performed by these foster-fathers of literature, whose influence for good has been too often exerted to their own loss and detriment, from their views being in advance of those current among the public, to whom they in vain appealed. Whenever the history of English literature is properly written, not the least interesting chapters will be those detailing the fortunes of the only "patrons" that Dr. Johnson ever wished to hear of. Mr. Knight's "Shadows" will be published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of Fleet Street.

—The admirers of Dante in Germany are prompt in their response to the national rejoicings which in Italy honored the sixth centenary birthday of the poet. On September 14, the anniversary of his dying day, a Dante festival is to be held at Dresden, with the object of concentrating in one place all those who have labored to naturalize the Italian poet in Germany, by whose labors there exist *fourteen translations* of the Divina Commedia into Teutonic speech. The meeting is called by four professors, headed by Prof. Karl Witte, of Halle. The objects of the proposed assembly are: the foundation of

a Dante library, on the most complete scale possible; the establishment of a Dante periodical; and the preparation of a critical edition of Dante's smaller works, which even in Italy is still wanting. The periodical, it is proposed, should appear in German, Italian, French, and English, and the co-operation of lovers of the poet in all countries is especially requested.

—Mr. Palgrave's Arabian friends, the Wahabees, seem in some danger of being overtaken by the fate that has befallen the Burmese, the Javanese, etc., and now threatens the Japanese. No sooner had his journey proved the practicability of intercourse with them, than Colonel Pelly, the British resident at Muscat, determined to improve the acquaintance, whether with secret thoughts of "annexation" it is impossible to say. He set off, therefore, from the coast of the Persian Gulf, and, with a small party and by forced marches through the desert, principally at night, he succeeded in reaching the Wahabee capital in about two weeks. He was received with ceremonious, though distant, politeness, and the firmest resolution was expressed by the able sovereign on no account to enter into relations with any European nation, and most especially *not* with the English, whose fame for appropriating the territory of their allies had penetrated to the court circles of Riadh, the metropolis of the country, and produced a most intense dislike of any nearer connection.

—Prof. Hiram Corson, of Girard College, Philadelphia, who has already shown his acquaintance with early English literature by an edition of Chaucer's "Legende of Goode Women," announces an enterprise of greater magnitude in connexion with his favorite author. It is a complete "Verbal and Glossarial Index to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," based on the text printed by the Percy Society, and accompanied by similar indexes to "Piers Ploughman," "La Mort d'Arthure," Gower's "Confessio Armantis," Wyclife's Bible, Spencer's Poetical Works, and Chapman's "Homer." It seems to be Prof. Corson's aim to supply for earlier English literature a manual similar to that furnished for the Elizabethan dramatists by Nare's most useful and entertaining "Glossary." His work will form a large octavo volume of 800 pages. The first edition will be delivered to subscribers only, at ten dollars a copy, by Mr. F. Leypoldt, of 646 Broadway. The undertaking deserves encouragement, and though of course in this country the compiler must rely on the best printed texts, without the advantage of consulting manuscript authorities—in the nation where such materials abound there seems little disposition to turn them to practical account, and the attempt of Prof. Corson is the more praiseworthy in consequence.

—We hope that the announcement of the purpose entertained by Mr. John R. Bartlett, of Providence, Secretary of State for Rhode Island, of forming a complete bibliographical list of all publications connected with the late rebellion, will induce possessors of such tracts, etc. (and especially of anything of the kind printed at the South), to communicate to him the titles and particulars of works of this nature. It is only by a union of effort that the completeness so valuable in a work of this kind can be secured. Mr. Bartlett's "Bibliography of the Rebellion" will make a handsome volume in octavo; his materials already comprise notices of nearly four thousand articles, including separate pamphlets, speeches, sermons, addresses, papers in reviews, etc. Since the invention of printing there have been but three eras—all of them times of civil commotion—so prolific as the present in paper and print, for the Reformation was too early, and the American Revolution too imperfectly supplied with the mechanical facilities necessary to carry the tide of publication so high. The first was the troubles of the Fronde in France. The fugitive pieces, satirical tracts in prose and verse, etc., produced on this occasion are known from the name of the prime minister as "Mazarinades." They have been well described in an excellent bibliography by M. Ch. Moreau; the total number extant is nearly five thousand. The Great Rebellion and Commonwealth of England called out the power of the press to an extent totally unprecedented. There exists no guide to, or account of, what was so produced, but the remarkable assemblage of the fugitive publications of the time, from 1640 to 1660, formed by the royalist, Bookseller Thomason, the collection and preservation of which is one of the romances of bibliography, is bound in 2,200 volumes, and contains more than *thirty-two thousand* separate pieces. It is now, as is well known, among the treasures of the British Museum. The French Revolution again opened the flood-gates for a deluge of printed matter. Much of it now, for the first time, assumed a periodical form. Several important collections have been made of Revolutionary literature, including newspapers, engravings, caricatures, etc., but the bulk of it was so immense that probably much has perished. The British National Library has procured, at different times, three such collections of very large extent; among them M. Louis Blanc has, for the past years of his exile, been studying the materials for his "History of the French Revolution." The most conspicuous collection was that belonging to the Duc de la Bedoyere. It was purchased last year entire for the Imperial Library for one hundred thousand francs. The catalogue (a very superficial list) makes a large volume in octavo.

—In a recent paper Sir John Bowring draws on the vast fund of his Oriental experiences and philological knowledge for information respecting the prevalence of literature and education in China. As, according to a learned professor now writing among us, a future Chinese state of civilization is the happiest fate in store for the most enlightened modern nations, any facts relating to the mother country become interesting. In the matter of printing, it is certain that the Celestials have had a great start over all the nations of the Western world. There is, in fact, no trace of its introduction, but it is always spoken of as a thing of course, and not as a novelty, as in A.D. 593, when a decree was passed for the recutting the wooden plates (or stereotyping, as we should say) of ancient works that needed preservation. In A.D. 982, the Chinese Scriptures, or canonical books, were engraved on wood, printed, and circulated all over the empire. In the next century movable types came into use, nearly five hundred years before they were known in Europe. The Imperial arrangements for printing have always been carried out in China on a magnificent scale. The Emperor Kanghi, whose reign began in 1662, had 250,000 movable types, engraved on copper and printed no less than 6,000 volumes. Kienlung, in 1773, ordered 10,412 works to be published, covering the whole field of Chinese literature. The entire system of the competitive examination of candidates for the government service is of Chinese origin, and has been immemorially practised.

—"A chiel 's amang you taking notes" is a warning that, in the words of Burns, might have been applied to us a short time since. Mr. Samuel Phillips Day, we learn, is about to publish an interesting volume, entitled "Women and Civilization," and for the more thorough treatment of his extensive theme has travelled in Italy, the United States, and Canada, collecting materials for its illustration. If Mr. Day takes his tone from the public press, we fear the fair sex will suffer. It is fortunate, however, for the cause of philosophical truth, that his mission was a secret one, and his object unknown, or the sturdiest purpose must have given way before the blandishments that would have assailed him. Mr. Day is favorably known to philanthropists by a former work on "Juvenile Crime, its causes, character, and cure."

—The forthcoming journals, diaries, and correspondence of Miss Agnes Berry will revive the memory of the two remarkable sisters who prolonged, almost to the present day, the social traditions of the last century. Of course, a series of letters by Horace Walpole forms a portion of the remains of the lady to whom he is said to have offered his coronet and fortune. The astonishing industry of the man who desired to be known to the world only as a busy trifler, is one of the most remarkable instances of human inconsistency that we know of. In their most condensed form, the published writings of Horace Walpole form about thirty closely printed volumes, and there must be many entire series of his letters to intimate friends, as Mr. Chute, Bentley, Grey, and others, no portion of which has been printed, if indeed they yet exist. Other writings by him are extant. His "Anecdote Book," a collection of all the good stories he had heard in society, remains in manuscript, but has been read by several literary men. The nature of its contents is said (how truly, we know not) to unfit it for the pharisaism of the modern standard of propriety, so that it is not likely to be published. The fate of Walpole's choice library was a hard one. Though a coxcomb in many things, he was not particular in the outward attire of his books, whose exterior often gave no promise of their intrinsic value. Though they were entrusted, with the other contents of Strawberry Hill, to the most eminent auctioneer of the day (George Robins) for disposal, his business had never lain among books, and the Strawberry Hill sale catalogue enjoys the distinction among bibliographers of being incomparably the *worst* ever made. The greater part of the books were tied up in lots of tens and twenties, and sold without any description, at nominal prices. For months they were found on the London stalls, and they are not unfrequently met with in this country. Walpole was fond of annotating his books in a thick heavy handwriting that does not seem to typify much readiness in composition. His manuscript notes in his copy of the "General Dictionary" of Bayle, etc., are printed in Messrs. Geo. P. Philes & Co.'s curious publication, "Philobiblion," from the book itself, which passed through their hands to its present owner.

—The publication of M. Talleyrand's memoirs is now said to be deferred for twenty years longer, contrary to his original intention, in accordance with which they should see the light about this time, or thirty years after his decease. By the bequest of his niece, the Duchess de Dino, they had come into possession of his private secretary, M. de Bacourt, and, on his recent death, were left to certain parties on the condition that they should still be

withheld from the public. They are said to be very extensive, embracing memoirs proper, with appendices of documents, and an immense correspondence, extending over the most eventful half century of the modern world. They have been transmitted to England for safe keeping. Whether or not any Napoleonic influence has been at work to keep the contents still a mystery is unknown, as well as the real judgment of the Prince de Talleyrand of the great man whose fall was, in an important measure, owing to him; but there is no doubt that, if so disposed, many revelations damaging to the Imperial fame were at his command.

TWO LECTURES BY MR. RUSKIN.*

It is not always safe to trust to English criticism of English books. Criticism is less often right in England than in France or Germany, because it is less cultivated and holds a less considerable rank in literature. Although the English know what criticism is, and are not surprised by every discriminating award of praise and blame as often as are the Americans (who frequently assume that an intellectual effort is worthy of praise as such, and that there must be personal enmity or selfish motive behind any censure of it), they have, nevertheless, very often left the duty of criticism to those who are certainly unfit for it. It seems not to be held true in England that a critic needs a special gift and training to fit him for his work. The critical faculty is not duly recognized as a mental power distinct from others. On the contrary, the ruling seems to be that any one who can write cleverly can criticize; that the author of three or four popular (or unpopular) novels, of a volume of short poems, or of a lively sketch of travel, is a competent judge of literature, and often of art as well; and that the critical department of a literary journal is sufficiently well managed by half a dozen such authors, or, where articles are anonymous, by writers without even the poor qualification to judge that they have been judged themselves.

These remarks—which, if collated with published words of the few who have been excellent as critics in Great Britain, will be found too nearly like their thoughts to be very original—are immediately suggested by the notices in the British press of Mr. Ruskin's latest published book. But there are additional reasons why, in the case of this writer's work, we must distrust ordinary English criticism. Ordinary English criticism fairly enough represents the ordinary English mind, not, as it ought to, the best intellect and knowledge that the nation can spare for the task. And if the English people were not wholly unwilling to understand or regard what Mr. Ruskin has been saying to them these six years past about government, economy, and education, his writing would not now be the sad and almost hopeless protest against long established evil that it is. He has tried to point out some dangerous modern fallacies, and has had little other answer than to be called a dreamer even by those who certainly are not deceived by the fallacies he attacks. He has tried to teach his countrymen truths more evident, perhaps, in other countries than in his, but perfectly clear to thinkers there, and is denounced as unpractical and "un-English." He has appealed to love and truth and sense of duty in the consideration of questions of political and national economy, and has tried to show that these springs of action are to be used in the construction of systems of society and government; and is at once, and on every side, assured that not these things, but self-interest only, is the motive power of the souls of men.

The general English public is, therefore, somewhat in the position, as regards Mr. Ruskin, of one who refuses to be taught, and who thus compels the rejected but still resolute teacher to use more earnest exhortation and sharper reproof every day. Much of the criticism on this book in English periodicals is of the nature of the objections of an unwilling pupil to the regulations and discipline of a severe teacher. But unwilling pupils are not those whose opinions of their teacher we generally ask. In the case before us, as the hasty refusal to hear of the popular English mind has prevented the writer from being as useful as he might have been to the world at large, because changing for the worse his thought and speech, so, on the other hand, it makes the opinion on the whole subject of the hasty recusants of very little value. Those who, of a great deal of advice, at once reject the whole, are not the best judges of the value of the advice. It was not to be expected that the critics would thank Mr. Ruskin for his warnings or regard his prophecies. It is because they and their kind are resolutely indifferent to all such warnings and promises that these are made necessary. It was not to be expected that the critics would like his rebukes. It is at them and their kind that the rebukes are aimed. The teacher declares social abuses, denounces national sins, urges radical reforms, points out ways to improvement, is enthusiastic, severe, and bitter. All this the *Saturday Review* contemns; it declares the assertions false, the denunciations injurious, the proposed reforms Quixotic, the way untrodden and therefore impassable, the enthusiasm ridiculous, the severity impertinent, the bitterness morbid. We ought not to be surprised, still less to be influenced in our opinions. The *Saturday Review* could not have been expected to think otherwise. Were it possible for that journal to sympathize with or even to respect deep feeling and enthusiasm, there would be less need for these two lectures. But at least we cannot go, for just judgment of such work as Mr. Ruskin's, to the critics who faithfully represent what seems to us the worst defect of the English national character, its small capacity of sentiment.

Again, the *Fortnightly Review*, which aims to gather the best thoughts on all subjects of the men best qualified to discuss them, over the signatures of the writers, has entrusted the criticism of Mr. Ruskin's original, hearty, and (the word is his own) *sensational* protest to Mr. Anthony Trollope. We have nothing to do with the fitness of Mr. Trollope, as shown in his novels to judge anything original, hearty, and sensational; but his notice evinces a total lack of sympathy with the author he criticizes and even of comprehension of his meaning. The critic gives instance after instance of what he considers exaggeration and misstatement, almost every instance proving that he does not know what the author means nor what his object is.

We may have to return to these two "book notices" again or to mention others. For the present we draw this inference only from their insufficiency and inaccuracy: the inference that the lesson, though read to England, had better be studied by America for herself, without asking the help of her fellow pupil across the ocean.

We shall attempt no analysis of these lectures, for a sufficient synopsis of the thoughts of either would be too long, and would be, moreover, of a dryness injurious to the reputation of the essays with those who have not read them. The thought of the first essay is consecutive and orderly, but if it could be summed up in a few propositions, they would be these:

Advancement in life is the great object of most men, and there are various false notions about it. But there is no true advancement in life except the gaining of wisdom and the power that wisdom gives. Intercourse with the living great, who can give wisdom, is possible to but few persons; but there is a great world of the wise on our book-case shelves who await our pleasure. These are the real books, those, namely, which are written to last, others being a sort of reprinted newspapers. These real books should be studied with religious care, every word weighed, great pains taken to get at the meaning of every word; for it is important that we should know what the author meant to say, and not what we can imagine him to have meant. Moreover, we must enter into the feelings, as well as understand the thoughts, of these great men. It is in this matter of feeling (sensation or passion) that the great distinction lies between noble and base. And this is the important distinction both with individuals and nations.

So far the thought is harmless enough. That it sounds, in the dry statement above, not very original or brilliant, is not a matter of great regret; those who know anything of Ruskin's writings will imagine the wealth of illustration and allusion that clothes the skeleton into roundness and vital strength. So far the thought is harmless enough and can give no offence. But the application follows:

We (the English public) have forgotten how to read in our haste to make money and our thirst for amusement. There is still hope for us only because we can still fight and toil, and can still feel love and honor. We have despised literature; for we spend and are willing to spend more on horses, wines, eating, and jewelry than on books. We have despised science; for we, as a nation, do not help science at all, more than is actually needed for our ships, but leave private devotion to do all it can or will without help. We have despised art; for whatever we do for picture galleries and art schools is not from love of pictures, for which we care nothing, but from desire to have our manufactures excel others in taste, and, therefore, in salableness. We have despised nature, using the Alps as greased poles to climb, and the quiet valleys of England for furnaces and coal pits. We despise compassion; and this needs no proof except the newspaper paragraphs I read you. Our national will is to be amused, and the nation's work is left to classes whom we despise.

The true kings of the earth are those who rule by wisdom. And yet, wonderful as it is, kinghood is still spoken of as if kings owned their people and realms as a private man owns an estate. Where kings rule by wisdom, less money will go for war, nations will not buy panic of each other, as France and England do, for millions a year, the money will go to create libraries and museums and art galleries and places of rest.

Such, in brief, is the argument of the first lecture, "Kings' Treasuries." It is to be read with care, if read at all, and every word considered, for it is compact and careful. It cannot fail to teach those who are willing to learn. The second lecture is so beautiful, so true-seeming as well as true, that it is sure to be generally liked. It considers the position and influence of women, and the influence they should have, in the household, in society, and in the world; and the education which would best fit them for their duties. It is

*"Sesame and Lilies. Two Lectures delivered at Manchester in 1864. By John Ruskin, M.A. 1, Of Kings' Treasuries; 2, Of Queens' Gardens." London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1865. Pp. 196.

a most beautiful and suggestive statement of the true relation between man and woman, and the value of each to the other.

We believe these and similar teachings of Mr. Ruskin to be exceedingly valuable, and hold their failings and faults to be of an importance very secondary to their positive value. But, however mistaken we may think the rejecters of such doctrine, the English people, so far as they reject it, are not, humanly speaking, without excuse. The fact that these sharp rebukes and this stern denunciation, however general in their application, are aimed, and confessedly aimed, at the English public, makes it not wonderful that they meet harsh words by words as harsh. Their excuse is one which may not avail to save them from the consequences of determined refusal to listen to warning and counsel, but it is one which no earthly judge has a right to disallow. No nation, at least, can fail to admit its force. Few people are willing to believe or even to listen to unwelcome truths, to acknowledge wickedness and folly for which they are sternly reproved, or to bow meekly to deserved rebuke. The American people has heard much good counsel, and has not only disregarded it, but has met it with downright contempt and abuse. From the time of the adoption of the Constitution until now, there have been those who, with eloquent and earnest words, have borne witness against our national sins. Have we listened? Have we even refrained from contemptuous recrimination? Were the abolitionists—even the gentler-voiced among them—regarded with favor when they warned us from courses undeniably evil, and showed us a future of inevitable catastrophe? It required actual war, and war for many months, to give us, as a nation, any perception of the facts they had often laid before us. They had often told us what slavery was, and what the spirit of the slaveholders; we boldly denied, or, more wise in our generation, avoided the question and confined our answer to hard words and denunciation. But two months before April, 1861, an American who had long been abroad landed in New York. Those who heard will still remember his exclamation, after a week's residence in this city: "These people to this day use 'abolitionist' as a term of reproach!"

But in this particular instance the English have this additional excuse to offer, that the advice is not conveyed to them in the words and in the tone which advisers generally find most efficacious and accordingly adopt, but in words of disparagement and with an air of grieved contempt. To the respect and admiration we feel for Mr. Ruskin, and the great debt of gratitude we owe him for his various and unprecedented labors in the cause of education, we join a sincere regret that he adopts the tone which injured his former treatises on political economy, and injures this volume yet more. It is one thing to say to the public, "This that you have done is unworthy a great nation," and another to say, "You are not a great nation because you have done this." It is true enough that the English people have not a general, natural, hearty love of art; and so it is true that the German love of art is nearly all formalist, and French love of art mainly technical; and it is true in general terms that this is a bad age for art, and contains only a feeble promise of better things to come. But to tell one of these nations that it despises art and cares less for Titians than for game in its game-bags, is unjust as well as unwise. It is true of a chain that it is not stronger than its weakest part; but it is not true of a nation that it is not better than its worst men, or wiser than its most foolish. It would be more nearly true to say that every nation, not in visible decay, is as good as its best men. But neither statement is true nor wise. We know only that ten righteous men can save a city, and that a few wise men will redeem the ignorance or folly of a land. England does not despise art while Mr. Ruskin's works are read and her great painters' works increase in influence and in value daily.

But it is certain that many English critics despise reasoning. The English educated class, we believe, is as badly misrepresented by its mouthpieces as this city by its "representatives." We cannot leave the subject without quoting from Mr. Trollope a passage curiously illustrative of the style of criticism out of which nothing comes but confusion and heavy ignorance. Mr. Ruskin illustrates the alleged national despising of science by the mention of a very discreditable circumstance indeed, and Mr. Trollope meets him thus: "He says that we have despised science, and proves it by showing that the Government has haggled at buying a collection of fossils for £700, as though the science of a nation depended on the propensities or means of the existing Chancellor of the Exchequer!" The critic does not see or suspect that his author is dealing with first causes, and considers neither officials nor times, but holds the nation responsible for national sins. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is perhaps not to blame, he is certainly not blamed, nor any subordinate, nor any person. But it is a shameful condition of things where seven hundred pounds are not to be had for the purchase of an unequalled and unique collection of fossils for the nation; and where, after the value of the collection has been admitted, a servant of the Government is compelled to give his personal security for a part of the purchase money, or else to see the whole treasure rejected. And for this wrong Mr. Ruskin holds his country responsible. England as a nation is disgraced by such a cold and unwilling ministry to science. "You have despised science," says John Ruskin, and while he is unwise, as we think, to say it, England is unwise and unjust if she refuse to heed it.

PERSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.*

THE position and medical activity of Dr. Polak, his uncommon knowledge of the native idiom and literature, and numerous journeys, frequently in company with the shah, enabled him to study Persian life and habits with an extraordinary minuteness and exactitude. The fruits of these studies he now lays before the public in a series of "ethnographic sketches," which, on account of their richness in detail and obvious truthfulness, cannot fail to occupy a prominent rank among productions of their kind, and to become a standard source of information on Persia and its people—"a nation whose glory, it is true, belongs to a remote past, but which has not yet grown old; but, on the contrary, seems destined to play an important part in the political and intellectual history of the future." He presents his sketches in a plain, unornamented shape. His object is to inform and instruct, not to amuse. He tries to divest himself of all prejudice in treating his subject, seems to form his observations only after mature experience, and puts down his remarks with a rather timid hand, being fully conscious of the danger of too hasty conclusions. He rarely descends beneath the surface of things, presents few striking comparisons or illustrations, and neither solves nor propounds any problems. But he communicates, in full descriptions, much that he saw and closely examined or enquired into himself; and his studies embrace the widest range of topics. Confining ourselves to a few of the latter, we shall endeavor, in the following, to present to our readers a miniature sketch of the character and social life of the modern Persian, condensed from various chapters of the volume before us. We refer to the Persian proper, in contradistinction to his co-inhabitants of different races of that vast and checkered country, the Turcomans, Kurds, Arabs, Armenians, Chaldeans, Jews, Afghans, and others.

Both in his body and character, the Persian fully displays the type of the Caucasian race. His complexion is rather dark; his hair chestnut color, and never curly; the beard well developed and thick. His head is oval; the forehead moderately high, flattened round the temples; the eyes are light brown,—exceptionally black,—large, and shaded by long upper lids and by arched brows, connecting over the nose; the cheeks little fleshy, and without redness; the lips thin; the chin is narrow. His neck is never long; his chest is broad; his hands and feet are exceedingly well shaped. He is generally of a little more than medium size; remarkably tall or small men are rare exceptions, as are also corpulence and its opposite. His features are serious and calm, never keen or distorted. He avoids gesticulation, and rarely betrays his feelings or passions in his look or face. His gait is erect and fine; his walk graceful. He is exceedingly agile, and capable of extraordinary exertions; but when not stirred up to activity, slow and inclined to rest and idleness. He walks little, hates standing, sits in the oriental way, is an excellent horseman, but also uses for riding the ass, the mule, and the camel. He wonderfully controls his sleep according to circumstances, sometimes dreaming away most of his time; and again, when zealously active, passing days and nights in unremitting labor. He is fond of comfort, but patient under privations, and suffers with equanimity heat and cold, hunger and thirst. He is composed under every change of fortune. He is fond of exciting drinks, luxurious, but exceedingly temperate in his food.

The Persian loves riches, pomp, and display. He is greedy of wealth, little anxious about the means of acquiring it; but when acquired, spends it profusely to satisfy his luxurious tastes. He pays excessive prices for horses, carpets, song, and dance; none is too high when his harem is to be enriched and adorned. Still, polygamy is not the rule, but the exception. He is fond of music, poetry, and theatrical entertainments; likes a florid style of eloquence and writing; speaks with elegance, but often sacrifices his thoughts to the charm of rhythm. He is pleasant in conversation, and overflowing with politeness and graceful compliments, even when speaking to his bitterest enemy; and never flatly refuses a demand, preferring a false promise to momentary rudeness. He is a born actor. He is equally prone to make fine professions and to forget them; always ready to offer presents, though rarely mindful to bestow them; inclined to hypocrisy, but not to fanaticism; apt

* "Persien. Das Land und seine Bewohner. Ethnographische Schilderungen von Dr. Jakob Eduard Polak, ehemaligem Leibarzt des Schah von Persien und Lehrer an der medicinischen Schule zu Teheran." Erster Theil. ["Persia. The Land and its Inhabitants. Ethnographic Sketches by Dr. J. E. Polak, late body physician to the Shah of Persia, and Professor at the Teheran School of Medicine." Part I.] Leipsic. 1865.

o commit treacherous and even atrocious actions when circumstances command it, though not cruel from nature. He practices extortion with one hand and charity with the other. He has compassion for animals as well as man. He is slavish towards his political superiors, domineering among his subordinates in office, gentle to his servants, never rude as a husband, affable and hospitable to strangers. He suffers oppression, though averse to all authority; but hoards wrongs, and strikes without clemency when opportunity offers. He is neither brave nor warlike, but resigned in the highest degree, in misfortune as well as death.

He is attached to his native place and to his province, but cherishes no love of country. Patriotism, in the European sense, is rare. The more intense is the attachment to the family and tribe. To their welfare and honor everything is sacrificed. An insult to one member is an insult to all. The needy are supported by the wealthy. The low are proud of the high. None is absent from his family without necessity. Children pay reverence to their father, love to their mother, vouch with their honor and property for each other. The betrayal of such trust is regarded as the highest of crimes. The desertion of a relative is almost unheard of. Families, in the widest sense of the word, live together in the same town quarters. Several combine in acknowledging the supremacy of a common chief. When rising to high dignities, he raises them all; with his fall, all sink into poverty; and what was but recently the richest and most envied quarter of a city, soon becomes a desolate place. Such changes, with individuals as well as families and tribes, are frequent. They do not surprise nor stun the Persian. Elevated by the sudden favor of the shah, he wonders only why this did not take place long before; deprived as suddenly of his position and wealth, he bows before the will of his master as if it were a decree of fate. "He has given it, he takes it." But he lives, works, and builds accordingly. He enjoys and labors for the present, leaving the future to the care of Allah. His palaces crumble away as rapidly as his greatness and power. His artificially irrigated gardens dry up with the sources of his wealth. Nothing is made, as nothing is expected, to last.

Nil admirari is in other respects, too, the firm maxim of the Persian. The creative power of God cannot surpass itself; the wisdom of the Greek philosophers, the sacred sublimity of the Koran, and the verses of Saadi, Hafiz, or Firdousi, he believes, will equally remain unsurpassed. And yet, though little inventive, the Persian is inquisitive and fond of innovations. He is addicted to speculation. Everything mysterious attracts his attention; every secret society excites his interest; every new sect finds numerous adherents. Among other associations, freemasonry was, some time ago, widely spread in Persia, penetrating into the very surroundings of the shah, and counting among its disciples numerous mullas (priestly judges) and seids (reputed descendants of the Prophet). But suspected, as every secret society is in Persia, of possible designs against the abuses of despotism, it was soon persecuted with the utmost rigor. The native sect of the Babis, among the tenets of which were communism and the emancipation of woman, found fanatical adherents of both sexes, but being accused of an attempt at the life of Nasser-ed-din, the reigning shah, was crushed with remorseless cruelty, the victims of which evinced, amid the most excruciating tortures, the invincible firmness of martyrs.

"Among the higher classes, and among office-holders and men of the pen, the so-called mirzas, secretaries, draftsmen, and revisers, as well as among the refined class of servants, one often meets with characters the prototype of which is so perfectly drawn by Morrier in his romance, 'Haji Baba.' The Persian has invented a particular name for them, calling them *futzul*, and their way of doing and acting *futzuli*. The futzul is a man who knows how to adapt himself to all possible circumstances, everywhere to find his emoluments, and to appropriate to himself, or, as the Persians say, 'to eat,' the wealth of others. He is pert and intrusive, knows all the news of the town, and also how to profit by it. Cringing like a worm before his superiors, he is full of arrogance to inferiors, and on every occasion makes them feel his authority. He lies from principle, speaks the truth only when it offers a particular advantage, spreads false news, intrigues and calumniates. He seeks to oppress by all possible means those who have rendered him important services, for he cannot afford to be grateful, nor brook having any obligations to anybody. He has learned some poems, knows how to cite a verse or an epigram, and has always an appropriate remark on hand. He accommodates himself to all stations of life, and is fit for every situation, from the position of a vizier to that of a groom. He asseverates every statement by an oath, and when caught in lying, he acknowledges it without shame."

Another less respectable, because more openly dangerous, class of persons is thus described:

"*Lutis* correspond to the rowdies in North America. They are men who recognize in the Lot of the Bible their patron saint, stroll about in the night in search of plunder or scuffles, drink and gamble, and are always ready to create a disturbance, sometimes for the fun of the thing, but sometimes also for their own benefit. They carry a Circassian dagger in their girdle; their caps they wear cocked. They can be found in every town and among all classes, but their principal ranks are composed of prize-fighters, dancers, showmen of monkeys, bears, and lions, and similar persons. To the most enterprising Lutis belong those of Tabris, Shiraz, and Ispahan. A European finds the protection of a few Lutis occasionally very useful."

The classes of the mullas, seids, and dervishes, all of which are shielded in their excesses by the pious reverence of the people, also abound in dangerous characters. In former times the mullas were distinguished for piety and learning, and many of them attained great eminence as writers. But by degrees they became demoralized by the immunities of their position, the abject reverence the people paid them, and the facilities for abusing it which superstition afforded. They are now generally regarded as rapacious, licentious, and exceedingly corrupt. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that their opposition often serves as an effective barrier against the excesses of despotism. The "descendants of the Prophet," who form the fiftieth part of the entire population, belong to all conditions of society, but are recognizable by the blue or green color of their girdles or turbans. They are priests, office-holders, merchants, tradesmen, and husbandmen; but the impunity which they mostly enjoy before the law has produced among them a large number of sharpers, forgers, and scoundrels of every description. Europeans must particularly shun their contact. The class of dervishes, which, among its members, formerly included the noblest minds of Iran, and among them Saadi and Hafiz, is now equally degraded, but comparatively harmless. Vagabonds from indolence, which still procures them companions from among the sons of high and even princely families, and beggars by trade, they are still inimitable as ballad-singers and story-tellers, and, as such, remarkable for purity of language and elegance of style; but they lack higher culture. In their fantastic beggarly attire, they roam from province to province and from country to country, entirely careless about the morrow, and often ruined by the smoking of *beng*—everywhere enjoying a superstitious popularity, though they believe neither in Mohammed nor in Allah, but are mostly deists or pantheists. Some pretend to be alchemists, and sometimes succeed in cheating their adepts of considerable sums, with which they disappear.

There is no hereditary nobility in Persia, only a few chiefs of nomad tribes carrying back their pedigree to Timour, Genghis Khan, or even the house of Sassan. The word *nejib* (noble), which is often used, refers not to high descent, but to position in the royal service and association with dignitaries. Families gain and lose the honor of that title, or of that of khan which is bestowed by the shah, with fabulous rapidity. The nejibs and khans of yesterday are despised or forgotten to-day. The highest title belongs to the princes of the reigning Kajar dynasty. They are called *shah tzadeh* (royal descendants), and the word *mirza* (prince) is suffixed to their names. But only the descendants of Abbas Mirza are treated as princes and entrusted with governorships and other high and lucrative offices. The other lines of the progeny of Feth Ali Shah, which, in the aggregate, has multiplied in eighty years to upward of two thousand souls, live poor on scanty pensions, a burden to the treasury, despised by the people, degraded by idleness, and destitute of the warlike virtues, though not of the royal prejudices, of the Kajars. There are also some surviving descendants of the preceding dynasty: they are distinguished by the title of *mirtzadeh* (descendants of emirs). Individual titles, which are not attached to rank or position, but are bestowed by the shah on single dignitaries, are of endless variety, the dictionary being continually ransacked in search of new ones. Such are: the support, arm, purse, diadem, torch, tongue, etc., of the Government, of the crown, of the realm, etc. The word *mirza*, which is *prefixed* to names, in contradistinction to the *suffix* of princes, designates the most influential class in Persia. The mirzas are men originally belonging to all ranks of society—sometimes to the lowest—but who, by their skill in writing and reading, general aptitude for affairs, or particular talents, if not by accident have risen to high and lucrative state dignities, or otherwise to public importance. Viziers, secretaries of state, and other influential functionaries, are chosen from among them, and in such capacities their authority overawes even the princes of the blood, and directly or indirectly controls all affairs, civil or military. The officers of the army, distinguished by title according to their rank, are men without military education or habits, appointed by nepotism, and more intent on "eating" the salaries of the soldiers than on leading them to warlike exploits, and generally as cowardly as corrupt. The Persian material is good, but, both in war and peace, it is wasted by ill treatment, in the most shameless way. Slaves, mostly imported Africans, bought more for domestic ornament than use, are kindly treated, and protected against ill-usage by humane regulations.

It is owing chiefly to the circumstance that the Koran, which is allowed to be read only in the original, is accessible but to good Arabic scholars, and that all liturgical readings have to be performed in that language, and with

a pure accent, that there exists any kind of priesthood in Persia, Islamism having originally known neither priests nor temples. Even now many a layman is seen ascending the roof of his house, and, with a clear voice, calling his neighbors to prayer. But, altogether, the religion of Mohammed was never deep-rooted in the hearts of the Persians. It has now become almost an empty formula. Everybody feigns religious faith and piety in public, but few of the educated, whether mullas or laymen, believe in the Koran. Some substitute for it the philosophical tenets of the numerous sects of the Sufis; others follow their own speculations. All, however, pretend to be Shiite Moslems, though, in certain circumstances, as during travels in Turkey or Turkestan, it is not regarded as a sin to assume, for a time, the mask of a Sunnite. Conversion to Christianity happens only under peculiar circumstances, and is never sincere. The Moslem mind revolts against the doctrine of the Trinity, and is little apt to conceive virtue and abnegation in the Christian sense. The civilization of the West is often admired, but rarely esteemed, and least by those who have lived in Europe. The general conviction of Persians returning from France or England is, that those countries are more corrupt than their own. And, yet, it is only the remoteness of Persia from the seats of occidental civilization which prevents the general spread there of modern science and culture, so susceptible is the Persian intellect, though not inventive, to new ideas and reformatory tendencies.

Modern Persian literature is decidedly inferior in its products to that of former centuries. There are numberless versifiers, but few poets, and the standard models of the golden age are not even well imitated. Poetry is either a trade or a pastime, never a vocation. The shahs are beset by beggar bards, have their poet-laureates, and make verses themselves. Nasser-ed-din is both a poet and a patron of literature. Children are taught Saadi's "Gulistan," learning its most striking epigrams by heart. Poems form the principal basis of education. Every respectable conversation must have its rich admixture of spirited or pointed quotations. The precepts of the Koran are studied with less reverence than the teachings of Saadi or Hafiz; its legends are not as well known as the fabulous tales of Firdousi. A good elocution and a fine florid style is what every man of culture tries to acquire; a lucid and chaste diction is rarely to be met with. Caligraphy is the constant study of everybody, from childhood to old age. Letters and notes are written with the utmost care and neatness. Mirzas carry a collection of writing materials attached to their girdle. For fine manuscripts or exquisite writing-samples high, sometimes fabulous, prices are paid. Printed books, in which the peculiar way of writing the Arabic letters cannot be well imitated, are less valued than well-executed lithographic works. Geography is generally taught according to the old Ptolemaic system; few scholars know its modern developments. Asia is tolerably well known from historical traditions and the experiences of travelling merchants, roving dervishes, and pious pilgrims. Of Europe, only the principal countries are known. History is a more favorite study, though acquired not less superficially. It generally begins with the conquests of Islam. Mirkhond's renowned historical work, "Rutzet es Safe," is to be found in every respectable house. A continuation to our times has lately been elaborated. Histories of Napoleon, after Scott; of Peter the Great and Charles XII., after Voltaire; and of Czar Nicholas, after Baron Korff, lately issued, are widely and closely studied, sometimes to the perplexity of Europeans, who are surprised to find themselves comparatively ignorant on those topics. Works on mathematical and other scientific subjects also circulate in manuscripts or lithographs. But instruction, in general, is still in a primitive stage, though private schools abound, and almost everybody learns a little, women not excepted.

The condition of woman in Persia is not as degraded as many Europeans believe. A picture of it, we know, would be necessary to complete our sketch; but the subject is too interesting to be treated in a few fugitive passages, and we find to our regret that our space is exhausted.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

William Shakespeare. By His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. (Patrick Donahoe.)—*The Works of William Shakespeare.* The Globe Edition. Edited by William George Clark and William Aldis Wright. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)—The lecture of the late Cardinal, apart from its never-wearisome theme, has a peculiar interest as the last intellectual effort of its author, who was not destined to deliver it in public, as he had expected to do, by invitation. He apologizes for attempting to discourse of a dramatist not one of whose plays had he ever seen acted or declaimed, but whom he knew by reading and study only. In view of this circumstance, the warmth of his tribute is, if not extraordinary, at least admirable, and, of itself, a striking proof of Shakespeare's power over the minds of men. Beyond this whole-souled appreciation and homage, there is little to remark in the substance of the lecture. It would be difficult at this day to present an original view of Shakespeare's genius, whose many sides have been illustrated by the writers of every civilized nation. The Cardinal dwells, particularly, however, on the marvellous subtlety with which the character of Hamlet is drawn, so as to have deceived the very elect, and to have given rise to an endless dispute about the reality of his insanity: a delineation which the lecturer prefers to suppose less due for its scientific accuracy to the poet's observations, than to his faculty of introversion. When we have added that the Cardinal writes like a good Englishman, placing Shakespeare in the highest niche in the pantheon of letters, and employs a chaste though ornate eloquence, which would scarcely have needed the polish it might, perhaps, have been destined to receive, we have nothing left to criticize but the plan in the appendix for a proper monument to Shakespeare. This was a national, and, in part, international edition of his works, magnificently printed and bound, and illustrated by the foremost artists of the time, chiefly British. It contains an ingenious classification of the plays in periods which would have afforded the latter the freest scope for their fancy—Egyptian, classical, mediæval, modern, etc. For one reason, at least, we may not be sorry that the Cardinal's design was not adopted: he wished this sumptuous edition to be accepted, without demurring, as the standard authority upon all moot points. This could not have been agreed to by scholars and commentators, nor would it have been the best way to arrive at the purest text, for it would have repressed the spirit of investigation, which has given us, on the one hand, the greatest triumphs of critical acumen, and, on the other, the most important discoveries of early editions. The publisher has dealt shabbily with the eminent prelate. His little volume appears to be only a re-print in book-form from the columns of a newspaper, with all the typographical inaccuracies retained. This negligent work is in singular contrast with the "Globe Edition" of the Messrs. Roberts, who have imitated their English original with praiseworthy fidelity. In one compact duodecimo, of 1,079 pages, the entire productions of Shakespeare are contained—the type being small but perfectly distinct, and the paper excellent. The features which distinguish this edition are, that there are no notes; that the most probable of several emendations is inserted without alluding to the rest; that where none is admissible, the lacuna is indicated; and that, for convenient reference, the lines of each scene are numbered. These qualities, together with the compactness of the volume, we are confident, will render it justly popular among all classes.

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare, with an essay toward the expression of his genius, and an account of the rise and progress of the English Drama. By Richard Grant White. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—This work deserves an extended notice, and has, in fact, received one already at our hands from the early sheets. Now that it comes before the public, we may correct the inadvertence which led us, in the first number of THE NATION, to confound the *Memoirs* with the first volume of the author's *Shakespeare,* which, likewise in press at that time, is now also ready, to complete the hitherto headless series.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised edition. Vol. I. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—Since of the contents of this volume there is no need to say anything, we can only remark that the typography and binding are of that excellent character which uniformly distinguishes the publications of Messrs. Little & Brown. The twelve volumes, which are to appear monthly, will form when completed a most desirable edition for the library.

Speeches of John Bright, M.P., on the American Question. With an Introduction by Frank Moore. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—There is probably no foreign advocate of the American cause during the late war who has argued it so ably and with so little effect as Mr. Bright; though, of course, the unfruitfulness of his exertions does not, and ought not to, diminish his claims upon our gratitude. Some of the speeches reprinted in this volume are amongst the most eloquent of Mr. Bright's oratorical efforts, but he had made himself, long before the war broke out, so outspoken and uncompromising a champion of republicanism, that his utterances on American topics produced very much less impression than those of his less gifted but more practical and cautious fellow-laborer, Mr. Cobden. Mr. Bright is, we believe, on his way to this country, and those who wish to become acquaint ed with his labors in our behalf, as well as with his peculiarities of style, which for force and vividness, and often for splendor, has no equal in Eng land, cannot do better than run through the little volume before us.

The Magazines for September.—"Hours at Home" opens with an excellent article upon "The Dangers and Demands of the Era" on which we are now entering, pointing out—and it cannot be too strongly dwelt on—the general tendency in the flush of self-confidence begot by the war to overlook or make light of the evils which beset our social and political progress, and to imagine our republic totally exempt from the perils and difficulties which other communities have to encounter. It is gratifying to find a religious magazine, which aims at being popular, raising its voice against the prevailing spirit of self-gratulation and the prevailing impatience of criticism. The remainder of the number is excellent; the topics well chosen and well treated; but the editor seems to us to be overdoing in the matter of shortness. The rage for "short articles" ought hardly to be gratified at the expense of quality, and there is more than one topic taken up in the number before us which if not discussed at greater length were better let alone.

"Harper" contains about the usual quantity of entertaining matter and of "padding." "Miss Pink's First Season" is intended to be a satire on "society," and we hope society winces under it, but if it does it is more thin-skinned than we take it to be. "The Sketches of Social Life in China" are interesting, and the article on Milfort, a Frenchman, who was for twenty years head chief of the Creek Indians, is a valuable and entertaining contribution to frontier history of the end of the last and beginning of this century. More melancholy reading than the facetiæ of the "Editor's

Drawer," we have not often lighted upon. The composition of such jokes must be an awful drain on any man's vitality.

The "Atlantic" preserves its usual features. It settles the question of Davis's wearing woman's clothes at the time of his capture, in an article by an eye-witness, entitled "Running at Heads." Mrs. Stowe continues her "Chimney Corner," and Mr. Mitchell his "Doctor Johns," and if we except the tales, the whole number may be pronounced very good.

The "United Service Magazine" is one of the most valuable results of the war, and the number before us contains an excellent article on retaliation, apropos of the Fort Pillow massacre, the treatment of prisoners, and the atrocities of the late Confederacy.

"Our Young Folks" maintains the character it has already won. Its large circulation is an encouraging sign of the times.

We have looked in vain through the "Federal American Monthly" to find any good reason for printing, publishing, or perusing it. The paper and print are very poor, and the literary matter is not worth criticism.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood.—Illustrated Life, Services, Martyrdom, and Funeral of Abraham Lincoln.—Illustrated Life, Campaigns, and Public Services of Lieut.-Gen. Grant.—Life, Speeches, and Services of Andrew Johnson. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Standish. A Story of Our Day. [Railway Library.] Loring, Boston.

History of the United States Cavalry. By Albert G. Brackett.—Can You Forgive Her? By Anthony Trollope. Harper & Bros., New York.

Die Reconstruction und die Neger. Von Ludwig Greiner. Verein zur Verbreitung radikaler Prinzipien, New York.

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare. By Richard Grant White.—The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised Edition. Vol. I. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A Critical Examination of Our Financial Policy during the Southern Rebellion. By Simon Newcomb. D. Appleton & Co. New York.

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New York, August 25, 1865.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Fourth National Bank, held this day, a DIVIDEND of FOUR (4) PER CENT. was declared out of the net earnings of the last six months, payable on the 1st of September, free from Government tax.

The Books of Transfer will be closed on and after the closing of business on Saturday, 26th instant, until the 1st day of September.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Saturday A. M.

Trade has been very active this week. The business in dry goods, both domestic and foreign, exceeds anything ever before known in the experience of our oldest merchants, in the magnitude of the daily sales and the promptness of demand for nearly every description of goods put upon the market. The only hindrance to a much larger trade is the want of sufficient stocks of seasonable goods. The importations in August will probably be returned at about twenty-six millions, gold value; and the customs duties realized thereon by the Government, $13,190,400 in gold. Of this sum, the Treasury is believed to have sold about $7,000,000 for currency, at 143 to 145 per cent., in addition to $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 sold out of the July customs.

The sales of merchandize are well distributed over the whole country. The North-west is buying freely, and there is a large and prompt trade with New Orleans, Memphis, and the more recently opened Southern ports. North Carolina and Georgia are probably the best buyers, though a fair business is doing with South Carolina and Virginia. The arrivals of cotton now include shipments from the Florida ports, and goods are going in that direction in exchange for the proceeds of this cotton. The renewed commercial and bartering intercourse between the North and South, on and near the seaboard, is not without its favorable political and social influence. Our great hotels number very many Southerners among their guests, and, as far as we are advised, the general opinion they express is in favor of a complete restoration of the old state of feeling and of material interests between the two sections. Whatever drawbacks may show themselves to the early consummation of this result, growing out of a difference of view on the labor and suffrage questions, there is not the slightest belief or fear entertained by these people of a renewal of hostilities. War they have learned to esteem the last and worst possible remedy, and they are candid enough not only to confess the fact, but to place their future political and material fortunes before the country upon the liberality and generosity of the Federal Government, and the support of its action, whatever it may be, in the loyal States.

The market for money has been established at the reduced quotations noticed in our last report—5 per cent. to the brokers at call, and 6½ to 8 per cent. on mercantile paper, 60 days to 4 months. The demand is not active at these rates, while the bank return for the week shows an increased surplus of money for employment in the market.

Gold has not varied over ½ to ⅝ per cent. at any time during the week, and exchange on London has fallen to 109⅛ to 109⅜ per cent. in gold for Bank bills. This ease in exchange, while our importations are so active, excites remark, but we find that much confidence is felt in the future export of cotton, the accumulation of which in New York, New Orleans, etc., is far beyond the domestic demand.

The creditors of Messrs. Ketchum, Son & Co. held a meeting yesterday, to hear the state of their affairs, and to determine the mode of settlement or liquidation. Explanations were made by the senior of the house, and the recommendation of an examining committee of the best responsibility submitted, to the effect that 50 cents on the dollar cash by the 1st November, and 10 cents additional in 12 months, be taken as in full settlement by the creditors and the trusteeship dismissed. This was agreed to by the creditors present, and will no doubt be carried out as the best composition under the circumstances. The debts are $3,985,685, including a questionable claim of $250,000; the assets, $3,093,639, including $243,500 disputed. The settlement proves less favorable than looked for last week. It transpired at the meeting that two of the young partners, Mr. Belknap and Mr. Swan, were some three months ago aware of the wrong-doing of young Ketchum to his own firm, and as early as the 4th of June remonstrated with him, when he promised to close up his private speculation. Instead of which, he went deeper into stocks and gold to recover his previous losses, and finding his depredations on the house watched, and threatened with exposure, he resorted on the 27th of that month to the famous gold check-book, from the Bank of New York. On the 4th of August he was again warned by these young partners, and the 15th named as the latest time they would delay exposure, if restitution was not made or reform entered upon. On the 14th, the forgeries were discovered by other parties; Ketchum left the Street; and the house, which might have been saved on the 4th of June by the compulsory withdrawal of the wrong-doer, was ruined. The motives of these young men were probably good; their judgment was greatly at fault, their forbearance misplaced, and the result of this first blunder fatal to all concerned. Young Ketchum was not then a forger. He had played the wrong-doer only in or to his own house. His abstractions of securities were even then large, but with the high credit and private wealth of Mr. Morris Ketchum, the loss might have been recovered; and half the reticence shown by those young partners to shield Edward Ketchum, if exercised in a more laudable direction, would have kept the mercantile world ignorant of a peril to the house not *then* beyond redemption.

In the case of Mumford, the Police Court has discharged him from arrest, on the ground that his checks were drawn on a bank in which he kept an active account, and in this he made large, though insufficient, deposits on the day of his default. This throws his deeply-wronged creditors on the civil courts, and leaves the brokers of the Stock and Gold Exchanges without penal remedy in cases of fraud growing out of the receipt of checks not marked good at the bank before the delivery of their property.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The original U. S. 5-20s current in Europe continue firm at 106⅝ to 107 per cent. The 5-20s have been in free supply, but are gradually absorbed at 104⅝ to 105 per cent. The 6 per cents of 1881 have improved to 107½ per cent. The 10-40s paid their September dividend yesterday, 2½ in gold, equal to 3⅝ in currency, and now sell at 94⅜ to 94½, ex dividend. The 7.30 currency loans are all steady at 99⅜ to 99½. The one year certificates are wanted at 98½. It is stated that the redemptions of the 1864 issue are more rapid than the use of the new 1865s. There is a demand for the compound interest legal tenders at 105 for the notes of June, 1864, and 102⅝ to 102¼ to 101 for July, August, and October, 1864, notes.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessees have further advanced to 75 per cent. North Carolinas have been sold at 71⅛ per cent. New York State 7s Bounty Scrip, 98⅜ and interest

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The Ohio and Mississippi certificates, which are to represent the common stock of the road when relieved of its receivership, have gone up from 24 to 28 cents on the dollar, and are in large demand. The calculation is that the Atlantic and Great Western Company will ultimately control the property, as the extension of their broad gauge road from Cincinnati to St. Louis. The certificates of the Eastern and Western Divisions amount altogether to about $22,000,000. They sold last year at 60 to 65 cents on the dollar, when gold was 200 to 250 per cent. The share list is ⅛ to 1 per cent. less firm on Erie, 87 down to 86 to 86⅛; N. Y. Central is ⅛ per cent. better, 92⅛ to 93; Reading has advanced from 105⅝ to 106⅜; Michigan Southern, 63⅜ to 65⅛; Michigan Central, 106⅛ to 108⅛; Pittsburg, 70⅛ to 72⅛; North-west, 27⅛ to 28⅛; North-west preferred, 62⅜ to 63⅝; Fort Wayne, 95⅛ to 97½; Rock Island, 106⅛ to 108⅛. The market firm at close of week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

The bank stocks continue to show recovery. The Pacific Mail Company have secured the Government subvention of $500,000 for a steam line between San Francisco and China and Japan. They are to build four new steamers, and the contract to commence on 1st January, 1867. The Atlantic Mail Company have placed a much-needed new steamer on the Aspinwall route to California. Both stocks are steady. Canton are firm. Cumberland have further improved 2 per cent.; Mariposa, 1 per cent.; and Quicksilver has gone down 2 per cent. on the over production of the mine—an unusual complaint of mining enterprises. It is known, however, that there is a limit to the world's use of quicksilver, and that the New Almaden is now found to be rich and productive beyond all previous conception or calculation. The Brunswick Land Company is inactive, and the shares below $10 again.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold is 144½ as against 143¾ last Saturday. Bills on London, 109¼ to 109½ per cent. for this day's packet. They sold as low as 109⅛ for the Boston packet of Wednesday.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 11. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1865. $3 PER ANNUM

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The Week.

THE public debt on the 31st of August, we are informed from the Treasury, amounted to $2,757,689,570, against $2,757,253,275 on the 31st of July; showing the very moderate increase of $436,295 in the month just elapsed.

AN enquiry into the conduct of Judge Coursol and Chief of Police Lamothe was ordered by the Canadian authorities, soon after the disgraceful termination of the legal proceedings arising out of the St. Albans raid. The report of the commissioner, Mr. Torrance, has been published. As to Lamothe, he decides that he committed an indictable offence in refusing to execute the warrant of arrest issued against fourteen of the raiders by Justice Smith, and condemns him for surrendering the money. As regards Coursol, he says that if Coursol, as he maintains, sat as a judge, his hasty order discharging the prisoners from the custody of the Government officers, after deciding that he had no jurisdiction in the case, was "a grave dereliction of duty in a matter of national importance." If, however, Coursol had jurisdiction, his discharge of them was "more than a grave dereliction of duty." If he did not sit as a judge, but as a justice of the peace—which Coursol denies—Mr. Torrance decides that he is indictable for malfeasance in office. So that if he acted as a judge, he is liable to removal; if as a justice of the peace, to trial and punishment. The public here will now expect that one or the other of these fates will overtake him, and the Canadian Government is bound to see that it does.

IN June last Secretary Stanton requested Gov. Crapo, of Michigan, to require the civil officers of Detroit to turn over to the military authorities there two lieutenants, who were held for the homicide of a hack-driver. This the governor declined to do, on the ground that the accused were not at the time of the occurrence in the discharge of military duty, nor in the limits of a camp; and that the offence was not against the United States. But, besides this, he had no power to take the offenders from the custody of the law. We had supposed this decision was final, never having heard that the Secretary of War had pushed the matter. Now, however, in a parallel case, he makes the same request of Gov. Parker, of New Jersey, adding that "this has been the course pursued on similar applications in other States, under like circumstances, and in which the request of the Department has always been accorded." The governor declines, on the score of the inability of the Executive to interfere with the judiciary.

SECRETARY HARLAN has written an important letter to George D. Edmonds of Iowa, explaining, for the benefit of the Republicans of that State, his own opinions and those of President Johnson on the question of Negro Suffrage. He declares that President Johnson has taken no stand against the right of negroes to vote, or against the expediency of permitting them to vote; that what he maintains is that the power of deciding whether they shall or shall not vote belongs to the States, and that "the Federal Government has not the right to interfere *primarily* with the question of suffrage in any State of the Union." *Secondarily*, however, according to Mr. Harlan, the Federal Government has such right of interference, for he adopts the theory maintained by "T. F." in the columns of this journal a few weeks ago, that Congress under the clause of the Constitution which gives it the right to determine the qualifications of its own members, may refuse admission to persons with the mode of whose election it is not satisfied; and that under the clause requiring the Government to guarantee to each State "a republican form of government" it has the right to decide whether the form of government adopted by any State is or is not republican, and act accordingly. It seems clearer every day that the great struggle which has just ended on the battle-field is to be continued in Congress next session, and that the President is determined to shift from himself the responsibility of deciding the gravest question raised by the war.

THE Republican State Convention, held at Saint Paul, Minnesota, on the 6th, selected three of its candidates from the army—a general (W. R. Marshall), as the fashion goes, for governor, a lieutenant-colonel for secretary of state, and General C. Shafer treasurer. The resolutions were vigorous: "that neither a man's color, race, nor birthplace takes away his political rights;" that no portion of the people shall remain degraded and ignorant; that the imperial government in Mexico is not to be tolerated, and the Government should compel the withdrawal of the invaders. The Wisconsin Republican Convention at Madison, on the following day, had to nominate an attorney-general. There appears to have been a majority report of the committee on resolutions which omitted negro suffrage, and a minority report which introduced the awkward topic. The convention chose to abide by the former. The New York Democratic Convention assembled at Albany on the 6th, and adjourned on the 7th. The ticket upon which they agreed was compounded of Democrats and Republicans, and was headed with the name of General Slocum, now on duty in Mississippi, for secretary of state. General Patrick, formerly provost-marshal general of the Army of the Potomac, was nominated for treasurer; John Van Buren for attorney-general. The resolutions are loud in praise of the country's defenders, and unmistakably sound on the obligation to pay the national debt. The conduct of the South in accepting the results of the war, including emancipation, is applauded. So is the President for his policy of reconstruction; but so are not they who would delay this consummation by conditions of negro equality and negro suffrage. The second resolution is so curious, when we remember which party opposed the war and which sustained and conducted it to a successful issue, that we transcribe it entire:

"*Resolved*, That we congratulate the people of this State and of the nation upon the termination of civil war and upon the return of peace, and especially that this blessing is attained with a preserved Union, an undivided country, and the re-assertion of constitutional liberty throughout the land."

On the whole, this is the mildest-spoken Democracy whose doings we have yet had to chronicle. It may be they are none the less dangerous. Two elections occurred on the 5th—in Vermont for State and

county officers, and members of the legislature. Of course, the Republican ticket was carried, and by a majority not greatly varying from that of last year. The Hon. Paul Dillingham was chosen governor. The Senate is again a unit for liberty—for the issue, as presented by the victorious party, was equality of civil and political rights for all the inhabitants of the South—and the House is even more strongly Republican than before. The constitutional election in Colorado resulted in the adoption of the constitution by a large majority. The territory will plead to be a State in December. On the 7th an election took place in California, with great quiet and a light vote. The principal counties returned Union men to the Legislature. San Francisco was divided between seven Union and seven Democratic representatives. Secretary Seward has acknowledged the receipt of a copy of the amended constitution of Mississippi.

One who writes from Macon, Georgia, on the 15th of August, remarks:

"The wages that the freedmen obtain in the towns and cities are so large as to discourage the field laborers from planting. Thus I know that as much as forty dollars a trip is given to freedmen to work as firemen on board the steamers running between New York and Savannah. The run is frequently made in three days. I have *seen* a large number of negroes refuse to work at twenty-five cents an hour. In fact, they appear to think two or three dollars per diem very low wages, and I have yet to hear of any one working for less than a dollar and a half. The field hands hear what these others receive, and demand as much. I am more and more persuaded that the day for large crops of cotton at low prices has passed for ever. Cotton will be raised, but not as before. For instance, the women who used to work in the field now follow the men to the cities, and the men support them there. It is delusive to talk of the negroes starving: everywhere I hear nothing but complaints because the supply of labor is insufficient, and this while not one plantation in ten is half-worked. The whole of the South is to be rebuilt and refurnished, and until it is, the negro will find abundance of labor without working in the fields.

"Everywhere I find Northern men: in all the out-of-the-way places they do almost all the business. I find the impression among the planters that while emancipation will not permanently injure the border States, it is total and irremediable ruin to the cotton States; at least, so they express themselves almost without exception. Many are removing to North Carolina, or some other border State."

But few reports have been current concerning the freedmen. The planters of Charlotte County, Virginia, are said, like those of Nottoway, to be turning off their surplus help, upon a strict calculation of the hands which will be needed during the winter. These outcasts, who have received no recompense for their labor in gathering the crops, are forced to take refuge in the adjacent counties. The wages of those that remain are five dollars a month, out of which rent and clothing must be paid for. Colonel Brown has sent an agent to Marysville to protect the freedmen, and Gov. Peirpont his adjutant-general to Nottoway Court-House, on a similar mission. Instances of the turning away of families of women and children have also been authenticated in North Carolina, and Colonel Whittlesey has instructed his agents to levy upon the planters' stores of corn and bacon an amount sufficient to sustain the destitute sufferers until the close of the year. A change of treatment has already been produced, and the planters find it prudent and economical to take back the families they had thrust from their estates. The same superintendent has wisely decided the course to be pursued in cases of mixed parentage like the following: A colored woman of Hillsborough was the mother of two children when her husband was taken from her some four years since, and two more, light-complexioned, when he returned to claim her the other day. He is willing to resume the old relation, but objects to being burdened with the two aliens, who clearly resemble a white man of the vicinity. The wife is ready to declare the truth in the matter, and Colonel Whittlesey has permitted her to do so, adding that if, on further investigation, her story is corroborated, the genuine father shall be held responsible for the support of the children, according to the laws of the State. A universal enforcement of this decision at the South would reduce the family cares of many a colored couple to a minimum. The Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina labors under great embarrassment from the lack of co-operation with the military, who have been too early and too widely withdrawn. Gen. Swayne, the assistant commissioner for Alabama, has taken a very important step. He informs the judiciary of the State that he is loth to establish special courts for the freedmen, as he is instructed to do, which must necessarily be presided over by persons unfamiliar with the local laws. For this reason he would greatly prefer that the usual civil magistrates should accept the agency from him, and make no difference between black and white in the reception of testimony and the dispensation of justice. If this proposal is rejected in any quarter, martial law and a freedmen's court will be immediately established there. Gov. Parsons assists the general, and urges compliance on the part of the magistrates, pointing out the uselessness of refusal, and of any attempt to administer less than justice to colored applicants. The experiment, under military surveillance, will be watched with interest. We have a statement from East Tennessee that the President has ordered the discontinuance of the Freedmen's Bureau in that region, professedly because of the small number of subjects, and, from the statistics we presented last week, we might add, because the colored population is self-supporting. At the same time we should judge it desirable for the Bureau still to extend its ægis over those who are certainly not above the need of education, nor beyond the reach of malice, fraud, and even violence. The fruits of Gen. Fiske's tour through his department are seen in the fact that instead of the 7,151 freedmen who were subsisted by Government on the 15th of July only 979—mostly aged and infirm—are now drawing rations. The list of dependent refugees has been cut down from 5,969 to 11. Citizens of Virginia, North Carolina, and Mississippi are said to have addressed themselves in fear and trembling to the President, through dread of a rising of the blacks. Their apprehensions may have some connexion with a consciousness of guilt, and it cannot be doubted that one half the abuse which the freedmen have received in those three States since the cessation of hostilities would have fired white victims to deeds of vengeance. It is too late to expect this sort of thing from the negro, unless he perceives a deliberate design to re-enslave him. Those who are curious to know how he would then behave, may make the essay if they choose to bear the blame and the consequences. Gen. Howard, however, has arranged for a patrol or police system in districts where there are no agents of the Bureau.

There is a religio-political imbroglio in Missouri. By the new constitution of the State it is exacted that clergymen, lawyers, and teachers, among others, shall take the oath of loyalty, on or before the first of September of the current year, or forfeit a right to exercise their functions. The clergy, who are usually the foremost to insist on submission to the powers that be, have exhibited far more opposition to the law than either of the other two classes. The Catholics have the sanction of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who avers that priests cannot take the oath without a sacrifice of ecclesiastical liberty, and publicly requests to be informed of an attempt to force it upon them. Bishop Kavanagh, of the Methodist Church South, heads a united flock in the same pastures of resistance. The Baptists who met in annual convention at Boonesville, on the 19th and 20th of August, to the number of about fifty, agreed together not to take the oath, and drew up their reasons, to wit: that the oath is in conflict with the United States Constitution, by interfering with freedom of worship, being *ex post facto* in its operation, and making every recusant a witness against himself; that it is unjust and unequal in its application; that it offers punishment for what is no crime against any human law; and that it sets the authority of men above the divine. The Old School Presbyterians are counted upon the same side, with perhaps other denominations. Bishop Hawkes, on the contrary, of the Episcopal Church, has taken the oath, and recommended taking it, where it can be done conscientiously, or else the abandonment of preaching. The matter cannot long be kept out of the courts. On their part the Catholics are at loggerheads with the Fenians. An imposing pageant in connection with the funeral of one of the members of this organization, in St. Louis, was disapproved and forbidden by Archbishop Kenrick, who refused the use of St. Patrick's church, and entrance to Calvary Cemetery, to any procession of men or women wearing the insignia of

Fenianism. He takes occasion to remind these people that they are not admissible to the sacraments of the Church so long as they are connected with the association, which he has always regarded as immoral in its object.

THE career of the famous Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment terminated on Boston Common on the 2d. On landing from one of the islands in Boston harbor, they were escorted by a colored militia regiment, the Shaw Guards, and the Hallowell Union Association, with bands of music, through the principal streets, amid the heartiest cheering, to the State House, where they saluted the governor, and then passed on to the field where they were to be mustered out of service. The usual evolutions were performed with great accuracy, and at the close the men were addressed with words of praise, affection, and sensible advice by their commander, late Colonel, now General E. N. Hallowell. The regiment, it will be remembered, on the 28th of May, 1863, with the lamented Colonel Shaw at its head, left Boston for Charleston harbor, and achieved its lasting renown in the unsuccessful but heroic assault on Fort Wagner. Here the colonel fell, and Major Hallowell was severely wounded. It is but a few days since the father of him whose monument was the bodies of his devoted soldiers, received his son's sword as a precious relic, albeit a sad reminder of that fatal encounter. Colonel Shaw's successor was worthy of him, and it is owing to Col. Hallowell's urgency that the regiment on its return could point to five colored commissioned lieutenants, including a quartermaster, as an evidence that brave men value each other for such essential qualities as courage, and do not suffer complexion to be a measure of human worth. The assumed native repugnance of African and Anglo-Saxon is ill-supported by the instance of this regiment, whose staff officers, including both colonels and Quartermaster Ritchie, were blonde and fair-haired men.

BESIDES the charge of the Freedmen's Bureau, the delicate business of confiscation devolves, by request of the President, on Gen. Howard. A circular of his, of the 4th inst., directs his assistant commissioners to cause accurate descriptions to be made at once of all confiscated and abandoned lands, and to set apart, for the immediate use of freedmen and refugees, as much of this property as may be required. That of which the title is least in doubt should be preferred in this apportionment. Lands which may be found on examination not to fall under the head of abandoned, shall be surrendered to claimants whose right is clear. Recipients of pardon from the Executive must file their claims and proofs with Gen. Howard, if they desire to recover their property from the operation of the confiscation act. The agent in Loudon County, Virginia, is specially ordered to suspend action in regard to assumed confiscated estates, until a careful revision and correction of the record can be made. Considerable alarm was excited in that county by the anticipated procedure of the agent.

THE following advertisement from the Charleston *Courier* tells its own story, and illustrates besides an observation in the letter of "Marcel," which we print on another page:

"EDITORS COURIER: In your published list of cases tried before the Circuit Provost Court, on the 19th inst., 'Robert S. Lord *vs.* Edward Perry, both freedmen.' I would beg to state that I have always been a bona fide free man; enjoyed those privileges before the war.

"August 22. ROBT. S. LORD."

IT is well to try if half a loaf will not satisfy the mouth which waters and calls for a whole one. So at least reasons Judge O. A. Lochrane, of Georgia, for he told the people of Atlanta, in a letter intended to be overwhelmingly loyal:

"We must not only acknowledge the freedom of the slave, but we must go further; we must recognize his right to acquire property—the right to testify in courts for its protection and his own—and place crime and police regulations upon a common principle of legislation. We cannot have distinctions of class in crimes—all violators of law must stand equal before the law, and our legislature control the policy of interest by general laws adapted to preserve the peace and order of society against all rogues and vagabonds of every class and color. This principle of public policy will save us from negro suffrage; and this last dogma we must resist; for the negro, though free, must be an inferior in the privileges of citizenship. The Government of the United States is a white man's government; and while, under the benignity of its laws, industry and persons and property will be protected, we cannot consent to lower the standard of our civilization; we must teach the freedman his duty, as well as proclaim his rights; his responsibilities must be made known to him, and the follies which have entered his brain with his new-born freedom must be driven out. We must be just to the whites as well as to the blacks; and fanaticism on this subject will only lead to trouble, flattering the negro into a position of folly that will impede the progress and industry of the country."

The judge looks confidently for protection from fanaticism to President Johnson and that "great Union party of the North and West which so fully maintains the equalities of the States and citizens."

GOV. MARVIN, of Florida, in his proclamation for a constitutional convention, is careful to reiterate that negro suffrage will be a legitimate topic of discussion for the body to be chosen on the 10th of October. The only other noteworthy point is, that persons who have gone through the forms of obtaining pardon from the President, will be assumed to have succeeded, even if they have not heard from Washington: that is, the delay will be attributed to the mails. That this procedure is wholly unjustifiable it would be harsh to assert, but any one can see that it is dangerous, and that it may vitiate the most important election of the State, even if the mails reverse the assumptions next day.

It takes a long time to get history written correctly. Everybody must have felt inclined to accept General Sherman's statement in St. Louis, that to General Halleck belonged the credit of pointing out the way to break the rebel line in Kentucky in 1862: "physically, by a perpendicular force—the Tennessee River." General D. C. Buell disputes these laurels, and certainly makes out a very fair case by the telegrams and documents he produces, in order to show that in November, 1861, or about two weeks after he had assumed command in Kentucky, he had sketched a plan of campaign for Kentucky and Tennessee identical with that which was afterwards executed by Halleck and Grant, not excepting the gunboats. When repeated overtures were made to Halleck for assistance, he was too much engrossed with Missouri, and Buell was one day surprised to find Forts Henry and Donelson taken, and his thunder stolen. A letter of General Grant to Assistant-Secretary Dana is published for the first time. He praises General Hunter's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and says he fails to see "that he has not acted with great promptness and great success."

THE Liverpool merchants who subscribed for a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, to be presented to the Confederate State of Virginia, have an elephant on their hands. As the Richmond *Bulletin* innocently remarks, "possibly a prejudice may exist in the minds of the national authorities against General Jackson—a prejudice growing out of the fact that he drew the sword in the late war against the United States;" and therefore they may object to the installation of the statue upon the soil of Virginia. We are happy to believe in the existence and the strength of this prejudice, and that neither "upon its pedestal in the Capitol Square, under the shadow of the immortal Washington," nor "amid the walks of that seat of learning" which bred the future champion of a slaveholders' rebellion, nor yet "above the sacred verdure that grows above his honored grave," will the brazen effigy be suffered to stand, in mockery of the dead from Gettysburg to Petersburg.

THE British Government, giving heed to a protest from Ireland against the importation of cattle to that island from England while the murrain still prevails, has prohibited such importation. The Emancipation Society has published an address announcing its dissolution. Ira Aldridge, the eminent African tragedian, is playing in London, side by side, it is said, with a member of the nobility, Hon. Lewis Wingfield. The failure of the North Atlantic Cable does not dishearten the projectors of another, in continuation of the land telegraph from Paris to Lisbon and Cape St. Vincent. Its course will be

thence to the Canary Islands, along the coast of Morocco; to Cape Verde, along the African coast, with stations at St. Louis, Senegal, and at Goree. The longest link will bind Cape Verde to Cape St. Roque, Brazil, and will be less than half as long as that which was committed to the Great Eastern. Thence the coast will be followed to Cayenne, to which perhaps the chief islands of the West Indies will be anchored before New Orleans is reached. Five years are the allotted time for this enterprise. A French authority, M. Babinet, ridicules the idea of the durability of the English cable, because of the smallness of the wires and the corrosive action of the sea, as learned from the Channel cable when lifted by a fouling anchor. He allows six months for it to last if laid. Meanwhile, we now have the overland telegraph line to California in excellent working order, and the Russian telegraph is nearly 400 miles beyond New Westminister, which lies in latitude 49° N. The fleet which co-operates with it was well advanced at the latest advices. From St. Petersburg we hear of the continuance of incendiary conflagrations throughout the empire, of the most terrible description. No doubt exists that they happen from criminal design, but it is not yet clear who are guilty of this wide-spread and persistent arson. Of course the Poles naturally fall under suspicion.

Lord Palmerston, according to a statement that is going the rounds of the journals, recently said, in reply to a friend who told him that he was the oldest Prime Minister England ever had, that Cardinal *Henry* was prime minister at ninety. We presume that Lord Palmerston said Cardinal *Fleury*, who was chief French minister at the beginning of 1743, *temp.* Louis XV., dying then in his ninetieth year. But we have a better opinion of Lord Palmerston's historical acquirements than to suppose he would not have corrected any one who should have told him he was the oldest prime minister *England* ever had, for that country has had one prime minister who was older even than Cardinal Fleury. The Marquis of Winchester, who was born in 1475, in the reign of Edward IV., became Lord High Treasurer in 1549, when Edward VI. was king, and held that office until the 10th of March, 1572, in the fourteenth of Elizabeth, he being ninety-seven years old, or old enough to have been Lord Palmerston's father. Lord Winchester lived in the reigns of eight English monarchs, namely, Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary I., and Elizabeth, and under all the sovereigns of the Tudor line, though Elizabeth survived him thirty-one years. Lord Palmerston has lived in the reigns of George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria; but he has been in office longer than Lord Winchester, so far as the latter's history is known, as the marquis did not become an historical character until he was fifty-eight, and his first high post he received when he was sixty-three. Lord Palmerston has been in office about fifty years, and in Parliament fifty-nine years. But he has never been in office so high as that held by the Marquis of Winchester, who was Lord High Treasurer, an office which has not been known in England for more than a century and a half. The last person who held it was the famous Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, who received the white staff from the hands of Queen Anne when on her death-bed—the closing act of the Stuart dynasty, which terminated in Anne, being the appointment of an enemy of that dynasty to the highest political post in the realm. The first Hanoverian king put the treasury in commission, and in that state it has ever since remained. At that time, the first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury did not rank so high as a secretary of state; and it was not until some years after the accession of George I. that the first lord came to be considered premier. Lord Palmerston is the oldest prime minister that *Great Britain* ever has had—Great Britain dating from 1603, when James VI. of Scotland became King of England, and, by consequence, the first admitted *British* monarch.

A Liverpool judge, Mr. Baron Bramwell, discovered, at the recent assizes in that city, a Quaker in the jury-box, and was horror-struck to see him with his hat on. When his request for its removal was met by a mention of conscientious scruples, he replied that conscience no more compelled the juror to keep his hat on than it did his shoes—which was true, provided the Quaker's conscience was the same as the judge's. As it was not, however, and as the former persisted in remaining covered "out of reverence for the Almighty," the impatient magistrate ordered him from his seat with a fine of £10, and a threat to summon him next day and repeat the fine if he still indulged in that superfluous possession, a conscience of his own. When the next day came, the judge was only too glad to remit the fine, and to confess by this act that he had been cutting a very foolish figure.

There is danger of a cattle epidemic in France, but it comes from across the Pyrenees, and affects only bulls. In plain English, the national sport of Spain is finding favor in France. A bull-fight recently took place in the department of Landes, and now a second is reluctantly recorded by the Paris press in the ancient amphitheatre of Nismes. More than ten thousand spectators, of whom a large proportion were women, sat for five hours enjoying the barbarous spectacle. Five horses were eviscerated, and even in this bloody and revolting plight were spurred the round of the arena by the remorseless picadors. With refined cruelty six bulls were maddened by explosive darts, and finally dispatched with sword-strokes.

The fête of the French Emperor had its humorous features. Of the actors at Cherbourg and Brest and Portsmouth it is written:

"They put themselves in battle array to offer toasts to the *entente cordiale*. Together they make pilgrimages to the temple of peace, and the gifts that they lay upon the altar are rifled cannon, Armstrong shells, and torpedoes. They stretch forth hands to each other in so droll a manner that at a distance it almost seems like shaking their fists. Understand who will such manifestations. I knew once a boy who, hugging his sister in his arms, exclaimed ecstatically: 'I love you enough to break your teeth.' The tenderness of France and England appears to me to be of the same nature. May it please Heaven that there be no broken teeth!"

Among the nominations to the Legion of Honor was that of the Count de Lagrange, the lucky owner of *Gladiator*, whose victory over his English rivals in a recent race was the occasion of national rejoicing. The cross was more becomingly bestowed by the Empress on the painter of "The Horse Fair." The Imperial beneficence was manifested also by releasing from imprisonment forty-eight old convicts of the citadel at Belle Isle. One of them was asked if he meant to return to his family. "Alas!" he replied, "I have none. Before coming to prison I was an orphan." "Of father and mother both?" "Yes, I had killed them!" A mayor in the department of Vaucluse offered a prize of a hundred francs for the best pyrotechnic display on the 15th of August. A great number of competitors offered their pieces, and the exhibition approached in effectiveness that of the larger cities.

We alluded last week to the opposition manifested in France to the employment of women in printing offices. The controversy has taken possession of most of the leading newspapers in Paris, including the *Moniteur*. A writer in the *Journal des Débats* exposes pleasantly the reasoning of the sex which would properly be denominated the weaker, if judged by its arguments. These are of the sort which we in this country know by heart, and unhappily accredit too much. That which has, perhaps, most currency, and borrows its greatest weight from prejudice, is thus cleverly turned:

"We know very well what we shall be told: that women ought not to follow industrial callings, and that, if they would return to the household, they would have ease and happiness assured them. Meanwhile, a morsel of bread is refused them. And, really, is it the fault of the women if their salary is too often a necessary, indispensable supplement in a laboring family? Have they all, moreover, a home? Unhappy workwomen! they have everything against them—the vices of those they espouse, as well as of those who do not marry; and, when they wish to be self-supporting, the cry is raised: 'Work is unbecoming in you. Do better: go marry, become mothers! In the family you have a noble sphere!' Admirable language, which I hope, indeed, may one day be true for the great majority of women; but which, at this moment, unfortunately recalls the remonstrances of the schoolmaster in the story with the poor boy who was drowning and shouted for help!"

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WILL THE FREED NEGRO RACE AT THE SOUTH DIE OUT?

"Now that the negroes will be no longer cared for and protected by their masters, they will soon die out before civilization and competition, *just as the Indians have.*" Such, in substance, is the prediction which for the last two months has been so generally in the mouth of the whites of the South, and which has found its way into almost every letter from that quarter of the country. It has chimed in with the prejudices and preconceptions of a large class at the North, and has gone quite the round of the press, unchallenged even where it ought to have been summarily arrested and condemned. The origin and prevalence of this opinion at the South are readily accounted for. The mortality among the blacks has been lately quite striking. The paternity of the thought, also, it is not difficult to trace to the wish, and to the father's partial eyes no flaw is ever seen in the child. If the emancipation of the negro is destined to result only in his extinction, "the sacred institution" is justified in its name, and its overthrow is not a blessing but a curse. The extinction of the race would cut the Gordian knot of the negro problem. With some it is the solacing grumble in which they vent their feelings as they yield to the inevitable necessity of emancipation; with others, we fear, from acts that have lately been reported, the origin of the prediction was not merely a devout wish to behold that particular consummation, but also a determined purpose to help it on themselves. The prophecy, it is evident, will be of use in the future to explain and justify the desired result as a natural one, whatever means have been actually employed to bring it about.

But we must resort to other reasons to explain the belief in the coming doom of the negro which is held by such patriots as Gov. Brownlow, for example. The same prediction has been expressed, also, in a place whence it derives, perhaps, a kind of official authority, and where it may call for examination, as the assertion of private persons would not, viz., in the Census Report of the United States for 1860. We therefore beg attention to a few facts and considerations which would be, perhaps, dry and uninteresting did they not bear upon a question involving the fate of a numerous race and the great acts of our national Government in the last three years.

The question is, Is there any sufficient reason for believing that the negro race will, as is the prevalent supposition, inevitably die out, now that it has been freed? There has, indeed, been an unprecedented mortality among the negroes during the last nine months. But this has been owing to temporary causes, to the hardships and exposure to disease which the negroes have suffered in following our armies, and in the quarters of the large cities where they have congregated to escape from their old masters, and gain the protection of the Union garrisons; to the disturbance in their habits which the change in their condition has effected, and to the general destitution and suffering which the ravages of war have caused for a time in the South. Similar causes have produced a great mortality among the white population, also, of the South, as well among those who have not been on battle-fields and in camps, as among those that have. When society is again settled, this exceptional mortality will cease with the cessation of its exceptional causes. When the blacks have had their jubilee and holiday, the industrial instinct which the laboring habits of generations have created within them will re-assert itself, and unite with necessity and the demand for their services which the revival of trade and industry in the South will evoke, in sending them to self-sustaining work. Certainly, the experience of the British West Indies in the thirty years since emancipation took place; the experience of Port Royal and the neighboring islands in the last two years; the experience which we had in our free colored population before the war, among whom there was rarely to be found a beggar or a recipient of public charity, proves that the negroes are always willing to work when they can get fair treatment and regular pay, and that they are both able and willing to support themselves if they are given any approach to a fair chance of doing so.

But, "'Lo! the poor Indian'—in his past see the future of the negro," our prophets cry. "The contact of a more civilized with a less civilized race is inevitably fatal to the latter," they say with an assured air, as if they were quoting a settled scientific and ethnological law. If such is the general rule, it is a rule that has altogether too many exceptions to admit of its being accepted as absolute or of conclusive force as an argument. The contact of races of diverse character and origin, and of different grades of civilization, is by no means necessarily fatal to either. They may unite together, as the Celtic and Teutonic nations with the Romans, or as the Greeks and the Turks; or they may live side by side for centuries, each filling their separate place in the state, as the light Caucasian Hindoos and the black Turanian tribes in Hindostan. The rude Saxon peasants and burghers not only held out against the supremacy and oppression of the polished Norman lords, against knightly skill and strength, and priestly and legal learning, but eventually, by force of industry and commercial enterprise, regained ascendancy. And where the conflict of races has been ended only by the elimination of one of the antagonistic elements, as many instances, we think, might be adduced where the rugged vigor of the lower race has trampled the higher civilized under foot and out of existence, as where the lower has melted away before the skill and intellect of civilization.

The license of semi-civilized life has often sapped the morale and vital power of cultivated races, as well as the vices of civilized life consumed the savage. In Malacca and Eastern Africa the Portuguese have become more degraded than the natives among whom they live, and whom they once held as conquered subjects. The same phenomenonon is exhibited by the Arabs in Nubia. In South America the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors are dwindling away, and seem destined to yield the predominance to the mixed races.

The appeal to the fate of the Indian is a good illustration of the attractions which historical analogies have as arguments, and the readiness with which they are accepted as trusted evidence, in spite of their well known liability to fail in holding good. The fact that history is proverbially our teacher and guide as respects the future, gives an immediate authority to whatever lesson is assumed to be drawn from it, just as the holiness of a mediæval sanctuary afforded protection and even an odor of sanctity to the rascality of all who could get within its walls. For what particular reasons, and in what particular ways, has the contact of the Indian and the white race been fatal to the Indian? Because, as a little reflection will tell every one, the Indian will not be coaxed, and cannot be forced, for any length of time, to steady labor and the peaceful pursuits of civilized life; because he had rather perish than give up his savage independence; because of his defiant pride and passionate vindictiveness, and the incessant hostilities that have been the result of these qualities; because, in too great part, we fear, of the merciless covetousness and hatred of our own race; and, lastly, because all the good tendencies of his nature and those of civilized life are antagonistic, and only in vice does he easily assimilate himself to its members. It has never been found possible to make a useful slave of the Indian. The attempt was made in the West Indies and failed; and the importation of negro slaves was then first commenced, precisely because it was found impossible to make a slave of the Indian. The negro and the Indian are, perhaps, more opposite in character than any two other races on the earth. The qualities of which the Indian is destitute, and the lack of which unfits him for civilization—docility, patience under injury, respect for superiors, desire of the praise of others, local attachments, aptitude for steady pursuits—the negro possesses in a high degree. It was these virtues that made his long enslavement possible, and they naturally fit him for a place in civilized society. The vice of intemperance, which has made such havoc among the Indians, has never been prevalent in the African race.

The capability of the negro to bear hardships is much greater than that of the Indian. Of the causes, then, that worked the destruction of the Indian, there is only one that is liable to act on the negro, and that is, the excessive and undeserved hatred and cruelty of his white superior. Will those who prophesy a coming fate for the negro similar

to that of the Indian, admit that this cause will produce it? There is, at least, no natural cause, no cause arising from the character of the negro or from the natural workings of the contact and competition of the two races, that affords reason to expect for the negro, now that he is freed, a similar fate to that which is overtaking the Indian.

We cannot reason from the history of the Indian to the probable history of the negro, because of the opposition in character and situation between the two. But if it is possible to draw any trustworthy lesson from the past to guide us in conjecturing the future of the African race, surely we can do so from the history of that part of the same race which formerly was in possession of the same freedom whose effect on the rest of the race it is prophesied will be so fatal. Was our old free colored population, in its lack of the care and protection of masters, dying out before the competition and civilization of the whites by whom they were surrounded, or were they flourishing and augmenting at a fair rate of increase? The official census reports give the increase of the free colored population of the United States since 1800, as follows:

In 1800	82.28 per cent.	In 1840	20.87 per cent.
1810	72.00 "	1850	12.46 "
1820	25.23 "	1860	12.32 "
1830	36.87 "		

The average of these per-centages is 37.43, and the lowest 12.32. But this increase, it may be said, is in great part artificial, caused merely by the number of slaves who have been manumitted or escaped from their masters. Let us see to what extent the lowest rate of increase, that, namely, during the last ten years, will be reduced by separating these artificial elements from the natural increase or the gain of births over deaths. The number of slaves manumitted in the last ten years is estimated, in the Census Report of 1860, at 20,000. From the data which are there given about fugitive slaves, 8,000 may be considered a large estimate for the number of those fugitives who were either numbered among the free colored population or escaped to Canada. The actual increase of 58,521 from 1850 to 1860, given by the Census Report, must, then, be diminished by about 28,000. But, on the other hand, this is nearly balanced by the addition that must be made for the number removed from the country by the Colonization Society and by the number who have removed to Canada during the last ten years. The former number is about 5,000. The latter number cannot be estimated at less than 15,000; for by the Parliamentary return for 1851 the colored inhabitants of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were only 5,968; in Upper and Lower Canada they amounted in the same year to about 9,000, making about 15,000 in all; while, by an official return for 1862, printed by order of the House of Commons, there was then in the same provinces a colored population of 34,257. The natural increase, then, of our free colored population between 1850 and 1860 is about 8,000 less than the gross increase of 53,521 given by the Census Report—that is, it is an increase of 45,521 on a population in 1850 of 434,449, or an increase of 10.5 per cent. This per cent. of increase may seem low when compared with that of the white or former slave population of this country. The increase of the white population between 1850 and 1860 is given by the Census Report as 37.97 per cent., and the increase of the slave population as 23.39 per cent. Corrected, however, for the 2,200,000 immigrants that have swelled the increase of the white population and for the 28,000 manumitted and fugitive slaves, by whom that of the slave population has been diminished, the natural increase of the white and slave population during the last decade was 26.6 and 24.4 per cent. respectively; each of which is more than double the increase per cent. among the free colored. But when we compare the increase among the free colored in the last decennial period, not with the exceptional increase of population in this country, but with the movement of European populations, it will appear to be a very fair rate of increase. The increase of England and Wales in the last ten years, with the number of those who emigrated from the country added to the increase in the country, was 13.5 per cent. The increase in Scotland, corrected as before for emigration, was only about 9 per cent. The actual increase in France in the same period is only 3.77 per cent., and even when the increase in the country is augmented by the number of immigrants, the total increase will amount to little more than 4 per cent. The increase of the German Confederation, corrected for the emigration to America, is only a fraction over 6 per cent. That of Austria is 7.40 per cent.; that of Prussia, about 13 per cent; that of Russia, 9.80; that of Belgium, 7.6. The average of Italy for the last three-quarters of a century is only 9.50 per cent. for each decade; while the increase of the population of the five great European powers taken together, during the last decennial period, is barely above 9 per cent. Yet no serious apprehensions, we imagine, are felt that the population of any of these European states is dying out.

It perhaps may be said that though the increase of the free colored population has not yet fallen below that of European countries, the rapid diminution of the rate of increase which that class has exhibited, would soon have changed the per cent. from the side of gain to that of loss, and points plainly to an ultimate and not far distant extinction of the race. But a similar constant decline in the rate of increase is shown by our white population, by England, and by several other European countries. The rate of natural increase of the white population of this country has declined by a steady decrease of between one and two per cent. from 33.9 in 1800 to 29.8 in 1840 (vide Census Report for 1860, p. xl.) and to 26.6 in 1860. The rate of increase in England for the last forty years has been about one per cent. less every decennial period. In the last decennial period, the rate of natural increase diminished about two per cent. In Austria the rate of increase has diminished fourteen per cent. in all in the last four decades. If we could disengage the natural rate of increase of our free colored population from the other circumstances that formerly gave the reported increase a factitious magnitude, it would be found, we think, that the diminution in the rate has not been so excessive as to justify any serious apprehensions. In the first part of the present century, the emancipation acts of many Northern States increased the number of the free colored by thousands; and that number was augmented in a much greater proportion than it has ever been since by manumission, for then slavery was regarded as an institution not sacred, but destined soon to die out, and manumission was an act not frowned upon by society and made almost impossible by legal impediments, but encouraged and admired, and the freeing of all the slaves on an estate upon the death of the master was a common occurrence. It is noticeable, moreover, that in the last twenty years the rate of increase has altered scarcely at all; the rate between 1850 and 1860 being only a tenth of one per cent. less than the rate of increase in the ten years previous.

In the Census Report of 1860 the slow increase in the free colored population of the Northern States is maintained to be due in great part to "their indifference as a class to virtuous moral restraint," a fact which is shown beyond all doubt by the presence of the large proportion of 36.22 per cent. of mulattoes among the whole free colored population. "This development of the Census," it is said furthermore, "indicates with unerring certainty the gradual extinction of the race, in proportion as, whether free or slave, they become more diffused among the dominant race," as they will be, it is added below, by the extinction of slavery. This mischievous cause and the fatal result which "with these lights before us we need not look forward to centuries to develop," are expatiated on at length. But when we turn to the tables that give the proportion of the mulattoes to the total free colored population, which are the luminaries that we are told will reveal these shadows of coming events, we find a set of facts which can only be made to point to these conclusions by very ingenious twisting.

We find that the proportion of the mulattoes to the total free colored population throughout the United States has diminished, instead of increased, in the last decennial period. In the Northern States, it is true, the proportion of the mulattoes to the whole free colored population of those States in 1860 is 2 per cent. more than in 1850. But such a small gain in ten years is totally inadequate to account for the 30 per cent. of mulattoes among the free colored population of the Northern States; and in the Southern States, where the proportion of mulattoes among the free colored is 40.77 per cent., the proportion diminished 2.18 per cent. If the great proportion of mulattoes among our free colored population is due to "an unfavorable moral condition among them" at any time, the diminution of the proportion of mulattoes since 1850 shows that this condition has ceased to exist in any but a very trifling degree; and the fact, which is exhibited by these same tables, that the proportion of the mulattoes among the slaves increased

over 3 per cent. in the last decennial period, shows that this "unfavorable moral condition" is certainly amended by the transition of the race from slavery to freedom. The simple explanation of the great proportion of the mulattoes among the free colored is that, from the superior intelligence and spirit of the mulattoes, from their more generally holding the position of house-servants, and sometimes from peculiar relations to their masters, a much greater proportion of them have gained manumission or made their escape from slavery.

The slow increase of our free colored population in the last few decades—slow, that is, in comparison with the rapid rate of the rest of our population—is due to their anomalous condition as a small body of former slaves, or the descendants, more or less removed, of slaves—to the legal disabilities, social persecutions, physical hardships, and frequent personal violence to which the influence of slavery and the slave power exposed them; and, especially, to the great mortality resulting among them from the incongenial climate of the Northern States in which large numbers had to take refuge. In the Report of a Commission appointed by the Secretary of War in 1863 on the condition of the Freedmen, a table of deaths in six Northern and five Southern cities is given, which shows that the mortality in Northern cities is much greater among the colored than among the whites, while in Southern cities the average is about the same. The fact that the falling off of the rate of increase immediately followed that period (about 1830) when the change in public feeling toward the negro took place, is significant of the true causes of the lessening of the increase. Two other causes which contributed, though in a less degree, to the same result may be mentioned. A disproportionate part of the free colored were beyond the productive age, the reason of which was probably the preference shown to the aged slaves in manumission—a reason which also explains the otherwise strange contradiction that while the mortality among the free colored was much greater than among the whites, the average length of life among the free colored was also greater. The temporary accession of this class made the increase of the permanent body of the free colored seem less. There was also an injurious inequality between the sexes. The announcement of Gov. Andrew some little while ago that there was an excess of 40,000 females in the State of Massachusetts excited considerable attention. In the free colored population of the Southern States, in 1860, the excess of females was even greater in proportion to the whole body. It amounted to 12,000 in a population of only 260,000, or 13 women to 12 men. This circumstance also contributed to retard the increase of the free colored class. That in spite of all these adverse circumstances our old free colored population before the war not only sustained itself against the competition of the white race by which it was surrounded, but steadily augmented by natural increase at a rate, at its lowest, greater than the average of the five great European powers, proves, as conclusively as anything can be proved in regard to the future, that the rest of the race in the South, now that it also has been freed, is not destined to become extinct from any natural decrease or any ordinary adversity of circumstances, and affords us good augury of its future progress in the congenial climate of the South, relieved from most of those anomalous obstructions which checked the growth of our old free colored population.

At a recent meeting of the London Anthropological Society, men of scientific aspirations, as we remarked in a former article, gravely announced that in their opinion the white race in America is degenerating and will probably become extinct. The realization of this absurd prediction is only a little less improbable than the realization, from natural causes, of the prediction which we have been discussing. We do not expect that the blacks at the South, with the responsibilities of freemen which they will now have, will increase as rapidly as when they were slaves. But the extinction of the race can be argued only on the supposition of the exercise of excessive oppression and cruelty towards them by the whites. Their own hearts will tell the people of the South whether that supposition is a calumny on their justice and charity and Christianity, or not. We, for our part, will not yet entertain the supposition; but we would have the friends of the freedmen aware of their natural capabilities and natural prospects; we would have those, if there are any such, who are inclined to use the prophecy of the natural dying out of the freed negro race at the South, as an excuse for doing what they can to bring that result about, know that the pretext will not avail them; and we would have the country know to what cause that result, if it does take place, will have to be assigned.

A LOFTY ENTERPRISE.

The question which perplexed the alumni of Harvard College in regard to the proper sort of memorial for their brethren who fell in the sweet service of liberty, is also debated by the country at large, for the Republic is not ungrateful. Cemeteries and monuments for the dead, pensions and hospital-homes for the disabled survivors, are but a partial recognition of the heroism of the battle-field. Something more, it is felt, is wanted for both these classes, and for that large number who, at the close of hostilities, are happily neither the objects of mourning nor of compassion and charity. Posterity will not be satisfied with brief and perhaps illegible inscriptions, nor content, amid the veterans of some American Greenwich or Chelsea, "to glean," as the author of "The Biglow Papers" remarks, "the materials of revolutionary history from the lips of aged persons who took a part in the actual making of it, and, finding the manufacture profitable, continued the supply in an adequate proportion to the demand."

We have welcomed, accordingly, the quite numerous volumes of regimental histories, which, published when the record of the war was still unfinished, are likely to be followed by others lacking nothing of completeness. Personal diaries, too: the tales of individual suffering, captivity, and escape; the narratives of campaigns, battles, sieges, and marches; and the collections of private letters, have a value not easily reckoned in affording an accurate picture of the epoch from which we are emerging. A few weeks since, we noted the effort of the Congregational churches at the West to obtain the fullest statistics concerning their preachers and members who had participated in the conflict of arms. Still more recently we published the advertisement of the Christian Commission, which designs embodying with a history of its own origin and work "reminiscences, facts, and incidents that will illustrate its spirit and method, at home and in the field." We shall hope for a similar chapter in the report of the Sanitary Commission. A New Hampshire photographer, we believe, has grouped on a single card the portraits of his townsmen who perished in the war. Latest of all, our attention has been directed to "The Soldiers' Memorial Society" of Boston, organized, as its constitution tells us, to preserve the grateful memory of the soldiers of Massachusetts. Its plan is contained in the following articles:

"It will collect such narratives and other memorials of their heroism as may be obtained for the use of the historian or student. And it will hold itself ready to assist in any work of benevolence in those regions which were the seat of war, which may fitly show there that in the work of war our soldiers were engaged in the highest work of humanity and justice. Our monuments to our brothers who have served the country shall be in the hospitals, schools, and other beneficent institutions to which we can contribute in the regions where they fought for us. . . . .

"The Memorial Committee shall collect such personal memoranda of those who have been in the army as may be accessible, attempting as full a collection as possible of those personal incidents which are most apt to die out from written history. From time to time they shall have charge of such publications as the whole Board may direct."

The remarkable feature of this undertaking is evidently not its historical scope and endeavor, laudable as these are, but the practical, living work which binds up wounds that were reluctantly inflicted, and repairs the places laid waste by a hard necessity—which enters, indeed, at the jagged and blood-stained breach, but comes to scatter unfamiliar blessings even upon heads not yet prepared to receive them thankfully. It resembles the pure air and the sunlight that flood the chasm of the murderous shell, bringing health and strength to the sickly dwarfs that bred in the shadow of a mighty barbarism. We know very well that the motives of the noble-hearted men and women of Boston who thus publish their intentions to the world are likely to be abundantly misconstrued. The names of those who have lost their dearest relations in the grapple with rebellion will not shield the movement from imputations of impertinence and officiousness. If this time the negro is left to his legion of new-found friends, and a

helping hand stretched out to the crushed and ignorant whites scarce rid of the grime of a hostile camp, this cannot be called abolition sentimentalism, but it will probably be regarded as more an evidence of repentance than of Christian magnanimity and brotherly love. For all that, the work will go on. What Massachusetts begins she is apt to carry through. The schoolmaster has been abroad ever since she first sent him out, and his travels have as yet no visible end. He balances now his satchel with his wallet, feeds the hungry while instructing the unlearned, plants a school-house here and a saw-mill there, drains the swamp and clears the forest, bores the tunnel and sinks the shaft; and, amid the clatter of plates and the whirring of machinery, the echoes of the axe, the anvil-chorus of drills, and the myriad notes of industry, his voice is ever heard repeating—it may be somewhat nasally—the A, B, C, out of which are spelt *law*, *liberty*, and *labor*, and in which, ere long, not even the wayfaring man at the South shall err. Meanwhile let us commend most cordially the example of Massachusetts to her sister States. Let them contribute their portion to the memory of our defenders, the history of the grandest spectacle of the ages, and the pressing task of reconstruction.

CORPORATIONS AND THE PEOPLE.

The frantic talk about hanging presidents and directors of railroads with which the newspapers have been filled for some weeks past, though perhaps excusable, is not very complimentary to the public. Not one of their readers has the least expectation that anybody will be hanged, or that, if anybody was hanged, it would render railroad travelling more secure for any great length of time. And the moral reflections on the guilt of railroad officials which have been submitted to the world in such quantities, creditable as they may be to the writers, and deeply as the offenders may be impressed by them, are in reality for all practical purposes utterly worthless. The causes of the shocking slaughters which have taken place during the last year or two on our railroads are not to be found in individual depravity, but in the nature of the system under which the great lines of communication are kept up.

A reckless indifference to the safety of the passengers is, of course, the worst fault of our railroad companies, but it is by no means the only one. Their indifference to their health and comfort is just as marked. We have the worst and roughest tracks, the most uncomfortable, dirtiest, worst ventilated cars, the most unpunctual trains, most uncivil officials, the most inconvenient, filthy stations, and the worst supplied and worst served refreshment rooms, of all civilized countries. And it follows, as a corollary from all this, that in no country are railroad passengers killed and maimed with so much impunity and in such numbers.

It is all nonsense to tell us the railroads are as good as the community can afford. Except on the extreme Western frontier, or in some of the more sparsely settled districts of the South, we assert, unhesitatingly, that there is no country in which the passenger traffic on railroads is nearly as great, or in which the people are half as well able to pay for safety, comfort, and speed. The Irish railroads run faster, have better cars, better stations, better tracks, and pay larger dividends than ours, and they are dependent on the poorest population in Europe for support. Our cars are cattle-pens compared to those of the Swiss lines, and as to safety, we doubt if these kill or maim one person for our ten, and yet they are maintained by a society whose structure is just like our own, and whose surplus wealth it would be ridiculous to compare with ours.

The trouble with our railroads is not in the greater recklessness of our presidents, conductors, or engine-drivers. They are as humane, as considerate, and as conscientious as those of any other country, and as are the average of other men in this. Very likely their democratic education has supplied them with less strict notions of subordination and responsibility than those in which most men in aristocratic countries are bred. But they are not specially depraved or inhuman. The ultimate causes of the abuses under which we are groaning are, in our opinion, to be found in the fact that corporations have acquired in the United States a degree of power and exemption from control to which they have nowhere else been as yet able to attain. Such concentrations of wealth and power in the hands of a few persons not sovereign, have not been witnessed in modern times since the overthrow of the feudal barons. They are the direct result of the growth of commerce. No such phenomena were foreseen in the last century. Down almost to our day, the only dangers to republican liberty which jurists or political philosophers feared were those which were likely to arise from the predominance of individuals, causing a tendency either to monarchy or aristocracy. Nothing, or next to nothing, was known in even the last century of the possible results or possible power of great combinations of individuals for commercial purposes. The only bodies of the kind with which our fathers were familiar were the Dutch and English East India Companies, but their immense strength was concealed from the popular gaze by the fact that their operations were carried on in foreign countries.

The objections to an aristocracy, or even to the concentration of great wealth in the hands of particular families, which we all feel, and which have been recognized in the legislation of nearly every State in the Union, is that it is apt to create a power too great to be controlled by the law, and thus liable to be used for the detriment of the rest of the community. Now our great railroad and other corporations have assumed a character and occupy a position amongst us which are in almost all respects, politically considered, similar to those of a bad and very unscrupulous aristocracy. In fact, these corporations are worse, and contain more dangers to the country than any aristocracy which has as yet been seen in the modern world; for they are armed with monopolies, and owing to their impersonality are indifferent to public opinion, to a degree of which no duke or marquis would be capable, owing to the fact that he must always be a man amongst men.

Ask any jurist, or, in fact, any intelligent man amongst us, on what ground we forbid entails, or the establishment amongst us of orders of nobility, and he will tell you that we fear the growth of a body of persons whose wealth, and the social weight it gave them, would enable them to control legislation, to influence elections for their own benefit, and to defy or divert the action of the courts of justice. And yet there is not one of these apprehensions which we do not see realized in the position of any of our great railroad companies. The New York Central, for instance, through its president, notoriously controls more votes, and is just as unscrupulous in the use it makes of them as a duke owning a whole county could possibly be. It can, we venture to say, do more to defeat a bill, or get a bill passed in the legislature, than any nobleman could ever do; and there is no question that a private person might bring a suit against the Duke of Northumberland or Prince Metternich with a far better prospect of having justice done him, than if he sued an American railroad company in possession of a long and successful line. In fact, there is nobody who is familiar with the relations of these bodies to the legislatures or the courts, who does not know that their influence is most corrupting and pernicious, and daily increasing; that individuals are every year more powerless against them; and yet the whole system of corporations is but in its infancy. What it has yet become gives but a faint idea of what it yet may be. In New York City the Avenue railroad companies already set the municipal authorities at defiance, defeat regularly every year in the legislature every bill for the improvement of the city which seems likely to diminish their profits, and conduct their business with an indifference to public comfort and decency which no individual would dare to exhibit.

In the case of railroad companies, all these evils are aggravated by the fact that a monopoly of one of our first and most pressing necessities—the means of conveyance over our great lines of communication—has been bestowed on them almost without conditions or restrictions. Railroads are in this country really the great public high-roads. The ordinary roads have become simply what the French call *chemins de traverse*. The full gravity and importance of such a concession as this was not perceived when it was first made. The only thing thought of then was getting the roads made; the full consequences of letting them pass into the exclusive control of trading companies were not foreseen. In France and Prussia, the power was reserved by the state of resuming possession of them after a term of years, and in England Mr. Gladstone has in contemplation a plan which will enable the Govern-

ment to buy out all the existing railroad companies at a fixed rate, and work the lines for its own benefit. The evils from which we are suffering here are already abundantly manifest in England, but, owing to the difference in the nature of the government, they are much less serious in their results. The public there, as here, exercises little or no control over the national high-roads. Small bands of traders hold a monopoly of one of the first necessaries of life. There, as here, competition has ceased to afford any help in securing comfort, safety, or punctuality, because the nature of the case does not admit of it. There, as here, there is no substitute for competition; and there, as here, the only legal remedy for outrage, or inconvenience, or injury—the action for damages—is all but worthless, owing to the reluctance which individuals must always feel about engaging in suits against powerful and wealthy organizations which hire lawyers by the year. Small as the amount of attention may be which this subject has already excited, there are not many others connected with our social and political condition of greater importance. A few far-seeing observers, like Mr. George P. Marsh, have already called attention to it. Dr. Draper has, we believe, touched upon it in his last work. The day is not far distant when it will have to be taken up by the country and settled.

How it ought to be settled, we are not now prepared to say positively. But it is certain that some means must be devised of giving the people, through the Government, greater control over trading corporations, and preventing the acquisition by them of monopolies injurious to the public comfort and safety, and of political influence dangerous to political liberty. So far from handing the post-office over to express companies, as the *Tribune* has so often proposed, we believe the excesses of the railroad and other companies will eventually bring the people to lay aside that extraordinary fear of the Government, as a sort of enemy of individuals, which we have inherited from our European ancestors, and to regard it as what it really is, or ought to be, in every highly civilized community, the organized co-operation of all for the benefit of each. As long as the united force of the community—immense as it is, and as we see it to be at such crises as the late war—is confined to simply furnishing protection from ordinary fraud and violence, progress must be slower than it need be. There could hardly be a more striking illustration of the horrible way in which the world has been governed than the dread which still lingers in America, which has never known anything of despotism or feudal lords, of seeing the state make any active effort for the promotion of public comfort, safety, or happiness.

GENERAL LEE AS AN INSTRUCTOR OF YOUTH.

General Lee has been elected president or rector of Lexington College, and the event has called forth an elaborate eulogium on him from more than one Democratic organ. They declare, having of course an eye to the impending election, that he was undoubtedly guilty of an error of judgment in taking the Southern side in the late war; but that, nevertheless, his character is of such a high order that his influence on young men cannot but be good. Calhoun's intellectual subtlety, we are told, led the youth of the South astray; Lee's moral elevation and purity are to bring this generation back to the "flowery meads of virtue."

This is all very fine and very affecting, or rather would be if there were any truth in it. We shall not enquire whether, if a man commits a crime, the whole responsibility of it can ever be saddled upon his intellect, leaving his heart as innocent as an infant's. It may be possible on a pinch to draw such distinctions successfully; but in this case no such distinction is necessary. General Lee has saved the public all labor on this point by writing, when the war was on the eve of breaking out, a letter to his sister, in which he solemnly declared his conviction that the secession movement was unnecessary and unwise, and that he looked on it with at least regret. He thus showed that his judgment on the right and wrong of the matter was perfectly sound. Intellectually, he made no mistake as to the character of the revolution. He decided deliberately at the outset that it was uncalled for, which was simply, according to all moralists, another mode of pronouncing it a crime. He nevertheless joined it, became its leading agent, and devoted head, soul, and body to its service for he next four years. In other words, he made himself the instrument of slaughter and devastation, for which there did not exist in his own mind a single reason, except the will of the majority of his neighbors. That the majority have decided upon entering on a causeless war may seem to a good man a sufficient reason for his not adhering to their enemies, or for not offering any violent opposition to them at home; but no man of the highest character could see in it a reason for lending them all the aid in his power. And yet this Lee did. He had not a single argument to justify the battle of Gettysburg. All he knew was that the Virginia Convention had determined to secede; but this, according to his own confession, was no moral justification whatever. His intellect worked perfectly well about the whole matter. It was his heart that went astray. He committed butchery, knowing it to be butchery—but not for the purpose of avoiding greater evils than butchery.

It may be said that his soldier's notion of duty and allegiance may have led him to overlook the claims of abstract moral right, as it constantly does military men in other countries. But if he was affected by this consideration, it must have bound him to the United States. It was to the Federal flag that he owed military allegiance; it was to it he had sworn fidelity as a soldier; and in so far as his military conscience worked upon him, it must have worked upon him in favor of the Union. But he was evidently not influenced by it in the least. He threw off his uniform, violated his oath, and armed himself against the Government which had educated him, and which was the only one he had ever served, on the call of one which had just sprung into existence, and of which he had until that moment known nothing whatever. The talk of his having only "served his State," and of his determination never to leave it, is of very little value. He obeyed the orders of a chief chosen by the whole Confederacy, and was throughout the war the servant of every State in the South just as much as of Virginia.

We do not say all this for the purpose of showing that there is nothing good in Lee. There has been a great deal of rant talked about the "moral guilt of the rebels," as if the fact of a man's defending a bad cause on the battle-field proved his total depravity. We have seen innumerable attempts to argue people's readiness to rob and murder in private life from the fact of their having served in the Confederate ranks, all of which of course makes little impression on anybody accustomed to reason. Other people's silver spoons are no doubt perfectly safe in General Lee's custody, and his honesty, in the ordinary sense of the term, is unimpeachable. Amongst what are called "men of honor" in most parts of the world, he is probably considered to-day a very honorable man, and we have no doubt he thinks he is himself, and thinks so sincerely. The processes by which a man justifies his conduct in his own eyes will not always bear revelation or explanation, and if put on paper for the inspection of calm and impartial observers, would often wear a very queer look, when the man himself is perfectly satisfied.

But we protest against the notion that he is a good instructor for youth, or that he is fit to be put at the head of a college in a country situated as Virginia is. A man who can do what he has done, take arms for a cause which nothing but his intellectual approval could justify his serving, but which his intellect condemned, is hardly a fit person either to train or to "influence" young men. No amount of good talk now or hereafter about "the duty of the citizen towards the general Government" will ever do away with the effect of his example. No obligations can possibly be devised that will bind the young men of Virginia to the United States half so strongly as those which he deliberately and traitorously disregarded. No crime against society to which faction or sophistry or passion can tempt, will ever equal that to the commission of which he has devoted the last four years of his life. Unless his first appearance in the college is marked by a frank and hearty act of repentance, the influence of his character, on which his votaries now rely to fit him for his position, must be bad, and only bad. The expectation that he can undo the work of Calhoun is absurd. Calhoun was at least honest and consistent, and the good or evil which honest and consistent men work can never be effaced by weak men like Lee, who see the right, and go snivelling and weeping after the wrong.

THE RULES OF EVIDENCE IN ALABAMA.

The state of things in Alabama is singular. The local law forbids the reception of negro testimony in any cause to which a white man is a party, and the courts accordingly refuse to receive it. But the Freedmen's Bureau, with the approval of the President, has decided that wherever negro testimony is not received in the courts, all causes to which negroes are parties shall be heard before the Assistant Commissioner, and decided by him on his own responsibility.

General Swayne, unwilling to withdraw so large a portion of the population from the jurisdiction of the local courts, has issued an order making the judicial officers and magistrates of the State "Assistant Commissioners," with power to adjudicate as such in all cases between white and negro, if they choose to observe the rules of the Bureau in the matter of testimony. He adds, however:

"Failure to signify acceptance, or evident denial of justice, will be followed by revocation of the appointment herein conferred, and the substitution of martial law in the district where it shall occur."

Governor Parsons has thereupon issued a proclamation, advising all judicial officers of the State to accept the appointment offered by General Swayne, "and in good faith to do justice, and observe the instructions contained in General Swayne's order." He says:

"The only question for us is, shall it be received in courts whose judges and magistrates and jurors are our own citizens, who are acquainted with the habits and character of the negro, where the proceedings are governed by well settled rules of law and evidence, and where, if either party is dissatisfied with the decision, he has the right of appeal, or in courts composed of 'persons foreign to her citizenship and strangers to her laws,' where there is no fixed rule to govern the proceedings, and no right to appeal to correct an error if one is committed? There can be no doubt in the mind of any thoughtful citizen as to which is the best course. It is apparent from the foregoing that unless the magistrates and judges appointed under the Provisional Government accept the appointment conferred by General Swayne, martial law will be substituted and military courts established, which will hear and determine all complaints in which the rights of the negroes are involved between themselves, or with the whites, and negro evidence will be received."

The confusion there is in all this is one of the most singular phenomena of the reconstruction process. If a civil judge sits as an Assistant Commissioner, there is clearly no appeal from his decision, under the State law, to a higher court, and, therefore, the white Alabaman gains nothing in this respect by the judge's conversion into an agent of General Swayne's. Moreover, an Assistant Commissioner is not and cannot be bound by the decisions of the State courts. If there be, as Governor Parsons says, "no fixed rule to govern the proceedings" before an Assistant Commissioner chosen by General Swayne, and no right to appeal to correct an error if one is committed, neither can there be any such rule or right in proceedings before civil judges who sit as Assistant Commissioners. Both will derive their authority from the same source; so that, in point of regularity or security, nothing is gained by the change, as far as the whites are concerned.

As regards the negro, we have no doubt he will be a great loser. Thousands of cases will occur in which, though there may not be such a plain "denial of justice" as to call for General Swayne's intervention, negro evidence will be virtually disregarded. The claim of Southern men to be better fitted than other people to weigh negro testimony is preposterous, and we should be sorry to see it receive any sanction or countenance from the Government or its officers. They are probably worse qualified than any other men in the civilized world, because they all labor under the influence of a foregone conclusion as to his status and capacity, and what influence that conclusion has on their judgments, feelings, and conduct we all know from the history of the rebellion. The whole South rushed into an insane attempt at revolution under the influence of a theory of society which rested on nothing better than an affirmation that a negro's place in the animal kingdom was a long way below that of white men, and only a little way above that of beasts. To ask such men to weigh negro evidence in the same way that other evidence is weighed, is about as reasonable as to ask them to interpret the chattering of apes.

The case is one which clearly calls for mixed courts. If it be deemed advisable, and we think it is, that local judges should as far as possible be made to share in the administration of justice in this transition period between the inhabitants of the State, they should have, as assessors in all cases to which negroes are parties, appointees of the Bureau, filling the place of the stipendiary magistrates appointed by the home authorities in similar circumstances in the British West Indies. It is a very remarkable and suspicious circumstance that no offer has as yet been made or recommended in any Southern State to make the reception of negro evidence by the State courts obligatory by the State law or constitution. All expressions of opinion on this subject which reach us from high Southern authorities, are strongly hostile to any such change; and whenever it is recommended, as by Governor Parsons, it is as something temporary and exceptional, called for more by the necessity of appeasing the military authorities, than as a permanent change dictated by justice and sound policy.

COUNCILS AND CONVENTIONS.

We are living in a very gregarious time. The possibility of individual exertion, influence, and achievement seems no longer to be so much as dreamed of in our philosophy. The last ball set in motion by anybody solitary and alone was that of Mr. Benton, who fortunately does not live to bewail our all-pervading paper currency. If the Englishman can initiate no public enterprise without a public dinner, the American is equally helpless until he has called a convention. The most importunate reform must await the passage of a series of resolutions. Truth is never safe except in the keeping of an executive committee. The patriotism which boldly wanders from its native platform is regarded as suspicious and untrustworthy. The cause which has no crowd to sustain it, which is not maintained by broad rumor and made invincible by cunning machinery, will vainly trust to its righteousness for respectability. It may seem an easy matter to manufacture a genuine compound rhubarb pill, which shall be worthy of the confidence of the doctor, and potent against indigestion. But the frightful truth has burst upon a dyspeptic world that the rhubarb of commerce is not to be trusted, and that many a bolus which seems fair to the eye and is honestly bitter to the palate is, nevertheless, a wretched deceiver, which, swallowed in the touching confidence of sickness, is more likely to harrow than to heal. Nothing remained for honest apothecaries but to hold a convention in Boston, and such a convention they have just held, at which eloquence was literally a drug. The wool-growers, too, have gathered together in Philadelphia, and the corn and pork dealers in Chicago. The school-masters and the school-mistresses have discussed in solemn congregation the comparative virtues of different spelling-books and the efficacy of judicious flogging. There have been conventions of carpenters and of beer-brewers, of discharged soldiers and of discontented women, of farmers and of horse-dealers, of teetotallers and of anti-tobacconists, of Millerites, whose world is just ending, and of freedmen, whose world is just beginning. But these, at least, were not ghastly gatherings, like those synods of dead "Democrats" who, here and there, have crept from their graves into daylight, to rattle their bones in disgust at the aspect of a world so changed since they left it—to proffer their fleshless fingers to the President—to approve this measure and condemn the other—to offer one final screaming protest against the doctrine of human equality—and to strike one last feeble blow at a race only just now rescued from the heel of the oppressor! It is well that such should meet in droves; no individual could well endure the ignominy of ignorance and the shame of stolidity which would be intolerable in the eyes of the world, if many shoulders did not sustain them. Such conventions as these are not novelties, for the first of them was held in the infancy of the world, and in

> "—— Pandemonium, the high capital
> Of Satan and his peers."

It is not necessary that we should point out the power, either in a good or bad cause, of associated action. The moral tagged to the fable of "The Bundle of Sticks" is as sound now as it was in the days of Æsop. There is safety in a multitude of councillors, provided they are wise and not foolish, honest and not knavish. But forty thousand foxes would be no truer than forty, and a legion of asses no wiser than one lonesome donkey. Conventions may be convenient, but the very facility with which they register the edicts of party, and the personal irre-

sponsibility which they secure, make them ready instruments in the hands of designing leaders. It is unpleasant to think that, no matter how shameful may be the platform adopted, no matter what crimes it may censure or extenuate, there will be thousands upon thousands who will crawl down to it, from whatever moral height they may occupy, without coughing. But, closely inspected, the scandal grows greater and more repulsive. Of the five hundred who compose the convention there may be fifty—there may be only five—who manage all the proceedings, who nominate the nominations, and who cut and dry the resolutions in the lobby. The strings are in the hands of these, and, as they pull, the puppets wink, gape, gesticulate, squeak, and gibber. Men who, though weak, are good, or at least not bad, are made to stand sponsors for enormous iniquities and for crimes hardly to be named. He who ventures courageously to protest against all this fatal charlatanry is pronounced the flea of the convention, and is unanimously voted a nuisance, a marplot, and a bore. He who thinks for himself interrupts the harmony of the deliberations; he who speaks for himself perils the prosperity of the party; he who consults his conscience, and acts by its direction, is told that he is more nice than wise; and if he will not be swept by the current, he is left high and dry upon the barren shores of political heterodoxy. The consequence is that conventions meet merely to register the conclusions of the caucus; and when there is really an honest difference of opinion which will not be composed by the ordinary methods, there are divisions and secessions, and two conventions instead of one.

We have thus indicated the moral danger attending this important feature of our political system. As we cannot afford altogether to dispense with conventions, which, in themselves, are natural and convenient parts of our public machinery, it is the more necessary to insist upon the duty of the personal conscience, and the dignity of obedience to its dictates. There is no party important or necessary enough to the public safety to hold the mind of a single human being in fee simple. There is no man who will not lose some of the simplicity of his finer instincts by mixing with a mob no better and no wiser than himself. But as political duties must not be avoided, the necessity of finding the golden mean between selfish isolation and a surrender of all personal identity becomes apparent. He will be happy who shall find it. Party may be his helper, but never his master; and while he mixes for the hour with the great mass of his fellow-citizens, he will be guilty of no act calculated to compromise the truth which he loves, or to disturb the serenity of his most private reflections.

Correspondence.

THE SOUTHERN WHITES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Mr. Redpath's account of the "poor whites" of Tennessee in The Nation (No. 7) recalls my own experience with the same class in a four months' residence in Arkansas, last autumn and winter. He has described them so accurately, that I need do nothing but confirm his description as being equally true of the refugees of Mississippi and Arkansas. I hardly ever found any who could read; hardly ever any children who knew their own age with exactness. The only really bright and intelligent boy I met, about fourteen years old, was just able to spell out words in the "First Reader." A Southern lady, who had had the charge of Sidney Johnston's hospitals in Nashville, told me, that out of some five hundred Arkansians whom she buried there, not more than half a dozen were able to write their names. She, like every other Southerner whom I have talked with, considers these people lower than the plantation negro.

There is a discrimination to be made here, however. If one were asked what characteristic distinguishes these two classes, he would say that the poor whites appear to be totally lacking in vitality, while the blacks have an excess of animal nature; so that there will probably be found more positive viciousness among the negroes, while the "poor whites" are simply "good for nothing." I have never, in this country or Europe, among whites or blacks, seen such specimens of premature old age as in the refugee houses upon the Mississippi—bent, gaunt, colorless girls of fifteen looking (except in the face) like women of fifty. If there were no whites but this class, an observer would certainly call it an effete race, and in truth they are simply degenerate Anglo-Saxons; while the faults of the negroes (and they are not exaggerated) are those of an undeveloped, semi-barbarous race.

If the doctrine held by many were true, that a degenerated people can never rise again—as I do not believe—there would be little hope but in the dying out of these people, a process which has been going on during the war as rapidly with them as with the blacks. Out of five hundred and ten inmates of the Refugee House in Helena, during a certain period, one hundred and eight died; and I think other places would show an equal rate of mortality. But, in fact, it is not possible to draw any sharp lines between this class and that of the small farmers, in whom there are a great many promising elements of character. We are apt to think that there is nothing between the aristocracy and the "white trash," overlooking the numerous and important class of small planters and farmers. These do not compare unfavorably, on the whole, with our small farmers at the North. They are less intelligent and less thrifty, but are, I believe, in the main, an honest, industrious set of men. They engaged in the war with zeal, but I think have learned that they were really fighting against their own interests, and, at any rate, seem ready to accommodate themselves to the new order of things.

It is common to argue as if slavery had corrupted the Southern whites to such a degree that they could never be depended upon to make good citizens. Morality, as well as patriotism, is said to be destroyed among them. How far this is true I will not undertake to judge, but I think not to the extent that is sometimes taken for granted. That there has been terrible social corruption cannot be denied; so there is in free society, only here it is an excrescence, there it seems to be a natural consequence of the institution of slavery. Still, it seems to me that the actual corrupting power of slavery, apart from the direct relation of master and slave, may be exaggerated. With many the relation itself was as far as possible humane; and I have no doubt that there were some who were not strong enough to resist the temptations of irresponsible power, but who yet, in all other relations and circumstances, were well-meaning and conscientious, just as it has been common to observe that however polished, cultivated, and genial a Southerner may be, touch upon the subject of slavery, and he is no longer a gentleman. All that is needed is, to remove this particular form of temptation out of the way of these people, free them from these inhuman surroundings, and they will be good Christians and good citizens.

Now the practical bearing of these remarks is this: that in order to make these people trustworthy citizens, they must be brought to the conviction that slavery and rebellion are *hopelessly* at an end. So long as there exists in their minds the least shadow of hope that the institution will be revived, they cannot be trusted. I have said, in my former letters, that the people of South Carolina have this conviction, and that they wish to accept its consequences in good faith. Still, I do not doubt that if we were to become involved in war with any foreign power, half the people of that State who have taken the oath, and taken it *in good faith*, would immediately begin to regret it—to ask themselves whether they had not been too hasty—and soon there would follow conspiracies and outbreaks. In the same way, if they should once get the notion that by intriguing with the Democratic party they could get the institution of slavery restored, even under another name, I do not doubt that they would be ready to do it. Just so long as they are convinced of the hopelessness of their cause, just so long, and no longer, we may depend upon them to be orderly and (in a sense) loyal. For this reason, I look with great apprehension upon the experiment of starting political movements at this juncture. A month ago, a gentleman who has been quite prominent in public life said to me, that "the people of South Carolina are too weary and sick at heart to think of politics; all they want is peace." This was, no doubt, true at the time. But set these same people to calling caucuses, choosing members of the convention, and intriguing for offices, and immediately they will find that, after all, they have not lost their relish for the old game, and will begin to think that perhaps they can save a little yet of what they thought was gone for ever. It may be that my fears upon this subject are groundless. Nobody would rejoice more than I at a genuine restoration of self-government to the Southern States. But the idea, sometimes thrown out, of withdrawing our troops, seems to me nothing short of madness. Indeed, I do not believe that the blacks would protest against it any more earnestly than the whites. Both are suspicious of each other, and it takes very little to excite ill-will between them. I should expect, if the garrisons were removed, to hear of a war of races in a very short time. At the same time, nothing is more absurd than the fears of the whites that "the negroes are going to rise." If there is any attempt to re-enslave them, they certainly will rise—at least, they ought to; otherwise, they have no motive to do so. "What for we rise?" I heard one of them ask, in Charleston; "we

have our freedom now." Leave the negroes in the quiet possession of real freedom, and we need have no apprehension of any trouble.

Before closing, I will relate one or two incidents that came under my observation, not connected with what I have described above, but illustrating certain traits in the negro character. It is undeniable that the negroes do not exhibit so strong family affection as we should expect; still, a colored man in Columbia told me that he had that day seen a man who was sold away to the West thirty years ago, and who was now returned and searching for his wife. It reminded me of the case of a woman I knew, at Port Royal, who had taken another husband when her first was sold away, and who was speculating on the probability of the first returning, now that he was free. Her heart was still with her old love, and there seemed to be very little doubt in her mind as to her duty. "Of course I go wid him—does n't he *belong* to me?"

If there is any one argument for slavery which has a plausible ring of humanity about it, it is that it affords a security to the laborer of being supported in comfort in his old age—a pleasanter refuge than the alms-house. That this is usually the case we all know. I saw, however, an old woman in Columbia whom her mistress—a member of a wealthy family—put up to be sold at auction when she was past work. An Irishman bid her off for $5; but finding that she was not worth even that to him, was about to sell her again, when the colored members of the Presbyterian church, shocked at the scandal, gave him the price he paid, and have supported her now for five years. They have also supported for ten years an old man whom his master turned adrift when he was no longer of any service to him, telling him that he was now free, and might take care of himself.

Another of the favorite arguments for slavery has been thoroughly exploded by a knowledge of facts—the alleged comparative degradation and wretchedness of the free colored population. So far from this being the case, there is actually a colored aristocracy, the most exclusive members of which are those who were called "*bona fide* free"—that is, as I understand, those whose freedom dates back beyond a certain date. These are well educated, prosperous, and highly respected. They own lands and houses; they did own slaves, and many of them sympathized (or professed to sympathize) with the rebellion. There is a striking analogy between them and those wealthy plebeian families who, in the early period of the Roman Republic, were allied with the patricians against their own order. And just as the Licinii and Sextii, when the contest became one for political equality, came forward as the champions of the plebeians, so now these wealthy slaveholding mulatto families of Charleston are fully identified in interest with the mass of the colored people, and are becoming leaders among them, while the old jealousy between blacks and mulattoes is disappearing.

MARCEL.

SMALL SAVINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The savings banks would seem to be all that could be desired as places of safe deposit for small sums, yet if the object be to enable the laboring classes to invest their earnings with the least trouble, they fail in some respects. I live in a town of 5,000 people, in which there is no bank. A few days since I offered to give each of my servants ten dollars, if they would add to it the sum due them for wages for the past three months, and deposit the whole sum in a savings bank, to which they all agreed. I took the money to the nearest savings bank, and was there told that unless I would act as trustee, the girls must themselves come to the bank and sign the books. This involves the loss of half a day's time and the expense of the trip. Now, I suppose one girl out of two would be deterred from making a deposit by these necessary requirements, while a day laborer must lose half a day to a day, according to his distance from a bank.

There might be a very simple method adopted by which the great mass of the savings of the people would be invested in United States bonds, and every possible facility given to the depositor. Every town or city has its treasurer, who is under bonds for the faithful performance of his duty. Let each State pass a law that each town or city may, by vote, authorize the town treasurer to receive on deposit any sum above one dollar and not exceeding one thousand dollars, adopting the formalities customary with savings banks and giving a book in the usual form, not transferable; the treasurer to invest such moneys, in his name as treasurer, in registered bonds of the United States. Interest on deposits to date from the first of the month next ensuing, and to be paid each six months or added to the deposit. A certain notice to be given in case of withdrawal of the deposit, to enable a sale of bonds to be made when necessary. The town or city to be responsible for the payment of all such deposits. All such business to be under the general supervision of the selectmen, and the signature of one or more of them to be required for the transfer and sale of the bonds. It would be necessary for the treasurer to keep a moderate sum uninvested to meet calls, but as the rule would be that deposits would more than equal withdrawals, a sale of bonds would seldom be required.

It will be objected that the town would lose some interest—a small matter if thrift be encouraged among the people; also, that more business capacity would be required on the part of the treasurers than many of them now have. If such is the case, it is time a new treasurer should be chosen. More time would be required of the treasurer, and consequently higher pay. Again the increased thrift induced among the people would compensate. The advantages are obvious. In small country towns the treasurer would appoint one day in each month to receive and pay deposits; in larger ones, one day in a week; in cities, every day. Every laboring man or woman could easily attend. The mass of the people would have more interest in Government bonds. They would receive the full income from their money without deductions. They would have non-transferable deposit-books, instead of transferable Treasury notes, easily lost or spent. The guaranty of the town would be esteemed a great safeguard by the ignorant or half-educated. The disloyal voter, if any such existed in the town, would have his property mortgaged as the guarantor of the credit of the United States, by making the town responsible for the deposits and investments.

I am confident that some one accustomed to such matters could easily frame the necessary laws, and I hope to see some State lead off soon. By such methods the evils of a national debt may be mitigated, and many benefits derived; for it would be unsafe to authorize the investment of small deposits by towns or cities in anything but registered United States bonds; and if this scheme should prove to be an inducement to thrift and saving, it would be best that an amount of debt equal to such deposits should always be due from the United States to the people. Some action of Congress might be needed to simplify the sale and payment of the interest on registered bonds.

The main safeguard of this country is in the local self-government, the pure democracy of the town meeting. Everything which tends to secure a selection of the most honest and best men of the town for town officers, without regard to party politics, gives strength to the country. What could more induce the selection of the best men than to make the town officers the trustees of the savings of the mass of the people?

I believe there would at once be a marked improvement in the character of the selectmen and of the town treasurers, and in saying this I do not mean to say that they are not now well chosen.

A.

HALDEMAN'S AFFIXES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

As a general rule an author should not send explanations to his reviewer, both the book and the reviewer being accessible; but as my own brevity or obscurity has misled you and may mislead others, I offer a few explanations, thankful for your hints; for, according to Sir Fretful Plagiary, "What is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you do n't mean to profit by his opinion?"

2. Books on philology are to be judged by the general scope and not by detached etymologies, where great latitude is allowable. In my analytic orthography ("Trevelyan Prize Essay," 1860) I have stated that "Port Tobacco in Maryland is a port at which tobacco is shipped, yet *port* and *tobacco* had nothing to do with the original naming of the town." Here a most plausible and 'morally certain' etymology is disputed. On the other hand, the "Atlantic Monthly" (August, 1860) plausibly refers the colloquial verb *mosey* (to go away, be off) to *vamose* (referring also to the name *Moses* as an assigned etymology), yet the word has an Indoeuropean root, and a frequentative *mizzle*, which is defined under quite another mizzle (to drizzle) in Worcester and the new Webster.

3. In the new Webster there is a cut of an impossible *nautilus*, with impossible sails, "a kind of shellfish, furnished with a membrane" (the figure shows two) "that serves it as a sail." In the "Affixes," p. 77, *nautilus* is defined as "a little ship (its shape being that of the prow of a ship); a shellfish *fabled* to sail." Here the difference is between the nautilus of poetry with its pretended sails, and the ship-shaped nautilus of fact without sails.

4. You say that "we unquestionably want" such a treatise, and I will be pleased when my pioneer work shall be succeeded by a better, with as much original, necessary, and useful matter for the student.

5. If *smelt* and *melt* are cognates, I care not whether they are regarded as different forms of the same word, the difference is in the *s*, which I regard as equally a prefix with that in *sombre*, where it represents *sub*.

6. Of such single letters it is truly said that "it is very difficult to trace their origin or their signification." Yet a principal feature of the work is *the attention given to these short modifiers*, which the reviewer considers should "hardly be regarded as prefixes in the usual sense," and much of the force of the criticism results from his mode of arguing this side of the question.

7. To damage my prefix *m*, he selects *musk* (Welsh mwsg, from mws an *effluvium*) and *mustard* (Welsh mwstardd, with a Welsh etymology), apparently because he can cite Latin originals for them, whilst he neglects those for which he is without such originals, as m-esh and m-aggot, where the *m* is not only a prefix, but one which comes up to the reviewer's standard of a prefix derived from a distinct word or words.

8. Important single letter heads are unnoticed, like v-, p-, f-, w-, t-, in brave, plate, flat, waste, twink; the four distinct heads of -th (with the observations appended), -p in yelp, and the adverbial suffixes -n, -r, -s, in when, where, else.

9. "Mr. Haldeman ought to pay a little more attention to French and Latin before he writes again." This remark was made because I chose to refer *buckler* to the Welsh *bwccledr* rather than to the French *bouclier*, which Diez (p. 575) refers to Latin *buccula*, a little cheek. Latin *moschus* was also known to me, but not *muscus* as a synonym.

10. *Hȳbrid* for hybrid I justify by the Latin *hibrida*, being distrustful of modern dictionary forms which put Greek letters in Latin words. "The carpensian Virgil and that of the Vatican have *sulpur* for SULFUR *sulphur*." *Hald. Latin Pronunciation*, 1851, p. 39.

11. If Greek and Welsh belong to the same stock of languages, it may happen that a word may be referred to either or both, and Welsh may afford light where Greek is obscure. Two etymologies are fused in *widow*-finch, and in the modern word *buxom*, and whilst I refer (p. 167) *willing* to the French *voulant*, I admit that in some localities it was more likely to have been taken from the Germanic *willig*.

12. In regard to *mistake* and *remiss*, the text admits of the inference of the reviewer, but *remiss* is referred to MITTO on p. 254 below. *Barren* was taken from the Gothic form, as in *un-bairand-ane* (not bearing fruit). John xv. 2.

13. As Pierre Belon, in his history of fishes (1551), says that he mentions the sturgeon only "pour monstrer que nous n'ayons pas ignoré quel il est" —so the few expressions like "Aztec accidental" mean that whilst I know that there is a Gaelic and an Aztec prefix a-, agreeing in meaning with Latin a- or ab-, yet I regard a similarity of this kind between Aztec and Latin as accidental rather than an evidence of cognation. But as others might fall upon these seeming marks of affinity, and suppose that I had not observed them, it was deemed useful thus to caution the student against them; and whilst I doubt the supposed affinities between Hebrew and Greek, I give an occasional example for those who differ from me.

14. I have not quoted Finnish (to the employment of which in English etymology the reviewer objects), but any one who uses either Finnish or Welsh may cite the distinguished Diefenbach in justification.

15. As stated on page 10, § 3, the book was not intended to be exhaustive, but a New York publisher's announcement has stated that a work of the kind, *intended to be exhaustive*, was in preparation, and this may have hurried my own. A work on affixes is also under way in London.

16. I do not justify the spelling of "altho'" but as I *write* it thus the printer "followed copy." It would have been well had he done so in other places. Thus there was no A.M. in the manuscript title, and whilst a pencilled note forbade a full point after the date 1865, a comma stands there. On page 20, second line below (and in the middle of page 54) F instead of Ꝼ got in for the capital letter of the Greek *spiritus asper*, which was correctly given in the proof, and appears in its proper form under HETERO- and HOLO-.

17. From *verb* and *adverbial* I have deduced a word *verbial*, because *verbal* relates to *words* rather than to *verbs*. In objecting to *hȳbrid* this seems to have been overlooked

18. I do not wish any English authority to be responsible for my shortcomings. I owed it to Mr. Furnival to make the acknowledgment in my prefatory, but the manuscript will show that his pencillings have not been many.

19. The charge of English influence cannot be substantiated from the book. I have been but little in England; I reject the English pronunciation of Latin; I know not how the English pronounce Greek, and I have been more familiar with French and German scientific works than with English ones.

20. Finally, if (in regard to the Philological Society) "we" of THE NATION "place little value on *any* of its lucubrations," "we" stultify ourselves in thus confessing our inability to appreciate the merits of the eminent philologist, Richard Garnett. S. S. H.

COLUMBIA, PA., Sept. 2, 1865.

[Mr. Haldeman's book has now been twice reviewed in THE NATION, once by us and once by himself. We trust he is satisfied. We have departed from our rule in admitting his reply, and we have done so partly on account of the peculiar nature of his subject, and partly in order to allow him to present to the public his own explanation of the imperfections of his work, which is, that it was "hurried" into the market to anticipate another publisher, who had announced a book of the same kind "intended to be exhaustive." The admission is something unusual.—ED. NATION.]

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IX.

AUGUST 29, 1865.

LATE this forenoon I left Lynchburg, and set out on a horseback journey into North Carolina. The weather has been bright and hot all day, and the road hilly and dusty, so that I have ridden slowly, and travelled no more than twenty-one miles. In that distance I found but one person going the same way with myself, although the country, especially in the vicinity of the city, is pretty thickly settled, and a good half the land lying along the road is cleared and laid out in farms. The man was a German from Hesse-Darmstadt, going out to look at some land which he hoped to purchase.

He was in the United States five years, he said, and had been forced to spend two of it in the Confederate army. Except for that, he liked America better than Germany; more money could be made here than there, and the climate pleased him much better. He came to Virginia because he had a good heap of friends here, and had found it a good State; but the Virginian people did not like foreigners. They said if it had not been for the foreigners in the Yankee army, the South never would have been whipped. He reckoned that was so. Nearly half the Northern soldiers were German, Irish, and Dutch. But the people round here did not want to part with their land to anybody; they thought it made them great to own much land. He wished the Government would confiscate, so that land would become cheap.

I said that in the Lynchburg papers I had seen quite a large number of farms advertised as for sale. Yes, he said, but they wanted more than the right price; it was one of those farms that he was then going to look at, but he would not give twenty-five or thirty dollars an acre. He would buy or lease two hundred acres and raise grain; his brother would help him, and they would hire as few negroes as they could. Some would be necessary, but all of them were bad—great liars and unfaithful workers.

As I rode along, negroes were everywhere busy stripping off the corn-blades and tying them into small bundles, which are hung upon the stalks to be cured by the sun. Later in the day they could be seen coming up out of the fields, carrying on their heads great stacks of the dried fodder, which is at once stowed away in blade-houses. These are small buildings with walls of logs, between which are left wide apertures for the admission of air, as the fodder is apt to grow musty. Besides blade stripping no field work seemed to be going on, except here and there a little mowing, and on one farm a white man and a boy were laying a stone wall, the first I have seen in the State. Out of the towns, the zigzag fence of rails is almost universal.

The surface of the country over which I have travelled to-day is rolling and much diversified. The landscape is a good deal shut in by woods, but often to-day I have been able to see the distant Peaks of Otter, dark blue against the pale blue of the horizon, and almost to be mistaken for clouds, except that every other cloud was fleecy white. The soil seemed fertile; there was abundance of timber, the apple trees and the late peach trees were laden with fruit, and all the crops appeared to be thriving well. Indian corn was everywhere, and I saw occasional patches of cotton, tobacco, and broom-corn growing near the houses. More frequent were fields of sorghum. But a small portion of the land is under cultivation.

The people living in this section of the country have no railway or water communication with their markets, and all produce designed for Lynchburg and Danville has to be transported by wagon. I have met seven or eight of these heavy vehicles to-day, toiling slowly along the road. They are canvass-covered, drawn by four or six mules or oxen, and loaded with tobacco in hogsheads or packed loose. Some were driven by negroes, but more usually they were in charge of white men, who walked beside the team, while on top

of the load, among the hay and corn-blades, were the women and children going up to the city to make purchases. Baskets of eggs and chickens are hung at the end of the cart, and a bag of meal or of cooked provisions. Besides these parties and the man from Hesse-Darmstadt I believe I have met no one to-day.

At sunset I arrived at the Old Stand, which, as a small shield above the door announces, is a house of "Entertainment by S. Simmons." It may serve as a sample of the Virginia country taverns. The house stands in a large yard of short clean grass shaded by tall red oaks; it is two stories high, unpainted, and without window-shutters. Beside the door is a little shelf with a water-pail on it, and a drinking gourd hangs just above. The corn-house, blade-house, stable, and cow-yard are across the road. The dwelling contains four rooms; on the ground-floor one has a bed in it, a chair, and a clock; the other has half a dozen chairs, a table, and a chest of drawers, on which are a three weeks old copy of the *New York Daily News* and four or six books—a "Life of Whitefield," "Wesley's Journal," and some more modern Methodist publications.

No one about the house seemed to be stirring, so I tied my horse at the gate and walked in. An old man with a handkerchief thrown over his face to protect it from the flies lay asleep on the bed, and not wishing to awake him I read the *News* for more than half an hour. Then he came out, had my horse fed, and told me I might stay all night. His wife had gone away for an hour or two—when she came back I could have some supper, such as it was.

He was poorly himself, had a misery in his head, and had to get sleep when he could. Was I used to travelling that road? No, I said, I had never been over it till to-day. He thought he 'd never seen me before; did n't hardly reckon I was a Virginian; was n't raised in these parts, anyhow? From Massachusetts, hey? That 's one o' the Northern States. The people up there want the niggers freed, do n't they?

"Yes," I said, "they want them free, and, indeed, they think they are freed now."

"Allow they 're free, do they? The war freed 'em, hey?"

"Yes, the Emancipation Proclamation and the war. Do n't you think they 're free?"

"No, I do n't. They seem to think they be: go here and there and everywhere, as if they was free; but we can tell better when the next Congress meets and after the Supreme Court has decided. Niggers can't do nothin' with themselves. Of course not. How are they behaving in Lynchburg?"

"Very well, I believe."

"No, they a' n't. Up at Acquia Creek they 're rioting, and so they 'll do everywhere."

He never owned any of 'em, he said, and never wanted to. Did n't they let 'em vote in Massachusetts? Did I belong to any church? No, I answered, I did not; did he? Yes, he was a Methodist. What made him ask me the question was because he had heard that the President was going to do something or other to make the South Church unite with the North. I had heard nothing of it, I said; did he think they would come together of their own accord? No, he did n't; they could n't unite, and they ought n't to. He thought the people of the North and South had better just have nothing to say to each other; better keep apart for a time, anyhow. Did I want to buy a farm? He 'd sell that one for twenty-five dollars an acre; there were three hundred acres of good land, all in good order. He 'd never been raised to farming, and wanted to give it up.

He asked me many questions about Massachusetts—how large it was; what was the capital; if the people mostly followed farming or sheep-raising; if they lived as well as the people of Virginia; if the Methodists were a numerous and powerful sect there; if the Northern people did n't hate the Southerners; if Jeff. Davis would be hung; all of which I answered as well as I could, but without securing credence for my assertion that the North could not be said to hate the South. Massachusetts was ahead of Virginia, he reckoned, because more emigrants came there and there were more small farms. Perhaps Massachusetts people might live better than folks in Virginia, but he 'd heerd that they lived mostly on fried peas with bacon in 'em. Virginia people used to live pretty well once, before the war.

While we talked his wife returned, and we were soon summoned to supper. The landlady apologized for the scantiness of the meal, and said the war had accustomed her to poor living; in fact, she hardly knew now when it was necessary to make an apology. Coffee without sugar, corn-bread and butter, and a dish of boiled eggs were set before us, together with a pitcher of buttermilk. Supper was served in a little kitchen behind the main dwelling house, and connected with it by a covered plank-walk. In a corner of the room stood a very large wooden loom, in which the landlady said she had woven all the cloth used in the family for all purposes. Now that peace had come, she reckoned she 'd depend on my country for things of that kind and let the spinning-wheel and loom rest awhile.

The old man's opinion that slavery is in some way to be restored, or that, at any rate, uncompensated emancipation will not be permitted by the judiciary, nor by Congress, when the whole country is represented in that body, is an opinion that I have more than once heard expressed, and sometimes by men of more intelligence than the tavern-keeper. One day last week, I walked into a hotel parlor in Lynchburg, where quite a crowd of men were listening to the very amusing talk of "a true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool, Daniel Webster, old-line Whig, sir." By anecdotes and original comicalities he kept his audience in continual laughter. While I heard it, his conversation was, for the most part, a humorous but caustic tirade against the Democratic party, which, he said, was chargeable with all the calamities of the past four years. Democracy had killed those nephews of his who fell fighting for the Confederacy; Democracy had dragged him through thirty-two battles and got him ridiculously whipped at the end of 'em; Democracy had reduced the Southern people to corn-feed for the last three years; Democracy had piled up a national debt on the South that had all been—well, call it *paid*, gentlemen. But the Yankee debt, the United States debt, *our* debt, if you will have it so—that 's going to be repudiated in less than twelve months. Democracy had emancipated all the niggers—took away his, whom he thought a d—d sight more of than of all the Democrats since General Jackson. However, they were all staying with him now, and in less than a year every nigger in the South would be a slave again. There are two words about their freedom."

"Come, come, Uncle Billy," said a bystander, "you one of Governor Peirpont's Commissioners of Elections and talking like that! What becomes of your oath?"

"Oath? I've taken every oath that 's come into ——— county since General Lee's surrender, and I 'll take all the rest that come; and I 'll keep 'em all. But the Supreme Court has got to talk about this thing yet, you know, and so has Congress—the Congress of the *United* States, you know; when they 've talked we 'll keep our mouths shut, but till then we 'll talk. I 've got Andy's pardon right here in my pocket, and I can say what I like. Besides, my son, if I had n't, I 'm not afraid to die; I never cast a Democratic vote in my life—yes, just one: I did cast one vote for that d—d infernal scoundrel of a Jeff. Davis. But I 've bitterly repented of that."

"You need n't," said one of his hearers, "that 's the best vote you ever cast in your life."

"See here, my friend," said the commissioner, "when I began life I had one most important rule to guide me, and it brought me luck and a good conscience: whenever they brought along anything Democratic, 'No, I thank you,' says I, 'I would n't choose any, thank you.' I departed from my rule once, voted for Jeff. Davis and secession, and after being whipped for four years under one Democratic President I had to go and beg a pardon from another. Henceforth, I 'm subjugated, and I 'm a Whig."

AUGUST 30, 1865.

This morning at six o'clock I had breakfast, which consisted of the same materials that composed our supper last night, and started for Pittsylvania Court-House, which is fifty-five miles from Lynchburg.

The sky for half the day was cloudy, and the day pleasanter for travelling than yesterday. Four miles of riding brought me to the Roanoke River, which is here not more than a hundred and twenty-five yards wide, flowing between green banks with a strong and rapid stream. In this part of its course the people call it the Staunton River, while fifty miles above and the same distance below it gets its name of Roanoke. The bridge which formerly spanned it was destroyed in May last by General Rosser, acting under the orders of General Johnston, and travellers are ferried across.

The journey of to-day has been more lonesome than that of yesterday, the country being less thickly settled, and the road for a much greater part of the distance being entirely in the forest. In many places the hills were very steep, and the road was often rugged where the rains had cut deep channels and gulleys in the earth, or had washed bare the rough ledges of rock. Some of these places were so dangerous that turn-outs had been made by the wagoners, and for a few rods the traveller, forsaking the road, rides along among the trees, and emerges into the beaten track after he has passed the obstruction, which is sometimes a gulley or a ledge, sometimes the fallen trunk of a great tree which has lain so long unrotted that the old road marks are half obliterated, sometimes when the road crosses a low or spongy spot. Obstructions of the latter sort were however oftener overcome by corduroying the wet place with branches of trees and rails. I had ridden several hours without meeting any one, and began to be doubtful if I had not made a wrong turn at some one of the many forks in the road; so I waited for an hour at noon to rest my horse and to see if some traveller would

not overtake me. The sun was shining bright, for the clouds of the morning had wholly disappeared, but there was not the faintest breeze nor the least sound in the forest. It was so hot and so still, with nothing to be seen but the trees and the sand, and it had been so monotonously still and dull all day, that I could not help thinking that people living in such a country were excusable, amid their dearth of amusements and mental excitants of any kind, if they busied themselves with sectarian differences in theology and speculative questions in politics.

As no traveller passed, I mounted and rode along, giving careful study to the guide-posts as I passed them. Some of them were completely covered with pencillings. One, besides its inscription, "Lynchburg, 40 miles," was filled with messages and directions. I copied two or three: "B. C., Captain Wofford's Georgians will go by way of the Court-House;" "Captain Williams—Charlotte Battery—we will go through Pittsylvania C. H.;" "Jack, go the road with the pine branch;" "W. H. B., Raleigh, N. C., gone along April 5, 1865."

I found that I had not lost my way, and pushing on found clearings becoming more frequent, and the land as I got lower improving in appearance, but still seeming less fertile than what I saw yesterday. By the roadside, just before going into the village, I came upon a team of mules feeding beside one of the tobacco wagons mentioned before. An old negro and a lad of seventeen or eighteen years old were sitting beside a fire they had kindled near a spring, the boy watching a corn-cake baking in an iron pan, and the man kneading together water and white corn meal in a wooden tray. Slices of bacon were already fried.

They had been to Danville, they said, with leaf tobacco, and were now almost home again. The tobacco was two or three years old; no one had raised any tobacco this year. They would have been five days away from home when they got back to the plantation, but it was good fun.

Pittsylvania County Court-House, or Competition, or Chatham as it is called on the map, is a small village containing three or four pretty churches, a fine court-house, and many handsome dwelling houses. It is a pretty little place, and once was busily engaged in the manufacture of tobacco, but since the war nothing whatever has been done,

My fare at the one tavern which supplies the place of four that once existed here seemed to furnish proof of the exhausted condition of the country. Nothing was set on the table but butter-milk and corn-bread. There is meat in the country, the landlord said, and flour is worth fifteen dollars a barrel, haul it yourself at that. He was working his farm without negroes—himself and his boys did everything. The boys—three or four grown-up young men—were very sulky at the supper-table because of a freshet which had destroyed a good deal of their corn.

"Oh," said one of them, stretching himself after supper, "I 'd rather be in the war ten years than pull fodder two days. D——n farming; it 's enough to kill a horse; it 's just fit for a nigger."

AUGUST 31 1865.

My road to-day has led me through a country much like what I saw on Tuesday. There are more clearings and more cultivated land than I saw yesterday, and the soil seemed more productive. During all these days the dwellings which I have passed have been such as were described in a previous letter; at rare intervals one sees the mansion-house with pretensions to elegance and comfort, the log-cabin plastered with mud occurs very frequently, and somewhat less often is seen the ordinary farm-house.

At noon to-day I stopped for awhile at one of these log-cabins, rather larger than most of them, but still having but one room and a loft. There was a glazed window, however, and the board floor was beautifully white and clean. As I dismounted at the gate, the man of the house walked down the path to meet me and offered his hand with much cordiality of manner, inviting me to come in and take a seat. His farm was a small one, containing only a hundred and twenty-five acres of land, and he worked it himself without the help of negroes.

"Never owned a nigger, sir, and never would hire one except a gal to do house work. Too much drivin' and overseein'. They 're wanderin' round now since the crops are laid by, so that the roads are full of 'em. I hear they 're dying, heaps of 'em, in Danville."

"Have they been working for wages?"

"Board, I reckon. Nobody knew what to do with 'em. The country's full of orders and reports about 'em—some say they 're all to be sent up North and kept thar, and some say that the Government 's sending 'em all to Cuba, and sellin' 'em for slaves. I don't know what they are doin' with 'em, but I wish they 'd clar 'em out o' this. They 're in the way here; the abolitionists like 'em and they 'd better take 'em. I hear that the abolitionists talk of taking away our right to vote, and giving it to the nigger. Pretty ridic'lous idee."

While her husband was talking, the wife, a lean, pale woman, sat nursing an infant, which after a little while went asleep and was laid away in its crib. Then the woman, going over to the mantel, took down a small circular tin box and began to dip snuff, a process I had never before witnessed. She held in one hand the box, and in the other a bit of stick chewed at the end, so that the displaced fibres formed a rude sort of brush. This she moistened by putting it into her mouth. Then it was dipped into the snuff and rubbed upon the teeth and gums both on the back and front teeth and on the upper and lower jaws. Every little while, being a neat woman, as the appearance of her house indicated, she walked across the room and spit carefully into the fire-place, after which she replenished the supply of snuff in the dip and again applied it to her teeth. By-and-bye the box was returned to its place upon the mantel, and the woman, holding the dip-stick in her mouth, began to talk with me about the social position of the negro in the North, for by this time they had learned I was from Massachusetts.

"Thar was a Yankee man," said she, "was travellin' by here, and he had a nigger gal with him that he was goin' to take up into your country. He wanted to rest and drink water, and I made him welcome to come in; so in he came, and in came the nigger gal and sot down in this yer same cheer. Thar war n't nobody home but me, but I went across to her and took her by the shoulder. 'You walk out o' this,' says I. The Yankee he spoke up, and wanted to know why I did that; in his country, he said, she 'd be as good as anybody. 'Well,' says I, 'she a' n't goin' to walk in here and make herself even to me. In my country white folks is white folks, and niggers is brought up to know their place, and she can't set down in my room when I 'm in presence.'"

Leaving the farm-house, it was not long before I overtook an old negro driving a cart to Danville loaded with peaches, sweet potatoes, and chickens. The horse was very old, very thin, and galled in many places, as the horses of negroes in the South are apt to be, for they usually are harnessed with tackle made up of rope-ends, bits of hide, and old rags. The man himself was about sixty years old.

He was not going up to Danville for marketing purposes only, he said; he was going to see the provost-marshal up there. His master had turned him and his wife off the plantation, and he did not know where to go. The master had turned off several families besides his, and he supposed they 'd have to get some of their kin to take them into their houses, or else the Government would have to feed and shelter them. I asked if his employer had given him nothing as wages for his work this year, or if he had done any work. Yes, he said, he had tended the house-garden all the year; his wife was the cook for the master's family; one of the sons had been a ploughman, another had been almost a full hand, and still another had been a table-boy for two or three years. His master had fed the family and given them summer clothes, but had not given winter clothing nor shoes. I asked him if he had been working under an agreement this year. He took a paper from his pocket-book and showed it to me as his contract with his master. I copied it into my note-book:

"Under an agreement between me and James, a man formerly my property, I am to deliver him ten barrels of corn, at my residence, when shucked from the present crop, in full of all claims against me for wages this year. The same is to be delivered to any one he may sell said corn to, provided the terms of said agreement are complied with. Said payment is in full of his wages, his wife's and children's, who live with me at this time. Said agreement was made 19th of August, 1865. (Signed) J. M. W."

New corn is now selling in Danville at two dollars per barrel, and it is expected that it will be cheaper than that before Christmas. Mr. W., just after the surrender of Lee, made a verbal promise to his negroes that they should have a part of whatever crops they would raise. The reason why his written acknowledgment of debt bears so late a date, is because it was not till the middle of August that he definitely decided what quantity of corn should be given to each hand, and because he did not care to send away any of his laborers before that time. The paper was given them at the same time with a notice to quit the plantation.

The old negro declared that the people on that plantation had never worked so hard as they have this year. So it would always be, he thought, if the masters would send away the overseers, and work the farms on shares. Under such a system more provisions would be made than have ever yet been raised in Virginia. The people would like it better than wages. He would himself, and all the people would, he believed.

But the masters would n't do that. They would rather send away the old niggers and all with too many children, and hire the strong and young.

There is some truth in the assertion which I have everywhere heard made as I came through Campbell and Pittsylvania, that the negroes are flocking into the towns. In July last, in the city of Danville, 1,329 persons received rations from the Government, 1,079 of these being whites, and 250

negroes. On the 1st of August General Curtis' prohibitory order went into effect, and during that month the number of white people rationed was only 413, while the number of negroes increases and becomes 603; the destitute colored population of the town, it thus appears, having been more than doubled by additions from some source or other.

The officers of the Freedmen's Bureau here stationed say that it is true that some negroes are leaving their homes, but that in their opinion, in the great majority of cases, it is the negro who abandons his employer, and not the master who sets his servants adrift.

ENGLISH FEELING TOWARDS AMERICA.

LONDON, August 26.

THE new correspondent whom the *Times* newspaper has sent out to represent it in the United States, has lately been writing in a tone which contrasts strangely with that adopted by his predecessor. To do this gentleman justice, he has said a good deal which is true concerning the North, and which—to those who take their opinions ready-made from the leading journal—must have been surprisingly new. Amongst other candid confessions, he has discovered that the ill-feeling which he believes exists in America towards England is not as utterly unreasonable as it is commonly supposed to be. In a long letter of two columns, published during the present week, he has endeavored to explain why it is Americans are unfriendly towards England. As in this explanation he is perforce obliged to ignore the systematic misrepresentation of which the *Times* was the chief author throughout the war, his theory is not a very intelligible one to those who are unable to read between the lines. The perusal, however, of his letter has tempted me to write somewhat at length concerning the converse proposition. I should like, if possible, to explain to you what is the feeling of England towards America; to what extent and for what reasons it is an unfriendly one. In writing on such a subject, it is of no use to look out for nothing but pleasant things to say. Nor do I think that a rose-color picture of our sentiments towards you as a nation would do anything, in as far as it had any effect at all, to increase the friendliness of our international relations. Just as it is well that we should know why you as a nation have not a cordial feeling towards us, so it is well, also, you should know why we, to a certain extent, reciprocate the sentiment.

Now, in order to make my view, whether right or wrong, intelligible to you, I must explain what I mean by England. As regards foreign countries, I take England to be that distinct but not easily definable body which constitutes the "governing classes." This body, roughly speaking, comprises the peerage, the landed gentry, professional men, merchants, independent farmers, and well-to-do shopkeepers. In home questions, the uneducated and unrepresented classes have an enormous influence, but on foreign matters they exercise no influence, because they care nothing about them. I have no doubt you may have read a good deal in the speeches of mob orators, like Mr. Mason Jones, about the sympathy of the "masses" for the North. At the risk of dispelling a pleasing illusion, I must say there was a great deal of humbug about this talk. The small knot of "intelligent mechanics" who attend working-men's colleges and take the lead in trades unions, were undoubtedly earnest supporters of the Federal cause. Their support is not a matter to be ignored, still less despised; but it would be as absurd to take them as specimens of the million as it was for the historic three tailors of Tooley Street to call themselves the people of England. I wish heartily such were the case, but I know that it is not. The overwhelming majority of the English working-classes know very little and care less about America or any other foreign country. Their struggle for life is too keen a one to permit them to do so. As far, I think, as a body they had any view at all on the question between North and South, it was in favor of the former. A sort of blind instinct taught them that the war of free labor against slave was one connected with their own rights, and, what was much more, the accounts of the emigrants who have settled in the West have taught the English working-man to regard America as a sort of land of promise. But beyond this I do not truly believe their sympathy extended. In the manufacturing districts, where the working-classes, as a rule, are most educated and prosperous, this sympathy was the strongest. But, to the great bulk of our laboring population, America is a name, and a name only. At the time when the relations between England and the United States seemed most embroiled, I recollect reading in some American paper that the British aristocracy were baffled in their desire for war by the sturdy resistance of the hard-handed sons of labor—or words to that effect. I much doubt there being any substantial truth in this assertion. Somehow or other pugnacity is the one British characteristic which steadily survives poverty; and at its outset a war is never unpopular with English workingmen. I do not say for one moment that a war with America would not have called forth violent opposition from a large section of our laboring classes; but I question the opposition having been at all of an universal character.

Thus, in estimating the feeling of England towards America, I believe the sentiments of the working masses may be left out of consideration. There are many questions of a home character on which their sentiments cannot safely be ignored; but the relations of England with America or any foreign country are not one of them. With a view to the policy of the two countries, the important consideration for Americans is how our governing classes—giving the widest signification to that vague term—are disposed towards them. Now, if you wish to form any just estimate of this subject, I must warn you, as a matter of fact, not to attach too much weight to the utterances of that party of which the *Morning Star* is the organ, and Mr. Bright the chief exponent. On most points, I sympathize with their views; but I know perfectly well that their views are in no sense representative of English feelings. I have known Americans in former years—I do n't know whether they are to be found still—who were much more English than the English Anglo-maniacs; they held that whatever England did was right. In the same way, we have Americo-maniacs—if you will excuse my saying so—who will not admit the possibility of your being ever wrong, in any conceivable event. The exaggeration of their partizanship deprives it of any influence. I believe myself that the signal failure of the *Morning Star* to obtain any hold on public opinion during the war, arose not so much from the unpopularity of the views it advocated, as from the indiscriminating character of its pro-northern advocacy. As an illustration of what I mean, I think I may safely assert that you, as a nation, will be doing right or wrong according to the decision you arrive at with reference to the punishment of the leaders of the rebellion. You may be right in executing them as rebels; you may be right in refusing to exercise your full privilege of punishment. But you cannot be equally right in either case. Yet everybody knows beforehand that if you were to hang Jefferson Davis, the *Star* would dilate upon the dignity of your vengeance; while, if you spare him, it will dwell upon the magnanimity of your forbearance. On this account, as I have said, you must not take the views of the party represented by the *Star* as expressing more than the opinions of a small, though not unimportant, section of our community. If you were to do so, you would be liable to commit very much the same blunder as the Emperor Nicholas did, when he considered that the views of the Manchester peace party were those of England.

Nor do I think that you ought to attach undue importance to the friendly reception which Americans personally have received of late in England. To do ourselves justice, I think our national animosities are not of a personal character. During the time when the pro-Southern sympathy was the strongest in this country, the most ardent Northerner would not, I think, have met with anything but a cordial welcome here, supposing him to have been furnished with good letters of introduction and to have been of a class which would have ensured him civility in his own country. Americans resident in England throughout the last five years will, I believe, bear me out in saying that they find no disposition to regard them with anything but friendliness. In the same way, however, all Englishmen who were in the States during the period when the irritation against England was most vehement will, I know, agree with me, that personally their reception was of the kindest. As individuals, there are so many points of sympathy and common interest between an Englishman and an American, that it could not well be otherwise. Moreover, if I am to speak the candid truth, at a time when English interest was to a great extent absorbed in the American struggle, an American, of either North or South, was something of a lion; and the leonine genus is always popular with us socially. But, in spite of this personal good-will, the anti-American feeling was a very general one. Amongst the Dissenting community, sympathy with the North, as against the South, was very general, but I am not sure it was so upon grounds you would altogether approve. The truth is, the anti-slavery feeling is immensely powerful amongst the classes from whom the different Nonconformist bodies are composed. To a great extent this section of our public commands the borough elections, and I believe myself the maintenance of our neutrality was in no small measure due to the fact that the borough members knew their seats would be unsafe if they voted in favor of intervention in behalf of the slave-owning Confederacy. The steadfastness with which the world of small shopkeepers and tradesmen—a world habitually accused of extreme narrowness of vision—adhered to the old national hatred of slavery is, in my judgment, an honor to the country; but I do not think this steadfastness can be truly ascribed to any very distinct affection for America or her people.

My own belief is, that the attitude of the British Government expressed, as it does usually, the national sentiments with considerable accuracy. Lay-

ing aside moot questions like that of the *Alabama*, you yourselves admit that our policy was a sincerely neutral one. We—I am now speaking of ourselves as a nation represented by our Government—did not believe in your success in restoring the Union; we did not exactly wish you to succeed, but we had no intention of taking active measures to oppose your efforts. We were spectators of your struggle, not only neutral but unsympathetic. And this was, I think, as nearly as I can express it, the national tone of mind throughout the continuance of your civil war. You complain of our want of sympathy, and in so doing you complain justly; but it is well you should understand the true nature of that want of which you complain. I see it often stated that our lukewarmness in your cause arose from the aristocratic character of our Government, and our consequent distaste for free republican institutions. The explanation is plausible, but incorrect. Political convictions of any kind had very little to do with our sympathies as between North and South. The Tory party in Parliament and out of it are naturally enough opposed to anything which bears the name of democracy, and their traditions taught them to regard anything which threatened evil to America as a boon to their cause; but this antipathy to democracy is of too abstract a character to have much hold upon Englishmen, and, moreover, was not shared by the great majority, who profess liberal principles of some shade or other.

Political prejudices had, of course, something to do with our lack of sympathy, but they are not sufficient to account for it. The feeling was too widespread a one to be assigned to any local or partial cause. For my own part, I attribute it partly to social prejudices and still more to our passionate feeling of nationality. Till the war altered our views, there was a general impression amongst educated Englishmen that Americans were wanting in those virtues and qualities on which we pride ourselves most highly. The caricatured portraits of American life which most of our English travellers had presented to their countrymen had much to do with this, but still some of it was due to a sort of intolerance eminently characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. We can pardon a Frenchman for not being what we are, but that a man who speaks English should not speak and dress and act exactly as we do ourselves, is in our eyes a grievous sin. We English and Americans are, I think, too like ever to do full justice to each other. Cousins in private life never think much of cousins; and the rule holds good to the relations between kindred nations. All the good in you we think due to your connection with us; all the evil we deem due to your separate existence. In the same way I have often noticed an assumption on the part of Americans that all the merits of our common ancestors have been appropriated by yourselves, while all the defects of our common character are to be credited to us. Both views are equally natural and equally unphilosophical.

But a far more potent sense of our lack of sympathy was a conviction that the United States is a power whose magnitude is inimical to the interests of England. You are the only power in the world whom we dread in any way as a rival. A foreigner reading our newspapers during one of our periodical fits of self-depreciation would fancy there was not a continental nation whose increasing strength was not to us a source of constant apprehension. But, practically, we have an innate and ineradicable conviction of our own superiority to every nation in Europe, or to all of them combined. I am not saying that this conviction is rational or just. I only say that it exists and influences the whole of our policy. But we have not the same confidence with regard to you. The very consciousness of our own strength teaches us that your strength is not to be despised. You may call this jealousy narrow and selfish, but you must fairly remember that the same instinct which has made us extend our empire round the globe makes us nervously susceptible about anything or anybody which threatens our supremacy upon the seas. You will say, perhaps, that this instinct of imperial self-preservation ought to lead us to encourage amity with the only power we see cause to view with alarm. But then—and here I come to the main motive of our want of sympathy—there has long existed amongst Englishmen a belief that you, as a nation, were unfriendly to us, and disposed to injure us whenever you had the opportunity.

This belief, I need not say, I hold to be unjust and unfounded; but it is not so irrational a one as you may possibly imagine, looking at the matter from an American point of view. For long years before the outbreak of secession the language of your public men, and of such of your papers as we saw, was hostile and often offensive to this country. It is all very well to reply that the statesmen to whom I allude were Southerners, and that the papers in question only indulged in these tirades against England to gratify their Irish readers. But Englishmen as a body could not be expected to understand these distinctions. Congress was to us the Parliament of the Union; and the New York *Herald* the most popular organ of the American people. We thought, too, right or wrong, that we had cause to complain repeatedly of the action of your Government. I am not going now into the weary question of the Oregon boundary, and Crampton's dismissal, and the Greytown cruisers, and San Juan del Norte, and the Ostend Manifesto, and all the other petty "misères," to use a French word, which bred ill blood between us. But I only wish to point out that these quarrels had left behind them a smarting impression on our part that we had uniformly got scant justice in dealing with your Government. We fancied that you relied upon our unwillingness to imperil the cotton trade by war in order to serve us as you would not have served less forbearing nations. We cared little or nothing about the points at issue; but we resented bitterly the idea that we had suffered treatment at your hands no other government would have ventured to inflict upon us. Whether we were right in our opinion or not, I know absolutely nothing; but I do know that the opinion was a very general one amongst us, and produced its effects. When the war broke out and you appealed to our sympathies, hundreds of times when I have been discussing this American question, sensible and liberal Englishmen have said to me: "I care nothing about North or South, all I know is that the United States were always unfriendly to England, and therefore I am glad to see their power diminished by a disruption of the Union."

This feeling, then, lay at the root of our lack of sympathy for your cause during the war. Since the suppression of the rebellion, our English estimate of your corporate strength and your individual worth is far higher and juster than it was. But to speak candidly, this latent impression that America is naturally hostile to England still exists very generally. Whether it is to be lasting or not will mainly depend upon the language and conduct of your public men and your newspapers. You were angry, and justly angry, when Mr. Gladstone went out of his way to say that "Jefferson Davis had made a nation." In the same way, you can understand that speeches like that of Mr. Chase, when he said "he should like to give Mother England a good shaking," do not breed good-will over here.

THE BREAK UP.

BY A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

FAYETTEVILLE TO THE END.

We knocked boldly at the best looking establishment, and were unhesitatingly received with the utmost cordiality. Dirty, wet, and weary, they took us in, and our horses too. They gave us the nicest supper I ever ate, with real coffee and cream. I was too sick to eat much, but my companions made it up. Instead of putting us in some out-house, which our forbidding appearance certainly justified, they gave us separate rooms with nice clean beds, and treated us altogether like old friends. The next morning I felt like a different man.

The ladies of Fayetteville gave the same hospitable reception to all the weary soldiers as they passed through. They stood at their doors and windows, and offered their best of everything—even the wines and preserves that had been hoarded up all during the war. At the house where I staid all day, feeling still too ill to move, the old lady and her two pretty daughters sat fanning and talking to me, rubbing my head, and anticipating every wish. They all expected a stand to be made at Fayetteville, and asked continually if we were going to drive Sherman back. Of course, we all swore we would, and we were going to make Fayetteville a Thermopylæ. The morning of the evacuation I went to the hotel, leaving Bram at the camp in the arsenal yard, but luckily telling him where to find me. I had just paid $10 for an abominable breakfast I had not yet eaten, when a courier rushed in and whispered something to Hardee, who was talking to a lady at the end of the room. He jumped up as if shot, and everybody scattered. I heard cries of "Which way are they coming?" "How many are they?" "D—n it, we must drive them back!" "They 'll get in, burn the bridge, and cut us off!" I waited for no more. How I got out of that room, whether through the door or window, I never can tell.

The street was blocked up for a quarter of a mile by cavalrymen and led horses, all completely stampeded. Seeing the crowd cutting out, I did n't intend to stay. In a side street I found an old mule hitched to a post, by a piece of rope, with an old saddle, minus stirrups. I tried to jump on him, but at each effort of mine he would duck off about six feet on one side, and repeated the manœuvre till brought up by the opposite house. Then I begged an old negro woman to "break my foot," and was in the act of triumphantly mounting, when a voice behind me growled, "What sort ob a h–ll ob a way is dis? You go off and leab me, and ebrybody de leab; and here you de fool wid dat dam ole ting. Here, tek yer hoss!" I turned and joyfully recognized Bram. It was no time to expostulate on the freedom of his address. I mounted, struck spurs into my horse, and followed the crowd. I felt quite cool, but still kept on running, though I saw nothing to run from.

A little below the market there stood Hampton, entreating the men to stop; some did, but most of them gallopped past: finally, he drew his pistol and threatened to shoot the first man that attempted to run by. Soon a crowd was collected, and forming fours, we charged till we came on the Yanks, about 75 or 100, who scattered in every direction. I saw only six or eight, whom we charged down a by-street. The whole thing did not last more than ten minutes. We took two or three prisoners. They said they supposed the town was evacuated, having encountered no pickets. Our pickets, it seems, thinking themselves unsupported, had run without firing a gun until they got into the town, and thus stampeded the stragglers and led horses. I caught up with my company at the bridge, which they were preparing to burn, sprinkling it with resin and turpentine.

That evening, when the excitement was over, I felt horribly; at last I fell off my horse. Some one kindly put me in a wagon, in which I reached camp. Next day I received an order to impress the first horse I could find; but I was unable to prosecute the search. Being too ill to mount my pony, I got into an empty ambulance; in a little while it was filled, so that men were sitting on one another. I felt as if I had been a month packed in with that crowd. Sometimes I would lose consciousness of my wretched condition, and fancy myself at home and in a comfortable bed—then an unfriendly jolt would bring me back to the sense of pain. When they stopped at night, being unable to move, I was left all alone; a surgeon, however, came along and kindly administered an opium pill, and threw a blanket over me.

The next morning I was carried to headquarters, and the surgeon, after examining me, sent me with some other sick men to a house in advance.

I had been in bed hardly an hour when orders came to move forward. Bram helped me on my horse, and we camped about five miles off. It rained all that night; the next morning I could not stir. The surgeon pronounced me a very bad case, and had me moved to a shanty hard by, where the old man was very surly, and would not let me in, till Bram, after cursing him soundly, threatened to go for the guard to arrest him. He immediately gave in. They stretched me on a blanket before the fire, and there I remained that day and night delirious. The next morning began the battle of Averysboro; I was again moved to the rear, perfectly wild with excitement at the firing and the reports of the fight, which was horribly mismanaged. Instead of putting in divisions at a time, they sent them by brigades and regiments, to be licked in detail. It was a small affair, however, only Taliaferro's division engaged.

McLaws was fortifying in the rear, which, however, he did so thoroughly, that the enemy did not care to waste life by charging him, knowing that the position must be abandoned. Everything fell back that night. I was carried in a horse-cart. Through the care of a friend, acting hospital steward, who dosed me every three hours with quinine, I began to improve, and was able to return to duty before the battle of Bentonville.

I was among the ten couriers to Hardee on the second day, and I never care to be in the same place again. Had they not practised the same manœuvre of charging by brigades reduced in numbers, there might have been a difference in the result of the battle, though there were hardly more than 16,000 men engaged on the Confederate side.

After the fight, what should I see but Haywood's brigade, which had been reported all captured! I knew I should soon get orders to return to them, and service in the ranks on foot not attracting me, I made out an application for a special transfer to the cavalry, which Gen. Hardee kindly put through with the commanding general, Johnston. Two days before my application was returned, I received orders to report to my regiment; but I held off till I got my papers of transfer. One can go "hunting" for his command a considerable time, provided he keep well away from it. As I wanted some tobacco, I thought I would just go to Smithfield, by way of Raleigh, and buy some.

I bought my tobacco, and as that took all my money, I left next day, taking a circuitous route to Smithfield. On fording the Neuse River, I got into a wagon and led my horse behind. Finding the teamster a very good fellow, I travelled with him three days, enjoying his hospitality—Bram occasionally contributing poultry and pigs which he picked up by the way. My friend belonged to Wheeler's Corps, and he and all his companions treated me to the best their train afforded, so that I was sorry when the time came to part. Wheeler's men did pretty much as they pleased; they were "sports," but I found most of them first-rate fellows and full of fun. They fought like the devil; and it must be confessed acted like him too very often, so that the country they defended dreaded them worse than anything. But they were jolly companions. Butler's South Carolinians, unless you happened to know them personally, were very surly, and never thought of such a thing as asking you to take something to eat, though it must be said they were kept so close they had no chance to forage. Living on their rations of one-third of a pound of bacon, and a pint of the everlasting old corn meal, they did not have so good a time as Wheeler's men.

I reached my command April 1st. They were camped in a miserable pine country twelve miles above Goldsboro, the horses getting five ears of corn and two bundles of fodder a day, which had to be hauled fifty or sixty miles, the country being entirely eaten out.

I talked with some friends that night, who advised me, as there was a great deal of picket duty, and my horses were low in flesh, to return home and get another, or at least go off and impress one on the order I had not yet used before reporting, Accordingly I started with my own and Bram's horse, which had almost entirely given out, and had a gall on his back as big as my head. I knew Bram would soon "capture" another; I left him in care of a friend, and that is the last I ever saw of him. He returned home. I intended to go to the country east of Tar River, where there was plenty of everything, and try my luck there.

I rode the first night to within seven miles of Wilson, and sold Bram's horse, which could go no further, for five hundred Confederate dollars, a peck of potatoes, and my night's lodging. I travelled much better, as Confederate paper was lighter than a broken-down horse even then. Next day I impressed a tolerably good beast, leaving my nag, much to the old fellow's disgust. I consoled him by the suggestion that the horse was not for me, but for "his country," which did n't awaken his enthusiasm, however. This was not a good enough horse, so I kept on towards Tarboro, looking for a better. It was sometimes dangerous to own one's self a horse-presser, on account of the number which had been stolen by men calling themselves Wheeler's.

I met an acting quartermaster with a wagon train impressing corn. I agreed to look out for him while pursuing my own search. I found little in the barns, but plenty hid away in the swamps. These hoards were readily pointed out by the poor people, who had no interest in the war, but whose husbands, sons, and brothers were conscripted, while the majority of the men better off "greased out," being bonded to furnish 1,000 lbs. of bacon to the government, and their surplus provisions at given rates to the needy families of soldiers—who complained that the rich men always swore they had no surplus, although they always had enough to sell to speculators.

Having impressed a good horse at length, I set out to "hunt" my command in good earnest, and joined at Smithfield, just in time to hear the order, "Second squadron, dismount. As skirmishers, take intervals." We had enough of this sort of thing before we reached Raleigh. The skirmish line is the devil; and if forced to run, there is no knowing where one's horse will turn up afterwards. At Raleigh, Wheeler's men were in their element, plundering the quartermaster's depot. They had good horses, and some of them drums; others wrapped themselves in large garrison flags they had "prowled," and charged through the streets, shouting and yelling, to their own great amusement, but to the dismay of the quiet citizens, whom they nearly trampled down, and whose fright only excited them to louder laughter and more daring pranks. Thus they were as much hated in Raleigh as in the rest of North Carolina, most of which they overran and harried. I met them everywhere in my wanderings. Their usual salute was, "Halloa, there, are you one of bully Joe Wheeler's dragoons, or one of Hampton's curly-headed gentlemen?" When one was travelling alone, it was most prudent to belong to their crowd.

We left Raleigh at 5.30 A.M. It was surrendered at 6. We took the road to Hillsboro, going very slowly—some days hardly five miles—halting at every good position, expecting to be attacked, but never were. At Durham Station, which is famous for tobacco, we got more than we could carry. I threw away my clothes to fill my saddle-bags. The men wasted quantities, taking more than they could carry, and then throwing it away. In some places there were piles of it in the road. We halted at Hillsboro. On Saturday, April 15, I was on vidette duty, when the first flag of truce came up in charge of some of Kilpatrick's staff. I little thought what it meant.

Lee's surrender, which at first was very much doubted, being now certain, we all knew that a miracle only would save the cause, yet we still thought things would hang on somehow, and we had no idea the whole concern was about to fade like smoke. As soon as the armistice was declared, every one began to look out for himself. Some swore they would never surrender, but a great many deserted.

As a matter of policy merely, Sherman's armistice turned out well for him, because before that Johnston's army were resolved to make one fight more, and at least sell their lives dearly as at Bentonville. But the armistice turned their thoughts the other way. Men who found unexpectedly that they had come out whole, began to consider about losing a limb for nothing, and none cared to lay down life for a dead cause.

Again relapsing, I was sent to the hospital at Greensboro, and that is the last I saw of the brigade. They all scattered on their own hook, and went home. My horse was carried along. I have since heard he was safe, but beyond my recovery; so he went up the spout with the rest.

Ten miles from Greensboro, the box-car in which we were going at the fastest Confederate speed (fifteen miles an hour) suddenly blew up. Several of us jumped off, and escaped not so badly burned; but it was frightful to hear the howls of those who could not get out. Some perished. The car had been used for transporting powder, and a quantity was lying loose in the bottom, and took fire from a spark. The skin on my hands and face peeled off, and for five hours I suffered terrible tortures. I recovered pretty soon, but was so much disfigured that some of my friends did not know me till I spoke. At Greensboro the soldiers had become a complete rabble, laying hold of as much government property as they could. Women came from all the adjacent country in buggies, wagons, and ox-carts—the most horrible crew; all smoked, chewed, snuffed, or dipped. The attraction was a quantity of factory thread, stowed away in the government stores, which they wanted as warp for their looms. A hundred of them, perhaps, would break open a car, and struggle over the contents, sometimes six or eight fighting over a bunch of thread, all pulling in a different direction for fifty yards, and the soldiers shouting and cheering them on.

Some specie was distributed to the army. My share was $1 50. Some fellows got 35 cents more! But not being present at the second disbursement, I lost that. I meant to preserve the Mexican dollar as a curiosity, and give it to my grandchildren to cut their teeth on, but I dropped it out of my pocket, to my everlasting regret. My fifty cents also I lost at poker, and so went the reward for my two years' service.

On the 1st of May I departed with the wagon train for South Carolina. We had to keep a strict guard to prevent fellows from cutting off at night with the mules.

At Yorkville myself and a companion discovered a plot of the majority of the teamsters to seize the best mules and be off. We determined not to let them get ahead of us, and leave us to walk, so that very night we grabbed each a mule and cut. We pushed on to Unionville, near sixty miles; my arm was stiff with the continuous use of my stick, the only condition on which my mule would travel. She was a staver, about sixteen hands high and large in proportion, and she had an extremely knowing look, as much as to say, "You may thump as you please, but I will go my own gait."

In the home journey I noticed one remarkable change in respect for property. Chickens and pigs could escape unmolested, whereas, hitherto, the poor citizen was considered nobody. The soldier fighting to protect the property claimed the right to help himself to all he wanted. In army life, men do all sorts of things they would never dream of doing under other conditions. I must say too that, on the return, the people everywhere received and fed me and my mule without any charge; so that I travelled the whole length of South Carolina, spending but fifty cents at one house. I made my way for Abbeville District, over the same road Jeff. Davis had travelled two weeks before.

I did not wish to burst upon my relations without preparation; and, knowing that the change from a smooth school-boy to a battered and singed dragoon would sufficiently disguise me, I "lighted" at the shanty of old Alick Cummins, a mile and a half from my aunt's farm.

The old woman said, "Stranger, won't you take a cheer?" which I did. I pretended to be very anxious for a place to put up at, and described the way to my aunt's, where I said I had been directed by a man on the road. But old Cummins, who was a sort of hanger-on of the family, was loyal to the solitary ladies, and tried every shift to avoid sending a wandering soldier, perhaps a marauder, to their house. He protested there was no habitation in that quarter, but I had best go to the widow Jones's, three miles off; I objected that my horse was too tired. Then he brightened up and urged my going back to "the Range"—a miserable collection of huts, aptly called the dark corner of the district—"there was a dance going on at Jim Beasley's, and I could have great times with the gals." I said I was too weary to dance, and I wanted to get to the nice place I had heard of—describing more fully my aunt's. Cummins pretended perfect ignorance, chewing more vigorously, and directing me further and further off. At last, however, he had to give in. He appeared suddenly to recollect—"I reckon," he said, "you mean Miss Mary, but I do n't believe you can get to stay there."

"What, is anybody ill?"

"Oh, no! but dar 's only the two old ladies at home. Louisy, I reckon, is up country at her sister's, and you had better go to Jim Beasley's."

Having found out that they were all alive, I pushed on with a light heart, and soon turned into the avenue. The trees had grown wonderfully in the two years of my absence: the roses still hung their clusters in festoons from the pillars of the piazza; the old-fashioned flowers sent up their fragrance from the garden; and the moonlight slept as placidly on the hillside as if war had not been stalking through the land, leaving wherever it passed the desolating traces of fire and blood.

My thundering knocks soon brought out my aunt's maid, Diana, who set up a dismal squall on beholding a soldier in need of a night's lodging. Her mistress, she said, was in bed and asleep; there was no provision for man nor beast. I must go on to Mrs. Jones.

The howling of the dogs soon attracted a crowd of negroes, who vociferously confirmed Diana's inhospitable statement. I persisted that I must stay. For myself, I could roll in my blanket and lie on the piazza, but my horse must get feed, and I should turn him into the wheat field. Old Andrew, the head man, who acted as spokesman, answered so mildly that that would be a pity, as they had nothing but the wheat to depend upon, the corn crop having quite failed, that I could scarcely refrain jumping off my horse and shaking the old fellow by the hand; but I restrained myself, though bursting with laughter.

My aunt, who was a spinster, having by this time replaced her night-cap by some more ceremonious head-gear, had me summoned to a parley under her window.

She excused herself that, not living on the high road, she was unaccustomed to receiving travellers. Mrs. Jones, who lived a few miles on, could take me in. The night before she had indeed sheltered six men, and they had eaten up everything. I replied it was impossible for my mule to go further that night.

"How much corn do you want?"

"One hundred ears, at least."

She groaned, and indignantly exclaimed: "You must waste a great deal!"

"Madam, I do n't waste a grain," said I.

"The men last night were very humble; they asked but for ten ears a piece, and were content to sleep in the wash-kitchen."

"They knew what their animals wanted, and I know what mine does. I'll sleep where you choose, but I only hope if you have any relatives in the army they may meet with the inhospitable treatment you show me!"

She quite forgot her *rôle*, and exclaimed, "Yes, I had two nephews in Johnston's army; one was killed, I am anxiously expecting the other. Did you ever meet with him?"

"Why, Aunt Mary, do n't you know me?"

"Can that be James?"

"Yes, and I am ashamed of you!"

"My dear child!" she cried. "Here, run all of you, Diana, Andrew, Charlotte, open the corn-crib; get supper!"

All the negroes pressed forward to welcome me, protesting they "had 'spected something, but did n't tink Mas' Jim would a play such a trick on dem."

And so my campaign was ended, and I hung up my pistol for ever.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are glad to find that Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have actually in press "Robert Buchanan's Poems." His first volume, "Undertones," has been some time in progress, but the public are the gainers by any delay, because in the second edition, just published in London, he has carefully revised the poems, "perfecting the verse rather than changing it" (in the words of a critic), and has added a new poem called "The Siren." It tells the story of a life with wild and wondrous power, and is an allegory to which every one will attach his own interpretation—a riddle which will be "read aright" by all who can appreciate the poet's melody of verse and wealth of imagination. Messrs. Roberts' republication will include both volumes, "Undertones" and "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," as wel

as some fugitive poems. As publishers, they have already shown their estimation of good poetry by their elegant edition of Jean Ingelow's writings, and we doubt not that they will find that Buchanan's works will meet with an equally favorable reception.

—A complete and uniform edition of Thackeray's works may now probably be looked for within a reasonable time, as it is announced officially that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the publishers of his earlier works, have disposed of their interest in them to Messrs. Smith & Elder, the house with whom he was, in the latter part of his life, more nearly allied, as the originators of the "Cornhill Magazine," the medium through which nearly all of his recent works were given to the public. Messrs. Chapman & Hall, however, publish some of the "Christmas Books," "The Irish Sketch Book," etc., and there is a large mass of Thackeray's uncollected writings in the back volumes of "Frazer's Magazine," besides the "Paris Sketch Book," and some smaller works never reprinted. How far it is the duty of an editor to include *all* the writings of his author in what purports to be a complete edition, is one of the most puzzling questions of literary ethics. On the one hand, it seems to be the undoubted right of an author to designate the productions that he is willing to abide by, as his title-deeds to the gratitude of posterity; but in the other view, all attempts at suppression of matter once in the hands of the public are vain and of no effect, and its exclusion from the place where it is looked for only excites curiosity and leads to surreptitious republication. An actually complete edition of an author is a thing hardly known in English literature. There is no edition of Sir Walter Scott's works that contains his letters on "Demonology and Witchcraft," "History of Scotland," articles for "The Foreign Quarterly Review," etc., owing to the different ownership of these writings. Lord Byron's works are equally incomplete from other reasons. Of Pope we are only now promised his famous character of the Duke of Marlborough (which has remained in manuscript over a century), and some hundred new letters, in the edition commenced by Mr. J. W. Croker, and now carrying on by the Rev. J. W. Elwyn.

—Coincidence of pursuit and publication, shown in the simultaneous appearance of books on the same subject, when perhaps a number of years may have passed without its attracting a single student, are often noticeable in the book market. An instance occurs in London, where at the same time are brought out two books on jewels: "The Natural History, Ancient and Modern, of Precious Stones and Gems, and of the Precious Metals," by C. M. King, of Trinity College; and "Diamonds and Precious Stones, their History, Value, and distinguishing Characteristics," by Harry Emanuel, one of the most eminent jewellers of the present day. They are both handsomely got up—Mr. King's book being a noble imperial octavo, and the other a prettily illustrated duodecimo. Apart from their scientific claim to notice, there is so much interesting historical gossip current about these beautiful objects, the famous specimens and their former possessors, etc., that both books are full of amusement, and there is but little repetition in either—Mr. King dealing more with their classical and antiquarian relations, and Mr. Emanuel with the practical and commercial side of the question. It was the former gentleman who threw out, in a previous work, the startling suggestion that the precious stones in the Jewish high priest's breastplate, engraved with the names of the Tribes of Israel, being of course indestructible, are no doubt still extant, and will "turn up" some day in the treasury of some oriental monarch. We notice the two authorities are at issue on the treatment of the famous "Koh-i-noor," or Mountain of Light diamond—now chief among the British crown jewels—the spoil of the Punjab, and said in the East to be a fatal possession of ill omen to its owners. Mr. King says the re-cutting, by which it lost 85 carats weight, was "a most ill advised proceeding, which has deprived the stone of all its historical and mineralogical value, giving but a bad, shallow-shaped brilliant of but inferior water." Mr. Emanuel says, that "from a lustreless mass it has become a brilliant, match less for purity and fire."

—Signs of the passing away of the summer holidays and the recurrence to active business are already abundant. At Boston, Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have opened the fall publishing campaign by the issue of the first and completing volume of Grant White's "Shakespeare's Works," containing a memoir, the poems, etc., with a fine steel portrait and woodcut illustrations; and also in a separate form, "The Life and Genius of Shakespeare," by the same author. Mr. Parkman's new volume, also issued by them, will be welcome to lovers of American history from its subject, "Pioneers of France in the New World," and because it is the first of an intended series, entitled "France and England in North America," devoted to the conflict of the leading European powers for the possession of this continent. Part II., "The Jesuit in the Wilderness," is now in preparation. Mr. Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" takes rank, among competent judges, as the most satisfactory historical monograph that our literature has produced; and it is gratifying to find that in spite of physical disabilities—that recall the circumstances attending the studies of his friend and fellow-townsman, W. H. Prescott—he is still pursuing with vigor the line of investigation that he has peculiarly marked out for his own. Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s list also includes "The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams," by his great-grandson, William V. Wells, in three vols. 8vo; a compact and beautifully executed impression of "Edmund Burke's Works," in twelve volumes, the first of which has just appeared; a reprint of Miss Frances Bunnett's translation of Professor H. Grimm's able and elaborate, but somewhat heavy and diffuse, "Life of Michael Angelo," in two volumes, small 8vo, from the London edition of Smith & Elder; "The Life and Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States," edited by Frank Moore; "The Taxpayer's Manual," by Hon. George Boutwell; and new editions, corrected by Judge Redfield, of Story's "Equity Pleadings" and "Conflict of Laws."

—Another book, announced by the same house, "Epictetus, translated by Elizabeth Carter, and edited by T. W. Higginson," is worth notice, because it shows that we are getting independent of the mother country in the matter of the supply of books. This translation, famous from the merit and repute of the authoress, appeared in 1758, and in the one hundred and seven years since, but three editions have ever been called for in England. Perhaps five thousand copies in all, at the outside, may have been printed. Finding the work still in demand, Messrs. Little & Brown, instead of hunting after the old copies, and running them up to an exorbitant price, wisely put in the market an elegant reprint, and will, we doubt not, sell more copies in five years from its date than have been disposed of in England during the century of its existence. The particulars of the first edition are preserved, and give us some insight into the subscription system of the day. Miss Carter was already celebrated for her virtues and accomplishments when she undertook the translation. Greek scholars of the "weaker sex" were then scarcer than they have since become, and attracted a corresponding degree of attention. Her subscription list consequently comprised the most eminent names of the day, to the number of one thousand and thirty-one, at a guinea each. The copies struck off were one thousand two hundred and sixty-eight, and so moderate was the expense of the paper and print at that time, when advertising, too, "was not," that, after paying the cost of producing the book (a very handsome quarto), one thousand pounds remained as the pecuniary reward of the fair translator.

—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields' announcements are at present confined to books to be published during the current month, September. If to be followed up for the remainder of the season at the same rate, they indicate great activity in this energetic, enterprising house. They comprise "Recollections of Seventy Years," by Mrs. John Farrar—a pleasant sample of this work, "A Visit to the Edgeworths," was given in the last "Atlantic Monthly;" "Lyrics of Life," by Robert Browning (a selection, we believe, from poems already published); "Life and Letters of Rev. Frederick W. Robertson," 2 volumes; "Atalanta in Calydon," by Algernon Charles Swinburne; "Hesperus," by Jean Paul Richter, translated by Charles T. Brooks; and "Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, a new and complete edition.

—It will be some time before we hear the last of the fire so disastrous to literature already mentioned in our columns as fatal to the library of Mr. Offor and several other collections. In one case, what remains only excites commiseration for the magnitude of what was lost. The catalogue of Lord Charlemont's library was issued previous to the fire at Messrs. Sotheby's. It contained 2,477 lots. Of these 233 only were saved, partly in a damaged condition. They were recently sold with all faults, in the state that they escaped from the flames, and brought the sum of £4,100. If the produce of the destroyed part had been in the same proportion, it must have been by far the most valuable collection ever sold in England. The rarities were almost entirely in English dramatic and poetical literature, a class of subjects now in the very highest vogue amongst book-buyers. A fine copy of the first folio Shakespeare (1623), "in old red morocco binding, with tooled borders, one of the purest and cleanest copies known, measuring 12¾ inches by 8 5-16" (such are the minutiæ affection loves to dwell on), brought £455. A number of the Shakespeare quarto plays followed, but their condition was not equal to those in Mr. Daniels' library, and they sold for less prices, the highest being "Much Adoe about Nothing," first edition (1600), which sold for £155; "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (1575), bound up with five other plays by Peele, etc., went (very low) for £21 10s.; Lord Buckhurst's "Tragedie of Ferrex and Porrex" (1561), £26; Stephen Hawes' "Historie of La Grande Amour and La Bel Pucel" (1554), £56; Milton's autograph and MS. notes in a

copy of "Lycophron," Gr. et Lat. (Genevæ, 1601), £42 10s.; Milton's "Comus," "printed for Humphrey Robinson at the sign of the Three Pidgeons," etc. (1637), £23; Spenser's "Faery Queen," first edition, in twelve books, two volumes (1590–6), £40 10s; Higden's "Polycronicon, Englished by Trevisa, emprinted by me William Caxton" (1480), wanting two leaves, £477 15s.; "Roman de la Rose," a MS., with thirty-five illustrations, £242 11s. We might go on giving the entire particulars of this remarkable (and all things considered) lamentable sale, as the class of books it was so rich in is sought for with as much interest in America as England, but want of space forbids. Several rare early tracts on Virginia formed a portion of it, as R. Rich's "Newes from Virginia," a unique poem (1610), £63; Captain John Smith's "Map of Virginia" (1612), £25; "Virginia Nova Britannia," etc. (1609), £13 13s.; "The New Life of Virginia" (1612), £16; "Good Speed to Virginia" (1609), £10; and several others.

—So well worn a subject as the Life of William Cowper, the poet, receives some fresh illustrations from the researches of Mr. John Bruce, the editor of the revised Aldine impression of his poems. The memoir by Mr. Bruce comprises two hundred pages, and includes Cowper's correspondence with, and early MSS. poems addressed to, his cousin Theodora, his first love, the daughter of his uncle Ashley Cowper, in whose house he was domesticated when a youth, and in accordance with whose will the connexion ceased. Theodora Cowper was never married, but survived until 1824. She was in her declining life subject to the same hereditary melancholy that poisoned the springs of existence in the poet's career. Even after Southey's diligence, Mr. Bruce has reaped a harvest of much novel information, and intends to write a biography of Cowper on a large scale, to which the Aldine memoir is a subsidiary contribution.

—A brisk competition is in progress for the succession to the chair of belles-lettres in the University of Edinburgh, lately occupied by Professor Aytoun. Among the men of mark engaged in the pursuit are sundry persons so variously gifted, that the official duties of the professorship must be of a highly elastic nature to suit such diverse qualifications. The list is headed by Professor David Masson, the biographer of Milton; Dr. William Hanna, the divine, and biographer of Chalmers; Dr. Daniel Wilson, late of Toronto University, the antiquarian, and ethnological author of "Pre-historic Man," etc.; Mr. George Macdonald, poet and novelist, author of "Phantastes," etc., and several other men of local celebrity, whose fame has scarcely crossed the Tweed or the Atlantic Ocean. The nomination belongs to Sir George Grey, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs.

—Prof. De Morgan, the eminent mathematician, who brings to the study of the deepest scientific subjects an invincible vivacity and freshness that contrast strangely with the sobriety of tone usually observed in such discussions, has constituted himself an amateur "literary (or rather scientific) detective;" and a series of papers, entitled "A Budget of Paradoxes" (shortly to appear in an independent shape), exposes some of the current fallacies that are thrust on the public by ignorant or half-learned men, which often gain a notice from the confidence that usually accompanies the want of true knowledge. Squarers of the circle, inventors of perpetual motion, etc., are treated by him without mercy, and he often finds higher game in more respectable quarters. The last number contains a remarkable instance of the difficulty of reasoning well upon matters which are not familiar. Sir George Cornewall Lewis was one of the first scholars and practical statesmen of the day. His "Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients" is a work of great learning and research, treating many interesting questions in a manner that throws doubt on questions of antiquity, as the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, etc., which has been considered settled, and exhibiting throughout unusual critical acuteness. Yet even here strange oversights are visible. In discussing the observations of the heavenly bodies attributed to Eudoxus, the Greek astronomer, Sir G. C. Lewis gives his recorded estimate of the revolutions of the five planets known to the ancients, accompanying it with "the true time subjoined for the sake of comparison." This true time is of course calculated from our present Copernican standpoint of the motion of the planets round the sun, and it never once struck him that this idea was entirely unknown to Eudoxus, whose calculations were made on the only system then accepted—the geocentric—by which the planets were supposed to move round the earth. Prof. De Morgan gives several other instances, from the same work, to illustrate "the melancholy truth that no one knows enough to write about what he does not know," while praising its general value and importance.

—The indefatigable George Augustus Sala seems determined to leave no quarter of the world unvisited or undescribed by his pen. Messrs. Tinsley Brothers have in press his "Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Way." In his professional capacity he followed the French Emperor on his late visit to Algiers, and his new book is probably composed from materials acquired during the journey. The same publishers announce a new work by Mr. Lawrence (the author of "Guy Livingston"), whose adventures as a would-be volunteer in the cause of the Confederate States, ending with his detention and confinement in Virginia, will be recalled among the amusing incidents connected with the rebellion, as dolefully related by himself. His forthcoming novel is entitled "Sans Merci; or, The Last Stoop of a Falcon."

—The number and value of books now imported show, by comparison with the same time last year, how great is the field opened to competition by the reduction of war prices, owing to the fall in the value of gold, etc. Among the books that were for a time virtually prohibited, but now again make their appearance at our stores, are the handy and convenient "Tauchnitz" series of "British Authors," comprising some five hundred volumes, or more, of the best modern light literature, in a *really* "pocket form," so commodious for use that it is surprising it has not superseded the elongated pamphlet shape—awkward to read and inconvenient to carry—that is most affected by our purveyors of novels. Baron Tauchnitz, for the success of his enterprise has raised him to the rank of the nobility, deserves credit for the manner in which his business is conducted. No book appears in his collection without an agreement for compensation with the author. The effect of this, though often in reality of inconsiderable amount (we dare say), is inexpressibly soothing to a writer, who is propitiated by any recognition of his claim to ownership in the produce of his brain. The same system, to our knowledge, is now practiced by all the respectable American publishing houses who reprint foreign books. The Tauchnitz books are kept in stock and supplied by F. A. Leypoldt, the German bookseller and publisher of 646 Broadway.

—One of whom the public hear but too little, Prof. Agassiz, will shortly address, through the medium of publication, a larger audience than those who were so fortunate as to attend his "Lectures on the Structure of Animal Life," delivered before the Brooklyn Institute. The six lectures of the course comprise: I. Four different plans of structure among animals; II. Relative standing or gradation of the animal kingdom; III. Remote antiquity of animal life, as shown with coral reefs; IV. Physical history of the earth—man the ultimate object; V. Triple coincidence in the successive gradation and growth of animals; VI. Evidence of an intelligent and constantly creative mind in the plans and variations of structure. It will be seen from the contents how closely these lectures touch upon the questions mooted in the discussions of modern naturalists and philosophers. On such points the voice of Professor Agassiz is potential, and is listened to as coming from one who speaks with an authority that is respected on both continents. His new work will form a handsome octavo volume with illustrations, and is shortly to be published by Messrs. C. Scribner & Co.

—Looking back at the past, we should be inclined to say that illustration had done its best—and its worst—for Shakespeare. Mr. Howard Staunton's "Memorials," just published in a handsome folio, supplies, however, a few necessary links of the chain of materials that constitute our knowledge of the poet, and gives to distant amateurs the same facilities for their study as if the originals were before them. It contains a photo-lithographed reproduction of Shakespeare's will, with a letter-press rendering, preserving all the minutiæ of the original, and copies of all documents connected with it, from the "Act Book of the Court of Probate, Doctors Commons," never before made public, and now procured by permission of the chief judge; also, fac-similes of the legal deeds connected with Shakespeare's signature and property, as the deed of conveyance of his house in Blackfriars, and the mortgage on the same, from the Guildhall and British Museum Libraries. "Matchless" photographs from the Chandos picture, the Droeshout engraving, etc., are also given, with annotation by the editor.

—There is a remarkable identity of dissimilarity or contrariety in the careers of two of the great living writers of France, M. Victor Cousin and M. Michelet. The one started in life as a philosopher, and the other as a historian. At a comparatively late date, when their fame in each vocation was established all over Europe, the philosopher turns historian, and the historian by an equally singular change of position becomes, what for want of a more proper name may be called a philosopher, though scorning any limitations in his trackless path through nature and man. M. Cousin's history, however, is far better than M. Michelet's philosophy. His monographs on Madame de Longueville and the heroines and heroes of the stormy times of the French annals that preceded the accession of Louis XIV., show great skill and a genuine love for historical research, rare in one who has acquired so famous a name for more abstract studies. His last published work, "La Jeunesse de Mazarin," sketches the rise of the great minister, though M. Cousin declines entering into the entire subject of his administration as too large for his accomplishment.

MR. PARKMAN'S HISTORICAL NARRATIVES.*

MR. PARKMAN'S "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac" long since established his reputation not only as a careful and exact student of some of the obscurer passages of American colonial history, but as far better acquainted than any other living writer with the habits and character of the Indian races on this continent. It showed that he was admirably qualified to treat of those portions of our annals in which the Indians were prominent actors, and to exhibit in a true light their motives and character, and their relations to the early settlers. He had fitted himself for this work not merely by thorough research, but also by personal acquaintance and familiarity with the existing descendants of the aboriginal tribes, and by personal inspection of the localities in which the chief events of their history had been transacted. The reputation thus justly acquired will be confirmed and established by the present volume, in which the qualities that distinguished the preceding work of its author are displayed in mature development.

This is the first of a series of historical narratives for which he has laboriously collected the materials, and in which he hopes to treat of the springs of American civilization. The proper treatment of this subject would be a difficult and long task for any one, however well supplied with the needed appliances and enjoying the fulness of health.

Mr. Parkman, as we learn from a passage in his introduction, has accomplished the first part of his undertaking under circumstances that would have discouraged any man not possessed of indomitable constancy and unrelaxing vigor of character. His perseverance under trials so severe as those modestly enumerated in the following passage, and the success he has attained, win for him alike the sympathy and the respect of his reader. His example is one to be admired and emulated by students wearied or disheartened by the comparatively trivial difficulties that often attend literary work.

"To those," he says, "who have aided him with information and documents the extreme slowness in the progress of the work will naturally have caused surprise. This slowness was unavoidable. During the past eighteen years, the state of his health has exacted throughout an extreme caution in regard to mental application, reducing it at least within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal. A condition of sight arising from kindred sources has also retarded the work, since it has never permitted reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often has not permitted them at all. A previous work, 'The Conspiracy of Pontiac,' was written in similar circumstances."

The volume before us consists of two separate narratives: one entitled "Huguenots in Florida," the other, "Champlain and his Associates." The first of these striking passages in the early history of North America has had no modern historian. It has been briefly told before, but Mr. Parkman gives it with a detail that enables him to reproduce vividly both the actors of this tragic drama and the stage upon which its bloody scenes occurred. It will be a new story to most readers, even to those well versed in the early records of our history, and its romantic incidents form a fitting sequel to the voyage of Ponce de Leon, his search for the fountain of youth, and his discovery of the *flowering* land named Florida. The story of Champlain and his associates has been better known and more thoroughly investigated. But Mr. Parkman has given fresh interest to his narrative by the addition of some new details, by skilfully connecting Champlain's efforts with those of the earlier French settlers in Canada, and by his special acquaintance with the scenes of Champlain's labors, and with the history, tribal relations, and customs of the Indians. Champlain's character and achievements have never before been so clearly presented and so picturesquely portrayed.

Mr. Parkman belongs to the school of picturesque and biographic, rather than to that of philosophic historians. His general remarks are characterized by good sense, and his reflections are natural and to the point.

Dealing with the beginnings of civilized society in North America, with events upon a small scale, and with personages who took but little part in the great affairs of their times, he is enabled to give a fulness and completeness to his narratives which would have been of difficult attainment had their threads been more interwoven with the main web of history. Moreover, the early settlements in North America—Spanish, French, or English—had had little influence on the course of our own history. They were not real colonies, and it is curious to observe in Mr. Parkman's volume how slowly any genuine idea of colonization developed in the minds either of the promoters or the members of the early expeditions for settlement of the country. The love of adventure, the hope of gain, and the ardor for conversion of the heathen savages, were the three great impelling motives of these early voyagers. The love of adventure was often quenched by hardship, the hope of gain was often disappointed, the ardor for conversion often burnt out; but as often as one expedition was ruined or failed, others followed, lured on by the vague mystery, the unfulfilled promise, the boundless scope, of the New World. All through the sixteenth century, fleet after fleet set sail from the harbors of Spain, of France, of England, sent forth by royal bounty, by trading companies, by individual enterprise, and carrying adventurers of every class and description to seek their fortunes, to discover gold, to find the short way to the East, to save their own souls by bringing the wild heathen within the fold of Christ. How few of these adventurers of the sixteenth century succeeded! The French killed the Spaniards, the Spaniards massacred the French, the English fought them both. It is throughout a story of great expectations, of great hopes and great miseries. It is a wretched story of noble energies wasted; of sacrifices unrewarded; of bloodshed, cruelty, and perfidy; of Christian no less than heathen crime and suffering.

Old feudal Europe, in its decrepit days, strove to lay hands on the new land that had been raised out of the deep. It sent its nobles and its priests over to carry to it the highest fruits of European civilization. It practised its old trade of tyranny, extortion, and violence. It tried to hold the New World in its grasp, by charters and patents and papal bulls. But, by the grace of God, this continent existed not for kings' *Dei gratia*, and was no part of the patrimony of St. Peter. Feudal Europe failed. It tried for a hundred years, and it did not succeed in planting a single vigorous colony. No colonies drawing sustenance and existence from the Old World were to succeed in North America. The colonists that were to found the new civilization, the new social order, were to be cut off from dependence on Europe, were to come to America for the sake of independence; were to come not seeking gold or adventure—not bent on conversion of the heathen—not to build up the failing fortunes of noble or king, or to enrich a company of piratical traders. They were to come bent on saving their own souls in their own way—bent on getting rid of feudalism, and living where they could be free from its oppressive influence.

The colonists of the seventeenth century were of a wholly new order. They reversed the old conditions. The pilgrims of 1620 came prepared—nay, determined—to found a commonwealth, a true city of God. They were neither traders nor missionaries, but they established their little state on the two pillars that could alone afford a sure foundation for it—the pillars of industry and religion.

The colonists of France and Spain, when, at length, real colonists came from these kingdoms to the New World, never separated themselves from the Old. They depended on it, and it failed them. Never was there a finer colonial scheme than that of France in North America. Vast sums of money were expended to maintain it. But New France had no vital energy in itself; it was worked and managed from abroad. With the resources of a kingdom to support it, it never prospered. It was from beginning to end a contrast to New England. This contrast, suggested by Mr. Parkman's book, is one of the most interesting and important spectacles in the history of the world. The principles which underlie the development of modern, New World, American civilization are involved in it; and the very character and forms of the institutions peculiar to America are hardly to be fairly understood without reference to those with which in their rudimentary days they were brought into sharpest conflict. If Mr. Parkman should, as we trust, be able to go on with his scheme, he will give us the means by which to judge of and understand the first elements of American civilization. We could not have a more conscientious and painstaking instructor.

Mr. Parkman's style is excellent; careful without pedantry, animated without exaggeration; and if his descriptions are now and then a little overlabored, they are more often truly picturesque. His book will take a place among the authorities of American history, and will add his name to the list of those historians who have done honor to American literature.

* "France and England in North America. A Series of Historical Narratives. By Francis Parkman, author of 'History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,' 'Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life,' etc. Part First. Pioneers of France in the New World." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865. Small 8vo, pp. xxii. 420.

THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.*

THE wide circulation obtained by this work and its successors we attribute to their clever interfusion, and, indeed, we might almost say confusion, of history and fiction with religion. They offer neither the best

* "Hearthstone Series: Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family: The Early Dawn: Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time; Sketches of the United Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia; Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevylyan: A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys." New York: Tibbals & Whiting. 3 vols. 1865.

"Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord. By the Author of 'The Schönberg-Cotta Family,' etc." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1865.

history, the best piety, nor the best fiction, but they appeal to a public which has long since become reconciled to compromise—that extensive public, so respectable in everything but its literary taste, which patronizes what is called "Sunday reading." We do not propose to examine the theory of this branch of literature. It is an implicitly accepted fact. We propose simply to offer a few remarks upon the works before us as its fruit.

The foremost property of the school to which these works belong is an attempted, and, to a certain degree, successful, compromise between the interests of youth and those of maturity, between the serious and the trivial. This, indeed, is the mark of a vast proportion of the efforts of modern book-making—efforts which in their aggregate may be regarded as an attempt to provide a special literature for women and children, to provide books which grown women may read aloud to children without either party being bored. Books of this class never aim at anything so simple as merely to entertain. They frequently contain, as in the present case, an infusion of religious and historical information, and they in all cases embody a moral lesson. This latter fact is held to render them incompetent as novels; and doubtless, after all, it does, for of a genuine novel the meaning and the lesson are infinite; and here they are carefully narrowed down to a special precept.

It would be unjust to deny that these semi-developed novels are often very charming. Occasionally, like the "Heir of Redclyffe," they almost legitimate themselves by the force of genius. But this only when a first-rate mind takes the matter in hand. By a first-rate mind we here mean a mind which (since its action is restricted beforehand to the shortest gait, the smallest manners possible this side of the ridiculous) is the master and not the slave of its material. It is just now very much the fashion to discuss the so-called principle of realism, and we all know that there exists in France a school of art in which it is associated with great brilliancy and great immorality. The disciples of this school pursue, with an assiduity worthy of a better cause, the research of local colors, with which they have produced a number of curious effects. We believe, however, that the greatest successes in this line are reserved for that branch of the school which contains the most female writers; for if women are unable to draw, they notoriously can at all events paint, and this is what realism requires. For an exhibition of the true realistic *chique* we would accordingly refer that body of artists who are represented in France by MM. Flaubert and Gérome to that class of works which in our own literature are represented by the "Daisy Chain" and "The Wide, Wide World," and to which the "Chronicles" before us essentially belong. Until the value of *chique* can be finally established, we should doubtless be thankful that in our literature it lends its vivifying force only to objects and sensations of the most unquestioned propriety. In these "Chronicles," for instance, it is impressed into the service of religion. In this particular instance, the healthy, if not very lively, fancy of the author, her pleasant style, and her apparent religious sincerity, secure a result which on the whole is not uninteresting. But the radical defects of the theological novel come out strongly in the "Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevylyan," where the story is but a thin coating for a bitter pill of Methodism. We are all of us Protestants, and we are all of us glad to see the Reformation placed in its most favorable light, but as we are not all of us Methodists, it is hard to sympathize with a lady's *ex parte* treatment of John Wesley. Our authoress does not claim to be more than superficial, and it were better not to touch Methodism at all than to handle it superficially. It is probably impossible that such of the phenomena of Methodism as might with any show of likelihood find an echo in the daily jottings of an ordinary country girl should be other than repulsive to the impartial reader.

The "Chronicles" present a kind of tabular view of the domestic pursuits of a group of growing boys and girls, contemporaries and friends of Martin Luther. Of this, the central figure in her narrative, the authoress has discreetly given us only a portrait in profile. Her object has been to give us a household picture of the Reformation. But it is the misfortune of short-gaited writers that they are unable to carry out an idea which demands any continuity of purpose. They enjoy, however, this compensation, that if they do not succeed in one thing, they may reasonably be held to have succeeded in another. Of history in the "Chronicles" there is just as much as may have been obtained by an attentive perusal of M. Merle d'Aubigné. But there is a great deal of what has been very wittily called "*her* story." A very small part of the Reformation must necessarily have been seen from the leaded window-panes of an obscure Saxon printer. But a certain infinitesimal portion of it may very naturally have transpired in the quaint and wainscotted rooms behind these window-panes, especially if the printer's family happened to boast the acquaintance of Doctor Luther. When we have said that the author has conveyed the impression of all this Gothic furniture with tolerable success, we have given to the truthfulness of her work the highest praise at our command. For this a pleasing fancy was alone required; but for those more difficult portions which involved the reconstruction of feelings and ideas, there was need of that vigorous imagination and that serious reflection which can stand on tiptoe and overlook three centuries of civilization.

The author's whole tone is the tone of the retrospective present. She anticipates throughout the judgments of posterity. Morally, her young chroniclers are of the nineteenth century, or they at least have had access to it. The subjects of great revolutions are like the rank and file of great armies, they are all unconscious of the direction and force of the movement to which they contribute. Our civil war has taught us, among so many other valuable lessons, the gross natural blindness—that is, we are bound in reason to believe, the clear spiritual insight—of great popular impulses. It has intimated that if these were of men only they would often miscarry for very shame. But men's natural deserts are frequently at variance with their spiritual needs; and they are allowed to execute the divine plan not only by their own petty practices, but on their own petty theories; not only by obedience but by spontaneity. We are very apt to do small things in God's name, but God does great things in ours. The sagacious Schönbergs-Cotta are by far too divinely illumined, too well aware of what they want, and of what they are likely to get. There must have been a great deal more of feeling than of thought in the Reformation, and almost as much of action as of either. People loved and hated, and feared and fought, and—a fact, we imagine, which is near the bottom of much that is of revolutionary effect—were dreadfully nervous; but we may be certain that they did not moralize as we moralize now-a-days. Protestantism is still on the whole sufficiently orthodox; but we are all of us more or less Unitarians in spirit compared with the founders of our creed. What was done both by them and by their opponents was done in the absolute name of religion. How then should it have been done at all? "When half-gods go," says Emerson, "the gods arrive." Assuredly, when the gods arrive, the half-gods depart. When religion enters in force, moral pre-occupations withdraw. Duty was not probably an habitual topic with the Reformers. We doubt whether a simple burgher's daughter was familiar with the word "conscientious." That she had a conscience is eminently probable, but we hardly believe that she knew it. Nor can we conceive her to have been troubled with "views" or "difficulties." But however this may be, let us not bear severely on any honest attempt to revive the great facts of the past. If people must indulge in the composition of ingenious nothings, let their nothings be about a central something. Let us hang our fancies rather upon the immortal than upon the ephemeral. Works like the present affect the great figure of history as much and as little as the travelling cloud-shadows affect the insensitive mountains.

JESSE H. JONES ON SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.*

Such is the title of a work, recently issued from the press, the object of which is to refute the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Mansel, and those who agree with them, as against the theories of Cousin, Coleridge, and their followers. It is a work upon the basis and in the interest of that particular form of the transcendental philosophy advocated by Dr. Hickock. Taking this system as his stand-point and base of supplies, the author proceeds gallantly to do battle against the principles of the Hamiltonian or, as he chooses to call it, the *limitist* philosophy.

On what ground Mr. Herbert Spencer is classed with the disciples and followers of Hamilton we do not precisely see. We have never considered Mr Spencer as belonging or professing to belong to that school. So far as regards the acceptance or rejection of the views of Cousin and the transcendentalists of that type, we presume Mr. Spencer stands on common ground with the disciples of Hamilton. But so also do very many who would by no means call themselves Hamiltonians. Indeed, the principle of classification adopted by our author seems to be the somewhat peculiar one of placing together in one class all those who bow at the shrine of Cousin, Coleridge, and Hickock, as the tutelary divinities of all true philosophy, and in the other class all those who do *not* worship at that particular altar—a method of classification, we submit, neither scientific nor sensible. It is the same principle on which a popular conundrum groups together the antediluvians and the elephant in Barnum's Museum, on the ground that neither could speak French.

We must say, in justice to the work before us, that it is written with a very commendable degree of vigor and sharpness. It is evidently the work of a young man, and we like it none the less for that. It is written, not as a book made to order, but, as it should be, *con amore*, and because the

* "Know the Truth; a Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation, including some Strictures upon the theories of Rev. Henry J. Mansel and Mr. Herbert Spencer. By Jesse H. Jones." New York: Hurd & Houghton.

writer could not help it. No one can blame him for writing. It was a case of sheer necessity. We do not doubt that Mr. Jones would have exploded ere this had he *not* written. No man can drink so copiously of the waters of that fountain whence our author derives his inspiration and long survive, unless he sit down quickly and write a book.

We do not propose, in this brief notice, to discuss the philosophy of the book in detail, or to enter at all into the merits of the system on which it is based. We have neither space nor disposition for such a discussion. We shall merely point out a few things which strike us, at first glance, as obvious defects in the work before us, and which seem to demand notice.

In the first place, there is about it, as in most of the productions that emanate from this school, a certain air and assumption of superior wisdom which is not warranted by any actual superiority of the system to other systems, or of its disciples to other men. It appears at first sight, and everywhere, on these pages. It is the fault, as we have said, not of the book alone, but of the school to which it belongs. To call it by its proper name, it is simple *conceit*—honest enough, as conceit usually is, but wholly uncalled for, and verging closely upon the ridiculous. We know of no mutual admiration society to be compared with that which, by a sort of tacit consent, seems to exist among this particular class of philosophers. Were there by any means to be a convocation of them in any one place, we should expect the whole assembly, for about the space of one hour, to cry out with one accord and one voice, "Great is Cousin, great are Coleridge and Dr. Hickock, and great are their disciples."

Now we would by no means withhold the tribute of a just admiration for any true and earnest thinker—and such, we freely admit, are those now mentioned—but there are also others equally earnest and equally profound who are not of that school; and for any clique or coterie, however respectable or numerous, to set up itself and its idol as *the* men, and its philosophy as the true system of the universe, is, to say the least, a piece of assumption that is not in good taste. But we have no wish to be severe in the matter. The fault which we criticize is amusing rather than otherwise. It reminds us of the philosopher who, when asked why he allowed his wife to beat him so furiously, replied, "Oh, it *amuses the little woman, and does not hurt me.*" On this principle, we submit without further protest, and with all due resignation, to such utterances as the following: "Since the followers of Sir William Hamilton, whom we will hereafter term limitists, have neglected to take the great truths enunciated by the American metaphysician (in his work), and apply them to their own system, and so be convinced by their own study of the worthlessness of that system, it becomes their opponents, in the interest of truth, to perform this work in their stead," etc. (page 4). "Believing this system to be thoroughly vicious in its tendencies—being such, indeed, as would, if carried out, undermine the whole Christian religion; and, what is of equal importance, being false to the facts in man's soul as God's creature, the writer will attempt to achieve the just named and so desirable result" (*i. e.* the destruction of the Hamiltonian system of philosophy"), page 8.

It is always well to know what to expect; and it was certainly kind in our author to give his opponents due warning of their impending danger.

The head and front of the offence committed by the system of philosophy which Mr. Jones feels himself called upon to demolish is its refusal to acknowledge the existence in man of a faculty of knowing, by immediate or intuitive perception, the infinite and the absolute, or, in other words, the faculty of the unconditioned. This, according to the philosophy of Cousin, Coleridge & Co., is, under the name of *the Reason*, the chief and crowning faculty of the human mind—a faculty as far above the understanding as the heavens are above the earth. By it the human mind perceives, by direct vision, and not through the slow process of the understanding, not only all first truths or principles, but the infinite and absolute Being in whom these first truths inhere. It knows him not by inference, comparison, conclusion, but by direct vision. It "intuits" him, to use a favorite term of our author. The reason, he constantly assures us, is *the* eye by which man directly and immediately perceives all first truths, and deity as the source and centre of all.

Now that Hamilton, in common, it must be said, with the great body of philosophers, ancient and modern, denies the existence in man of any *such* faculty as that now described, a power of immediate perception of the infinite and absolute, direct vision of deity, and the like, is very true. It has seemed to him, and to them, that there *are* limits to the human mind—that it cannot pass those limits—that the infinite, the absolute, the eternal, can be known but imperfectly, and in part, not by *immediate perception*, and not as he is in himself; that, for the present, we see only through a glass, darkly; and not by direct vision, as face to face.

If, however, it should be inferred from this that the Hamiltonian philosophy denies the existence of first truths, or of the power of the human mind to perceive and recognize first truths, and that by immediate knowledge, or intuitively, it would be a great mistake; and it is precisely this mistake that our author uniformly and persistently makes. One would never infer from his pages that the existence of such a thing as a first truth had ever been admitted by those whom he combats, if, indeed, by anybody outside of his own little coterie of thinkers. It is everywhere assumed, if not in so many words affirmed, that Hamilton, and those who follow him, entirely *ignore* this whole class of truths; whereas the fact is entirely opposite. No class of writers, of whatever school, period, or nationality, English, French, or German, have so uniformly and constantly held the doctrine, and have so fully and successfully elaborated the problem of this class of truths, as that whole school of philosophers commonly called the *Scotch*, from Reid downward. Not only have they explicitly maintained the existence of first truths, but they have expressly pointed out *universality* and *necessity* as among the marks or conditions of such truth. So also Reid, Stuart, Hamilton, Mansel, *et id genus omne*. That these truths are perceived not by comparison and reasoning, but immediately and intuitively by the mind, is also held by those of this school. They do not, however, as already stated, include the infinite and absolute, nor deity as a being infinite and absolute, among the first truths thus perceived by intuition or immediate knowledge, and herein they differ from the school to which our author belongs.

"*Give me to see, that I may know where to strike,*" is the motto affixed by Mr. Jones to his book. We fear that, in this instance, the prayer has not been granted; since, in the form of the facts as now stated, we find him making such assertions as the following:

"It is the *essential* tenet of their whole scheme that the human mind nowhere, and under no circumstances, makes an affirmation which it unreservedly qualifies as necessary and universal." (Page 12.)

Mr. Jones seems to have fallen unconsciously into the not uncommon error of reasoning in a circle in respect to the divine existence and the veracity of our faculties, as Descartes and other great thinkers have also done. The reason, he maintains, gives us God as an object of direct perception. That he is, and is what he is, lies among the first truths of the reason. We cannot prove his existence. We know it by consciousness, by immediate vision; but how do we know that this organ of immediate vision, this eye of the soul, is itself trustworthy? The answer is, We know that it is so, because God, who made it, will not *deceive*. Thus, on page 16, speaking of a standard of beauty as instinctively affirmed by the mind, he remarks: "And this conclusion is true, because God, who made us, and constructed the ground whereon this affirmation springs, is true." The evidence of the divine existence is thus made to depend on the veracity of our faculties, and the veracity of our faculties in turn on the divine being and character. We do not know that God is true, except as the reason perceives him to be so; and we do not know that the reason is trustworthy, except as God is true.

We have a more serious difficulty with the position which our author assumes respecting the divine consciousness. He maintains that, in the divine mind or consciousness, subject and object are identical. As man, the finite person, in the process of self-knowledge, is himself both subject and object; so deity, or the infinite and absolute spiritual person, is always, and in all his knowledge and consciousness, himself at once subject and object of that knowledge. We do not see how, if this be so, we can escape the conclusion of a thorough-going Pantheism. If the divine being, as self-conscious subject, is identical with all that comes before his mind as object, then he *includes* all things, and *is* all things, in himself. In fact this is expressly admitted by our author:

"He distinguishes his self, as object, from no what else, because *there is no else* [the italics are ours] to distinguish his self from; but having an exhaustive self-comprehension, he distinguishes within that self all possible forms of being each from each" (p. 62). To the same effect: "Because, possessing all fulness, *he is actually everything*, by this characteristic feature of completeness he distinguishes himself from nothing, *which is all there is* (if nothing—void—can be said to be) *beside him*, and forming part which there is within him" (p. 69).

It would hardly be possible to state more explicitly the essential doctrine of Pantheism than in the above language. Suppose, then, the object of the divine knowledge to be that peculiar personage whom the Scriptures call Satan—Mr. Jones, we presume, believes in the existence and reality of such a personage, and that as real existence he is an object of divine knowledge. As thus known, does deity distinguish this being from himself, or are they identical?

We have not space for further criticism. If we dissent from the fundamental positions of our author, it is in no spirit of unkindness nor from any desire to find fault. We recognize the candor and earnestness of the writer

and admire his boldness. With many of his criticisms upon Mr. Spencer we heartily agree. But to demolish the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, should such a result in the progress of human events become desirable, will require other weapons than those of this book or the school from which it emanates.

MILITARY SURGERY.*

When the time comes for striking a balance in the account of profit and loss which the country has sustained through the war which has been so happily brought to a successful termination, the advantages which have accrued to the medical sciences will be no inconsiderable items in the sum total of benefits. Many doubtful points have been settled, many old doctrines demolished, many new principles established, and thus in those departments of knowledge which especially relate to the preservation of life and the alleviation of human suffering, as well as in others, the world has profited to an extent which now can scarcely be estimated at its full value.

Like all sciences which exhibit real progress, military surgery has been of slow growth. Three hundred years ago amputations were performed with red-hot knives, and the bleeding stumps were dipped in boiling oil or melted pitch for the purpose of arresting hemorrhage; the wounded were often killed to put them out of pain and save trouble; and less than twenty years have elapsed since the barbarous practice of enlarging gunshot wounds by free incisions was insisted upon as highly necessary.

But with each improvement in the means of destruction employed by armies, the surgery of war took giant strides, until at present—although very far from having attained to perfection—it is greatly in advance of its position at any former period. The minié ball is the last refinement upon the devices of mankind for injuring each other in battle, and to it we also owe many of the more important principles of treatment which have recently been established. And thus it is always. A distinguished French military surgeon has remarked that "the circumstances which contribute most to the destruction of man are likewise those out of which he deduces the best measures for his preservation."

But whilst other nations were able to do much for the progress of military surgery, we in this country had, until the rebellion, done almost nothing. The Revolutionary war, that of 1812, the numerous Indian wars, and the campaigns fought out on the plains and mountains of Mexico, were literally barren of results for the science in question. Why this was so, it is needless to enquire at present. The imputation cannot, however, in justice be made with reference to the war which has just been brought to a close, for never in the history of the world has a great struggle been so fruitful in ameliorations in the treatment of the sick and wounded of armies as that which, for four long and dreary years, brought sorrow to many a loyal and disloyal household.

It would be out of place for us to point out specifically the matters in which advancement has taken place. Many of them are fully discussed in Dr. Hamilton's excellent treatise, and we must leave to the medical journals the duty of still further elaboration. Dr. Hamilton is the first who has made a systematic attempt to bring together the facts and results belonging to military surgery, which the late rebellion enabled our medical officers to collect. That he will not be the last, is very certain. The material is so great in amount, and the field so extensive, that we shall expect to see the book before us followed, ere long, by others giving us the results of their authors' experience, and adding to the reputation which American military surgeons have already acquired. Dr. Hamilton's work does much to free us from the reproach under which we have heretofore labored. It is an eminently practical treatise, clearly written, and filled with the details of cases not only interesting in themselves, but important as conveying much sound information on difficult and mooted points. The author is certainly not a venturesome practitioner. He prefers laboring quietly and securely, to dangerous and brilliant, though oftentimes successful, experimentation in his attempts to save the lives and limbs of his patients. As a guide for students and young or inexperienced practitioners, his book can scarcely be too highly commended; and, as to the experienced, though they will certainly find much in Dr. Hamilton's treatise to interest them, it is not at all probable that they will accept it or any other book as an infallible guide. No class of men of our acquaintance are so self-reliant as military surgeons, and those who have gone through the late war have a right to form their own conclusions upon most points connected with the profession to which they belong. Dr. Hamilton, however, has labored with them, and it is due to him that they should give an attentive consideration to his opinions. They will be the more inclined to do this when they discover that the author knows what he is talking about, and that he states his views with the modesty so becoming to us in all things, and especially in matters of a scientific character.

* "A Treatise on Military Surgery and Hygiene. By Frank Hastings Hamilton, M.D., etc." New York: Baillière Brothers. 1865. pp. 648.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Favorite Poems by English Poets. (The Cottage Library.) Bunce & Huntington, New York.

France and England in North America. By Francis Parkman. Part First. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Know the Truth. A Critique on the Hamiltonian Theory of Limitation. By Jesse H. Jones. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE DRAMA.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN.

The audiences which nightly fill the Broadway Theatre are of the most diversified character—old devotees who remember Mr. and Mrs. Kean when they made their début at the old Park Theatre some twenty years ago, and who recall the pleasures of that time by the suggestions of to-day; young persons who are influenced by curiosity to see the stars who have been so long before the public; and a few whose love for Shakespeare is so great that his plays are welcome even if all the parts are not well performed.

Nature did little for Mr. Kean. She made him quite small, and gave him a feeble voice. No art nor training could therefore make him a great actor. He has, however, developed his powers to the utmost, and deserves praise for the success he has attained in spite of his physical deficiencies. He is a perfect artist. We have watched him with unceasing vigilance, and can find no fault with him as an actor. Every gesture is correct, every glance of the eye is exactly timed and expressive; every change of position and posture is the result of minute study, and so well practiced that the details of the rehearsal are not observed. He avoids gestures unless the result of passion, and is so attentive to what is said to him, and so prompt in his replies, that the words seem more like his own than those of the author. He has earnestness and pathos. He is simple and refined. He has almost entirely overcome those peculiarities of voice and manner which used to make him the subject of burlesque imitation. He interests, he excites, he charms, he controls the sympathies of his audience by his consummate art.

In the scene between *Shylock* and *Tubal*, in the Merchant of Venice (third act), Mr. Kean is especially effective. The rapid transitions between the emotions of the miser at the extravagance of his daughter and the exultations of expected revenge excited by the news of Antonio's misfortunes, are made with unsurpassed skill. While speaking the lines after his estates are confiscated for seeking the life of Antonio (act fourth),

> "Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
> You take my house when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live,"

the wretchedness expressed in attitude and voice is so touching that the resentment naturally aroused by the merciless vengeance of the Jew yields at once to pity for his crushed condition.

Mr. Kean does not make the heart leap with violent passion, because he has not the force of voice requisite; but he always delights, and leaves in the mind the most pleasant remembrance.

In a parlor, behind a table, Mrs. Kean would still delight by the purity of her reading; but her once beautiful voice has lost so much of its power, that the contrast with former days is constantly in the mind of those who remember her as Ellen Tree. Her figure has become very large, and is painfully unsuitable for the young, romantic, and lovely *Portia*. There are many characters which she can still take with effect, and we hope to see her in them. But as Mr. and Mrs. Kean *do* fill the theatre, it is natural to suppose that *Portia* and *Juliet* will occasionally appear as advanced maidens of more than ordinary stoutness.

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Surplus, over	400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

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AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD,

INCORPORATED 1819. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Paid up Capital,	**$2,250,000 00**
Assets, July 1, 1865,	**3,850,351 78**
Losses Paid in 45 Years,	**$17,485,894 71**

T. A. ALEXANDER, Pres't. L. J. HENDEE, Sec'y.
JONA. GOODWIN, Jr., A. Sec'y.

Insurance against loss and damage by Fire, and of Inland Navigation.

NEW YORK AGENCY, 62 WALL STREET.

JAS. A. ALEXANDER, AGENT.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, $885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE.

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

B. C. MORRIS, President.

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CAPITAL - - - - **$2,000,000.** | SURPLUS - - - - **$1,200,000.**

This Bank will issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest, on favorable terms.

J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21, 1865.

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OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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ASSETS - - - - - - - - - - - - - 1,500,000 00

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PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

SINCE our last report, the official statement of the public debt of the United States to 31st August has been published. The figures compare as follows with the previous statement of the 31st July. They are received in financial circles most favorably as the evidence of the ability of the Treasury to pay its own way, from taxation and customs, without further borrowing:

	July 31.	*August* 31.
5-20s original	$514,780,500	$514,780,500
5-20s new	91,789,000	91,789,000
6 per cents., 1881	282,961,450	282,609,000
10-40s, 5 per cents	172,770,100	172,770,100
Old 6 per cents	19,339,592	19,339,592
Old 5 per cents	27,022,000	27,022,000
Total gold-bearing	$1,108,662,642	$1,108,310,192
7-30 per cents	$830,000,000	$830,000,000
6 per cents., compound	212,126,470	217,024,160
5 per cents., notes	39,954,230	33,954,230
6 per cent. certificates	106,706,000	85,093,000
6 per cent. stock to Pacific Road	1,258,000	1,258,000
Deposits on interest	99,116,845	107,148,713
Total currency-bearing	$1,289,156,545	$1,274,478,103
Greenbacks	$433,160,569	$433,160,569
Fractional	25,750,032	26,344,742
Requisitions	15,736,000	2,111,000
Total free of interest	$474,646,601	$461,616,311
Less on hand	*116,739,632	*88,218,055
Net free of interest	$357,906,969	$373,398,256
Debt past due	1,527,120	1,503,020
Total of all debts	$2,757,253,276	$2,757,689,571
Annual interest in gold	$64,521,837	$64,500,596
Annual interest in currency	74,740,630	73,531,037
Currency	$84,401,775	$42,782,284
Gold	35,337,887	45,435,771
Total	$116,739,632	$88,218,055

* On hand.

The associated banks in the New York Clearing House report as follows this week:

Local capital	$9,535,665
National	68,847,700
Total in Clearing House	$77,383,365
Loans	$211,394,370
Specie	14,443,827
Deposits	180,316,658
Legal Tender	57,271,730

The whole stock of gold and silver in bank and in the New York Treasury Office compares as follows with this time last year:

	August 31, 1865.	*August* 31, 1864.
In the Sub-Treasury	$38,381,820	$12,731,793
In city banks	14,443,827	20,136,548
Total	$52,825,647	$32,868,341
Increase since September 1, 1864		$19,957,326

The favorable statement of the public debt was published early in the week, and created an agreeable surprise from the fact that, for the first time since April, 1861, it showed no increase on the previous statement. This has given increased confidence to the Government funds. The circumstance that the New York (reformed) Democracy, in convention at Albany, have pledged the party to the integrity of the war debt of the United States, has also afforded much satisfaction to certain timid holders, who were apprehensive of some sort of attempt at "repudiation," as a party issue.

The Stock Exchange has been moderately active through the week, though the railway list is the subject of a pretty even contest between the *Bulls* and *Bears* of the Exchange, and the advantage gained in prices one day is lost the next, so that, as a general remark, very little improvement is shown over last Saturday.

The merchants and the Custom-house are still kept very busy with the fall trade. The customs for the week will reach about four millions in gold, and for the first eight working days in September nearly five millions, which is largely ahead thus far of July and August. Owing to the heavy average of duties, these customs do not point to a very excessive importation, though some concern begins to be felt that the movement is stronger than it should be in the present state of the country, unless cotton goes forward to Europe more freely by way of exchange. The receipts of cotton at this port the present week are 25,754 bales, while the export is only 1,882 bales. About 12,000 bales per week are believed to be taken for our domestic mills, which still leaves a large weekly accumulation of cotton stock on hand. There are

now probably 250,000 bales at the ports of New York, New Orleans, and Mobile, exclusive of the amount in transitu coastwise.

Money was partially firmer about the middle of the week, and some of the lenders to the Stock Exchange were able to get 6 per cent. The rate has fallen back, however, to 5 per cent., as the rate of the Street on call, and 6 to 8 per cent. on prime paper 60 days to 4 months in date. Exchange continues below the specie-exporting point, and bills on London were done yesterday, for the steamer sailing this morning, at 108¾ to 109¼. The price of gold remains 144⅛ to 144⅝ per cent., the demand to pay customs being in part supplied from sales by the Government.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The original 5-20s have advanced to 107½ on an improved London quotation. The new issue is up to 105⅝; the 6s of 1881, 107⅞ to 108; the 10-40s, ex dividend, 94¼ to 94⅝. No change in the 7.30 currency loans from 99⅝ to 99½ and accrued interest. The new certificates of indebtedness have advanced to 99 per cent. on the unexpected showing of the public debt. The compound legal tender notes are wanted at 105 for the June, 1864, issue, and 102½ to 101 for the later 1864 months.

STATE SECURITIES.

New York 7 per cent. scrip is 99 to 99½, including interest from July. Tennessees have further advanced from 75 to 80 per cent.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

Ohio and Mississippi certificates advanced from 28 to 30, but fell back to 28 to 28¼ per cent.; Erie shares 86½ to 91½ and back to 88½; New York Central, 93 to 92⅞; Reading, 106¾ up to 107½ and back to 106¾; Michigan Southern, 65½ up to 67½ and back to 66¼; Michigan Central, 108½ up to 110, and back to 109; Pittsburg, 72½ up to 73½, and back to 71¾; North-west, 28½ to 28; North-west Preferred, 63¾ down to 61¾; Fort Wayne, 97 to 97½; Rock Island from 108½ up to 111¼ and back to 110¼. The market unsettled at close of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Bank stocks are dull this week. Atlantic Mail, down to 145 to 147; Canton, Cumberland, and Mariposa, steady; Quicksilver down to 48 and up to 49¾ to 50.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold, 144⅝; bills on London, 109 to 109⅛ for Bank names.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, has started on a journey through the South. His letters will appear hereafter every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

It embraces among its regular or occasional contributors the following names:

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
SAMUEL ELIOT (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford),
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"Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, or quarterly, in cash. Where the annual premium amounts to or exceeds forty dollars, two-thirds of the same may be paid in cash, and the remaining one-third remain as a permanent loan on the policy, without giving a note. The annual premium, if desired, may be divided into three instalments, payable at intervals of four months, two-thirds to be paid in cash, and one-third to be endorsed on the policy as a loan."

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"After the whole of the first year's premiums have been paid on any policy, thirty days' grace will be given on the succeeding payments, if desired. As payments often fall due at times when it is most inconvenient to meet them, this privilege will, by giving the assured a little extra time, during which the policy continues binding, prove quite valuable."

The liberality and the certain advantages of this company are in this way clearly and conclusively displayed.

Its method of making dividends is also just and liberal. Its Directors

"Have decided to divide the whole of the profits made upon policies issued under the tables 'with participation' among the holders of such policies. In most companies having a subscribed cash capital, the stockholders receive one-fourth or one-fifth of the profits, the remainder only being distributed among the policy-holders; but this company agrees to give to the latter the entire benefit of what will be the result on all business conducted with the MUTUAL SYSTEM."

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"2d, To receive a policy for three years of $2,100, at the end of which time the policy will expire; but a new division taking place, he will obtain a new one for a similar term, and being then forty-eight years old, a dividend of $100 will produce one of $1,881.

"3d, To take a policy for life of $245, with similar additions to the same every three years. In the two latter cases, the policies are not entitled to a participation in the profits, and will only be obtained upon evidence of insurable state of health.

"4th, To have the next three premiums reduced to the extent of $35 49; a new reduction being made for the following three years at each periodical settlement.

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"6th, He may receive a deferred annuity policy, the company undertaking to pay him annually $26 58 when he reaches the age of sixty, and during the remainder of his life. Every three years a fresh amount corresponding with his age at the time of the division will be added to the policy, so that the result of his over-payments, or share in the profits, will be applied to a provision for old age for his own benefit."

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Thus soundly organized, ably managed, and thoroughly well represented, the success of the National is sure. We commend it to its brilliant future.—*Insurance Monitor.*

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The Week.

AN official account of the attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter subsequently to the failure of the *Star of the West*, has been made public through the Chicago *Tribune*. Captain Fox, the present Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, in a report to the head of the Department under date of February 24, 1865, explains what part he took in devising and executing a plan for the relief of Major Anderson. It was in January, 1861, that he first gave his attention to the subject, when he sought unsuccessfully to obtain command of the *Star of the West*. Having carefully studied the approaches to Charleston harbor, he proposed, with two or three men-of-war stationed outside as a basis of forcible operations if necessary, to run between the batteries on Morris and Sullivan's islands in the darkness with the ocean steamer *Baltic*, specially fitted out with a superior crew and with launches, troops, provisions, munitions, etc., so organized as to complete the landing in one night. Certain steam-tugs were to be used as auxiliaries, in case the weather proved too rough for boats. This scheme found favor and received promises of co-operation in New York. Meanwhile Captain Fox was summoned to Washington to consult with Gen. Scott and Lieut. Hall, direct from Sumter. Mr. Holt, the then Secretary of War, was about to lay Captain Fox's plan before President Buchanan, when news came of the election of Jefferson Davis, and the whole matter was dropped. It was taken up afresh by the new Administration, and Captain Fox obtained permission to visit Fort Sumter and inspect its approaches, which he was able to do by the land route. He learned from Major Anderson that the 15th of April would be the latest day on which the garrison could hold out. It was not till the 4th of that month that the President issued positive orders for the relief. The Secretary of the Navy placed all his available force at the disposal of Captain Fox—the *Pawnee*, *Powhatan*, *Pocahontas*, and the revenue-cutter *Harriet Lane*. The *Baltic* was engaged of Mr. Aspinwall, and three tugs obtained at exorbitant prices. Reliance was wholly placed upon the *Powhatan*, for boats and crew for landing the supplies, and she sailed for the rendezvous two days in advance of the rest of the fleet. Captain Fox arrived on the 12th off Charleston harbor in thick and heavy weather. He waited anxiously for the *Powhatan*, but did not learn till the next day that she had been sent by the President, on recommendation of Mr. Seward, to Fort Pickens—the former not being aware of her attachment to Captain Fox's expedition. On the 13th the bombardment of Sumter was begun, and on the 15th the *Baltic* received the surrendered garrison. From the official orders it is clear that the design was, in accordance with President Lincoln's promise to the South, to put in provisions only, if unmolested; in case of obstruction and resistance, to add also men and munitions.

PENNSYLVANIA is credited by the War Department with having furnished 361,939 recruits to the armies of the Union, embracing the extreme terms of service—three months and three years. To this total are added 90,000 for the State defence in special emergencies, 25,000 who enlisted out of the State for higher bounties, and 2,500 colored soldiers, likewise attracted elsewhere; in all, 479,439. Her admiring children also assert that this is the largest contribution made by any State to the national forces; that she suffered most materially during the war; and that her military expenditures were, proportionately, less than those of any other free State. It is certain, and it is a remarkable fact, that she has in the past four years diminished her public debt nearly two millions, of which $745,811 has been extinguished this year—a greater amount than in any preceding twelvemonth on record. The debt thus reduced is $38,634,891. It may be compared with that of Massachusetts, which is about twenty-five millions, with an interest of one million and an annual State tax of four and a half.

THE Maine election took place on the 11th. Not only did the State agree with Vermont in securing a Republican majority relatively larger than that of last year, but even absolutely (20,000 against 16,000), on a vote one-third lighter. The South Carolina election for delegates to the State Convention passed off quietly on the 4th. Of the twenty delegates chosen in Charleston, only five could be reckoned as Union men, not including Mayor Macbeth, who heads the list. A Union candidate was returned from Chester, Gen. Wade Hampton from Columbia, Gen. Bratton from Fairfield, and Col. Morgan from Orangeburg. The convention met at Columbus on the 13th, numbering about a hundred members. One dispatch says they are regarded as the ablest body ever convened in the State; another, that at least three-fourths of them were original secessionists and active participants in the rebellion. Only five, however, were ready to pass certain resolutions of discontent. The Governor's message sustained the President's policy. The Alabama election was likewise marked by a small vote and perfect order, on the 31st ult. The "conservative" party was easily and almost universally victorious. At Montgomery, Gen. E. Y. Fair and Col. J. A. Elmore were chosen delegates by about seven to one. The convention assembled in that city on the 13th, with 128 members present, all of whom had taken the prescribed oath of loyalty. It was voted, 58 to 34, *not* to repudiate the Confederate State debt. The Massachusetts Republican Convention met at Worcester on the 14th. Senator Sumner presided. Two of the vice-presidents testified powerfully to the change in the times—Gen. Benjamin F. Butler and Rev. L. A. Grimes, the colored minister of Boston. Alexander H. Bullock was nominated for Gov. Andrew's successor without opposition, and great unanimity prevailed in the other nominations. The resolutions promise support to the President "in his efforts to restore order among the communities so lately in revolt, and to re-establish government there on the basis of good and exact justice to all;" re-affirm that slavery was the cause of the war and will be the disturbing element of peace unless extirpated; agree with the Pennsylvania Convention that the people of the South "cannot safely be entrusted with the political rights which they forfeited by their treason, until they have proved their acceptance of the results of the war by incorporating into their constitutional provisions, and securing to all men within their borders, the inalienable right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and call upon Congress to exact the most perfect guarantees of the safety of loyal whites and blacks, before any final step is taken in restoration.

Senator Sumner's speech dwelt upon the conditions necessary to the national security hereafter, namely: the unity of the Republic; civil and political enfranchisement of the blacks; the recognition of the national debt; repudiation of the rebel debt; impartial suffrage for all men; education of the people. To obtain these, time is necessary; for the present, all rebels must be excluded from political power—"they must not be voted for, and they must not vote;" Congress must be confidently invoked, which has plenary control of the whole subject, "whether through the war powers, the duty to guarantee a republican form of government, or the necessity of the case." Gen. Butler also addressed the convention, expressing, among other things, his distrust of oaths and amnesties for the late public enemies.

It seems that Governor Wise did not say, "Long before the war, indeed, I had definitely made up my mind actively to advocate emancipation throughout the South;" which would have needed a pretty stiff exclamation point after the "indeed," in memory of certain events appertaining to Harper's Ferry, in a period not so remote. The hangman of John Brown is a convert of the revolution which both hastened, and the phrase should read—"Long before the war ended," etc.

Here is a very interesting fact, related in a business letter from Augusta, Georgia, August 14, 1865:

"A Government sale of horses and mules brought large numbers to the city to-day. It is estimated that not less than 10,000 persons attended the sale, two-thirds of whom were freedmen. The stock brought enormous prices, one team, six mule, selling for $1,265—much higher than previous to the war. Freedmen bid freely and bought largely. There were numerous conflicts between the two races, but I hear of no serious injuries. The former slave begins to assert himself in some cases too much."

The Army of the Potomac, in the six months' campaign from May 5 to Nov. 1 of last year, lost in killed and wounded 64,549 officers and men, or about a third of Grant's command when he left Culpepper, with reinforcements included. The total number of missing was 23,858, to offset which there were taken 15,370 prisoners. The severest action was that of the Wilderness, which lasted seven days, where the loss in killed and wounded was 22,566, and missing, 6,844. More desperate was the battle of Spottsylvania, which exhibited 2,146 dead for only 7,956 wounded and 279 missing. The Army of the Mississippi, in the campaign which began with the departure from Dalton, and ended with the capture of Atlanta, lost 31,413 in killed and wounded, and 5,786 in missing—this ratio being strikingly in contrast with that of the Eastern army. Twelve thousand nine hundred and eighty-three prisoners and deserters were either taken or received in this campaign, the latter amounting to about one-fourth of the whole. From May 1 to the middle of September, 52,217 of Sherman's soldiers, besides the wounded, were medically treated, and only 420 died of disease.

From whatever cause, the apprehension of conviction and death or the consciousness of his unconcealable blood-guiltiness, the prisoner Wirtz is fairly broken down under his trial, which is delayed by his prostration. It is stated, we know not on what authority, that the line of defence which his counsel will follow will be—the "dead-line." In other words, that they are confident a military commission will appreciate the necessity imposed upon a commandant of a large prison with a feeble guard, especially if it can be shown that similar lines were enforced in Northern prisons. We think there will be fatal objections to this argument. Wirtz's cruelty was not confined to any part of the pen at Andersonville, and the victims of the "dead-line" bore a trifling proportion to the whole number. Indeed, we are not sure that it was not the most merciful contrivance of the place, as it opened a door through suicide to an escape from slow murder.

The Indians have been summoned to a council at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and the Osages, Seminoles, Creeks, Chickasaws, Cowskins, Senecas, Shawnees, Choctaws, and Quapaws, signed on the 14th a treaty of permanent peace with the United States, in which they promise to refuse their allegiance to any other power, and revoke, cancel, and repudiate their acts of rebellion and secession. The United States promises on its part to protect them amply, to enter into treaties with them, and to settle all differences growing out of the war. It purposes also a grand consolidation of all Indian tribes in one nation in the present Indian Territory, involving of course the removal of the tribes in Kansas and other regions. One stipulation of this arrangement is, that slavery shall be immediately abolished, and freedmen have the right of being incorporated into the tribes on an equal footing with other members.

Considerable attention is paid by the press to the movements of a party of English gentlemen, identified largely with railroad interests in the two hemispheres, who are now on a visit to this country, specially in connection with the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, and who are being ridden, fêted, and complimented half across the continent. Thus far they have escaped the perils of ordinary travellers, as it is to be hoped they may to the end of their journey. They betray a wise precaution in taking a physician along with them.

Symptoms of a revival of delicacy in the sensibilities of our Southern brethren are pleasant to record. Such were the questions put by a Mr. Lewellen, of Richmond, in behalf of himself and others, to Gov. Peirpont: Was it probable Congress would admit any delegate from Virginia without taking the oath it has prescribed for its members?—what would be the effect on Virginia of her having no representation in Congress?—can a man sit in either branch of the State legislature who has held office under the Confederate or any rebellious State government? The governor answers no to the first and third interrogatories, and as for the second, seems to think it will be more detrimental to Virginia to be excluded from Congress than it will be advantageous to obtain admission. The stockholders of the Richmond and Danville Railroad longed to make Gen. Johnston their president, but were overcome by the vote of the State proxy, who concluded "that his selection at this time would be exceedingly injudicious."

The mayor of Mobile resigned his office on learning that negro testimony was likely to be admitted in all the courts, as proposed by Gen. Swayne and seconded by Gov. Parsons. He was too solicitous by half for "the laws of Alabama, and the order, peace, and dignity of the city." Would that every *Slough* were removed as easily from the progress of the freedmen! Gen. Gillmore and Gov. Perry have just arranged that the civil courts of South Carolina shall be restored to their former jurisdiction, except in cases which involve the people of color, which will be tried in courts of the provost-marshals. A month has elapsed since one of Gov. Holden's justices of the peace in Chatham County, North Carolina, ordered an unoffending freedman to be so inhumanly flogged that the jailer refused to obey except under compulsion. The poor victim—whose wife was permitted to stand by him during his torture!—has been missing ever since. At last an effort has been made to arrest the guilty parties.

The speech of the Hon. Montgomery Blair at Clarksville, Md., on the 26th of last month, contained charges against certain members of the Administration calculated rather to excite amazement than to inspire belief. When Secretary Stanton was accused of complicity in the rebellion, everybody smiled, or if one was indignant he perhaps wrote publicly in defence of our much-abused, matchless war minister, who, as is his custom, let "the turbid stream of rumor flow" unheeded and uncared for. Judge Holt was also too high a mark to be reached by slander, and the refutation which he now makes of Mr. Blair's statements concerning him will be regarded as less necessary for his own vindication than salutary for the correction of his antagonist. He has had time to collect documentary evidence on every head of his indictments, and has deprived Mr. Blair of the comfort of reflecting that, of such liberal though groundless abuse, something must surely stick. Judge Holt calls on him to produce that "armistice with the rebel Secretary" which he asserts was made "by order of Buchanan, under the signatures of his Secretaries of War and of the Navy."

Simultaneously with the effort in Connecticut to get rid of color-distinctions altogether, the people of Newport, in the adjoining State, have at last overcome their prejudices and thrown open their schools to white and black children impartially. It cannot be long before Providence must imitate her sister-capital in this respect.

Secretary Seward has been making a pleasure trip to Richmond, which the war has enabled him to do without riding in a hangman's cart when there, or wearing Virginia homespun, *i. e.*, tar-and-feathers. A great cry is raised to induce the President to follow his example. A visit to Plymouth Rock were much more to be desired.

A friend has sent us a pamphlet on animal decomposition as the chief promotive cause of cholera, published in Philadelphia, in 1855, from an article in the *Medical Examiner* for August of that year. The author, Dr. Henry Hartshorne, collates facts to show that while cholera is not contagious, in the true sense of the word, and may be propagated without human contact, it finds in the decay of animal matter one of the best conditions of its development. Imperfect sewerage, bad ventilation, the close packing of city populations, are potent and infallible attractions of that "unknown contingent" in whose presence only is cholera generated, and "whose capriciousness of migration, partial subjection to temperature, and other habitudes, suggest the probability of the animalcular hypothesis." The most elevated sites, if these sanitary conditions are neglected, do not escape the disease, nor is difference of elevation of much account in itself. The odds in mortality between the districts above and those below the entrance of the sewers on the Thames in 1849 was very marked.

The speech of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, at Lancaster, Pa., on the 6th, was devoted to a defence of the policy of "reconstruction" as against that of "restoration." According to that distinguished leader, the only safety lies in Government treating the seceded States as conquered and alien, and in discarding the theory that they have never been outside the Union. They were combated during the war as foreign belligerents would have been—they themselves invited the contest on these terms; we are at liberty to avail ourselves of the privileges of victors. On no other principle of procedure can trial and punishment of traitors be had, since they would then be presented before civil courts in the States which were the scene of their treason. Not otherwise can the trial of Wirtz before a military commission be justified. Not otherwise even the action of the President in imposing conditions upon the conventions which are to remodel the State governments: for this is reconstruction, not restoration, which must be full and impartial. This position fortified, Mr. Stevens advances to another: "The property of the rebels shall pay our national debt, and indemnify freedmen and loyal sufferers." To effect this he would confiscate the real estate of 70,000 rebels, who own above 200 acres each, together with the lands of their several States. Realizing thus, from a small fraction of the population, 394,000,000 acres out of the aggregate of 465,000,000, he would divide this territory into convenient farms, giving (say) 40 acres to every adult male freedman, or 40,000,000 in all. The residue, 354,000,000, he would likewise divide, and sell to the highest bidder. An average of $10 per acre would net $3,540,000,000. The odds should go toward the payment of pensions and the indemnification of loyal men North and South; the billions, toward liquidating the national debt. Probably we shall hear more of this project in the House next December. Mr. Stevens incidentally described the genus Blair, and did it so tersely, if not so truly, that we quote it entire:

"They are a family of considerable power, some merit, of admirable audacity, and execrable selfishness."

The members of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention wanted Jefferson Davis forgiven, because "he was the representative of the sentiments of the people of the (rebel) States, and his acts were those of the great body of the people." Four ladies of Holly Springs, in the same State, have united in a similar petition to the President with no better and no other reason. This equalizing of guilt does no good to the arch-criminal, while it reacts upon the levellers. If the spirit of the Southern people remains the same as that of Jefferson Davis, we may well despair of Union and fraternity in our generation. We doubt if there ever was an instance of such monstrous and inexcusable mendacity as he exhibited in his high office, whether to deceive foreign nations or to perpetuate the delusion of his own followers. Is he but a sample of all that host who daily take the oath of allegiance, and upon whose constancy depends the whole contrivance of reconstruction?

Our humorous neighbor and contemporary, *Mrs. Grundy*, expires in this the twelfth week of her short-lived existence. The publishers, it appears from the valedictory, found no safety in the multitude of counsellors, and failed to secure the patronage of the public. The ill-success of the paper is due very likely in part to a want of any definite political tone, but it is fortunate in not going down, as did its immediate predecessor, from having sold itself too cheaply to the worse side in politics. One thing it lacked conspicuously, nor will any other comic journal endure without it—one first-rate artist who could be relied on for a refined yet forcible cartoon.

We shall furnish hereafter, from an authentic source, a weekly survey of the doings of the Freedmen's Bureau. For completeness' sake, we here append a condensed review of its official existence:

It was established by an act of Congress approved March 3, 1865, under the title of "A Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands." Major-General O. O. Howard was subsequently appointed to its head, and his first circular is dated May 15. It announces his entrance upon his duties and the location of the Bureau. Circular No 2, May 19, announces the scheme of subordination and official duty, in connection with the charitable, industrial, and educational aims of the Bureau. Circular No. 3, May 29, orders the retention of abandoned lands then under cultivation by freedmen, at least until the growing crops are secured to them, and their labor fully and justly remunerated. Circular No. 4, May 29, is a special call for a meeting of officers and teachers of freedmen in the Department of Washington. Circular No. 5, May 30, contains rules and regulations for assistant commissioners, among which are a provision for adjusting difficulties which would not be settled equitably for the negroes in the courts, and a guaranty of the freedom of the blacks in choosing their own employers and making voluntary agreements. Order No. 110 of the War Department, June 7, directs all officers of the Treasury and all military officers to turn over the abandoned lands in their possession to the Freedmen's Bureau. Circular No. 6, June 13, appoints sundry officers. Circular No. 7, June 13, directs the assistant commissioners to make estimates of the supplies needed for the coming quarter, and allows teachers to purchase rations on the same terms as commissioned officers, instead of receiving them gratis as hitherto. Transportation and quarters are also provided for. Circular No. 8, June 20, fixes the ration for refugees and freedmen. Circular No. 9, July 6, prohibits the transportation of refugees except where humanity evidently demands it, and then only by the requisition of the Commissioner. Circular No. 10, July 11, provides for monthly reports of refugees and freedmen, for land and school reports, and rosters of all officers and civilians on duty. Circular No. 11, July 12, conveys instructions to assistant commissioners and other officers. Circular No. 12, July 14, directs the agents of the Bureau to co-operate with the Army and Navy Claim Agency of the Sanitary Commission, which desires to extend its gratuitous services to colored soldiers and their families. Circular No. 13, being prematurely issued, was rescinded. We gave a synopsis of it last week. It is superseded by No. 15, below. Circular No. 14, Aug. 17, contains instructions to medical and other officers. Circular No. 15, Sept. 12, defines what is meant by abandoned lands and what by confiscated. When any assistant commissioner is satisfied that the United States has acquired no title to land by abandonment, confiscation, sale, or otherwise, he will formally surrender it to the authorized claimant or claimants. Accurate lists are therefore to be kept, and monthly reports made of lands under the control of the commissioners. As much of them is to be set apart as is needed for the immediate use of loyal refugees and freedmen, selecting those which most clearly belong to the keeping of the Bureau. The steps for recovering abandoned lands to be taken by those who are pardoned by the President, are prescribed. Evidence of special pardon, or the prescribed oath of amnesty, as the case may be, must be forwarded with proof of title to the assistant commissioners. The same restriction in regard to the surrender of lands under cultivation is imposed as in circular No. 3.

The Bureau is now operating, more or less systematically, in all the insurrectionary States except Texas, to which Gen. Gregory was des-

patched more than a month ago, but he has not been heard from. Gen. Saxton has been relieved of the charge of Florida, which is now assigned to Assistant Commissioner Col. T. W. Osborne. The latter writes from Jacksonville on his way to Tallahassee, where he is to meet Gens. Foster and Newton, and arrange for the establishment of his branch of the Bureau. Gen. Saxton's last report concerning Florida states that only about five hundred freedmen will be fed by Government during the present month, against twice that number in August. Schools have been started all over the State, with an attendance of eight hundred children, for whom there are only fifteen teachers. Some two hundred white refugees have also been gathered into schools, and have six teachers. There is an orphan asylum at Fernandina, superintended by Miss C. Merrick, of Syracuse, N. Y. It is supported by voluntary contributions, has sixty-six inmates, and is in a flourishing condition.

In Georgia and South Carolina some contracts are made between the planters and the freedmen, but these States have been the scene of much violence. Capt. Healy, an agent of the Bureau at Augusta, was lately murdered by three assassins, who shot him on his way home from his office in the evening, and then mutilated his body with knives. An unsuccessful attempt has also been made on the life of Gen. Wild, and Capt. Bryan has been threatened. Gen. Wild has been superseded as superintendent of freedmen's affairs in Georgia by Gen. D. Tillson, who has held a similar post at Memphis for some time past, with entire satisfaction to Gen. Howard.

Col. Whittlesey reports the favorable working of the Bureau in North Carolina. Contracts are making, and the negroes evince a disposition to maintain themselves industriously.

Col. Brown discredits entirely the rumors of an apprehended insurrection among the blacks of Virginia. Gen. Terry has his forces so disposed as to render it futile if attempted.

Gen. Fisk, in his recent tour through Tennessee, met with many former slaveholders disposed to be reconciled to the revolution, and asking how they can co-operate with the Bureau. Yet a school for the freedmen was burnt down at Decherd on the night of the 6th, and the teacher obliged to flee for his life.

Commissioner Thomas, of Mississippi, reports that more whites are drawing rations in that State than blacks. The colored population of Vicksburg have publicly voted to assist each other in maintaining schools.

Gen. Sprague, assistant commissioner for Missouri and Arkansas, says nearly all the freedmen in Missouri are supporting themselves, and, in many instances, their teachers; in Arkansas as well, as an instance will show: At Little Rock a colored preacher announced, at the close of the services, that eight teachers at twenty dollars a month, and some other items, made the burden of his congregation $175 for the month of July. There was a deficiency of $78, which he requested them to make up in a collection. The amount thus raised was $43 in excess.

Gen. Swayne states that nine colored schools are already under way in Mobile; others have been established at Montgomery, with an attendance of two hundred; and at Wetumka the colored people have themselves established schools and furnished teachers. Of these last, however, there is great need throughout the State, and if societies at the North will only supply them, the commissioner will do the rest. He is receiving by every mail the acceptances of judicial officers and magistrates, under the order (noticed last week) which recognizes them as agents of the Bureau for the administration of justice. "Negro testimony may now be said to be received in all the courts of the State." He has also directed each of his superintendents to select some justice of the peace in whom he has confidence, to open an office near the agency, where cases can be at once adjudicated. "This position is eagerly sought for." Reports of violence come in from the counties of Clark, Choctaw, and Washington, along the Mississippi border. More whites than blacks are drawing rations in Alabama.

Commissioner Conway, of Louisiana, reports that he called on the churches in New Orleans for contributions of clothing for the destitute blacks. Not one white congregation responded, but the colored churches furnished fifty barrels and ten boxes of good garments, which have been sent to the Red River and Teche countries.

The sanitary condition of the colored people of Washington has been examined by Dr. Reyburn, Surgeon-in-chief of the Colored Bureau for that department. He finds them densely settled, not quite exclusively, on the "island," so called, which is subject to miasmatic influences from the Potomac and the canal. There is no proper drainage, and there is an unwholesome accumulation of garbage and other filth. These causes, with the over-crowded population, who pay exorbitant rents for the meanest of shanties, account for the sickness and mortality which have always prevailed in that portion of the city. Many complain of a lack of employment, yet few are disposed to beg or to avoid exertion in self-support.

Gen. Howard has returned from his vacation at the North. His brother, Col. C. H. Howard, has been assigned to duty under Gen. Saxton. Lieut.-Col. S. L. Taggart, in charge of the office at Washington, is about to retire from the service. He will be succeeded by Col. Max Woodhull, late A. A. G. of the Army of the Tennessee.

From Europe we learn that the Atlantic Telegraph Company have formally renounced any attempt to recover the cable this year; and the underwriters have settled insurance on it, as if it were a total loss. Meanwhile the directors have unanimously accepted the offer of the Telegraph Construction Company to manufacture and lay down a second cable and complete the one temporarily abandoned, and the work has already begun. Captain Anderson and the *Great Eastern* have been secured for five years for telegraphic service. M. Hamelin proposes, in a Paris paper, some novel routes for a cable, which will allow of sections. He refers to two small islands, omitted in later charts but still believed to exist, called Verte and Jaquet, which are both in latitude 47° N., and respectively 29° and 42° west of Paris—the latter being situated in the Gulf Stream, not far from the Grand Bank, and almost in the track of the European steamers. By using these stations between Valentia and Newfoundland, the distance would not be materially lengthened. He also suggests a line from Lisbon to the Azores, thence to Jaquet Island and Newfoundland, with a larger aggregate but smaller sections, save the last. The surmise of the London *Times* that the cholera might be a local epidemic for the Mediterranean basin, including the connecting waters, appears to be correct. The latest news indicates no advance beyond these limits, but rather points to a subsidence in the direction of its origin. The finishing blast which served to open the grand tunnel between Nice and Villefranche, on the railroad line from Nice to Monaco, Menton, and Genoa, was celebrated by a distinguished company with imposing ceremonies on the 21st of August. The tunnel is nearly a mile in length.

One of the questions to be treated at the fourth congress of the International Association for the Advancement of the Sciences, which met at Berne on the 28th of August, was as follows: "What is the influence of the guardianship of the woods and waters of the high countries of Europe on the lower? Would it be possible to establish a community of legislation among the different countries which depend upon the same river, to protect their respective interests? What ought to be the basis of such legislation, and by what means could it be realized?"

The prospects of a revival of the commercial activity of the Mediterranean basin, foreshadowed by the opening of the Suez Canal, has caused a ripple in the placid bosom of Rome itself. The Pope is highly delighted with the notion of restoring Ostium as the entrepôt of the imperial city. A huge canal, docks, and warehouses are among the works contemplated.

Let no one say that anti-Cæsarism is not tolerated in Paris. On the afternoon of the 20th of August, the gay populace who promenaded the Champs Elysées, the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de Charenton, watched without molestation from gendarmes the slow progress of a colossal statue of Vercingetorix, which lay upon a long and substantial car with low wheels, and was destined, as all the world knew, to be set up eventually in that Alisia (Alise-Sainte-Reine of the Côte-d' Or) where Cæsar was long baffled, even if at last he then and there completed the subjugation of Gaul.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE DANGER OF THE HOUR.

THE whole question of the wisdom or folly of President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, as he is at present carrying it out, turns upon the amount of confidence which ought to be reposed in the good faith and good intentions of the Southern people. He is evidently of opinion, if we may judge by his action in the Sharkey-Slocum case in Mississippi, as well as by his language to the Southern delegations, that there is not and ought not to be any limit to this confidence. We are given to understand that before very long he means not only to permit the militia to be called out in all the Southern States, but to recall the Federal troops, except a few garrisons, and leave our Southern brethren entirely to their own devices.

Those who defend his course and his opinions do so by ridiculing the notion that there is any danger of a renewed attempt at insurrection in the South, but this is simply fighting a man of straw. There are very few people at the North who apprehend anything of the sort. The Chicago *Tribune* the other day showed, by an elaborate calculation, that the permission to call out the Southern militia would place 161,000 men under arms, most of them disbanded rebel soldiers, smarting under their defeats and still fired by the passions of the struggle, and gave its readers plainly to understand that it was fair to anticipate from these people a fresh effort to throw off the "Yankee yoke." We think this arming of the Southern militia to be unquestionably a very unwise and dangerous proceeding, but not because we expect it to lead to a fresh revolt.

There is nobody who has the least knowledge of the actual physical and moral condition of the South but must treat all such apprehensions as chimerical. There has probably never been a people, since the Gauls, so thoroughly beaten in war as the Southerners have been. The completeness of their overthrow has been in the exact ratio of the vigor and obstinacy of their resistance, and resistance more vigorous and more obstinate was probably never offered by any population of the same size. This generation is certainly completely at the mercy of its conqueror, and incapable of offering the least opposition to his mandates. Should it be able to bequeath its passions and hopes to the next one, there might be a possibility of the latter renewing the struggle, but the next generation is twenty years away, and we are not disposed to look forward so far.

What we fear from the President's policy is, not a renewal of the war, but the restoration of the state of things which led to the war. We, of course, do not anticipate a revival of slavery "pure and simple;" but it was not the fact of slavery in itself which led to the revolt, but the state of feeling and of manners which slavery bred—the hatred of democracy, the contempt for human rights, the horror of equality before the law, the proneness to violence which always results from inequality, the tone which all these things communicated to Southern manners, literature, education, religion, and society. What we fear now is the reconstruction at the South, not of "slave society," properly so called, but of a society so closely resembling slave society as to reproduce most of the phenomena which made slave society, politically, so obnoxious, and so dangerous, to the public peace and prosperity. The great lesson which we have learned from the war, if we have learned any lesson at all, is that homogeneousness, social as well as political, is the first condition of our national existence. This government, we now know as well as we know anything, cannot be carried on, if any portion of the population which lives under it is legally kept in degradation, or legally excluded from the enjoyment of any of the rights or privileges possessed by the rest of the community.

The great question to be answered, therefore, by those who propose handing the South over immediately to the control of the Southern whites, is not whether they can be trusted not to revolt again, or not to restore slavery again—we know them to be physically unable to do either of these things—but whether they can be trusted to establish among them that form of social organization which we know to be necessary to the peace and happiness of the nation, to the vindication of our own principles before the world, and to secure which we have spent millions of treasure and torrents of blood. Nobody will venture to answer this in the affirmative. Nobody has answered it in the affirmative. The partizans of the South content themselves with calling attention to the resignation with which they gave up slavery, after it had been destroyed by force, and the alacrity with which they laid down their arms, when further resistance meant slaughter or starvation. But can they be trusted to take measures for putting the negro fairly under the protection of the laws—that is, giving him, weak, helpless, and degraded as he has been, those guarantees for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which the white race, strong, rich, powerful, and energetic as it knows itself to be, declares to be essential for *its* liberty and security? Can they be trusted with the sole management of one of the most difficult and delicate of political processes, the endowment of slaves with the feelings and aspirations of freemen, when they have up to the last moment fought against it sword in hand, and at this moment make no secret of the loathing and rage which it excites in them, of their confidence that it will fail, and of their hopes that it may fail?

He must be a very sanguine or very simple person who will say yes to all this, when we see that all through the South the men whom the people elect to take charge of the work of reconstruction which Mr. Johnson is committing, as we believe, most recklessly to their hands, are those who are notoriously most thoroughly impregnated with the old pro-slavery vices, the old pro-slavery passions, hates, and prejudices. The most popular man in South Carolina to-day is Wade Hampton, and there is not another in the South who hates freedom, and the North, and the Union more thoroughly. We might go through every one of the revolted States and cite cases of the same kind. The men who are animated by Northern ideas are either nobodies or persons in whom their neighbors have no confidence. The men whom President Johnson has put in office are often like the redoubtable Perry, persons who make speeches in Charleston which are not intended to be heard in Washington. This personage, as our readers may remember, avowed himself at Greenville a humiliated, outraged, unrepentant, Yankee-hating Southerner, who believed that "freedom would be a curse to the negro;" but on receiving his appointment as provisional governor, two days afterwards, he made his appearance at Washington, with eight friends, in the character of a "wandering sheep," and matched himself to bleat "Union sentiments" against any loyal wether in the capital.

What we fear is, that we are now about to witness a phenomenon for which many calm and shrewd observers have all along looked with fear and trembling: the free States once more overcome by that disposition to temporize, compromise, and put off the evil day, and hope for the best, to which whatever of shame, humiliation, and disaster there has been in the history of the last forty years may be directly traced. We are all more or less affected by the languor which was sure to follow the prodigious efforts of the war. The public mind is a little weary of contention and agitation; trade is rapidly reviving, and Southern orders are just as sweet and as soothing, Southern tongues just as glib and as smooth, as ever they were. The restoration of a Union of some kind or other seems within easy reach, and it is no more difficult for Southern orators and traders to persuade their Northern friends that all trouble is over and that the political millennium is at hand, than it was to persuade them ten years ago that the very existence of Northern society depended on Southern favor and encouragement. We are but witnessing to-day, in the impression produced on Northern opinion by Southern professions, a fresh display of that consummate political ability which, for half a century, laid a large, acute, intelligent, and industrious community prostrate at the feet of a few thousand slave-owners, the product of a society on which civilization had left only the faintest traces. And we run great risk at this moment of being dragged into compromises, the consequences of which our children will rue, as we have rued those of our fathers.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY FATHERS AND THE CONQUERED TORIES.

THERE appears to be much danger that our views in regard to the crime of treason, and the punishment due to it, may become so diluted from a variety of causes as seriously to impair the vital force of that public opinion which must decide our policy in reference to some of the most important practical questions of the day. The tendency evidently is to belittle or palliate the crime, to seek excuses for the offender, and to invoke for his protection amnesty, if not oblivion of the past.

If we trace the history of that confusion of moral ideas which undoubtedly prevails on this subject, we shall find that it has a modern origin. Leniency towards victims of an unsuccessful rebellion first came into fashion during the period of the French Revolution, when the changes in the government of that country were so sudden, so frequent, and so violent, that it seemed monstrous to punish even the leaders of the revolt of to-day, because of an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the usurpation of yesterday. The influence of the doctrine, however, did not extend beyond the philosophers, for each successive faction as it grasped the brief authority fell readily into the "easy sin of vengeance" and proscription. Exile or death was the fate universally reserved to the conquered. The frequent recurrence of these frightful scenes in France, their shocking cruelty, made more hideous as the prize of victory usually fell into the hands of the basest demagogues; the extraordinary extension which the doctrine of constructive treason had reached in England; and, more than all, perhaps, the influence of that modern humane spirit which has sought to mitigate the barbarous cruelties of the old criminal code, have all combined to produce a great reaction in public opinion throughout the civilized world, not only in regard to the punishment due to treason, but as to the nature of the crime itself. With the exception, however, of the declaration made by the short-lived Provisional Government of France in 1848, at the suggestion of Lamartine, that no one should thenceforth be put to death for a "political offence"—in plain English, for treason—we believe that no instance can be found in the legislation of modern Europe or in this country in which philosophical theories in regard to the right of revolution have been allowed to modify in the least the old established law of treason. While by means of discussions, designed to bring about a mitigation of the severity of the penal code, almost every other crime in the calendar has been analyzed in the spirit of an enlightened humanity, with a view of grading the punishment in such due proportion as the moral heinousness of the offence or the safety of society seemed to require, the crime of treason and the punishment due to the traitor (except in the omission of a certain barbarous mutilation formerly connected with his execution) have remained unchanged on the statute book. In this country particularly, where everything social and political has changed since the adoption of the Constitution, treason against the United States, as it is sharply, clearly, briefly defined in that Constitution, has withstood all attempts to weaken its force and directness by the sophistries of interpretation. At the same time, it cannot be denied that either because we have known hitherto nothing practically of the real enormity of treason, or because, perhaps, we have been somewhat staggered by the very stupendous proportions it has attained, we are by no means decided how far the letter of the law should be vindicated.

It has long been the fashion to appeal to the wisdom, moderation, and justice of our Revolutionary fathers as furnishing us with a true rule of action in many things; particularly are we pointed to their policy in time of war, both towards domestic and foreign enemies, as indicating the course we should pursue. There are few matters connected with the history of the Revolution less generally known than the measures adopted by the various colonists concerning those of their countrymen who were adherents to the Crown—Loyalists, or Tories, as they were called. It seems to us that, at the present juncture, we may study with profit the legislation not only directed against these loyalists, during the war, but persisted in after peace was declared and immediate danger was passed. The subject has been most luminously treated by Mr. Sabine, in the preface to his valuable work on "American Loyalists," from which we shall borrow from illustrations we may need for that purpose.

Passing by the numerous outbreaks of popular violence prior to the commencement of hostilities, which serve to show the widespread disaffection towards the Royal Government, we come to the formal acts o legislation adopted by the various colonial assemblies in reference to the adherents of the Crown, as soon as the popular party got control of them. These acts are remarkable in many respects—in none more so than in the unanimity of sentiment which they indicate as prevailing in all the colonies as to the proper policy to be pursued, not only towards those guilty of the technical crime of treason, but also towards those who in any way, direct or indirect, afforded aid and comfort to the public enemy.

In Massachusetts, a person suspected of enmity to the Whig cause could be arrested and banished. Three hundred and eight of her inhabitants, who had fled from their homes, were threatened by act of Assembly with imprisonment and transportation in case of their return, and for a second offence with death, without benefit of clergy.

In New Hampshire a similar act was passed. Seventy-six of her inhabitants were banished, and the estates of the most obnoxious were confiscated.

In Connecticut, affording any aid or information whatever to the enemy involved the loss of the offender's estate and his imprisonment for three years.

In Rhode Island similar offences were punished by death and confiscation of estate.

In New York, county committees were authorized to apprehend and to decide upon the guilt of those suspected of correspondence with the enemy, and to banish them if found guilty. The effects of fifty-nine persons, of whom three were women, passed in this State by confiscation to the "people."

In New Jersey the persons and estates of the loyalists were governed by a similarly rigid code, while in Pennsylvania the number of persons who were attainted of treason by special acts, or by proclamations of the President and Council, was nearly five hundred.

Maryland confiscated and appropriated the property of all persons in allegiance to the British Crown, and Virginia passed a resolution that persons of a given description should be regarded as aliens, and that their property should be sold, and the proceeds paid into the public treasury.

In North Carolina and Georgia similar laws were enacted, while those passed by South Carolina on the subject exceeded in severity those of any member of the Confederacy. The loyalists were divided by the law of this State into four classes, their relative guilt determined without any judicial enquiry whatever, and penalties were imposed upon the different persons embraced in them, from a fine of twelve and a half per cent. of the value of their estates, to their absolute confiscation, and the perpetual banishment of their owners.

Measures such as these appear of merciless severity when contrasted with the provisions of our recent Confiscation acts, and certainly very little heed was paid by our fathers to those "inborn rights" of which we have heard so much of late, trial by jury and exemption from military jurisdiction. Yet we never hear that they were regarded at the time by any one save their victims as too severe. On the contrary, they were considered by all good patriots as essential to the public safety and the success of our arms. So deep was the conviction on this subject, that these proscriptive measures were persisted in long after peace was declared, and in the face of the provisions of a formal treaty made between Congress and Great Britian, which stipulated that the various State legislatures should be urged to repeal their confiscation and banishment laws, and to grant compensation to the loyalists for the losses sustained by them through the operation of these laws. This recommendation was absolutely unheeded. Not a single State repealed her confiscation laws, or made restitution to the unfortunate Tories. We may suppose that strong personal animosities engendered before the war, and made intensely bitter by the events of the contest, may have had something to do with this determination, but we think it is fair to infer that a deeper and more statesmanlike motive indicated the policy to be pursued. The leaders of the Revolution no doubt thought that in establishing a new government upon a popular basis, the success of the experiment would be gravely compromised by the

presence and influence of those whose notions of royal prerogative were so deeply rooted as to be wholly irreconcilable with any true theory of popular sovereignty. They very justly feared the influence of the talents, the personal character, and of the large landed estates of their opponents. They determined to establish a republican form of government, and logically (whether justly or unjustly to individuals) they made up their minds to eliminate from the country every disturbing element by which they thought that the success of the experiment would be hazarded. The result proves, we think, that they acted wisely in adopting such a policy. We may mourn, if we choose, over the injustice of the proscription and exile of many of the loyalists, and may pity the many hardships they were forced to endure in the wild regions of Canada and New Brunswick, where new homes were provided for them, but nothing can be clearer than that the most deep-rooted principle of our American life, its intense nationality and love of independence, owed its birth and rapid development to the general agreement of opinions which then prevailed in regard to the great principles of self-government. How different might have been the result had the Tories been allowed to assist in bringing order out of chaos in 1789, it is easy to conjecture.

When Napoleon, after his return from Elba, was preparing the *Acte Additionel*, designed by its provisions to secure the support of the liberal party in France, he refused, in opposition to the opinion of many of the wisest men in the Council of State, to declare formally that, under the new system, the penalty of confiscation for political crimes should be abolished. "I do not mean," said he, "to make use of this tremendous power to harm the hair of a human being, but I wish to hold it *in terrorem* over the head of Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna, over certain of my former officers, now courtiers of Louis XVIII., at Ghent, and over certain doubtful prefects here, because it is just now the most effective instrument for the real good of the country that I can employ."

THE MUDDLE, AND THE WAY OUT OF IT.

We believe it is Hoyle—it may be Mathews; at any rate, some supreme authority—who says that a *good* whist-player knows how to observe the rules of the game, while a *great* whist-player knows when to break them. This maxim is as true of war and of politics as of whist. A good general or a good statesman is one who has well studied the science of war or of government, and knows how to apply its practical rules to the ordinary experiences of military or civil affairs. A great general or a great statesman is one who can pierce through to the principles which lie beneath those sciences, and divine precisely when the state of affairs exists which can be only fitly met by disobeying their canons. This nation is now in precisely the crisis which calls for such an intervening intelligence, to extricate it from the very bonds and ligaments with which it has bound its own limbs—as its enemies hope, to be offered up as a sacrifice to their malice and revenge. There is a general instinctive feeling of this necessity pervading the loyal part of the nation, and as general an inability to discern whence and how the deliverance is to come. The Anglo-Saxon reverence for established institutions and old prescriptions and recorded precedents, which forms so striking a feature in the American character, makes us shrink from refusing to follow whither they seem to point, in spite of our misgivings that it may lead us to destruction. It is the collision between this feeling and veneration for the past with the sense of the instant necessities of the present that produces the hopeless muddle in which too many good men now feel themselves, and in which they will be apt always to find themselves whenever they set about making two incongruities coalesce.

This confusion of ideas arises from an inability or unwillingness to see that the rebellion has put the States engaged in it in a totally different relative position to the nation from that they occupied before they revolted. Many excellent persons cannot see where the new wine of impartial liberty which the nation has trodden out of the red wine-press of the rebellion can be put, excepting into the old bottles of State rights, though they have fearful forebodings that the bottles will burst to the utter spilling of the wine. The doctrine of the independence of the several States, including the right to regulate their own internal affairs as seemed good (or evil) in their own eyes, was a political axiom which everybody accepted. Even the most extreme Abolitionists scrupulously avoided asking Congress to interfere with slavery in the States, because they believed it had no constitutional power in the premises. A very small portion of them, led by Gerrit Smith, held a different doctrine; but, as a general thing, the public opinion of the nation was unanimous on this point. The necessity of the case has changed public opinion as to that matter, so that the abolition of slavery, because necessary to the exclusive and highest welfare of the nation, is as unanimously accepted. But, on the mistaken supposition that the rebellion is ended, many conscientious persons are in doubt how the nation can do anything else than restore the rebel States to their old sovereignties, if they give the assent, which they cannot refuse, to the abolition of slavery. Of course, all the Copperheads at the North, who have been giving the rebels all the aid they dared during the war, are eager in their endeavors to rehabilitate them in their old pre-eminences as far as possible, now it is over. But men of acuteness and sense, of the most tried and undoubted loyalty, are exercised in their minds as to how the citizens of the rebel States can be hindered from settling at their pleasure the political condition of the dwellers within their borders, whatever the consequences to the nation may be, by citizens meaning only those who exercised the right of citizenship before the rebellion.

The remedy, we apprehend, is provided by the necessity of the case. The Government of the nation, having taken the steps necessary to suppress the armed rebellion, is not to be excused from taking such further ones as are necessary to make that suppression effectual and permanent. The only reconstruction which Congress has a right to consent to is one which shall secure the nation and all its inhabitants, North and South, black and white, in the possession of the equal rights and privileges which can alone give strength, security, and peace to the nation. The duty of the Government, including all its co-ordinate branches, is to consult the safety and welfare of the whole nation, and not to pander to the prejudices and passions of the rebellious portion of it. The safety and welfare of all the inhabitants of the nation cannot yet be trusted to the care and protection of the rebel States, restored to all their sovereign rights as exercised before the insurrection. That the rebellion is not killed, but only scotched, is evident enough from the hardships and cruelties to which the freedmen are subjected in all those States. Nothing but the presence and the fear of the interference of the United States troops prevents their reduction to a condition of virtual, if not nominal, slavery, as bad as that from which the nation has pledged itself to deliver them. And should the troops be withdrawn, the constitutional right of the citizens of each State to be regarded as citizens of every other State will be as dead a letter as Mr. Hoar found it in Carolina, and Mr. Hubbard in Louisiana, a dozen years ago; and as did the black citizens of Massachusetts and New York who were sold into slavery by those States, whose rights they went to defend before the courts of the nation. As long as the vicious and rebellious state of mind which the President's experiment in reconstruction has developed exists, neither he nor Congress has a right to regard the rebellion at an end and deliver the nation into the hands of those impenitent rebels and their Copperhead allies, or even into the fear of it. The sword has cut the knot which seemed inextricably to bind the whole nation to the triumphing wheels of the slaveocratic Democracy, and it must be its own fault if it permits itself to be tied again by the ravelling strands of the parted coil.

If the President and the two Houses of Congress had the right to take all measures necessary for the reduction of the rebels, including even the abolition of their most sacred institution of slavery, the same right, and the co-ordinate duty, still inheres in them to take such further measures as shall make that reduction complete and perpetual. And this *ex necessitate rei*. As truly so as the necessity of the case extorted the emancipation of the slaves by the President under the war powers of the Constitution. This was justifiable, politically, because the life and honor of the whole nation demanded it. So its life and honor demand that it shall be protected now from having its victory turned into defeat by the cunning of the intestine enemies who have succumbed to its force. Constitution and laws, whether prescriptive, statutory, or popular, are not the life of a nation, but its raiment only. The

life is more than the raiment, and it is not to be sacrificed to a superstitious veneration for its vesture. All political progress towards freedom has been made by departure from old ideas when the critical moment came. Nothing could be more venerable than was monarchy in the eyes of the English people, and yet Cromwell decapitated it in the person of Charles I., and it has never, since that stroke, been what it was before. Kings were taught, as Boswell's father told Dr. Johnson, "that they had a joint in their necks," and have been the better for the lesson ever since. The Convention Parliament exiled Catholicism and despotism in the person of James II., and re-arranged the laws of descent, in utter contempt of divine right and the statutes and customs of the realm. A century ago our ancestors were sincerely loyal, and it was but here and there a sagacious eye foresaw that the crisis was coming upon them which would compel a reconstruction of American government upon the ruins of loyalty.

We cannot but think that President Johnson has complicated matters by his theory that the States have never been out of the Union. For he is himself obliged to contradict his own theory. If true, and if the rebellion was confined to individual traitors, why does he not leave the States in the hands of the loyal men and the pardoned rebels? Simply because he knows that it would be only to confound confusion worse than ever. The rebel States did, by their own solemn action, take themselves out of the Union in fact, and kill and murder hundreds of thousands of loyal men to sustain their action; and no abstract political theory should be allowed to put them in a better position than that in which they elected to place themselves. They are not actually, and we believe Congress will declare that they are not theoretically, States in any proper sense of the word. They are neither States nor yet Territories; but collections of men in an entirely abnormal political condition. They are conquered rebels, individually and collectively, at the mercy of the nation they have so heinously offended and grievously injured. Congress has no right to erect them again into States until they have proved themselves capable of the republican form of government the Constitution requires it to guarantee to all the constituents of the nation. This will be done when political privileges are granted on equal terms, satisfactory to the sovereign nation, without distinction of race or color, to the inhabitants of the several jurisdictions; when the oath of every man is equal before the law; and when the ordinary tribunals to be organized are competent to protect the life, property, and rights of all the people. Until then a military force must be maintained in every so-called State sufficient to preserve the peace and protect original loyalists, white and black, with military courts to do the justice in all cases in which justice can be nad in no other way. And this as much for the real benefit of the South as of the North, and it is this that loyal men there, as well as here, entreat at the hands of Government. The accepted time for doing this is *now*, and will soon be past, and if not used aright, the last end of this nation may be worse than the first.

THE PARSON AND THE ATTORNEY.

We think that our contemporaries of the press have hardly done their duty by the public, during the late hot weather, in not refreshing it more generally than they have done with the correspondence between Governor Brownlow and Mr. George T. Curtis of this city. Nothing could be more refreshing during the heated term than the original letter of Mr. Curtis, were not its contents made yet more refrigerate by the pail of cold water emptied in his face by the reverend Governor. We freely admit our own *laches* in the premises, and can only crave pardon of our readers for not having been more instant in ministering to their ardent necessities. It seems that an unhappy patriot in Tennessee, W. C. Kain by name, is in the clutches of the law for the trifling indiscretion of treason and murder. For some reason best known to himself, either that he could get no counsel nearer home willing to undertake his case, or that there was some particular adaptedness to it on the part of Governor Brownlow's correspondent, it appears that he has had to resort to this city for legal assistance. Mr. Curtis was the counsel learned in the law on whom this honorable distinction fell. We presume very few of our readers ever heard his name, unless any of them should happen to remember him as the fortunate man who had the happiness to postpone the rebellion by the sacrificial offering of a black victim, Thomas Sims by name, under the beneficent auspices of the Fugitive Slave Law. It happened to be almost the first case in the City of Notions under that humane statute, and accordingly excited intense interest, and gave to the name of Mr. Curtis the only general notoriety that ever attached to it. Whether it was that this notoriety was not of a sort to benefit his practice, and that one of the notions of Boston was that negro-hunting, however useful, was not ornamental to the character of the legal profession, so that she turned her cold shoulder to him, at any rate the Sims Commissioner (which honorable addition to his style and title was conferred upon him for the gallant and meritorious service just mentioned) shook off the dust of his feet against her and sought the more congenial atmosphere of New York, several years since. He recently gave notice of his continued existence by the following characteristic epistle:

"New York, August 5.

"*His Excellency Governor Brownlow:*

"Sir: I have been retained as counsel to assist in the defence of W. C. Kain, now under indictment in one of the courts of your State for murder and treason. No one has requested me to write to you; but when I last heard from Mr. Kain he mentioned the manner of his confinement, and I could not help being shocked by its unnecessary rigor. I am not ignorant of the state of feeling in Tennessee towards persons on the Confederate side who may be more or less justly obnoxious to popular indignation. Into the merits or demerits of their cases I do not wish to enter, excepting in the instance of Mr. Kain, as I may have a duty to discharge on the issues which the State has formally made with him in its legal tribunals. But I cannot think it unbecoming in me to suggest to the authorities of the State that indictment and trial on capital accusations, and the detention necessary therefor, are punishment enough in advance of the possible end of such proceedings; and that all unnecessary rigor attending the confinement, whatever the supposed provocations, is what all men may justly deplore. I am sensible that the Union people of your State have endured great suffering, but the dignity and humanity with which it shall administer its laws and vindicate its sovereignty, will have much to do with its good name.

"Let me beg you, sir, to use your influence or your authority, and to see that this person is treated with no more severity than his detention requires. I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"George T. Curtis."

It were worth a journey to Nashville to have seen the face of the militant minister and Governor when he first opened this epistle and gradually absorbed its contents. Being a minister, we trust he had the grace to forbear swearing, though if he had not, we think too well of the Recording Angel to doubt for a moment that he would have dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever. The phlegm of the New York attorney in writing such a homily to Governor Brownlow was only to be equalled by his intrepidity in attacking so unequal an antagonist. But we apprehend his courage was somewhat cooled by the parson's response, which was as follows:

"State of Tennessee, Executive Department,
"Nashville, August 18, 1865.

"*George T. Curtis, Esq., New York:*

"Sir: Your favor of the 5th instant is received. Upon some letter or message from one W. C. Kain, a felon in jail at Knoxville, you are shocked by the unnecessary rigor of his confinement, and suggest that 'the dignity and humanity with which the State shall administer its laws have much to do with its good name.' I know nothing of the nature of the report your client may have made to you, but I know the sheriff of Knox County, to whom your letter should have been addressed, and know him to be an excellent man, who has rendered gallant service as an officer in our army, and I am confident that any statements of your client, charging the sheriff with barbarous treatment of prisoners, are untrue. Your client, no doubt, thinks it very hard that he should be confined at all for the conscientious (?) discharge of his duty as an officer, in such insignificant matters as hanging and starving a few Union citizens, whipping others at the stake or at the cart-wheel, and stripping Union ladies who were passing through the rebel lines of all their clothing, except what they had upon their persons, for the heinous offence of thinking the rebellion wrong. In this opinion you may agree with him. I, who do not profess to be so deeply versed in Vattel and Puffendorf, cannot.

"I shall endeavor to see that the State vindicates its sovereignty by administering its laws with dignity and humanity; and while profoundly grateful for the solicitude you manifest for the reputation of Tennessee, I must be allowed to say that, when fully convinced that I,

or the subordinate executive officers of the State, need instructions as to the proper discharge of the grave official duties devolving upon us from attorneys residing in other States, of your well-known proclivities, I will give you due notice, but until that time such gratuitous, patronizing lectures as yours can be regarded in no other light than as unwarrantable impertinence.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"W. G. BROWNLOW,
"Governor of Tennessee."

We should judge from this specimen that Parson Brownlow's dealings with sinners must be sharp and effectual, and we hope, rather than expect, that this labor may be blessed to the spiritual improvement and growth in grace of its object. If it cannot impart greater modesty, it may produce more reticence. Governor Brownlow speaks of the "well-known proclivities" of Mr. Curtis, from which we infer that the one famous act of his life has reached his ears. He infers that Mr. Curtis's tastes and character remain unchanged, which, for all we know to the contrary, may be so. But what a change, and how blessed a one, has come over him since Commissioner Curtis sent Sims back to Savannah! And no one would admit it more candidly, or rejoice over it more sincerely, than he. We will here take leave of the subject, by congratulating Mr. Kain on his choice of a counsellor, Mr. Curtis on his good fortune in such a client, and Tennessee and the world at large on a governor like Parson Brownlow, so eminently competent to deal with them both.

MR. HARLAN ON RECONSTRUCTION.

SECRETARY HARLAN, of the Department of the Interior, lately wrote a letter to a friend in Iowa, for the purpose of showing that "the President's policy" on negro suffrage does not conflict with the resolution of the Iowa Republicans to strike the word "white" from the franchise clause of their State constitution. "The real question at issue, in a national point of view," says the secretary, "is not whether negroes shall be permitted to vote, but whether they shall derive that authority from the national Government, or from the State governments respectively." Theoretically Mr. Harlan may be right, but practically he is entirely wrong—and for this reason: not one of the Southern States is prepared, or ever will be prepared in our time, to allow negroes to vote. The whole matter is the completest of foregone conclusions, if the Southern States are to decide what is to be the *status* of the colored man. From Virginia to Florida, they are all ready to declare that the colored race shall never be admitted to the polls. Under the pressure of the sword, which proceeds from our exercise of the right of conquest, the States that were in rebellion admit that the blacks are free, but they go no further—and they go so far as that only because they cannot help themselves. Suppose the President had carried his constitutional scruples a step further, and had remitted to each of the conquered States the decision of the question, "Has slavery any longer an existence here?"—does Mr. Harlan suppose they would have decided that slavery did not exist? Of course he does not. No man, with his faculties in a tolerably clear state, could come to the conclusion that any Southern State would have declared that slavery did not exist merely because the victors in the civil war had so declared in advance, but still left the question to be decided by the vanquished. Whatever should be left for the decision of the vanquished, they would be sure to decide in accordance with their feelings and prejudices, and their supposed interests.

It must have been clear from the beginning that the colored race had nothing to hope from the Southern whites. To remit the settlement of their condition to those whites, their late masters, in the belief that those masters would act humanely and justly, was as wise as it would have been to expect that a community of wreckers would be especially tender of the moral rights of shipwrecked mariners. What should have been done was this: the conquered States should have been required to admit their colored inhabitants to the enjoyment of all the rights that belong to their white inhabitants. We had as good a right to impose such a condition on them as we had to impose the condition that they should abolish slavery, or, which is the same thing, admit that we had abolished it. We disregarded State rights when we made use of our military power to abolish slavery, and we could have done no more had we insisted that the late slaves should be recognized as men and as citizens. Such a course would have settled, at once and for ever, a matter that now threatens to vex the country as long as it was vexed by the slavery question itself. It would have been the treatment of a bold surgeon who cuts away a foul excrescence, and would have borne no resemblance to that quackish treatment which converts such excrescence into a permanent sore, through which the strength of the body is drawn away. Every week something is done to show that the conquered States are governed militarily, than which nothing could be more opposed to the requirements of the Constitution. If the Constitution is to be disregarded in secondary matters, why should it become so sacred whenever it is proved to stand, or is supposed to stand, in the way of justice and liberality? In fact, if there is anything in what is called "the President's policy," the President's course is all wrong. Under that policy he is bound to withdraw every soldier from the Southern States, and to permit the people of those States to decide every question that concerns them precisely as they shall please to decide it. Even if they should declare that slavery still exists, we cannot see how he could object to such action, for slavery has not been constitutionally abolished, and, therefore, if his principle is sound, he has no right to say to any State that it must and shall admit that slavery has no existence within its borders. To insist that each conquered State should start on its new career only after having recognized the right of every negro to full citizenship, would be no more subversive of the rights of that State than would be that other condition which has been enforced, namely, that each conquered State should start on its new career only after having recognized the abolition of slavery, such abolition being the result of military violence, and no more a constitutional proceeding than it would have been constitutional to have made Gen. Grant dictator, in order that he might have had perfect power for the perfect prosecution of the war. It is a mere sham and a delusion to suppose that questions like those which have proceeded from the occurrence of the secession war are to be settled by resort to quirks that might answer for a political discussion in a debating society in Virginia in days when '98 was yet a magical number, but which are entirely out of place when a great people is seeking repose after a season of revolution; but who are not so anxious for that repose as to be ready to disregard the claims of justice, or indifferent to their plighted faith.

Mr. Harlan writes:

"President Johnson maintains the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States does not confer on the federal Government the right to interfere primarily with the right of suffrage in any State of the Union; that the question may arise, and properly be decided by Congress, when senators and members present themselves for admission to seats in that body, under the clause of the Constitution which makes each House the exclusive judge of the qualifications and elections of members, and that other clause of the Constitution of the United States, which provides 'that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government.' I infer that if any State shall adopt a law on the subject of suffrage which would clearly show the State government to be other than republican, it would be the duty of Congress to reject applicants for seats, and to adopt whatever legislative remedies would in their judgment be necessary to carry out the guaranties of the Constitution."

"That the Constitution of the United States does not confer upon the federal Government the right to interfere primarily with the right of suffrage in any State of the Union," may be a perfectly sound proposition, but it has no practical connection with the question of negro suffrage. If the Constitution is to be observed, slavery itself is not abolished; and if it is not to be observed, why should not negroes be voters as well as white men? That Congress—that is, a part only of the federal Government—will have it in its power to undo that which, Mr. Harlan tells us, the entire federal Government cannot prevent being done, is a strange position, to say the least of it. The Constitution, it is true, says that "each house shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members;" but could this provision be made to apply to so extraordinary a case as that which will present itself to the next Congress? This case is to be one that must differ entirely from such cases of contested elections as occurred under the old polity, when there was no dispute as to principle, but only discussions as to modes of procedure, and so forth. If Congress should set

aside persons claiming to be members of that body, because chosen in accordance with "the President's policy," would not there be a collision between the Executive and the Legislature? The question would come up, "Are these States in the Union?" If they are in the Union, as the President holds, how could Congress refuse to receive their members? And how could the President side with Congress, supposing that body to refuse them admission, without condemning all that he has done?—without admitting that he had stultified himself? Such admission would be a confession of failure that we have no right to expect from a President of the United States, and, least of all, from a President who has so strong an individuality as every act of Mr. Johnson's shows him to possess. He would be at war with Congress at once. On the other hand, what would become of the colored population if Congress should admit the Southern members to seats, though that population had been disregarded when those members were chosen? The matter must be a most troublesome one, let it be settled either way; and all the trouble that will come from it might have been avoided had the matter been firmly treated from the first—as firmly, let us say, as the abolition of slavery question was treated.

Mr. Harlan's reference to the "republican form of government" provision of the Constitution does not help the matter. His inference that Congress would not admit applicants for seats who had been chosen under a suffrage system clearly not republican, may be enough to satisfy himself, but it can satisfy nobody else; for the question would immediately present itself, "What is a republican government?" How this would be answered in Congress nobody can as yet tell. All we know is that it will furnish matter for endless discussion. Time that might be usefully employed will be devoted to the discussion of a question that ought literally to be beyond the possibility of debate; and anger will be excited among men who ought to be the firmest of friends, because they will not be able to agree on a point which need not have been introduced into Congress at all. One is bewildered by the thought of the vast amount of historical learning—duly "crammed" for the occasion—that will be brought to bear upon this "republican" discussion, and all of which will have as much real bearing on the subject of negro suffrage as an elaborate history of the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece would have proper place in an oration before a convention of wool-growers.

VITALITY OF THE FREED NEGROES.

Want of space prevented us, in our last number, from fortifying our conclusions in regard to the probable extinction of the freedmen, by a reference to the history of the colored population of the British West Indies. It was a prevalent supposition not many years ago that emancipation had ruined the commerce and material prosperity of those islands. We imagine that the general impression at the present time, as to the population of those islands, is that it is dwindling away, and only kept up by the importation of coolies. Mr. Sewell's thorough work on "The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies," showed conclusively that emancipation had advanced them commercially and materially as well as socially and morally. It is our pleasure to exhibit the increased progress of the *population*, which has also resulted from emancipation. In Mr. Bryan Edwards' standard history of the British Colonies, a table of the populations of the different islands in 1791, including the Bahamas but not including the Bermudas, St. Lucia, and Trinidad, gives as the total population of the rest of the islands 544,000, in round numbers. By Parliamentary returns for the year 1826 and neighboring years, the population of the same islands footed up only 689,000, that is, 135,000 more than in 1791, though between 1791 and 1807, when the slave trade to all British possessions was stopped, from 160,000 to 240,000 slaves must have been introduced and retained. This estimate of the number of slaves introduced may seem high, but Humboldt states that at the time of the French Revolution 38,000 slaves, of whom these islands would take more than half, were annually absorbed by the British West India Colonies, and a Parliamentary return for the two years of 1802 and 1803 gives an annual mean of 10,500 slaves imported into and retained in these islands. From 1826 to 1844, when the next census was taken, a period embracing eight years of slavery, four of apprenticeship, and six of freedom, the increase of the whole population in all the islands was 48,000 on a population of 734,000, or 3.5 per cent. for a period of ten years. The last Parliamentary return of the population of the British West Indies is for the year 1862. The total black and colored population was then 874,604. In 1844 no distinction was made between the white and the colored part of the population, except in Jamaica, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and the Bahamas. If we take the white population in the other islands at the same number that it was in 1834, whatever error there will be will tend to reduce the real increase of the free colored between the years 1844 and 1862, since the white population in these islands somewhat increased between 1834 and 1844. Thus calculated, the white population in 1844 was 48,339, and the colored population was 733,736. The gain of the colored population in the 18 years was 140,868. The number of coolie immigrants included in this number (estimating from the data given by Cochin for all the islands up to 1856, and from the numbers stated by other authorities as being in several of the islands in 1860) cannot be more than 45,000. The increase of the colored population from 1844 to 1862 will then be reduced to 95,800, which gives a decennial rate of increase of 7.37 per cent. This increase was made in spite of the general insalubrity of great portions of the islands, of which an idea can be gained from the fact that the annual mortality among the British troops is as high as one in twenty, and in spite of cholera epidemics in Jamaica and Barbadoes, which were said to have carried off nearly 60,000 inhabitants in all. The increase of the white population during the same period was not more than 4 per cent. If the accuracy of the return for Jamaica, which makes the population 66,000 greater than in 1844, and very much greater than Mr. Sewell estimated it in 1860, be questioned, we will throw Jamaica altogether out of consideration. Taking only the other islands, and calculating the increase by the same means as before, the increase, after deducting 25,000 for the coolies who may have swelled the sum, is 49,000 over a population of 373,000 in 1844, or at the rate of 7.37 per cent. for ten years. To sum up the results we have exhibited, while in 35 years of slavery the population of the British West Indies diminished one and a half to five per cent. every ten years, and in 18 years, two-thirds of which were passed under slavery or the apprentice system, it increased only at the rate of 3.5 in ten years, in the following 18 years of freedom the colored population increased at the rate of 7.37, a rate more than double the preceding.

Correspondence.

THE BASIS OF SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

One of the weightiest arguments in favor of the extension of the elective franchise to the colored race is the disproportionate power that the whites of the South will otherwise have in Congress when their States come to be represented according to their whole population. The danger, it is true, will not become an immediate one until the next decennial census; still, it is important that we should consider the subject thoroughly now, and find the surest means of preventing this result.

At present, the public mind seems to be settling in favor of the plan which is supported by the high authority of Dr. Lieber, Senator Sumner, and General Schenck, that the Constitution should be so amended as to make representation depend upon the number of voters, instead of the number of inhabitants. This would, it is thought, make it the interest of the people of the South to admit the colored people to the suffrage; and we should thus obtain our object by the direct and voluntary action of the Southern people themselves. This would certainly be a result whose importance we could hardly estimate too highly. The free gift of the suffrage by the States directly concerned would be an act which would work powerfully for harmony, while there is danger that the imposition of a rule by national power would be a constant source of dissatisfaction. It is to be observed, however, that the proposed measure is at best an *expedient;* that it is proposed, not as just and right in itself, but as a means to obtain the end which happens just now to be uppermost in our minds. It ought to be remembered, further, that the suffrage would, under these circumstances, not be a free gift, but a bargain; that the passage of this amendment would be nothing more nor less than a bribe offered to the Southern whites to induce them to

grant a certain privilege to the blacks. It may be doubted whether, under these circumstances, the act would have the harmonizing effect ascribed to it. We ought, therefore, before deciding in favor of this proposition, to satisfy ourselves that it is a good and wise one in itself—not merely a convenient way of accomplishing this special object.

Have the people of the United States really considered the subject of the proper basis of representation, and made up their minds that this ought to be the *number of voters* instead of the *number of inhabitants*, as at present? There is no pretence that they have done this. Some forty years ago they did consider the subject in some of the States (New York for instance), and deliberately abandoned this very principle which is now proposed for readoption, as well as the more aristocratic one of *taxation*, and since that time *population* has been universally assumed as the correct basis—the only question having been, how to obtain the exactest possible proportion between population and representation by the formation of equal districts. It may be the people were wrong at that time, and made an unwise change; the fact, at any rate, shows that this sudden disposition to go back to the old method is a temporary whim—not a conviction reached by the observation of actual inconveniences and disadvantages in the present one. If it were not for this new issue coming up just at this time, it is not likely that any one would have thought of changing the basis of representation.

We ought, therefore, first of all, to discuss the question upon general grounds. What is the most just and satisfactory principle on which to establish the rate of representation in a republic? If we should decide that the number of *voters* is the true basis, we should be ready to favor Mr. Sumner's proposed amendment. If, on the other hand, there should appear to be no reason in theory or in experience to be dissatisfied with our present system, we should be slow to abandon it. It would then be our duty to see whether there is not some other way of securing to the colored people their rights, without making a change in the Constitution which we might afterwards be sorry for.

The burden of proof is, of course, with those who propose the innovation. They are bound to show that it is fairer and more philosophical to represent the voters alone than to represent the whole population. We, who oppose the amendment, cannot in justice be called upon to defend the established practice of the country, until some actual charges are brought against it, which has not yet been done. I shall, therefore, content myself with pointing out two objections in point of expediency that lie against the proposition.

The first is, that by its adoption the new States of the West would acquire disproportionate power in Congress, because of the larger proportion of adult males in their population. Let us compare, for instance, Massachusetts and Missouri, two States which are very nearly equal in population, and which would probably have the same number of representatives now that Missouri is a free State. Missouri has (according to the census of 1860) 1,182,012 inhabitants; Massachusetts, 1,231,066; so that Massachusetts might possibly have an extra member in virtue of a fractional excess. The number of males, however, reverses this proportion; *e. g.*, Missouri, 622,201; Massachusetts, 596,713; and, supposing half of these to be voters, we should have Missouri, 311,100; Massachusetts, 298,356. If, then, one member were allowed to 30,000 voters—a very probable ratio—Missouri would have ten, and Massachusetts nine. Taking population as a basis, Massachusetts has a slight advantage; taking the number of voters, Missouri would certainly gain a member. In the States and Territories further west the proportion of males is still greater: in Colorado, 32,654 out of 34,231; in Oregon, 31,451 out of 52,160. We in the East have no desire to discriminate against the Western States; but we have a right to demand that, if any distinction is made, it shall not be in favor of new and immature commonwealths against the old, compact, orderly, and cultivated communities of the East.

Another objection is of a more fundamental nature. It is proposed, by this measure, to hold out an inducement to all the States to extend the suffrage as widely as possible. But the suffrage has already been extended too widely, and the object should rather be to diminish than to increase the number of voters. At the same time, and for the same reason that we admit the thrifty and intelligent colored people to the elective franchise, we ought to exclude the ignorant and vicious whites. It cannot be repeated too often that the suffrage is not merely a right, but also a trust and a mighty power, and that no person has any claim upon it who will not exercise it conscientiously and understandingly. It is nothing but our irrational practice of allowing incompetent whites to vote, while we refused the privilege to competent blacks, that has enabled men like Vallandigham and the Woods to get political power into their hands. There are already temptations enough to extend the suffrage widely; there are enough precincts ruled by jail-birds, unnaturalized foreigners, and men who cannot write their own names. Only two or three States in the Union make any attempt to require in their citizens a guaranty of their fitness. There has been reason to hope, in the natural progress of events, that others would see the wisdom of requiring some degree of education in their voters, and would, one after another, follow this example; but the adoption of the proposed amendment would at once check this wholesome reform, and start the various States off on a frantic race to see which would throw its doors open widest and register the largest number of names on its poll-books.

It ought to be observed, moreover, that this procedure, with all its objectionable features, might not, after all, bring about the desired result. It would still leave the power to the Southern people themselves, and if they retain the spirit of aristocracy in full strength, especially if they still cherish their old State-rights feelings, they might very likely choose to rule as an aristocracy in their own States rather than to obtain for those same States increased power in the national councils—councils which would be no longer controlled by them.

Having shown the objections that lie against this particular plan for obtaining negro suffrage, it is, perhaps, no more than fair that I should try to point out a better.

There are five ways of dealing with this subject. The first is, to leave it entirely to the States themselves, as at present. This is not so utterly hopeless as is generally assumed. There is a small but growing party in the Southern States which is in favor of educated suffrage for whites and blacks; and it may be best to wait a while, before taking any action ourselves, to see whether our object may not be obtained without any interposition on our part. If this should fail, as is likely, we can then adopt whatever course seems best.

The second method is that which has been discussed above—to persuade the States to do justice by the offer of a sort of bonus.

The third is for Congress to take the matter wholly into its own hands, as argued by "T. F." in THE NATION of August 24. His very able and ingenious argument failed to convince me that the obvious and accepted interpretation of the Constitution is not the correct one. It seems to me that nobody can study the debates of the convention, and especially those of the various State conventions called to ratify the Constitution, without arriving at the conclusion that any so centralizing provision as giving the national Government the power of determining the basis of suffrage *for State elections* could not by any possibility have received their approval. In this I consider the question merely as one of interpretation; apart from this, however, any proposition to give to the central Government power to fix the qualifications of voters for State concerns, would be equally objectionable, as being inconsistent with the healthy and harmonious relations of the national and State governments.

There is, however, one way in which it appears to me that Congress can meet this present issue without assuming any general control over State laws upon the subject. "T. F." assumes that, under the accepted theory, the power of Congress ceases completely and for ever as soon as the State is once admitted to the Union. This is, of course, true as a general principle. But there is an important exception: suppose that a condition is imposed upon the admission of a State—not tacitly, as when California was admitted as a free State, but in so many words—it would seem self-evident that Congress would have a right to enforce the observance of the condition. The admission of Missouri, for instance, was delayed for a year until a particular provision was struck out from her Constitution; will it be maintained that Missouri had a right to re-adopt that provision as soon as she was once safely in the Union? If the doctrine I have maintained is true, there would be nothing to prevent Congress from laying it down as a condition to the rehabilitation of the seceded States as members of the Union, that they shall modify their laws of suffrage in accordance with the principles of equality.

The power of Congress to do this may, however, be denied, and this method is open at any rate to the objection that it would apply only to the Southern States, leaving untouched the even more atrocious laws of certain Northern States. The fifth course seems to me, therefore, to be preferred; *i. e.*, to procure an amendment to the Constitution giving Congress the power to establish the qualifications of voters for national elections. The States would then still have the right, which legitimately belongs to them, of making the laws of suffrage in State elections as liberal or as discriminating as they please. In order, however, to secure full rights to the colored people, in State as well as national concerns, it would be desirable to pass a second amendment, prohibiting any discriminations on the ground of race or color. An amendment to this effect, as proposed by Mr. Wendell Phillips nearly two years ago, would cover the whole ground. Kill slavery, with all its attendant abominations, and establish the suffrage at once upon a just

basis. Indeed, if this were adopted, there would be no urgent need of the other one, giving to Congress the power over the qualifications of voters. It would be well, however, still to insist upon this, inasmuch as we might reasonably expect to carry it within no very long time, while the grand and generous principle of Mr. Phillips's proposition would be likely to be some years in making its way to popular favor. It should not be assumed, however, that the colored people would necessarily be obliged to wait all this time for their rights. The right to vote in national elections would speedily bring after it the right to vote in State elections; just as the right to testify before military tribunals, which General Howard is giving the negroes, must soon be followed by the right to testify in State courts.

If the national right of suffrage should be thus made uniform, the chief objection against basing representation on the number of electors would lose its force. In this case, however, it is doubtful whether any one would take the trouble to urge the amendment, inasmuch as there would no longer be any political object to gain by it. MARCEL.

TESTIMONY OF PRISONERS IN THEIR OWN DEFENCE.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 11, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In your issue of the 7th inst., you state that "the Legislature of Maine, at its last session, passed an act which permits a prisoner, arraigned for murder, to testify in his own behalf," and you add that "a State which has more than once been a pioneer in our American legislation again excites our interest, and, we cannot err in saying, secures our commendation by a novel experiment in criminal legislation."

Without designing to rob the State of Maine of any credit that may be due to her, I would, nevertheless, desire to interpose a word in favor of Connecticut, which, more than twenty years ago, tried the "experiment in criminal legislation" which you speak of as "novel" and peculiar to Maine. The time was, in Connecticut, as in other States, when the testimony of parties in interest was not allowed in our courts, nor were accused persons allowed a hearing upon their own trial. An act was passed about the year 1832 permitting both these classes to tell their own story. It was found, however, in regard to criminal prosecutions, to work badly. The accused were great sufferers upon a skilful cross-examination, and, in mercy to them, the law was repealed, as that in Maine doubtless soon will be. The case you quote in support of the law will prove one of the exceptions in its favor. In this State there is doubtless much "hard swearing" by the parties in interest, but, on the whole, it is supposed that the benefits of the law outweigh its objectionable features, and there is, therefore, no opposition to it.

Connecticut is also the pioneer State in her legislation upon the law of libel. No other State has such an act for the protection of the newspaper press. This act, passed ten years ago, requires the *proof* of malice in the alleged libel. In other States the malice is *inferred* from the proof of the libel, and in all such cases *nominal* damages at least must be given to the plaintiff. In other words, an editor, with the best intentions, is liable to a criminal conviction for the publication of an erroneous statement. I say it is not so here. The malicious spirit, the design to injure, the *animus*, must be shown by the circumstances, in order to obtain even nominal damages. *Special damages*, however, if proved, may be obtained, as in other States; but these must be set forth in the declaration of the plaintiff. This is a great advance on the dark ages of English jurisprudence. Our Supreme Court, however, through the influence of one of the judges, an able but crotchety man, who is pitted against the liberal rulings of a brother member of the bench, has almost killed the law by its encroaching decisions. The Legislature will soon have to come to its defence, unless this antique judge shall be transferred to some other orbit of duty.

Connecticut took the initiative against the law allowing imprisonment for debt—against the act allowing the creation of lotteries and the sale of lottery-tickets. But Maine has the credit of her well-meant liquor law, and Connecticut the discredit of following her example in enacting a similar most unfortunate statute.

You will see, therefore, Mr. Editor, that Maine is not the pioneer State in every legal reform, but that Connecticut is ahead of her in experiments in the right direction. TRUMBULL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Noticing in No. 10 of your journal a brief article in which reference is made to some recent ameliorations of the law regulating criminal trials in England and in the State of Maine, I am induced to call your attention to the recent changes made by the last Legislature of the State of New York in respect, namely, to the testimony which may be admitted in such trials. I would state, in the first place, however, that you seem, in the article referred to, to be in error in supposing that in the State of Maine the right of the accused to testify in his own behalf is restricted to capital trials. On the contrary, by the act of the Legislature of that State, passed in 1863, this right is secured to the accused "in the trial of all indictments, complaints, and other proceedings against persons charged with the commission of crimes or offences," and in the number for August, 1865, of the "American Law Register," new series, may be found a letter of Chief-Justice Appleton, of that State, to a member of a committee of the Senate of Massachusetts upon the subject, in which he gives his weighty and unqualified approval of the law.

The Legislature of New York, at their last session, continued the work, which has been going on at every succeeding session since the adoption of our Code of Procedure, of amending that statute. Amongst other things, they amended section 399 of the code, so that it now reads as follows: "A party to an action or special proceeding, in any and all courts, and before any and all tribunals, and before any and all officers acting judicially, may be examined as a witness on his own behalf, or in behalf of any other party, in the same manner and subject to the same rules of examination as any other witness." . . . "And nothing contained in section 8 of this act shall be held or construed to affect or restrain the operation of this section." The section 399 also contains provisos and limitations not material to be here cited.

A careful comparison of the different sections of the code as thus amended will demonstrate that the change introduced by the last Legislature is startling, not to say appalling. I proceed to point out the effect of this amendment.

It is to be observed, in the first place, that section 399 is contained in that part of the code designated Part 2, and by the eighth section of the code, mentioned in the amendment, the second part is declared to relate "to civil actions" . . . . "except when otherwise provided therein." But section 399, as amended, both by its general language and by the special expression of its final clause, as cited above, does "otherwise provide." The operation of section 399 is no longer limited or affected by section 8.

Now, "actions" are declared by section 4 to be of two kinds:

1. Civil.

2. Criminal; and by section 5 a "criminal action" is defined to be one which "is prosecuted by the people of the State, as a party, against a person charged with a public offence, for the punishment thereof."

It follows, of necessity, that a person charged with a public offence "may," both upon his trial and upon the preliminary examination before a magistrate, "be examined as a witness on his own behalf, or in behalf of any other party"—a person charged or indicted jointly with him, for example—because, in the first case, the proceeding is a "criminal action;" and, in the second case, a "special proceeding."

It is not perceived that there can be any escape from this conclusion. It is, on the other hand, in no degree probable that the Legislature contemplated this result of their work, any more than they contemplated the disastrous results of their legislation in 1860, which opened the prison doors and "gave enlargement" to more than one convicted murderer. But we think it is abundantly clear that the author of the amendment not only understood exactly what he proposed to do, but also exactly how to do it.

We would not wish to be understood as committing ourselves against the amendment. It may be expedient, wise, just. But we do stand committed, now and always, against this style of legislation, and reprobate it as rash, because there was no need of haste; and blind, because it neither sought nor had the light afforded by public discussion. Certainly this most important legislation, touching in some degree the life, the liberty, the reputation, and the security of all, has been passed upon a people unaware of what was proposed and done for them and in their name.

We have not learned that this legislation has been hitherto brought under judicial discussion or decision; probably for the reason that its existence is not generally known.

The amendment suggests many and grave considerations bearing upon its propriety, from an exposition of which we at present refrain.

BRIEFLESS.

BROOKLYN, September 10, 1865.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FUNERAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

BEE FUNERAL.—A correspondent of an English paper transmits the following: "On Sunday morning last, I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we

observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of ten yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, when they flew away, and, as John Bunyan says in his dream, 'I saw them no more.'"

The foregoing reminds me of a bit of experience in connection with a few months of shepherd-life in California. The record given is one of literal facts. Let our naturalist friends, therefore, take note of the same, and, if deemed worthy, write them down in their books.

All cattle-kind, in those days, unhampered by the conventionalities of fences and particular farms, were left to wander free over the plains, with no other restrictions than the attendance and general guardianship of a shepherd.

I was down one day to where the Little Butte Creek sinks on the prairie. The Little Butte on the one side, and a succession of sloughs on the other, gradually curving, came at length together, forming a sort of peninsula covered with oak timber. It was a most beautiful locality, and afforded a favorite watering-place for the cattle that were wont to range thereabouts.

Under a tree I found an ox that had apparently just died of a disease known as murrain. At the time I discovered the dead animal there was but one living one in sight, and he was following me in from where I had forded the slough. While I was busy in examining the dead to see if possible whose it might be, he halted; but as soon as I passed on out of the way, he began cautiously to approach it, and then, in a peculiar way, to smell of it, which he continued for some time, as if to ascertain what was the matter. After having satisfied himself, apparently, that his friend was indeed dead, he set up at first a low piteous howl, which gradually increased in intensity and power, until it ended in a piercing and terrific scream. The next moment the whole country around resounded with the tramp of bellowing cattle. That terrific knell had broke on the ears of the multitudes that roamed over those plains, was responded to, and in the short space of ten minutes no less than one hundred were either present or in the immediate neighborhood.

Then came the ceremony. Never having been before the witness of the performance of funeral rites among the brute creation, I naturally scrutinized this with not a little interest; especially so as it promised to be on a decidedly extensive scale.

They commenced first going up to the "deceased," two by two, though sometimes three at a time, when each would smell about him for a moment, and then bid him a final farewell by each setting up a roar which always terminated in a scream. At length, those standing far outside, doubtless waxing impatient at the slow progress made, and in not readily getting access themselves to the dead, began on all sides to join their full sonorous voices in the chorus, by lowing and bellowing and screaming, chanting thus, as it were, a requiem full of power and pathos over their departed companion and friend.

What other interpretation could I give to this truly novel, yet touching and impressive scene? These animals had all traversed the burning plains together, together they had toiled their weary way over yon rugged mountains. Here, at last, in the midst of verdant plains, running waters, and the grateful shade of the promised land, one of their number perishes untimely. Why not this expression of grief on the part of the survivors?

There are evidently connected with the habits of the brute mysteries calculated to perplex for some time yet, if not for ever, the keenest search of man's scientific ken.

H. R. H.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

X.

DANVILLE, VA., Sept. 5, 1865.

DANVILLE is built upon the crown and northern slope of some steep hills which lie along the south bank of the Dan River. It contains rather less than four thousand inhabitants, of all colors, but, on account of its conspicuous site, produces the impression of a larger and finer place than it is. As one approaches it from the north, and, looking across the river at his feet, sees its many handsome residences standing among trees and gardens, and recalls what he has observed of other towns, or of the absence of them, in his travels through Virginia, the general aspect of the place is quite pleasing.

The river contributes as much to this effect as any other feature of the landscape, for it holds less of earth in solution than most of the other streams which I have seen, and is able to reflect the sky and change with it. The Dan is here about sixty rods wide, shallow and full of rocks, that everywhere show above the surface of the water. It is spanned by two ugly covered bridges, over one of which passes the railroad to Richmond, and the other is a toll-bridge for ordinary travel. The stream is rapid, and the water-power furnished by its current once set in motion the machinery of several tobacco factories, but they are now all idle. Business of every kind is said to be dull; most of the tobacco has already come in from the neighboring counties, and the people have almost nothing to sell. No national bank has yet been established, and there is an embarrassing scarcity of money, so that a large part of the local trade is transacted by way of barter—wood, corn, and other country produce being exchanged for salt, dry goods, and groceries.

The interior appearance of the place is not different from that of other small Southern towns. Queer-looking equestrians, on good, bad, or indifferent horses, riding over the ill-paved streets; three or four men sitting or standing at the doorway of every shop; negro men, with short cotton aprons, rolling casks, or carrying sacks; sunburnt boys, with long bleached hair, guarding country wagons, while the father exchanges a bag of wheat for a bag of salt, or the mother trades eggs for dry-goods; venders of vegetables—these scantily fill the business street; and over everything, street, houses, shops, and men, is diffused an air of languor, and neglect, and half-decay, for which, perhaps, the relaxing influence of heat and glare is a good deal responsible. The liveliest figures to be seen are the quartermaster's wagon teams, and the corporal's guard, with bright bayonets, at the corner by the pump, who lie in wait to pick up every negro that has no pass, and march him away to do an hour's work at policing camps or sweeping quarters.

As I stood and watched the amusing incidents of the arrests, I was addressed in sonorous tones by an elderly and ill-dressed gentleman with a very brown face and a red nose:

"My good sir, will you be so kind as to direct me to the Tunstall House? It must be that there is mint somewhere in this town, and they tell me I shall find it there if anywhere." I was going to the hotel he wished to find, and on the way, as well as after we reached the place, the gentleman talked freely. He was from Columbia, and on his way to New York.

"I am going on, sir, to offer a great speculation to some of their rich men there. Friends of mine who have been North since the war ended tell me they found the business men very well intentioned and liberal, and rolling in wealth, sir. They have been coining money up there while we have been gradually coming down, down, down to our last mill. I 'm from Bolivar County myself, State of Mississippi. I hail from Columbia, but that 's not my native place, nor where I mean to live. I was in Bolivar up to '63, and I own just as good a tract of cotton-land out there now as any man wants. Why, I 'll tell you, sir; in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, with ninety-nine workers—not hands, mind! workers—I made six hundred and ninety-one bales of cotton! Well, I've heard of better doings than that, but I never saw them. But I can brag of that much. And I can do the same thing again, sir. But I have nothing left, you know, but my land and my experience; not a thing. The Confederate government, in 1862, issued one of the most blundering, foolish orders that was ever issued by any government on God's earth—to burn all cotton within five miles of the river. My place, you see, is more than ten miles from the river; but the dirty rascal charged with the execution of the order owed me a grudge; hated me as—well, almost as much as I hated him; and he burnt every ounce of cotton I had. Nearly thirteen hundred bales he burned; a fortune, sir, if I had it to-day. But it 's gone. It was n't a great while after that before the Yankees came and carried off all my mules but five, and destroyed about everything else on the plantation; so I concluded I 'd pull up stakes and get away from there. I settled with all my niggers near Columbia. But by-and-by Mr. Sherman came along, and what was left me before I lost then; all my meat went, all my corn, all my mules, and some of my niggers. Most of them stayed, though, and it became a question what to do with them. I must tell you about that. You see I had brought them out of a good country into a devilish poor one, and though I might have turned them all loose when they became freedmen, that 's not my way, so I got a place out in Edgefield, and then I called them up and made a little speech. 'Boys,' said I, 'I got you into this place, where you 're like enough to starve, and though we are all going back to Bolivar some day, we can't go just at present; so I 've prepared a place for you out in Edgefield district; that 's a better region than this, and we 'll start for there next week.' But no, sir, they said they did n't wish to

go; they 'd stay there where they were. 'Stay here? Very good. But how are you going to live? You 'll starve; for I won't undertake to feed you.' 'No, master, we won't starve; we 've got something.' 'Yes,' said I, 'but you have n't enough to keep you till harvest.' Well, sir, to my astonishment, I found that they had provision for a twelvemonth. The d—d rascals had gone in and helped to sack Columbia. They had everything, sir, from a pound of tobacco to a porcelain egg; bacon, flour, any quantity of clothes. And I found out that Sherman's men, when they broke open my smoke-house and corn-house, had left a share of the plunder with the niggers. I had no more to say. The niggers did n't go to Edgefield, and are there yet, waiting for me to take them home to Mississippi. They 're mightily afraid I'll be slipping off and leaving them there, but I 'll do the fair thing, and they shall go back. Now this is what I 'm going to do in New York. I shall say to some of those capitalists, 'Gentlemen, I 've got a good plantation, and not a cent of money. The war has stripped me. I 've got no mules, no carts, no blacksmith's shop, no farming implements. I want some of you to loan me ten thousand dollars to get these things with, and within a twelvemonth I engage to give you forty thousand dollars for your ten. Let me have cash enough to stock my plantation so as to set one hundred good niggers to work, and next year I 'll pack six hundred bags of cotton, five hundred pounds to the bag.' I might go further, and guarantee more than that, but six hundred bags will do, with cotton where it is now. There 's no investment like it. Why, sir, there 's untold money in this thing for men with five, ten, and fifteen thousand dollars to lend. The man who loans me the money ought to come right down on the plantation with me or send down an agent. Then he can keep accounts of everything, and see that he is not cheated; he can keep accounts with the hands, and look after things generally. The niggers do work better—there 's no use denying it, and I do n't blame them—they do work better for a Yankee than for one of us. No doubt, you think, I can get the money? My friends in Columbia say I can, but I 'll have to get a pardon first. That I 'm not going to do. I do n't believe it 's necessary, and I 'm not going near Washington. The d—d thing is all over, and I 'm glad it is; but I sha' n't bother about a pardon."

This gentleman thought that the negro, poor devil, was fated to disappear; that slavery, if it had oppressed him, had at the same time protected him; give the negro political and social equality, that would make no difference; being left to stand or fall alone in a competitive struggle for life with a superior race, he would be sure to perish; a system bad for the individual negro had been the preservation of the negro race in America; philanthropists, with their schemes for elevating the man, would find they had exterminated the species. A troublesome question would, at any rate, be removed from American politics.

REIDVILLE, N. C., September 6, 1865.

"A right smart o' fixins at the railroad thar," was the encouraging description of this place given me by a man who declined to give me a night's lodging, and, moreover, it is laid down on my map of the Southern States, so I was expecting to see twenty or thirty houses and a tavern; but I rode some hundreds of yards beyond the village, and only on enquiry discovered that I had gone through it. Two cars on the railroad, a small way-station, and a store where liquor is sold, is all I could find of Reidville. But going further on my way was a house at which travellers are entertained, and at which I stay for the night.

I have travelled to-day no more than twenty-five miles, having ridden slowly and stopped often by the way to talk with the people. The country is the poorest I have yet seen, with crops that seem less abundant and healthy than those further north, and with less timber. But the road lies along a high and unproductive ridge, so dry that, during the whole day, I have found no brook or spring, and the good land, I am told, is by the side of the creeks and the Dan River. Large plantations were very few, and the greater number of houses had around them no negro quarters at all, while others had two or three cabins, which, in many cases, were but little inferior to that occupied by the white family. A large part of the population of the counties of Caswell and Rockingham, I was assured, were "them triflin' people," of whom many were Unionists. The avowal of their sentiments, however, they never attempted, though I am told that such persons were well known to each other, and, during the war, formed secret societies for mutual protection of members, by sharing information and aiding each other's families when it became necessary for the men to flee from the rebel conscripting-officers, or to go away into military service. All the people with whom I have talked profess to have been secessionists. I should think that the majority of the people in these counties belong to the class of small farmers. From the high ground I could often get a view of the country for several miles around, and everywhere was repeated the unvarying scene with which the roadside had made me familiar—rolling ground covered with forest, a d here and there, at long intervals, a clearing of one or two hundred acres. Corn, ill-tended, and apparently richer in leaf than in ear, was the chief crop. The blades, in great quantities, were burning up on the stalk. I tried at two plantations to get a feed for my horse at noon, but could not, and I was told this evening that the people most generally were too busy with tobacco to pay much attention to saving fodder. But this year it must be from the force of habit that fodder is spoiling, for I saw only one field of tobacco, and that contained less than two acres.

A third attempt to procure a feed was more successful. The niggers could let me have some, and I could leave fifty cents to pay for it, the farmer said. He was just going down the road a piece, to the church; they were having a "protracted" meeting, and he had been aiming to go for two or three days. So he drove off; and, while the horse ate his chopped oats, I sat in the house-porch talking with his wife, a very fat woman, who laughed continually.

Her husband was a carpenter by trade, she said, but he owned a hundred and thirty acres and farmed as well. He used to raise tobacco right smart; but for three or four years he 'd only made corn. She was proper glad to get back to flour again; she told her husband her teeth were done gone chawin' corn-bread, and she reckoned 't was the corn-meal made the children's throats sore, scratchin' as it went down. She was thankful peace had come. Their land would n't bring tobacco without guano. Her husband intended to put in a good crop next year, and she reckoned he 'd peddle it out in South Carolina. He'd go thar now if he had n't sold his tobacco, for it was reported that there was a right smart o' specie in South Carolina, though Sherman did go through.

No, she reckoned he would n't do much with his own niggers. He 'd always be able to hire some in the neighborhood when work pressed, and he intended to keep only two of his men with him. And some of the young white men had been talking about hiring themselves out to him; but he did n't know, he was thinking about it. He 'd sent off two families, and there was another woman, with five children, that had got to go next week, for her keep cost more than her labor would ever pay for. The woman wanted to stay; so did all their niggers; but 't was no use; her children were all small but one, and that one had a dreadful har lip, so she could n't talk plain, and Mr. L. told her she and her train must start at once, for he could n't keep her. She reckoned if all the niggers had been sent right away from home immediately after the surrender, they 'd ha' found out by this what freedom was like, and they 'd ha' been all glad enough to get back with their masters and stay. But they listened to what the Yankees told 'em. This same woman she was speakin' of said to her husband, when he told her to leave, that it seemed like it was mighty hard; she 'd been made free, and it did appear as if thar must be something more comin'; the Yankees would n't never leave her so. That was the way with 'em all; but they 'd find their mistake. There was a man up there a piece that had gone to Washington city with some of the Yankee soldiers, and he come back a while ago. He told how the niggers was treated thar. He said there was a law so that if a nigger stole five dollars' worth he was put in the penitentiary for five years, and if he stole ten dollars' worth he was put in for life, and if he stole anything over ten dollars he must be hung. There was another law that no nigger should have water to drink without paying for it. That, she thought, was too hard; niggers never was treated so cruel down here; water was free to everybody.

It was dusk when I reached this house, which appears to be the residence of a farmer of the better class, and supper was already on the table. The meal consisted of butter-milk, corn-bread, and cold boiled bacon, with peas, and was eaten in complete silence, by the light of a brownish tallow candle. In the evening, sitting in front of the house, the farmer's brother became more talkative, and related to me his experience of life in a Federal military prison. Being asked for news, I said that I believed they were busy in Washington trying Captain Wirtz, the Andersonville jailer.

"I wish they 'd let us try the fellows that were jailers at Elmira," said the young man; "they 'd get a cussed short trial, and a grape-vine would be the end on 't. 'T would n't last no ten days."

"Were you confined there? How did they treat you?"

"Treated me mighty bad. I was a prisoner for thirteen months. The Yankees took me at Spottsylvania, and first they sent me to Point Lookout. I was used pretty well thar, but by and-bye they moved us up to Elmira. That was in August, and I never got home till last June; so you see I know what a Yankee prison was. We never treated them any worse than we was treated. There was forty-two men taken when I was, all out of our company, and there never was but fourteen came back home; so you may know. They killed twenty-eight out o' forty-two, and they tried to kill us all."

"Were any of them wounded?"

"Wounded? No. 'T was bad food, and usin' 'em hard. The durned weather was enough to kill anybody; the awfulest cold I ever felt. They kept us in tents till a'most Christmas time, and we was about froze to death. Lots of the men had their feet and hands frost-bit, and had to have them cut off. When they did put up quarters for us, they did n't put up half enough. They built great long houses, each one to hold two hundred men, and they only put in one stove at the end of one. Of course we could not keep warm, nor begin to. They did n't mean we should; for they gave us a little bit of wood that would n't make ten men comfortable."

"How were the rations? What did they give you?"

"They 'd knock down some old cows at the kitchen, and cut 'em up there and then, and fling the meat right so, without washing or anything, into the kettles, and never put in a grain o' salt. That was just their cussed meanness, because they had a plenty. When the meat was boiled, it did n't taste like beef, you know; it tasted of the cow, and heaps of our men could n't get it down easy anyhow. But they used to cut up the whole of it—the allowance for all the prisoners—and throw the lumps into heaps—great high piles they was—and by the time they 'd stand over night the meat would be sour. 'Twas n't good not once in ten times. They gave each man a little small rasher; no account anyhow. We was just half starved."

"Were the men ill-used in other ways?"

"Why, they 'd punish us for nothing at all. Every time a commissioned officer came into any room, every prisoner had to jump up and take off his hat and keep standin' till the blasted Yankee was gone. If he did n't, they 'd put a barrel-shirt on him. They need n't talk; I know what a Yankee prison is. But I tell you what was the meanest of the mean, worse than the Yankees—them fellows that made application to take the oath. They wanted to take it as soon as they was captured, but they would n't go into the Yankee army, and they would n't let 'em. But they used to sneak 'round, and lie, and inform on our boys—about tunnelling, you know, and them things. I 'd like to come across some o' them fellows now; one in particular."

"You had to take the oath of allegiance, had n't you, before you came away?"

"Took something. Ha' n't done nothin' but take oaths lately. Have to take an oath for everything I do. What 'll you do with me if I do n't take it? says I; keep me yer for ever? They 'd find something to do with me, they said. I wanted to get home; General Lee had surrendered, yer know; and I concluded I would n't let their durned oath stop me, but I 'd cuss along with the rest. So I took it and came on home. Do n't reckon that 's much."

GREENSBORO, N. C., Sept. 7, 1865.

To-day's ride has been pleasanter than yesterday's, though, on account of my having lost my way, it was a little longer. It has lain through a better country, watered by several streams, and containing more bottom-land. The general features of the landscape have reminded me as much of South Carolina as of Virginia. The surface begins to be more level; among the timber there are more gums and pines; the road often runs among stumps and close past the stems of the forest; tall, dead trunks, girdled when the land was cleared, stand thick together, bleaching in the cultivated fields; the dark-colored loam has not wholly disappeared, but often the soil is light and sandy; in the low grounds the trees may be seen rising out of black pools of stagnant water, and in such places the cardinal-flower forces itself upon the eye, and I noticed the livid passion-flower; lizards are frequent in the hot sand; I saw, too, flying among the leaves, a small bird, red as blood, which is common further south.

To-day I had an interesting conversation with a man who belongs to what, as I suppose, must be a new class in the South—the class of negro lessees of land. He had been a slave all his life, he said, and was now "a settled man" (he appeared to be forty-three or four), but he was going to strike out for himself and see what he could do in a state of freedom. He had already rented some land, and that he thought was what every colored man ought to do, if he could. Perhaps only a few would be able to do it at present, because the masters were opposed to it; wanted to keep the people in such a condition that they could be hired as laborers at low wages, and preferred to let a "no-account white man" have a plantation rather than rent it to negroes. His former master and the gentlemen living in the neighborhood refused to lease out land to him. But a few miles away from home he had been more successful. The owner had selected certain parts of his plantation, and told him to take up as many acres as he could properly care for and cultivate. The land was not good, most of it being "old field;" but if he could make enough this first year to feed his family, he would be content. He had bought a condemned horse from the Government corral for fifteen dollars; he was low in order, but would be fit to plough next month. His wife had been knocking about the house most of her life; but he could depend upon her assistance if the work got too hard for him, and he had two children big enough to do full work in the field. Both were good ploughmen, and when his own crop did not call for their labor he could hire them out to the farmers, and he also could do hauling for his neighbors, and thus pick up a little ready money. If God spared his life, he expected to have twenty acres of corn, eight acres of wheat, five acres of oats, and some potatoes on his land. His landlord was to receive one-third of all the corn raised.

This year he had been working for his old master, who had promised to give his hands such a portion of the crops they made as should be pronounced equitable by two white men whom he designated. The apportionment had not yet been made. On most of the plantations of which he had any knowledge the workmen received some part of the crop in payment for their labor, and, as a rule, the masters were endeavoring to hire them for the coming year at the same price—their board, namely, and so many bushels of corn.

This man said that he knew it to be still usual on some of the plantations to beat the negroes for any offence; and that especially is this the case in the country districts. Negroes living in the vicinity of Greensboro' could complain to the soldiers, but twenty or thirty miles out they were without redress.

He was very anxious that schools should be established. A while ago some of the colored people had spoken to a white man who lived near, a poor man, but "with good learning," asking him to open a school, which he had promised to do. But he did not like to begin without having first obtained the consent of the gentlemen in the neighborhood; so he called on five or six of them and made known his intention, but he was told that if he tried that game he would be shot in his school-room; he therefore desisted. The gentlemen who told the man so were just the kind of men that would have done it, too; but the Yankees would set up schools, he hoped.

At Greensboro' I made some enquiries with the object of finding out if the statements of this negro about ill-usage of laborers on the plantations were true.

There is in the town an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau. Like the rest of its agents whom I have seen, he is an overworked officer. He has supervision of seven counties, and has subordinates in but one of them, for police duty in the country is left to the home guard of each county, and consequently there are no Federal garrisons from which the superintendent might draw assistance. A negro who seeks redress for a real or imaginary injury must travel perhaps ten, perhaps fifty, miles and lay his complaint before the superintendent in Greensboro', or he must lay it before the home guard, with what likelihood of getting justice may be guessed from the fact that the captain of the guard in one of the counties was much surprised and little pleased to learn, the other day, that he had no right to whip negroes whose masters found fault with them. It is needless to say that the negro chooses the former alternative, and, when he decides to complain at all, he complains at Greensboro'. Having heard the fifty or sixty complaints of every day, the superintendent may consider the possibilities of summoning witnesses and all the other circumstances of the case, and may investigate it if he thinks best and can find time. His office, it will be seen, is not a sinecure. It would be speaking more accurately to say that no one man can perform its duties, and that most men, finding themselves able to do so little where so much calls loudly to be done, could but become disheartened by the difficulties of the position.

The officer at Greensboro' has been in the service of the Bureau only ten days. Within that time two cases of negro shooting had been brought to his notice; in one of which the man had been crippled, in the other only slightly wounded. He would not say that the sufferer in either case had been absolutely blameless, for he did not wish to prejudge the matter; but whatever the offence, he thought some less deadly instrument of punishment might have been employed. "The fact is," he continued, "it 's the first notion with a great many of these people, if a negro says anything or does anything that they do n't like, to take a gun and put a bullet into him, or a charge of shot. But this gentleman knows more about it than I do; he was provost-marshal of Salisbury down here." The officer had held that office, he said, from the 19th of July until the 6th of August, and in that space of time had arrested and held under guard four persons charged with shooting down negroes. Of the four negroes but one survived. Cases of assault, both gentlemen said, are very numerous, and almost always without sufficient cause. No day passed without several complaints being made. "Here 's a case now," said the superintendent; "I gave this woman an order on her former master for some clothes belonging to her which he withheld

She took it out to him, he read it and it did n't please him, so he knocked the woman down. He only lives eight or ten miles out, and I 'm going to try and get a guard so as to have him arrested to-morrow and brought in. I suppose he 'll be raging when he finds that negro testimony is to be used against him, like a man I had here yesterday. We convicted him on what the negroes swore to, and he *was* mad. He said a good deal; among other things says he, 'If this war ain't done, let us know it, and we can begin over.' 'Exactly,' says I; 'it was done too soon here by three months, *I* always thought, and a good many thought so as well as I after the assassination.'"

He found a good many men who appeared honestly anxious to treat their negroes kindly, and there were a very few who even interested themselves in schemes for educating the blacks; but it was his opinion, based upon what he had seen while in the army, and confirmed by his experience as superintendent, that the withdrawal of the Federal troops would be the signal for a reign of violence and oppression. From all he could learn, many of the people did not believe the negroes were legally free, and would not accept the new order of things. The State convention would probably declare slavery dead; but a good many county conventions, if they could speak, would declare that it was not, and in some parts of the State the negro would see a good deal of trouble.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, August 30.

FOR about the twentieth time within the last ten years we are celebrating once more the *entente cordiale* between France and England. Our fleet has been to Brest and Cherbourg, and now the French iron-clads are paying their return visit to Portsmouth, and the *Warrior* and *La Gloire* are anchored side by side together, in the waters of the Solent. So, as usual under such circumstances, we are engaged in singing pæans over the Anglo-French alliance, and in protesting that we have forsworn the foolish enmities of bygone times, and love each other all the better because we quarrelled and fought in bygone days, and have quite abandoned all idea of ever quarrelling again. Indeed, the *Times* yesterday, in a sudden excess of Gallo-mania, made the notable discovery that we were more akin to the French in race and language than to any other nation in the Old World or the New. Putting aside any nonsense of this kind, there is no doubt that the political alliance between France and England is stronger than it ever has been in the memory of living men. The support of this country is of great service to the Napoleon dynasty; on the other hand, the alliance of France relieves us from any anxiety as to our continental relations. Then, too, the Emperor himself is personally very popular on this side the channel, whatever he may be on the other. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone's treaty of commerce has created very numerous commercial interests, which tend to promote good feeling between the two nations. And, since the Crimean war, the old-fashioned jealousy of France has ceased to become an article of political faith. But when I have said this, I have said about everything. Calais is now only ninety minutes from Dover, and you can breakfast in your club in London and dine on the Boulevards on the same day. But, in spite of this, the two countries are very nearly as far apart in moral distance as they were in the days when steam engines and telegraphs were unknown. We have got rid of the superstition that frogs are the normal diet of—what provincial newspapers delight to describe—as "our lively neighbors;" and they, in their turn, no longer believe that we sell our wives at Smithfield. But it is almost impossible for us really to understand each other. I have known Englishmen who could speak many foreign languages perfectly; but I never knew an Englishman who could speak French, or a Frenchman who could speak English, in such a way that their nationality could not be at once detected. My belief is that the same vocal organs cannot pronounce the French and the English accents. And what is true of pronunciation is true of mental appreciation. Our virtues and our vices are not theirs; and the code, moral, political, and social, by which we judge of anything, is not only fundamentally different, but absolutely antagonistic. We can be—and I hope we long shall be—cordial acquaintances; but we never can be intimate friends, at any rate not for generations to come. Our sailors were most gracefully received at Cherbourg, and the French fleet will be welcomed heartily at Portsmouth. But there the matter will end; and the toasts and compliments uttered at these international visits, as they are somewhat pompously designated, will produce about as lasting an effect as the champagne with which they are seasoned. However, this interchange of courtesies does no harm, if it does no very permanent good; and the presence of the allied fleets at Spithead will certainly give Londoners who are unfortunate enough to be detained in London a good excuse for running down to see one of those marine spectacles which all true Englishmen love so dearly. With regard to the comparative excellence of the two fleets, it is difficult to learn much from the reports of those who visited them at Cherbourg. The general impression of English sailors I have met is that the French iron-clads could not stand against our own; but then, if the French ships were built of adamant, and ours of tinfoil, the impression would, I am sure, be the same. Right or wrong, we cannot believe that Frenchmen can ever work a ship as well as we can. I recollect at the time when the French and English fleets were anchored in the Bay of Naples, during the Garibaldian dictatorship, the captain of an American man-of-war was asked what he thought of the comparative merits of *La Bretagne* and the *Agamemnon*, the two crack ships of the rival squadrons. His answer was that "the former was the better ship of the two; but that if it came to fighting, he would give the *Agamemnon* five minutes to sink her." The speech was probably intended simply as a compliment; but I remember all the English officers who repeated it to me declared that, though they should not have liked to say so themselves, this was exactly their own opinion. And, as this is the general feeling of the British navy, I much doubt whether we are likely to learn much from the inspection of the Imperial squadron. However, while the fleet is at Portsmouth, I trust to see it myself, and shall then be able to tell you anything which strikes an unprofessional observer.

None of the royal family will, I believe, be present at the spectacle, as they are all engaged in attending a sort of family party at Coburg. The Queen had set immense store on every connection of the late Prince Consort being present at the uncovering of his monument in his native town. The little German Residenz-Stadt has, in consequence, been filled for the last week with all the hundred grand-dukes, land-grafs, princes, and excellencies who claim kinship with the ubiquitous Coburg family. If the reports are to be believed, they all tried to look exceedingly impressed when the bust of the departed Prince was uncovered, and they all hung garlands of *immortelles* about the monument with becoming solemnity. Altogether, the whole narrative of the proceedings is very German, and shows the German character of the reigning family too much to be altogether palatable to our English taste. The plain truth is that our public is getting very tired of this Albertolatry. The memory of Albert the Good is becoming as wearisome to us as the reputation of Aristides the Just was to the Athenians. At the time of his death there was a very deep and very genuine sympathy felt throughout the nation at the loss the Queen had sustained. As we were conscious we never had much liked the dead Prince while he was with us, we made up for our error by lauding him to the skies when he was gone; and, to judge from the utterances of our popular papers, you would suppose the Queen's husband had been the best beloved man in all England. Our fit of repentant enthusiasm was not very long-lived, and long after the sensation had died away we were deluged with odes, addresses, memorials, and so on, to the memory of the Prince, till we have grown weary of hearing his name mentioned. If there is moderation, according to our English proverb, in roasting of eggs, there is surely moderation also in putting up memorials. Very nearly four years have passed since Prince Albert was removed to a better world, and yet we are still expected to be sentimental about his death. Moreover, considerable annoyance is felt at the continued seclusion of the Queen. It may be very foolish of us, in the opinion of republicans, to care about the pomp and show of a court, but common people do care a great deal; and as we pay very dearly for the expense of keeping up royalty, we like to get our money's worth for our money. In itself, the whole matter is of very little importance for the present: Lord Palmerston is personally extremely popular, and the Government of the country would go on exactly the same whether the Queen lives in the Highlands or in London. But if, as is quite possible, a period of political trouble should succeed the close of the present administration, and any question should arise in which the wishes of the sovereign were thought to be at variance with the opinions of the country or of any large political party, the decay in the personal attachment of the people for the Queen, caused by her long absence from the public scene, will be an element worth considering in the aspect of affairs.

I dwell on this circumstance because many persons believe that we have got a hard time coming. A very large portion of the harvest is still not got in, owing to the late rains, and the fluctuations in the price of wheat at Mark Lane show that there exists a very general uneasiness as to the yield of the crops. As far as I can gather, there is no reason yet to despair of our having an average return. Up to the beginning of this month the harvest was expected to be an unusually fine one; and it seems doubtful whether the rain has inflicted any damage corresponding to the unusual quantity of ears upon the stalks. If we could have three weeks of dry weather we should be

assured of a good supply of corn, and in consequence of cheap bread for the winter. But the weather still remains terribly unsettled. Be the crop what it may, we cannot doubt that the price of meat will be unusually high. The "Rinderpest," as we call the new cattle murrain, is not spreading so rapidly as we saw cause to fear at first, but it is undoubtedly gaining ground. In every part of the country voluntary associations are being formed amidst the farmers and graziers to arrest the progress of the pestilence. The common idea is that the disease is propagated by contact, and that if one beast in a herd is affected he infects all the others. According to this theory, the one remedy to check the epidemic is to kill at once any ox or cow which manifests any symptoms of the malady. As, however, it can hardly be expected that a cattle-owner will destroy on suspicion animals whose value varies on an average from £10 to £20, these voluntary associations have been formed to indemnify the individual sufferer at the common expense. Any member of these associations who can prove that he sacrificed animals supposed to be infected, is repaid two-thirds of their cost price at the expense of his brother members. The rapidity with which these societies for mutual insurance have been got up in every cattle-breeding county shows how very much the agricultural class has increased in intelligence within the last few years. In the days of the old protective corn-laws any organized co-operation of this kind between farmers would have been simply impossible. If the agricultural interest had been as powerful politically as it was formerly, the wish of our farmers would have been acceded to, and our ports would have been closed against the introduction of foreign cattle. As, however, fully one-half our meat is imported from abroad, and as the consumers of beef and mutton are far more numerous than the home producers of these articles, the Government have refused to listen to the solicitations of English cattle-breeders, and have contented themselves with issuing stringent regulations for the inspection of all cargoes of foreign cattle which enter our ports. Medical authorities, as usual, disagree on the nature of the "Rinderpest." According to one school of veterinary experts it is an indigenous disease, not an imported one; and is due to local and atmospheric causes, not to contagious influences. This view naturally enough finds no favor with agriculturists.

Indeed, in Ireland the pressure exerted upon the Government has been so strong that it has had to recede somewhat ignominiously from its formal decision. When the disease first declared itself in England, a deputation from the sister kingdom waited on Sir George Grey, to request that the importation of cattle into Ireland might be forbidden for the time. The Home Secretary, who has a fatal talent for occupying untenable positions, declared at once that such a system of quarantine was known to be ineffective by all past experience; that no precedent existed for the remedy suggested; that it was contrary to the principles of our Government to make any distinction between different portions of the United Kingdom; and that the ministry had no legal power to accede to the request. All these arguments were sound enough in themselves, but they failed to convince the petitioners. Meetings were held throughout all Ireland, attended by men of every shade of religion and politics; and an intimation was conveyed to Lord Palmerston that even the Irish ministerial members would not support his Government if he incurred the unpopularity of refusing the demanded ukase. The Premier, who has no notion of sacrificing his power for the sake of any abstract principle under the sun, reconsidered the subject; and after very brief deliberation an order in council was issued closing the Irish ports against cattle imported from England. In the particular case at issue, I sympathize with the Irish malcontents. The export trade in cattle may be said now to be the chief resource of Irish landowners; and with the exception of a few thousand black cattle imported annually from the West Highlands of Scotland, there is no importation of beasts from Great Britain into Ireland. If the "Rinderpest" can be prevented from crossing St. George's Channel, it will be an immense boon to the whole of the United Kingdom; and, though the evidence with regard to the contagious character of the malady is conflicting, it is well worth while trying whether the exclusion of English cattle will not stop the spread of the epidemic west of our own coasts. The unpleasant feature in the matter is the fact that this act of justice to Ireland was extorted by a sectional agitation. At the meeting held at Dublin, the language of the speakers, representing, as they did, all sections of the island, was violent in the extreme. Even Lord Naas, the Tory member for an English borough, and formerly Under Secretary for Ireland beneath Lord Derby's administration, declared openly that if the Government showed such a disregard to Irish interests as to refuse the requested prohibition, it would behoove Irishmen to consider whether the union ought to be maintained. And the other speakers followed in the same line with far less reticence. If the Irish could only combine generally as they did on this occasion, they might exert an almost irresistible pressure on any English ministry. Happily, however, for us, and perhaps for them, it is only a subject such as the cattle plague, into which religious and political partizanship cannot well be introduced, on which united action is possible. There can be no question that every party in Ireland, Protestant as well as Catholic, Whig and Tory, Saxon and Celtic, believes that the country suffers to some extent from its incorporation with Great Britain. But each party prefers the imperial rule to that of the rival faction at home; and it is difficult to imagine how any common repeal platform would ever be adopted by the different sections. If this should ever come to pass, we shall possibly have trouble in Ireland, but we shall not have repeal. Whatever else we may do, we shall never tolerate any secession from our Union. Circumstances, we all know, alter principles.

However, I have wandered a good way from the "Rinderpest;" and have only to say about it further, that alarmists declare it to be the forerunner of the cholera, whose approach is beginning to create considerable alarm. There can, I fear, be very little question that we shall be visited with this epidemic before long. But as our hot season is nearly over, it is not so much to be dreaded.

SUNBATHS.

Some time ago it was stated in print that Dr. Dio Lewis had assumed the editorship of a comic paper. Whether the report was prompted by something ludicrous in the doctor's first name, reminding one as it does of an irreverent abbreviation, fashionable in our younger days; whether it was started on the same principle that Sheridan gave Wilberforce's name when picked up drunk in the gutter, and Halleck called John Targee a nightingale; or whether, like some other items, it had its birth in the stupidity of the item-maker, without any reason good or bad, we are unable to say; but Dr. Lewis took the soft impeachment sufficiently in earnest to give it formal contradiction. Rather prematurely, perhaps; for he has recently contributed to a very interesting and excellent children's magazine an article which must have been intended for *Mrs. Grundy*. It is entitled "Sunbaths," and relates how he induced a pale and sickly child to run about in the garden naked, or only clothed as to her head (to borrow a classic idiom) with a turban of wet towels. He persuaded the child and parent to this course by covering up a rose-bush with clothes and showing them that this sort of treatment did not agree with the bush.

The remarkably close analogy between our daily habits of life and those of plants, and the almost identical nature of our nutriment, doubtless suggested to the doctor his convincing illustration. Popular metaphor may also have confirmed his choice. We hear persons whose talents are rather of the solid than the brilliant order familiarly spoken of as "cabbage heads," and people have talked of cultivating their parents' memory ever since the time of Cicero; indeed, that great orator pertinently applied the phrase to a frugal Roman who was raising esculents on his father's grave. But we must hint to Dr. Lewis that metaphor is very misleading if accepted literally. It takes great liberties with all three kingdoms of nature. The editor who calls his personal or political opponent a jackass does not suppose him to be a veritable quadruped. The lover who, in amatory hyperbole, addresses his lady-love as his jewel, does not wish to "polish her off" or to lock her up. The Arab chief who apostrophized his mare, "my pearl," had no intention of boring a hole through the animal. And then the doctor forgets that his analogy is, after all, very incomplete; for, though we do not dress our flowers, we do dress most of our vegetables.

The greatly abbreviated costume which Dr. Lewis recommends, though startling at first, is not altogether without precedent. Everybody knows (by reputation) the Georgia toilette, and we once heard of a Cantab who improved on it by arraying himself in a full suit of studs. Still more Dio-Lewisian was the array of an African swell, mentioned by Dr. Livingstone. The missionary during his travels fell in with a tribe who have a singular order of merit, the members of which are distinguished by wearing—nothing. "One of the chiefs," he says, "called on me in his full official costume, consisting of a tobacco pipe." It must be confessed, however, that these practices are, on the whole, more usual in savage than in civilized life. Some Europeans, indeed, are in the habit of taking *airbaths*, which may be defined as the in-door equivalent of Dr. Lewis's sunbath. The *Fliegende Blätter*, in detailing with pen and pencil the adventures of young Baron Beisele and his bear-leader, the Professor Eisele, graphically illustrates the uninhabited appearance of Munich. On the morning of their arrival the Herrs Eisele and Beisele take their airbath *in the street* without molestation. But the German artist hesitated to carry out the idea in its naked simplicity. The professor and his pupil are depicted as retaining their shirts and boots.

Here it may be urged that we are treating Dr. Lewis unfairly, as his sun-

baths are only recommended for children. But surely, to use his own analogy, his rose-tree would not bear dressing after it was full-grown. There are quite as many pale and sickly adults as children. Perhaps, however, his intention is thus to take the sharp edge off the novelty and introduce it by degrees. And certainly it upsets our ideas of the fitness of things sufficiently to imagine a number of garden enclosures (like loose horse-boxes without roofs) and "undraped" infants disporting in them. We fear that in most parts of the country the mosquitoes would interfere with the success of the experiment during the likeliest months of the year. Seriously, this is but another exemplification of the way in which the best principles are continually ridden to death. Men eat too much meat in warm weather—therefore all animal food is to be suppressed; or they do not take baths enough in cold weather—therefore all human infirmities are to be washed away with water. Dr. Lewis strikes upon a very good idea, that the studies of most children, and the occupations of most adults, have a tendency to keep them too much out of the air and light; therefore he would strip them to the glare of noon. So *sun-struck* is he that he will not allow any shade-trees about a house, or let man, woman, or child sleep in a room sheltered by a portico. We do not occupy our bed-rooms during the sun-shining portion of the twenty-four hours, but much the reverse; and what is the sun to do by occupying them in our absence, except make them uncomfortably hot during the warm season? As to the notion that a chamber with the proper allowance of windows cannot be adequately ventilated unless the sun shines through it, we must own our inability to discern it. Fortunately, Dr. Lewis has said and done so much good that we can indulge him in a little rubbish, especially when it is amusing.

PITHOLE.

Taking a car on the Atlantic and Great Western Road at Corry, after about an hour I fall into a snooze, when bump go the cars, the conductor of the train pokes his head in at the door. "Break in the road," he remarks; "you will pass the night here." At this laconic and interesting speech every one turns over and goes to sleep without a word. Very early indeed the next morning we awake, and I survey the party. There are two youth whose black coats, springing step, and innocent smile show them gentlemen and divinity students. They soon after stop at Meadville. The rest of the party are a yellow and melancholy race—then new to me, soon after well-known—operators and speculators in oil. At first, from a close resemblance to dried salt fish, I took them to be an extreme species from my native New England. But I soon found out my mistake. Pennsylvania claimed the honor of their birth.

An exception was an excellent old gentleman, nearly eighty, the president of some company, who had gone to look after its interests. Though somewhat tired by lying awake all night, the moment oil was touched upon his tongue was loosened, and he poured forth a stream of anecdote, theory, and description, which was very edifying.

Taking a horse the next morning, I climbed the hill that from the east overlooks the city and the creek. Unless one dipped his pen in mud, who could describe that filthiest of cities? The town chiefly consists of one long street, wedged in between the cliff and the river, crowded with shops, looking like a bisected peddlar's cart indefinitely prolonged. Cologne is a savory city by comparison, and New York seems of virgin cleanliness. The inhabitants resemble the lower class of scarecrows under the influence of a powerful galvanic battery.

After a long look at this sewer of cities, and the countless derricks between the city and the hill, I again turned my nose—prophetic organ—towards the east and the new reigning beauty of Oildom, euphonious Pithole.

The road winds up and down the hills that fill the water-shed of the Alleghany, and affords many beautiful views. On either side rise well-wooded hills in graceful curves from the little streams which flow through their valleys. One does not generally associate the oil regions with the haunt of the muses, yet if the muses had been disposed to take up their abode in this Western World, I know of no more appropriate place for them than the hills and valleys of the Alleghany before man laid his greedy finger on the fair face of nature.

Everywhere, conspicuous among the trees, you see the derricks of the oil wells, like steeples of the great temple of Mammon, at which all worship. Derricks, indeed, you see everywhere—in the valleys, on the hill-sides, on the tops of hills—with their engines attached, about one in fifty of which is running. Millions upon millions of dollars have been sunk all through this region in the purchase of worthless land at oil-land prices. How any imagination could suppose that oil would be produced from most of the land, I am at a loss to divine. It is well known, however, that with no class of men is the imagination so potent as with our solid business men. One searches for the wildest flights of fancy, not in a Collins or a Shelley, but in these and similar ventures by grave practical men, who would scoff at the word imagination, to whose power they are unwittingly the best witnesses.

Now and then you come upon a town of plain, unpainted boards "in looped and windowed raggedness"—and everywhere along the road you find hotels, so called, and dubious refreshment saloons, at which is sold under various names the ubiquitous whiskey.

After a few hours' ride I reached the city of Pithole. Pithole lies in the centre of the oil regions, about ten miles from Oil City and five from the Alleghany River. It covers a low hill which rises from the west bank of Pithole Creek, and will soon cover the hill rising from the opposite bank. Pithole Creek is a contemptible little stream, a few yards in width, emptying into the Alleghany a few miles below. The town has now several hundred buildings and some ten thousand inhabitants, and is probably worth fifty millions of dollars. A few months ago it consisted of half a dozen old farm-houses, fifty inhabitants, and would have been valued at, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars.

The town has the usual appearance of towns in this region, and is a gigantic city of "shreds and patches." Most of the buildings are built on land leased for three years. Passing up the street, you see on either side shops and hotels, each laying a different claim to fashion. One is painted, another has a splendid sign, another has its rooms papered. Every other shop is a liquor saloon. It is safe to assert that there is more vile liquor drunk in this town than in any other of its size in the world. Indeed, a bar is almost the invariable appendage to every building. Lawyers have bars appurtenant to their offices—each hotel, dwelling-house, or shop has its separate bar.

You pass crowds of persons, in an excited state, hurrying to and fro—most of them with haggard faces, old clothes, and trousers stuck in their boots—of that fishy, scarecrow race, specimens of which I had met in the cars. You pass many familiar names—"*stat magni nominis umbra*"—the St. Nicholas, the Fifth Avenue, the Metropolitan, and the like. After a ride of a quarter of a mile you reach the famous United States well, and a strange sight it is. Forth there rushes a stream of oil as large as your arm, with constant gushes of gas. Day and night this stream is vomited forth with unabated force. Scarcely less prolific are the neighboring "Twin Wells." Here we have in these little streams the source of this seething city, with its fierce, mad energy. Wonderful sight! Gazing at these streams men go mad. The oil-fever fires their brains. They contract an eager gaze, tuck their trousers in their boots, and wander up and down the creek in search of interests in wells to purchase. Them the artful brokers descry, and one fortunate angler draws his victim to a safe nook and tempts him with the "best and cheapest" interest on the creek, "indications wonderfully good," etc. The broker pockets his commission, and the victim is very apt to twice quadruple his investment in a short time, so he is not, perhaps, so much to be pitied.

Next to the oil wells themselves the most characteristic phenomena of the place are the countless teamsters who there congregate. Those who are acquainted with that imperturbable *tertium quid* of humanity, the army teamster, have no difficulty in recognizing him in Pithole. With dark face, shaggy beard, and slouched hat, and trousers tucked into his boots, he sits immovable on his stout team. On every proper occasion he damns his horses with a volubility and versatility of profanity which almost show a divine gift. To other except these equine emotions he is inaccessible. The team jolts on over rocks and trees, down mud-holes, out of mud-holes, down ruts—after a fashion to reduce an ordinary man to a gelatinous mass. From him it merely spills out an oath or two. Out goes a barrel, over goes the team—he tips it back, scarcely leaving his seat.

Sauntering up the street past teams, land offices, fallen trees, incipient or finished shanties, and groups of men in earnest debate about land or oil, I soon reach the centre of the town. Whom should I behold but the "fat woman" and the "fat boy?" O unctuous sight! in this lean and hungry land to meet a buxom young maiden of eight hundred pounds. How she was brought over these roads without being reduced to a skeleton, how she held her own against the water and the food, must for ever remain awful mysteries. No one but a Grant of a showman could have piloted her with her complement of pounds to Pithole by any line of which I have heard.

The United States Hotel, like all the rest, is built of planed boards, unpainted, very loosely put together. Adjacent is a tent with some fifty cots, well filled every night, and fragrant from proximity to the horse stalls. The hotel must have cost some five thousand dollars. It rents, I believe, for thirty thousand a year, and the keeper must net three hundred dollars a day or more. The front of the house is covered with advertisements: three-sixteenths of such a well—mining tools for sale, engines, and the etcæteras of incipient civilization.

In front of the building is a platform and a long bench. On this, through the day and evening, sit gloomy and dirty contortionists chewing the melancholy cud of speculation. Entering, you see other contortionists sitting in impossible attitudes. Surely Hogarth or Dickens must have had a hand in the creation of these men.

On the left you hear the telegraph ticking, and near it are men washing in a long sink. Beyond, tinkling glasses show that the versatile whiskey is transforming itself into brandy-smashes, gin cocktails, Tom-and-Jerrys, and other spirit-stirring potations. A person at Pithole is indeed placed between fire and water. To drink water is to drink a solution of salts. To drink whiskey is to drink poison. Every glass of water I took I forswore water, and every glass of whiskey, I forswore whiskey, and thus lived a life of zigzag perjury. I entered the dining room with the usual wild rush, and, seating myself by a rapid manœuvre, watched the rapidity of dining for which my countrymen have gained a cosmopolitan reputation.

I need not describe the dinner. Are not the works of our English friends on American government and society mostly taken up with a description of the American dinner and the use of the knife? Why persons profess to be so much shocked at the sight of a knife entering the mouth I cannot see. We pay large sums to see jugglers swallow swords. Why not enjoy similar exhibitions when free? For myself, I could see a knife protruding from a gentleman's boot without surprise or concern.

"Roast beef, roast lamb,
Corned beef, boiled ham,"

chanted a somewhat slatternly muse in my ear. "All from the same joint," remarked an intelligent gentleman near me; "the animal must have worn motley. By the way," he continued, "speaking of motley, did you know the circus are going to give a benefit for the church to-morrow?" "Are they?" said I; "things seem somewhat mixed in this place. How long have you been here?" "Oh, I've been here for a couple of months. This is nothing to what it was at first. Then you had nothing to eat—sleep six in a bed. Things are quite luxurious now." "Were you here at the fire?" I asked. "Yes," said he, "I saw it. It was a magnificent sight. It blazed in one vast sheet of flame up to the sky. If it had spread a little, the whole place would have been burnt up. I think before long Pithole will be burnt up. It is all wood and oil, and no water near." "Concerted expectoration would soon put out any fire here," I remarked. "Rather a curious thing happened here yesterday," he continued. "The keeper of one of the hotels here turned off a servant girl. She did n't like such treatment, and, taking a horse-whip, drove him out of his hotel down the street." "Business seems to be done in a queer way here," I remarked after a while. "Yes," he replied, "men spring to it. Almost every one here is sick, and yet a sick man here works as hard as three well men elsewhere. Pretty much everything is flat now, though, except just here. The peace and the flood coming together knocked everything over. Last winter you could make money hand over fist. People would buy anything at any price. There was an old fellow, I remember, up in the mountains, with a farm where he raised a few turnips; no more chance of striking oil than of striking greenbacks. They offered him half a million for it. But he was a shrewd man; he thought they could make something out of it, or else they would n't want to buy it; so it must be worth more. He kept the land, and now it 's hardly worth ninepence." "He was a shrewd man," said I. "You hear such stories as this all the time up here," he added, "and they are, for the most part, true; the current facts are so much stranger than the stories most men can invent, that men here are under a strong temptation to tell the truth, except where their own interests are concerned." Early in the evening I went to bed. You have always an agreeable excitement in these places as to the character of your bed-fellow—whether he be a pickpocket or murderer, whether he be subject to *delirium tremens* or other foibles. Fortunate those who have one bed-fellow! Generally you have a countless number.

The next morning I arose early and walked out upon the platform. As I stood gazing at the clouds or mud, I was aware of a rusty old gentleman smelling around a pair of boots a young chap near me had on, as an old terrier would eye a rat. I asked "what was up," and found that said boots bore too close a resemblance to some boots the old gentleman had placed at the head of his bed the night before to be passed lightly by. He insisted on it that the boots were his. The present occupant of the boots, with that irreverence for age characteristic of American youth, requested his elder to take his journey into a far country. Perhaps he thought the journey from Pithole not so long nor arduous as from elsewhere. Let us hope so for the sake of good manners.

"You 'd better not talk to me in that sort of way," said the old gentleman, with somewhat ruffled feelings. "I 'm pretty well known in these parts, I can tell you. I built the first hotel that was built in this county." This appeal to a hotel rather awed the youth and the rest of us, but he still showed no strong desire to part with his boots.

It is a curious fact that most men out here seem to look upon Eastern hotels as the islands of the blessed, and life there as the *summum bonum*. "I have left a luxurious home," said a very bright fellow to me, "in the East. I have been living in the first-class New York hotels, and I have come out here to rough it."

During the morning I made a call on some Canadians, the chief engineers of the county, and sitting in front of their office surveyed life in Pithole from a comfortable chair. In the foreground you see a huge mud-puddle, varying in depth from one to three feet; beyond, hotels, stores, and grog-shops; and further on, the creek, with its numerous derricks. Past this office Pithole life streams, pausing a few seconds in the mud-puddle. Here we have a gentleman in black of a serious, ministerial appearance. He was recently the owner of a "sweat-board," a singular gambling instrument, and, with others, flooded the town with counterfeit currency. After him come speculators and mechanics. "Do you see that poverty-stricken old man," says one of my friends, pointing to a broken-down, wretched mortal; "that man has just sold his farm for a quarter of a million." Here comes Mr. B., formerly keeper of a variety shop, now a broker and a Crœsus, but not calculated "to witch the world with noble horsemanship." "Can you swim, Mr. B.?" I exclaim. "This is the Pithole Natatorium; no one should venture it who cannot swim." Mr. B., with ruffled dignity, dismounts, and leads his horse over a plank. Soon after the head of the circus passes by. What a magnificent carriage! with the proud step of the leaders of men. He carries an ivory-tipped cane, and wears a gold seal, such as I thought scarce six men could bear up under (such men as the earth now produces). "The other day," said my friend, "the circus drove through here. The drummer-boy was spilt out into the water. Out came the big drum on top of his head, and he picked himself up as best he might. Here comes a friend of mine, the dandy of Pithole. He wears a clean collar and has his boots blacked, and is the one man of fashion among ten thousand." And so the stream flows on.

The next day was Sunday, and I took a stroll into the beautiful fields near by. Every now and then you would come upon men lying under the trees, with a worn-out, haggard look. All of them seemed half sick, and yet all were ready to work with reckless zeal. Returning, I heard the crack of a pistol, and supposed some men were firing at a target. Soon after, however, on entering the hotel, I found a couple of men handcuffed, one of them shot through the leg. They had broken jail, and one of them had "squared off" at the constable on his arrest, upon which the constable had drawn his pistol and shot him through the leg. That same night a tragedy came near enacting. Notice was given the hotel-keeper of an attempt at robbery that night. He watched by the window with a loaded pistol. At about two he heard the soft tread of a man in moccasins. The thief drew near, opened the window, was about to enter, when he saw a pistol at his head, heard the false hammer strike, and was gone.

I remained in Pithole a fortnight, and became one of the oldest inhabitants of the place. During that time I learnt much of its social and business life. You find here, under the roughest clothes, some most excellent men—and, as a rule, the men are uncommonly intelligent. Every other man you meet is a soldier. The steadiest mechanics and workmen have most of them been privates, and have many wild tales to tell of battle and adventure. Most of the bar-keepers and hotel-keepers are captains or majors. Every now and then, in the neighboring country, you stumble on a man of education engaged in sinking a well. Many men of fashion, also, from leading the mazy dance and fascinating the hearts of maidens, have wandered off here into the forest in search of a fortune or a sensation. One must needs have a good conscience or a hopeful disposition thus to sit during the long months watching a little hole slowly sinking down to a great—perhaps.

Every one here is very courteous, and answer questions innumerable without complaint. You can see here, on a small scale, how commerce softens manners. Every one is desirous of making money out of every one else, than which nothing more promotes urbanity. It is simply ridiculous to suppose that the oil business is "played out," as persons like to say now-a-days. This single town produces over five thousand barrels of oil a day. Manual labor and investments in oil companies are the only things which do not pay well. All capital otherwise invested there doubles itself with wonderful rapidity. While I was there the town nearly doubled its buildings and inhabitants. I will only add a description of my last night.

Hearing that the great hotel of the town was going to be christened, I

went to witness the ceremony. Drinks and billiards free—and a thousand thirsty men to enjoy them. Never before did I know how strong was the love of freedom in the human breast. A wild mass of teamsters, operators, workmen of every kind and costume, drank in the varied liquor of the generous host. I myself, in a private room, imbibed some capital sherry, and after staying a short time and proposing to myself the old question, whether a sponge or a Pitholean had the greater power of absorbing liquor, I took a walk to the centre of the town and took a long last look at Pithole by starlight. Seating myself on a pile of boards, which in a few days will be a hotel, church, or drinking saloon, I gaze around. In front a flickering torch lights up fantastically the thin jaws of the lord of the "fat woman." Windows and cracks equally pour forth streams of light, that with artistic chiaroscuro play over the swarth faces and strange forms of the passers by. There goes a gentleman with a quick step closely followed by two others. He has been trying to wheedle one of them out of an engine without paying for it, and they are on his trail. Here comes our friend the parson to collect subscriptions. After him reel two men somewhat overloaded with liquor. Everywhere there is a sound of revelry. Looking in at the windows, you see everywhere men playing cards, and drinking, as always. Beyond the stores on the left, in a small house, sleeps, after his death-agony, one of the victims of the fire. Down the hill on the right sits a vigilance committee in secret session to concert measures to prevent the daily robberies. Further down, the little streams of oil flow on incessantly. Unseen they move this complex machinery of men and things, with careless hand dealing out to their slaves life or death, wealth or poverty, triumph or despair.

The next morning I arose before the sun and walked to Oil City, and was soon turned towards the East and the glorious ocean, all of whose waters I hoped would be not unsuccessfully employed in restoring me to cleanliness. After being shaken a day and night I find myself on board a Sound steamer. How strange everything looks! How clean New York looks! Never before or since did cleanliness seem a mark of that city. See these smug little misses, with their melodious giggle, their ringlets and reticules, their admonishing mamma and bland papa. How kissworthy they look. Here we have a drooping Newport "swell," with his suit of grey, his triste moustache, and bovine expectant expression. How neat they all look. And how soft and thin their voices. How piously men seem to speak or swear. Their words do not, as in Oildom, come from their boots, pumped up with fierce gesture and hot with fiery oaths. The courtly negro and the murderous gong seem to usher in a higher civilization, at the threshold of which I leave whoever has followed me thus far.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE daily papers—but too happy to secure "items" in the prevailing dulness of early autumn—have chronicled, with more detail than the public care for, the progress of the Publishers and Booksellers' New York Trade Sale during the past week. It was successful in every point, and certifies to the existence of a healthy state of activity in the book trade, stimulated by the demand for school-books and other staple wares of the business from quarters that had been for the past three or four years debarred from their customary supplies. It must not be thought, however, that the transactions of the ordinary channels for the supply of books represent the entire movements directed to that end. Unprecedented events have led to extraordinary consequences. True to the sound instincts that carried them triumphantly through the recent struggle for national life, the great mass of the people will read about nothing but the War, and matter of that kind they will have. The regular trade organization proves quite inadequate to the demand, and consequently the canvassing or agency business has sprung at once to gigantic proportions. Probably not one-third of the books bought this year are procured at the stores. They are supplied by agents, who traverse, subscription-book in hand, every county and town of the Northern, Eastern, and Western States, leaving scarcely a lonely farm-house unvisited, and everywhere meeting with customers who eagerly engage to take the books, which it will require months, if not years, to manufacture in quantities sufficient to meet the demand. The American skill in management is conspicuous in the arrangement of this business, now developed into a complete system. It well deserves to find a historian, as the Express enterprise and other branches of American industry have done. It comprises two distinct divisions. The chief field of the canvasser who offers books in portions, issued periodically, called "the number business," is at the centres of population, where men are congregated in large masses, as at foundries, shipyards, machine shops, etc., where the stated publications are easily supplied to them. The agent for complete works—usually in one volume, and rarely selling for less than five dollars—has his county or State district allotted to him, and starts off to canvass it, reporting his success to headquarters every day. It is a feature of the system that an agent must only have one book to get subscribers for, and that the books so subscribed shall not be purchasable at the stores. A manual of private directions, showing no inconsiderable knowledge of human nature, is furnished to agents, teaching them how objections should be parried, etc., and in what way the various classes of people may be approached with the best chance of success. The results of this system are visible in the sale of books in quantities totally unprecedented—such, indeed, as cannot be specified without appearance of exaggeration. We may mention one instance, however, where contracts are said to have been made by one house for the production of one thousand octavo volumes per day of two works, only, for a whole year. Several of the histories of the war are known to have sold each to the extent of nearly two hundred thousand copies. The public are said on good authority to have devoured a quarter of a million volumes of the adventures of a rather hard-featured lady (if the portrait does her justice), whose name we forget, but who desires to go down to posterity as "The Nurse and Spy." "Lives of Abraham Lincoln," "Sufferings of Northern Prisoners at Richmond," and, in short, every work of the kind, shares in the general demand. It should not be supposed that the books got up for this emergency are all of a slight or temporary description. The pecuniary returns are now so great that the best authors find it impossible to resist the offers that would lure them to this new field of labor, and many works of sterling excellence are so produced, as the "History of the Rebellion" by Horace Greeley, Hon. H. J. Raymond's "Life and Speeches of President Lincoln," Colonel Bowman's "History of Sherman's Expedition," Swinton's "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," J. T. Headley's "Grant and Sherman's Campaigns," etc.

—A chief novelty of Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s fall list of publications is one that will be sure to meet with notice and criticism. It is entitled "The Last Six Months of my Administration, by James Buchanan, Ex-President of the United States." Mr. Buchanan does well to become his own historian, or rather to put on record his own version of the facts that give importance to a period so momentous in our annals. In the last century, scarcely a minister or statesman of eminence died who was not furnished with a posthumous autobiography or "testament politique" from Holland, the great literary workshop of the day, and many still survive in a state of dubious authenticity. Though the time for apocryphal or spurious works is past, the chief actor in circumstances of great gravity and delicacy must always have much to record that escapes the general knowledge and furnishes the soundest materials for history.

—Some interesting facts on language were communicated at the last meeting of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia by Mr. P. E. Chase. His object was to discover the comparative capacity of languages for musical expression. For this purpose he investigated Italian, French, German, and English, by selecting the principal poets in each language, and ascertaining the number of sounds of each description in 10,000 syllables. The result is that English has the greatest number of distinct sounds, and Italian the least. Italian is the richest in vowels and liquids, German in nasals and gutturals, French in sibilants and labials, and English in dentals. In the expression of a given number of ideas, German uses the greatest number of sounds, and French the least.

—The labors of the American missionaries, and particularly Rev. Wm. Andrews, of Honolulu, have reduced the Hawaiian language, spoken in the Sandwich Islands, to a Dictionary, comprising a vocabulary of remarkable richness for an uncultured people. It includes about 15,500 words, nearly the same number, it has been observed, that is contained in Dr. Johnson's English dictionary. The simplicity of structure exemplified in the Polynesian languages, and their relations with the Malay and other widely spread Asiatic tongues, have lately engaged the attention of philologists. Mr. Andrews's work is the most elaborate production yet devoted to their elucidation.

—The origin of the modern stage from the "Mysteries" and "Moralities" of the Middle Ages is pleasantly recounted in Mr. Grant White's sketch of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama prefixed to his new volume on Shakespeare. The extracts from these rare and curious productions show how strangely Scripture scenes and characters were travestied to adapt them to the ideas of a rude age. Yet, singular to say, we find the same subjects now the great source of attraction at Paris, the theatrical capital of the world, so regular is the revolving cycle of popular taste, which moves in fixed grooves, and seems to return to first principles in accordance with a tendency to end where it began. In France the love of Biblical spectacles recurs every now and then. Readers of Thomas Moore's "Fudge Family" will remember his description of "Susannah and the Elders," and how Madame Begrand, the actress who then shone in the Scriptural path "as lovely Susannah," came out of the bath in a costume more natural than elaborate. The *reigning* entertainment now is "The Universal Deluge," in five acts and six tableaux, at the Theatre du Chatelet, lasting six hours and ending with a gorgeous rainbow scene. The costumes and all the appointments are said to be wonderfully correct (?) and unquestionably splendid. There is a sacred ballet of the priests and priestesses of Baal, with a procession of the emblems of his worship, compounded of all the wildest extravagances of the Bayaderes and dancing dervishes; and a second ballet, characteristically described by a French critic, who says "it seems as if Madame de Pompadour was giving a ball to Shem, Ham, and Japhet." In this piece mechanical ingenuity has solved the problem of giving a deluge without any water, rain being represented very cleverly by ranges of bright metal wires, upon which electric light is flashed intermittently. At the Gaîté "Paradise Lost" is brought out as a rival spectacle, and displays in an equally remarkable manner the resources of the French costumiers and theatrical artists.

—The solid and substantial class of books usually chosen for publication by Messrs. Scribner & Co. receives some important additions in their new list of announcements for the fall season, just issued. Their edition of Froude's "History of England" will be continued by the issue of Volumes 3 and 4, completing the first Reformation period, and bringing down the narrative to the death of King Henry VIII. Froude's History, we are glad to hear, is rapidly gaining readers; there is a depth of research about it rarely found in combination with so much spirit and vivacity. Prof. Agassiz's "Structure of Animal Life" has been already mentioned. The other new books forthcoming are "History of Rationalism, embracing a survey of the present state of Protestant Theology," by Rev. John F. Hurst. This book reviews in detail the remarkable intellectual movement whose development characterizes our own era, from its first recorded traces more than two centuries ago. The author has studied in Germany, and has made himself familiar with the entire literature of the topic he discusses, in all the European languages. His book promises to be an important contribution to the history of ideas, and their influence on society and the individual. It will form one volume octavo. Another work bearing equally a relation to modern controversies, though viewed from another stand-point, is "Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity," with special reference to the theories of Renan, Strauss, and the Tübingen school of divines headed by Dr.

Baur, by Prof. George P. Fisher, who fills the chair of ecclesiastical history at Yale College. It will contain a critical examination of the various naturalistic explanations offered to account for the marvels of the Gospel history, and a vindication of the genuineness and credibility of the New Testament historical books. Dr. Horace Bushnell's new work, "The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded on Principles of Universal Obligation;" Prof. Botta's "Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet," including an analysis of the Divina Commedia, its plot and episodes; and of a lighter character, Timothy Titcomb's "Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects," by the ever popular Dr. J. G. Holland, are the most important original works in preparation by the firm. The reprints and new editions include Lord Derby's "Homer," with his final revision; Dr. J. Addison Alexander's large version of and commentary on "The Prophecies of Isaiah;" a university edition of "The Fœderalist;" and Duyckinck's "Cyclopedia of American Literature," with continuation to the present time.

—Though science and literature have both losses to record in the obituary annals of the month, the death of Sir William Jackson Hooker, the distinguished botanist, is unquestionably the most important deprivation that the natural sciences have recently sustained. In devotion to his favorite pursuits and the successful prosecution of them, he may be called a model man—emphatically "the right person in the right place." Of independent means, which enabled him to gratify, by extensive travel, the taste for natural history developed at the earliest age, the whole field of animated nature at first attracted him. The accidental discovery of a rare moss, and the example of a fellow-townsman of Norwich, Sir J. E. Smith, made a botanist of him, and to this special study the energies of a long and active life (he had just completed his eightieth year) were consecrated. A professorship of botany at the University of Glasgow occupied him for the twenty years between 1820 and 1840, during which time he was knighted by King William IV. In 1841, his appointment as Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew placed him in a position most congenial to his feelings, and led to the splendid results that are familiar to most visitors of London and the attractions in its vicinity. Two hundred and seventy acres laid out with wonderful skill and judgment; magnificent ranges of hot-houses and conservatories such as no three establishments on the Continent put together can equal; an unrivalled herbarium; three museums of vegetable products, etc., filled with objects of interest from all parts of the globe; and excellent botanical libraries, are the chief features of an institution of truly regal proportions of which Sir W. Hooker might claim to be the instigator and promoter, to whose personal influence and supervision its present state of efficiency is entirely owing. The perfection of this vast establishment placed him at the head of the practical botanists of Europe. More than fifty published volumes of descriptive botany, many of them of the most costly illustrated description, attest the extent of his labors in the theoretical portion of the science. At the day of his death, he had just issued the first part of a new work, "Synopsis Filicum." He was distinguished by a handsome presence and a genial and urbane temperament. He was fortunate in all his family relations, and never knew a moment of ennui or tedium in the whole of his happy and well-spent life.

—Two other men, each of eminence in their respective branches of study, are included in the list of recent deaths in England. Mr. Hugh Cuming was known throughout Europe and America, wherever conchology was investigated, as the possessor of absolutely the most extensive and finest collection of shells ever brought together. He was in early life in mercantile business in South America, but gave up commerce for natural science. In his own yacht, expressly fitted for the purpose, he ransacked the seas and shores of the Pacific coasts of America and of Asia and its islands. His travels extended through many years; and he reached Europe with a richer freight of natural productions then had ever before been assembled by one man. Conchology had been his chief pursuit, but one of his incidental collections—that of dried plants—numbered 130,000 specimens. These, with his birds, reptiles, insects, etc., were all distributed among museums at home and abroad. The arrangement of his collection of shells found him in occupation for the remainder of his life, and it formed a mine which scientific men of all countries have worked without exhausting its treasures. Thirty thousand species are fully represented in it, mostly by numerous specimens of each. It fills a large house in London, and will in all probability be secured for the British Museum. Dr. Freeman Daniell, who died on June 28, at Southampton, had been engaged in the medical service of the British army, in most of the tropical climates of Africa, the West Indies, and the East. His writings on medical topography are numerous and valuable, and his botanical studies added much to a knowledge of the tropical flora. The frankincense tree is named *Daniella* after him.

—Mr. John Payne Collier, the veteran literary antiquary, has just completed a reprint, limited to fifty copies, of the rare early edition of Tottel's "Miscellany of Songs and Sonnettes" (1557), printed in the reign of Henry VIII., and containing the first impression of the poems of Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and others. He is desirous of proceeding with similar reprints of the rare and unique volumes of poetical literature of the Elizabethan age, if subscribers enough come forward to secure him from loss, as his chief desire is to place beyond the reach of accident the matter that a chance fire, etc., might irretrievably destroy. The books he desires thus to perpetuate are "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," from a unique copy containing poems by Lords Vere and Oxford, Churchyard, Edwards, Hunnis, etc., which were omitted in the later edition that was followed in the reprint of 1810; "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 1578; "The Phœnix Nest," 1593; "England's Helicon," in which nearly all the poets prior to the year 1600 figure more or less prominently, including Shakespeare, Marlowe. Lodge, Greene, Peele, etc.; and Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602.

CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.*

This book is so good that it ought to be better. There is some good thought in it, and much good feeling; but it is throughout divided against itself by an inconsistency and reckless incoherency fatal to the illusion which it is the business of the novelist to produce, and reminding us from beginning to end that the author is telling *stories*.

Against this defect there are two safeguards: one is great genius, and the other great industry. Shakespeare probably found no more difficulty in avoiding the introduction of anomalies into the character, than Mrs. Siddons found in refraining from cutting the capers of Fanny Elssler in her performance of the part, of *Lady Macbeth*. But what the great masters and mistresses in literature do, and are preserved from doing—we suppose by the force of their over-mastering conceptions—the little masters and mistresses must do and leave undone, if at all, by dint of most painstaking and minute attention to correctness of detail. At least so much as this a novel-reading public has a right to expect of a novel writer who has had so much practice upon it as the author of "The Ogilvies," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Life for a Life," "The Head of the Family," "Olive," "Mistress and Maid," "Agatha's Husband," "One Year," and—legion.

But though Christian herself is a lovely creature—thus much we can discern—in beauty of person, carriage, voice, and disposition, and is a great improvement on some of her swarthy and passionate predecessors, as to most other facts about and around her we are "lost in a field." What was her (worst) "mistake?" and ought not the title of the book to run in the plural, "Christian's Mistakes," or simply, "Mistakes by the author?" etc., etc.

If we understand her, she means to represent her heroine as a person of sweet and calm dignity and self-possession. The natural effect of such qualities, in real life, surely is to prevent and to disarm insolence. Yet Miss Gascoigne habitually insults Christian; Phillis and Susan Bennett browbeat Christian; Barker snubs Christian; and the shocking little witch, "Titia," taunts Christian. Further, if we understand her, the author means to represent Christian as a woman of truth. Yet we are first told of her making Dr. Gray, at his request, this promise: "Whatever goes wrong, you will always come at once and tell it to me," and, soon after, of her sitting "still to see that saddest of all sights to a tender heart, children (Dr. Gray's) slowly ruined, exasperated by injustice, embittered by punishment, (and) made deceitful or cowardly by continual fear" of a pugilistic nursery-maid.

As to Christian's husband, we are informed, on page 6, of the grave and formal politeness which was his natural manner, but which always somewhat awed Mrs. Ferguson, and on page 78 of his feeling and appearing "at home in any company, (having) a pleasant word or smile for everybody, (and being) in short, a frank, kindly, natural gentleman."

The terrible sister-in-law, Miss Gascoigne, who is "perhaps moved and softened and brought to a better mind," and without loss of time "hard and bitter," is besides affirmed to be "unexceptionably-mannered." Now people of (conventionally) perfect manners may deal abundantly in subtle inuendo and fine-edged sarcasm; but they do not scold. They may point the finger of scorn; but they do not smite with the fist of iniquity. Neither do they say "trapesing." Moreover, the symmetry of artistic probability is violated by the introduction of a pair of such termagants as the aunt and the nurse into the same plot. One would be enough, if not more than enough. Two are too many.

"Atty lost his selfish roughness for the hour (he) spent with (his) father;"

* "Christian's Mistake. By the author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' etc., etc." New York: Harper & Brothers.

but, as he "rarely spoke except to say something rude," we are driven to reconcile the discrepancies of his conduct by conjecturing that "the atmosphere of that good, loving, fatherly nature" usually deprived him of the use of his tongue.

When Titia was "very humble, . . . there was a sullen look upon" her face; and her lips now and then opened 'to give vent to sharp, unchildlike speeches, so exceedingly like Aunt Henrietta's."

We could go on; but we think it unnecessary.

We find in this one, and not in this one only, of the author's performances reason to suppose them often inferior to her powers. For instance, in the first of the series, "The Ogilvies," what could have a finer tragic effect, and fit a neater keystone into a plot, than the joining of the hands of the future couple by the dying old man muttering, in his senile delirium, the words of the burial service, and the fulfilment of the omen long years after, by the death of the widow-bride while the funeral-bell is tolling her dismal marriage-peal? An artist, capable of one such stroke, ought to be capable of higher artistic success than our author reaches in any other work of hers with which we are familiar.

However, it is a great success—if not of one kind, of another—to gratify so large a number of readers as she does, in these days of "sensation," without any appeal to the fiendish sensations, and to preserve as she does, in these days of æsthetics, the godlike knowledge of the difference between good and evil. Her words do not become household words with us. Perhaps her characters are seldom strong enough to get much hold on the characters or minds of the living. They want projection. But while few authors in an age are able to give us a peep at their invisible world through the stereoscope, the microscope multiplies many small creatures into interest and beauty; and we trust that the author of "Christian's Mistake" will continue to use hers, and henceforth study accuracy in her observations.

Finally, her particular message to the world, if we have succeeded in abstracting it from her past and present publications, may be pretty nearly compressed into these three propositions: that it is highly imprudent, not to say deeply improper, to marry without a "grande passion;" that, having once been the subject of a "grande passion" for a worthy object, it is out of the question ever after to become the subject of another "grande passion" for another worthy object; and that children are to philoprogenitive persons a source of much rapture. Of which propositions, the first appears to us plausible; the second, improbable; and the third alone incontrovertible.

A NEW NOVEL.*

THE frequent wish for a good novel which we hear from intelligent people certainly implies that the market is not overstocked with that article. We should not like to risk our critical reputation on the assertion that the last dozen years have produced as many fictitious works which fully merit this title. A good novel is more than a good book; it is this, and much besides. It is anything but a good sermon, though, as Shakespeare says of some harder things, it may contain a better one than was preached in many a pulpit last Sunday. A good novel demands, in its creator, a blending of imaginative constructiveness and philosophical common sense and genial human-heartedness which is not very usual in literary or other circles. Miss Oliphant has some good points as a novelist—we shall gladly credit them to her account—but, at the chance of being charged with deficient gallantry, we venture to think that her genius, however unquestionable, is not the kind of genius requisite for the production of a good novel of the best variety. Meanwhile, what of "A Son of the Soil?"

Colin Campbell is a Scotch lad, who makes his way from the shores of his native Loch Lomond to one of the pulpits of his national kirk, gathering up on the road the highest honors of Glasgow and Oxford scholarship. This would contain but little romance in itself. But the poor farmer's son rather oddly saves twice from drowning the youthful heir of an English aristocrat. This complication with the family of a wealthy baronet involves the son of the soil in a fruitless flirtation first with the baronet's niece, Miss Matty Frankland, on whom the handsome, manly, brilliant young Scot made considerably less impression than she did on him; and the second rescue from drowning threw young Campbell into a dying sickness that sent him to Italy for health, where he found another affair of the heart, which eventually, and after much not over-smooth running, grew from pity into affection, and from this into wedlock. The whole thing is contemporary, and the Rev. Colin Campbell may be considered at the present time as preaching from the tall pulpit of his church in the ancient kingdom of Fife.

This is the skeleton of the story, but like most skeletons it gives little idea of the living creation. The author's purpose is to show the way in which a high-spirited, self-willed, poetical, fantastic, yet uncommonly *talented* young man (we use the italicized word with a mental protest) was headed off and finally subdued into a tolerably regular specimen of a Christian man and Presbyterian minister. We put it thus carefully, for the incumbent of Lafton bears but small resemblance to the typical "seminary student," either in theological opinions or external bearing. He reminds us much more of some half-trimmed Broad Church gymnasts whom we have known, quite free to indulge in a fast drive alike over the doctrinal or the literal trotting course—whether in lawn or broadcloth makes not material difference.

Miss Oliphant's readers will acquaint themselves with the route which her hero travelled from the west to the east side of Scotland, making a half year's stop in Rome, besides the longer English detentions of its winding way. Love affair the first is a curious study in the art of coquetry, evincing a shrewd knowledge of the female heart, or what in Miss Matty Frankland supplied its place—unfolding, too, a degree of young, manly folly, which we cannot say is exaggerated, though really prodigious to contemplate. We should pity this victim of bright eyes and shallow smiles, only that we see he is getting his education in a science which the university does not teach. The sickness which follows his midnight plunge into the canal after Sir Thomas's heir is a different discipline, the weariness of those weeks of battling with death, their solemn self-communings and revelations, the wrestlings of a young soul, so full of life, with the mysteries of the world around it and before it, and all this the pivot on which another human history is swinging round to a new issue. The author has room for her best handling upon these materials, and she shows great power and insight in these chapters. Some deep philosophy and much "awfu'" questioning of what philosophy has no key to unlock, fill up the conversations of the sick man and his friend Lauderdale. This Lauderdale is the gem of the book. He has been Colin's protecting genius from the day when the elder student helped the younger through his first college fight at Glasgow. Lauderdale is almost twice as old as Colin, a fabulously tall, gaunt son of the land o' cakes; a solitary, speculative, believing, yet skeptical Christian man, gentle, strong, dreamy, faithful to the core. He is Colin's *fidus Achates* to the end, simple-hearted as a child, yet ruggedly masculine in intellect; a mixture, if such a thing could be, of Edward Irving and Thomas Carlyle. He never tires us; we never exhaust him. Sometimes he is foggy, but never conceited. "The unwedded, childless man was at once young and old, and had kept in his heart a virgin freshness more visionary, and perhaps even more spotless, than that of Colin's untarnished youth." The two, so unlike yet so indivisible, are an admirable foil to each other.

We question the author's intelligence or fairness if Arthur Meredith is intended as an average sample of an educated, evangelically religious man. We hardly think he is so put forward, while we have a doubt whether the writer precisely knew of what she designed to make him the representative. He is the brother of Campbell's future wife. They meet on the Mediterranean going to Italy for health—he to die. That Frascati episode is tender, painful, almost tragic. Out of it grows a marriage of sympathy, honor, and affection—never of highest love on the husband's side, though heartily this on the wife's. Here we reach not very solid ground. Campbell fulfils, after a four years' engagement, the promise which compassion for Alice Meredith's orphaned loneliness wrung from him over her brother's grave. Of course, he should redeem his pledge. Nor is it very strange that he should have given it. But to compel one's self to marry without

> "—— the love
> Of men and women when they love the best,"

is, to say the least, rather a novel winding-up of a modern romance. They appear to be getting on as comfortably as could be expected in the circumstances; but we are not ready to say "so be it" to the final sentence of the book: "A man can live without that last climax of existence, when everything else is going on well in life." Really, that sounds too French for our taste. Has the author any marriageable cousins slightly *passées?* She evidently does not live in "A New Atmosphere."

The author's familiar knowledge of Scottish life gives a fine vividness and truth to her pictures of scenery and of the traits of the people. The narrative moves vigorously on with a sustained force, sparkling ever and anon with a ripple of quiet humor. The fluster of a well-to-do Scotch parish on receiving and trying its new candidate for pulpit honors is particularly well described. Our friend Lauderdale's definition of "democracy" will not suit all the popular sovereigns, but it is sharp, if not sound: "Democracy means naething else, as far as I'm informed, but the reign of them that kens the least and skreighs the loudest."

* "A Son of the Soil." A Novel. New York: Harper & Bros. 1865.

PEGASUS IN TRACES.*

THE modesty of the suggestive "etc., etc.," mentioned on the title-page of Mr. Duganne's book is amply atoned for at its close. Here the veil of mystery which surrounds that curt epitome is lifted, and we are allowed to discover that "The Tenant House; or, Embers from Poverty's Hearthstone," by the same author, has been praised by no less than eighteen clergymen; that the "Poetical Works" of A. J. H. Duganne have also been published; that the same pen has given "Utterances ante Lucem" to the world; that "Battle Ballads," by A. J. H. Duganne, will be issued in the fall of the present year. Of this gentleman's prose we have gained some idea from the book before us; of his "Poetical Works" the editor of the "Beadle Dime Series" has the following opinion:

"Mr. Duganne is one of the master spirits of minstrelsy, whose song has stirred the great heart of man into a grand enthusiasm for the right, the free, and the good. His lyrics long have floated over the great sea of the press, like the argonaut Nautilé, bearing beauty and hope and a thought of heaven on their wings. His more elaborate poems stand as monuments of a mind pervaded by the true sublimity of the noblest masters of song. There is, in these elaborate compositions, a wealth of imagery, a boldness of conception, a presence of high thought, that mark Mr. Duganne for one of the most thoughtful and introspective poets of this country. It is with a grateful sense that we turn from them and their mighty thought to the love ballads and lyrical utterances, which give the volume variety and season it with sweets from which all can sip."

The story contained in "Camps and Prisons," so far as the personal adventures of the author are concerned, may be told in a few words. Col. Duganne, of a New York regiment—whose number he leaves doubtful, generally speaking of it as the "Ironsides"—finds himself, after the capture of Brashear City by the rebels, in command of Bayou Bœuf, cut off from all retreat, with an insignificant infantry force, four guns, and forty artillerists to defend them. Separated from his base, and thrown upon his own responsibility, he bravely determines to defend his position to the last. Measures are taken for an active resistance, rifle-pits are dug, gunners are posted, a store-house, to prevent its seizure by the enemy, is burnt; orders are sent to the officer defending a bridge in the front to hold his ground as long as possible—if there be danger of the enemy's flanking him, to burn the bridge and fall back to Bayou Bœuf. The enemy draws near, Captain Hopkins burns the bridge and retires; a council of war is called—the place is surrendered, Col. Duganne unbuckles his sword, and spends thirteen months as a prisoner in Texas. These incidents, together with an account of affairs in the department of the Gulf which took place between the time of his arrival and his capture, his life in prison, and descriptions of various other matters in which he had no share whatever, make up a total of more than four hundred pages. What were the sources of information with regard to events of which he had no personal knowledge, he tells his readers in an introduction: "Personal statements and actual observations have alone furnished material for the book." Under these circumstances the sceptical reader will perhaps hesitate before placing implicit confidence in the "personal statements" contained in chapters detailing at length the capture of Brashear City, the surrender of Galveston, the fights at Sabine Pass; indeed the exact value of "the personal statements" referred to by Mr. Duganne, becomes more apparent when he gives his own (p. 261) description of them in the following manner: "From log-books of naval officer, from yarns of man-of-wars-man, from recital of service-striped sergeant, I became possessed of truer information regarding this" (the second affair at Sabine Pass), "as well as other affairs, than I could have gained out of all the red-tape documents at headquarters."

Mr. Duganne is a poet, and his mind seems to have vacillated between the idea of making his "twenty months" a prose narrative and that of sending his story on its way in the form of an epic. The former prevailed; but occasionally the muse displays herself in an unexpected fashion, and blank verse, printed prosaically, is the result; the effect is sometimes peculiar. On page 60 we have the following sonorous passage:

"Some said this worthy skipper's steamboat-house not only owned two flag-staffs, but possessed two flags to hoist upon them as occasion might demand. However this may be, no bunting flew from them but stars and stripes while I abode in Tigerville."

How smoothly this runs into verse!—

> "Some said this worthy skipper's steamboat-house
> Not only owned two flag-staffs, but two flags
> To hoist upon them as need might demand.
> However this might be, no bunting flew
> From them but stars and stripes while I abode
> In Tigerville."

Again:—

"My quarters at Lafourche are in the old hotel; a ventilated building, whereof no door hath complement of hinges, and no window-frame can boast a tally of its panes."

A little change would make this perfect:—

> "Lafourche's old hotel doth quarters give;
> A ventilated building, where no door
> Hath complement of hinge, nor window-frame
> Can boast a tally of its panes."

We are tantalized in the same way throughout the book—and not only are we reminded of poetry by Mr. Duganne's prose, but of prose by his poetry. A striking instance of what may be done in this way, is to be found in the poem delivered on the 22d of February, in the Camp Ford prison.

But although the defects of this book are more prominent than its merits, there are parts of it which are well worth reading. A genuine sympathy for the negro, and a true love of democratic principles, led Mr. Duganne to observe with some attention the state of society into which he was thrown, and the attempt by General Banks to remedy its evils by the introduction of the "free-labor system." His conclusions were practically those which the whole country have at length arrived at—that the Irish bull has a practical as well as verbal existence in "compulsory free-labor." A servant who cannot choose his master is indeed a slave, and General Banks, whatever his intentions, was engaged in enslaving freemen, when he ought to have been freeing slaves.

Again, Mr. Duganne describes life in prison excellently—while, since "actual observations" and not "personal statements" have "furnished material," more reliance may be placed on the facts told in a chapter like that called "A Day at Camp Ford" than those contained in some before spoken of. On the whole, however, there seems to be no reason why this book should have been written; if the author had seen a great deal of service, or if, without seeing much, he had been in a position to gather authentic information with regard to current events, his account of twenty months in any department would have been of interest and value; but, on the contrary, he saw no service, and was in just the situation where stories from all sources were least worthy of trust. If Mr. Duganne had put less confidence in "log-books of naval officer, yarns of man-of-wars-man," and "recital of service-striped sergeant," his life in Texas would have afforded the subject for a very entertaining magazine article; he has chosen instead to publish a book which is untrustworthy, and essentially made-up.

* "Camps and Prisons. Twenty Months in the Department of the Gulf. By A. J. H. Duganne, author of 'A History of Governments,' 'Footprints of Heroism,' 'War in Europe,' 'A Comprehensive Summary of History,' etc., etc." Second Edition. New York: J. P. Robens, publisher, 37 Park Row. 1865. 16mo, pp. 9-424.

THE TRUTH CONCERNING REBEL PRISONS.*

THERE are three great facts which place for ever beyond controversy the treatment of Union prisoners by their Confederate keepers, from the summer of '63 up to the close of the war. The subject is one which we would not lightly re-open, choosing rather that it should join the troop of horrors which must be dismissed to oblivion before we undertake to resume our friendly relations with the people of the South. But, as often happens, the partizans of a bad cause will not let it die; and on both sides of the Atlantic, in the New York *Daily News* and in the London *Times*, it is asserted unblushingly that the Confederate gaolers were not lacking in humanity, nor their victims in such consideration and care as were possible within the resources of the Confederacy. When an attempt like this—however bootless it is sure to be, and however certain to be refuted hereafter—is made to falsify history during the lifetime of those whose knowledge, having come through the most terrible suffering, is positive, or nothing is positive, the experience of the Roman historian is reversed, and men find it harder to be silent than to forget. Besides, the unwelcome theme is before the public in a legitimate way, in the trial of a conspicuous agent in the Confederate scheme of slaughter; and perhaps no better time could be selected for noticing the books which are named below than now, while the materials are gathering for a settled, unalterable conviction concerning the alleged barbarities.

The facts with which we began are these: the extraordinary mortality among the prisoners, for which we will accept the Confederate account as accurate; the bodily and mental condition of those who were at last exchanged; and the topography of the theatres of imprisonment; for which we have the testimony of eye-witnesses, susceptible, in the latter instance, of immediate confirmation by whoever wishes to inspect Belle Island or Andersonville. Whatever other data are added to these are clearly superfluous, and yet without the details the imagination would much fall short of the incredible reality. To the cloud of witnesses, both living and dead,

* "Nineteen Months a Prisoner of War. Narrative of Lieut. G. E. Sabre, 2d Rhode Island Cavalry, etc., etc." New York: American News Company. 1865.

"Diary of a Soldier and Prisoner of War in the Rebel Prisons. Written by Eugene Forbes, Serg. Co. B, 4th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers." Trenton: Murphy & Bechtel. 1865.

belong the heroes of the narratives before us, each incarcerated for a lengthy period, and both together affording a view of prison life in almost every part of the South.

What Lieutenant Sabre endured may be guessed from his statement that the most comfortable portion of his imprisonment was the six weeks he was forced to spend in Charleston under the Federal fire! He tested successively—after capture in Mississippi in July, 1863—the entertainment of Morton, Mobile, Atlanta, Richmond (Libby and Belle Island), Andersonville, Macon, Charleston, and Columbia. His observations have, therefore, a wide range, but are restricted in interest and importance to what he saw and underwent at the rebel capital and in Georgia. What a picture he presents of that desolate river island—low, wet, and flat; the camp in close proximity to the cemetery and the hospital, and in full view of them; no shelter provided, little possible otherwise; no drainage. Into these four acres are turned seven thousand men, stripped of their blankets, often of their most essential garments. The rations are vile and meagre, and with the approach of an unprecedented winter are reduced. A dog is torn in pieces for food. The most loathsome forms of sickness prevail. Men wander about insane. Yet the hospital is more dreaded than the camp. Forms not yet dead are laid out for burial. When the awful cold sets in, no burrowing is sufficient to procure warmth. They lie like animals in heaps. Of a night there will be from a score to fifty deaths. Frozen limbs and amputations are the order of the day. New-comers, almost naked, are turned in to certain death. For nine weeks in the three winter months not a load of wood is sent to the island. And all this time there is a "dead-line," and prisoners are shot recklessly that the guards may earn a furlough, or brutally punished with inquisitorial devices. In January, 1864, supplies of clothing come to them from the Christian Commission, and the moment they have been distributed the rations are cut down, nor will they be raised to the old standard until bought back with the identical supplies! At Andersonville there are bloodhounds to overtake, chains and balls to retain and punish, fugitives. The rations, if somewhat larger than at Belle Island, are irregular and mean. Malaria pervades the stockade from the marsh in its centre. Some become blind, others crazed. Those so unhappy as to have been vaccinated suffer the torments of the condemned from the impurities introduced into their systems.

More touching, even, than this story, which is told without resentment, is the diary of Sergeant Forbes, which is abruptly terminated by the deliverance of its author from every earthly privation. All roads lead to hell, said the ancients, and he found his way to Andersonville from the Wilderness, in May of last year. He corroborates all that is recorded by Lieutenant Sabre—the exposure to hot suns and chilly nights and pelting storms; the marvel of an occasional patient returning from the hospital; the insane, and the vaccinated with their flesh dropping from their bones. He, too, has to tell of the shooting indulged in by the guards, scarcely a night passing that a shot is not heard, often enough with fatal effect upon innocent victims. One soldier, tired of life, lies down deliberately beyond the "dead-line," and refuses to budge when warned, crying, "Do your duty, and get your furlough!" and is shot dead, of course. The sergeant is a posthumous witness in regard to Wirtz, who is first mentioned in the diary as having ordered two recaptured men to be hung; but Winder interferes. Next he appears, on the 29th of June, as aiding in the detection and surrender to the prisoners of certain "raiders" of their own number. Forbes writes: "He deserves great credit for his prompt action in the matter;" though, since the wretches were hung, as Wirtz well knew would be the case, his motives are not above suspicion. Afterwards, on the 14th of July, he harangued his captives, saying that "the rebel government was anxious to parole or exchange, but the Federal Government declined, because the time of so many of the men had expired." And to this cruel falsification he added,—let those take note who say our soldiers were starved as the Confederate soldiers were, and for the same reason,—that "he had plenty to feed them on for two years, if necessary." At the same time, he threatened to open upon the entire camp with grape and canister if a conspiracy for a general outbreak were detected; and to fire into any unusual group or crowd of men. No better than Andersonville was the pen near Charleston, to which Forbes was transferred for the last time. Here, also, men were starved and frozen, and the guards shot those who addressed them. Here, also, if a prisoner were absent from roll-call, the whole company was kept fasting until he was accounted for; here, that men might be induced to forswear their true allegiance and adopt the false, their hungry eyes were tantalized with the sight of bags of flour and shoulders of beef, which were not allowed to cross the stockade. And here, at last, the stout-hearted patriot succumbed to fatal disease.

Such are some of the proofs that the conduct of the Southern prisons was a wilful system of pillage, starvation, and murder, for ends, some o which, at least, were more subtle than the gratification of any man's cupidity or brutality. For our part, we are stirred less painfully by reading of the sufferings which this system produced than by the consequent effects upon the character of the sufferers, so that all sense of decency, all respect for private property and private rights, faith in each other and in the Government in whose service they had been captured, was lost. This is not to be imputed for blame to the inmates of the Southern *inferno*, but must be re torted directly upon the heartless authors of their infinite misery. That men went raving and grew helpless from hunger and exposure, and were covered with festering sores and ever-present vermin, and lay in their own ordure, and saw their limbs rot off, and fell beneath the infliction of intolerable punishments or by the more merciful bullet or single blow—is fearful, surely, to contemplate. But there is a further stage of degradation: as when one, driven to extremities, plucks an undigested morsel from the vomit of another; when men quarrel over bones for possession, or over a corpse for the privilege of carrying it out; when property is so insecure that even the lunatic is robbed of all that covers his nakedness, and bands of marauders do violence by night, compelling the camp to organize itself into a vigilance committee and inflict summary justice when the guilty parties are brought to light; when, lastly, to escape the pangs of such an existence, the Confederate yoke is assumed and the good cause abandoned by flesh not made for martyrdom. These last are the veritable objects of our pity. The constancy of the rest excites admiration and gratitude, and theirs, after all, is the sternest, loftiest heroism of the war.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Little Corporal is the title of a children's newspaper, published monthly, at Chicago, by Alfred L. Sewell. The editor exhibited, in a remarkable manner, his business capacity and his knowledge of "Young America" at the time of the Northwestern Sanitary Fair, for which he labored zealously, and netted by the day that it opened the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, raised by the exertions of the little folk of the country, whom he had marshalled into an army of agents. This pleasant experience seems to have suggested a continuance of the relation, and the new periodical is the result. It starts already with the air of an "institution," and is as choicely edited as it is printed. It means to be found "fighting against wrong, and for the good, the true, and the beautiful." Success to such warfare! The form is quarto, sixteen pages; the subscription price, one dollar.

The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. Showing where petroleum is found, how it is obtained, and at what cost. With hints for whom it may concern. By William Wright. (Harper & Bros., New York.)—The author of this neatly printed volume traversed, chiefly on foot, the entire oil district of Pennsylvania, visiting every producing well, and making the most careful inquiries concerning facts. His observations and his report upon them are worthy of confidence, because, first, he went as the correspondent of the New York *Times*, and, through that paper, in the interest of the public; secondly, because he is a man of intelligence, knowing how to see and what to credit; and, thirdly, because he has instincts and principles superior to money-getting. In ten clearly-written chapters he discusses the physical features of the country, from a just understanding of geology; describes the climate and the people, where and how they sink their wells; treats of the curious phenomena of supply and failure, of obstacles and remedies; furnishes *nominatim* the statistics of production; explains the processes of refining; and candidly declares what is immoral in the speculations of Oildom, and what are the chances for an honest investment. The reader can hardly fail to place reliance upon the statements of Mr. Wright, which, for the rest, are attractively and often humorously dressed. He believes that oil is not confined, and has had in its deposit no possible relation, to existing river-systems—the results of erosion through a long series of years. The oil area might be indefinitely extended if boring were indifferent to the increase of depth. The temperature of the oil does not correspond with the accepted theory of the rate of elevation of the earth's temperature as we proceed from the surface. The general, not to say universal, experience is, that "wells yield much less freely in winter than in the summer season;" and a superintendent of one company "declares he can predict changes in the weather for twenty-four hours in advance, by observing the yield of his wells." The subterranean communication between adja cent wells is singularly capricious and uncertain. "In one case this was so intimate that the sounds made in drilling one, though not audible at its mouth, could be heard coming up the next well." Mr. Wright's advice seems sound and sensible.

Mexican Poetry. "Poetical Works of José Rivera y Rio" ("Obras Poeticas," etc.) Mexico. 1857.—Among the fifty distinguished Mexican exiles who occupied the platform at the meeting of respect and sympathy held for them on the 19th of July, at Cooper Institute, was a young gentleman who has already taken high rank as a scholar, jurist, statesman, patriot, soldier, and author of prose and poetry. Senor José Rivera y Rio was one of the four members of the Mexican Patriot Club chosen, by their votes, to prepare addresses for that occasion; and ably did he perform that task, as the pamphlet containing their speeches amply proves. Although only twenty-six years of age, he received a superior education, in the excellent colleges of the Mexican Republic, which were of a superior order and con-

ducted on enlightened principles, until the intrusive Maximilian proposed to place them under the control of the retrograde priests. It should be known, to the honor of the Mexican Liberals, that they, like the Spanish-American patriots generally, have been intelligently and ardently devoted to national and universal education. Senor Rivera y Rio is a most creditable witness in favor of the Mexican Republican schools and colleges. He has published twelve or fifteen works, several of which illustrate Mexican manners and customs in a lively and accurate manner; and, as the people are very much diversified in race and origin, and the various climates and productions of the country are almost innumerable, we may expect a rich fund of instructive novelties in such of his volumes as it is proposed to publish in English. The volume of poetry whose title we have given is a handsome octavo of 300 pages, and contains about seventy-five pieces of various length, style, and metre, in which the Spanish language is displayed to great advantage in its peculiar traits of richness, force, and harmony; and some of which, composed at the tender age of sixteen or seventeen, afford us double pleasure by the youthful ardor, pure principles, and exalted patriotism which they express. It is very lamentable that the difference of language has thus far kept North Americans in profound ignorance of the character and condition of the Spanish-American republics. So powerful is fashion, that it is extremely rare to find one of our countrymen intimately acquainted with them and their fine language; but the time must come when the Mexicans, at least, will be better known to us, and one of the best means of introduction will be the reading of some of their best writings.

The Bulletin and Annals of the Maritime Council. ("Bolletim e Annaes do Conselho Maritimo.") Lisbon.—This official monthly quarto magazine of the Portuguese Government, which has now reached its hundredth number, contains a vast amount of information relating to the Portuguese colonies in all parts of the world, including numerous papers written in past ages, which have been long hidden in the archives, etc., from jealousy of foreign interference. It would require many pages to give even an outline of the different classes of documents contained in the numbers before us. Those relating to the Portuguese possessions in Southern Africa offer a surprising amount and variety of information. There are reports of governors and commissioners, journals of travellers, details of military operations, descriptive catalogues of plants, animals, and minerals; and minute accounts of the habits, manners, customs, etc., of various tribes of natives; with maps, plans, drawings, etc., etc., opening to view those extensive regions between the Atlantic and the Mozambique which Portugal has for centuries claimed, and from which she has excluded other nations. Within that broad belt Dr. Livingstone was allowed to pursue his course, to make known to the world much that before was known only to the Portuguese, and to discover some important facts of which even they were ignorant, especially that the Zambezi River, instead of being lost in the interior, turns northward, and is the same stream that flows eastward by their old town of Tete to the eastern coast.

Some of the documents in the "Bolletim e Annaes" relate to the evil effects of the Portuguese system of conducting their colonies, which several writers have forcibly exposed, together with cases of the oppressive, selfish, and immoral conduct of certain bishops who abused their power. Strange as it may appear, the English are held up as the model nation in the management of African colonies; and their humane, intelligent, and successful treatment of ignorant natives at Sierra Leone is recommended for imitation. Certain favorable traits of the negroes in the Portuguese possessions are occasionally exhibited in the "Bolletim," particularly their eagerness to engage in trade, and to transport ivory and other articles of traffic through deserts and forests, across mountains and rivers, for moderate pay. Some of the Portuguese traders, who have had experience in directing commercial operations among the interior tribes, have acquired much skill in arranging and conducting them, and displayed much ingenuity, enterprise, and boldness, and have succeeded in securing large profits in the end. The descriptions of the beauties of nature interspersed in many of the documents, are fascinating, and excite admiration; while occasional notices of exalted traits of character in the untutored natives lead the reader to wish that they might be reached by more able and worthy teachers than those who have thus far ever appeared among them from countries called civilized.

Geography of the Languages, and Ethnographic Chart of Mexico, preceded by an attempt to classify those languages, and hints on the immigration of the tribes. By the Licentiate Manuel Orozco y Berro. Mexico. 1864. ("Geografia de las Lenguas y Carta Etnografica de Mexico," etc.)—This work, a quarto of almost four hundred pages, and the accompanying chart of Mexico, presenting the numerous Indian tribes inhabiting different parts, has been many years in preparation, chiefly by compilation from the most esteemed publications at home and abroad. The author is a devotee to historical research, and intimates in his preface, in an affecting manner, that his life has been marked by misfortunes, though cheered, as he says, by the love of kind and intelligent parents and friends. The labor bestowed on the work was very great, and the collection of facts and opinions from numerous sources highly interesting, although he confesses that he has but little personal acquaintance with the manners, customs, or languages of the native races. The chart, which is the work of a friend, is original.

He says, in a general view of the languages in Mexico, that there appear to be eleven families of them, though perhaps this number may hereafter be reduced. These contain thirty-five idioms and sixty-nine dialects. Besides these, there are sixteen languages as yet unclassified, some of which may, perhaps, when better known, afford new families, or be assigned to those already distinguished. Thus we have one hundred and twenty living idioms, to which adding sixty-two dead ones, we find that there have been one hundred and eighty-two within the limits of the Republic.

We have only room to remark here, that many interesting peculiarities are found among those aboriginal tribes, with which we shall become acquainted when the foreign intruders shall have withdrawn from that splendid portion of Republican America, and the aspiring young nation be allowed to resume her noble career of improvement, in which she has been struggling to imitate our own country for half a century. The large and valuable work before us is one of many creditable evidences of the results of the admirable system of general education established by the Liberals of Mexico, under which Lancasterian schools and colleges of a truly high grade have flourished for thirty years or more, taught by laymen of learning and liberal principles. The attempts of the Austrian Maximilian to ruin education in Mexico, by reinstating the popish priests, and the doctrines and methods of the dark ages, will last no longer than his precarious throne.

The Indians of Mexico are entirely unlike most of those in the United States, being agriculturists, with fixed habitations, practising various useful arts, some of them well-educated and occupying distinguished positions as statesmen, soldiers, and scholars. They are remarkably peaceful and docile, yet make good soldiers; and a corps of the rudest of them, who had first held a musket only a few weeks before, defeated and captured a large body of French Zouaves at Puebla.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sermons Preached in Boston on the Death of Abraham Lincoln. Together with the Funeral Services in the East Room of the Executive Mansion.—Poetry of the Age of Fable. Collected by Thomas Bulfinch.—Enoch Arden. By Alfred Tennyson.—Phantom Flowers. A Treatise on the Art of Producing Skeleton Leaves.—Wax Flowers. How to Make Them.—Dora Darling; or, The Daughter of the Regiment. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as It Should Be. A New Manual of the Dining-Room and Kitchen. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated. By Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. New and Revised Edition.—My New Home. By the Author of "Win and Wear." Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

Curious Facts in the History of Insects; Including Spiders and Scorpions. By Frank Cowan.—The Cadet Engineer; or, Steam for the Student. By John H. Long and R. H. Buel.—Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

The Blade and the Ear. Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. Muzzey. Wm. V. Spencer, Boston.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

BUSINESS continues active among the merchants, though in the domestic commission line there is rather less doing in cotton goods, and prices are coming down. The mill-owners at the East have been driving production to the extreme, in order to avail of the large demand for and enormous profits on goods since the close of the war. Their stocks in New York and Boston are now accumulating too rapidly for the demand, and there is a near prospect of lower figures to the consumers. The importation of foreign dry goods this week is heavy, to the value of $4,020,000, but there is still a demand for all seasonable styles, and the amount marketed this week is somewhat larger than the fresh importation. In general foreign merchandise, also, there is a good trade, especially in the staples of sugar, coffee, tea, and metals. The receipts for customs in gold for the week will be about three millions, and thus far in the month of September, 13 business days out of 26, $7,067,000, which is ahead of the same time in August, though we cannot calculate upon a much longer continuance of such very heavy receipts. The Government continues a seller of part of the surplus gold in the Treasury, as it cannot be needed to pay gold interest until November, and then only to a partial amount beyond the current customs of that month. The price has fallen 2 per cent. since last Saturday, while bills on London have improved $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for gold, in consequence of this cheapening of the gold; not that the importers apprehend an upward reaction, but because they had made considerable sales of their goods on the higher basis of 144 to 145 per cent., and are now disposed to remit part of the proceeds.

Money keeps easy at 5 to 6 per cent. on temporary loan to the brokers, and 6 to 7 per cent. on mercantile paper. There was some disposition among a portion of the old City banks, especially the few which have not gone into the National system, to agitate for a discrimination between city and country bank-notes, but the Clearing House Association declined to have anything to do with the question, officially, last Tuesday, and the probability is that nothing will be done outside of the Clearing House. Practically, the difference, as lawful tender, between the banks themselves and the U. S. Treasury, between greenbacks and national currency, without reference to the points of issue on redemption, is so very nice, that the public at large need apprehend no danger, as the law now stands, of the smallest discount on the latter. Both classes of notes bear the seal of the Government, and the pledge of the public faith and public stocks for prompt redemption.

The receipts of cotton this week are 20,734 bales; the exports on Wednesday's Custom House return only 3,882 bales. It is believed, however, that the preparations for shipping to Liverpool are now on the increase, while the domestic mills are not such eager buyers. The only remaining drawback to an active movement is a speculative disposition in certain quarters of the trade to hold cotton for higher prices later in the season. This seems to be favored, for the moment, by cheap money, and continued firm reports from the Liverpool market, where the American staple, in free supply, is welcomed by the manufacturers of Lancashire, after working so long on Surats and Egyptians. At the same time, it is not forgotten that we have yet to hear of the effect of the large receipts on this side, at New York, New Orleans, and Mobile.

The Treasury is working with great care, and without fresh borrowing. The internal revenue is above $8,000,000 per week in currency, and the customs at all the ports $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 in gold. The balances in the New York office in gold and currency have run up to the unprecedented total of $71,343,856.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The demand for the original 5-20s is renewed from Europe, and this day's steamers carry out $700,000; the price closing 107$\frac{1}{8}$ per cent.; the new issue, 105$\frac{1}{2}$; 10-40s, 94 ex dividend; and 6s of 1881, 107$\frac{7}{8}$. The 7.30 currency loans not so firm as last week. Sales at 99$\frac{3}{8}$ for the first and second, and 99$\frac{1}{8}$ for the third series. Treasury certificates steady at 98$\frac{3}{4}$ to 99 per cent. The compound 6 per cent. legal tenders of 1864 are wanted at 105$\frac{1}{4}$ for June dates; 103 to 103$\frac{1}{4}$ for July and August; and 102 to 101 for October and December.

STATE SECURITIES.

There is a large advance in the Border State bonds: Tennessees up to 83, North Carolinas 78, and Missouris 76 per cent. The State of New York has paid off $2,960,000 of the old Canal debt out of the Canal Sinking Fund.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

There is nothing new to report of railway mortgages. The speculation in shares has been generally bearish through the week. Erie, 88$\frac{1}{4}$ down to 86$\frac{1}{2}$ to 87; N. Y. Central, 92$\frac{7}{8}$ to 93$\frac{7}{8}$ to 92$\frac{1}{2}$ to 93; Reading, 106$\frac{3}{4}$ to 107 to 106$\frac{3}{8}$; Michigan Southern is an exception to the general market, and advanced at one time from 66$\frac{1}{4}$ to 69 per cent., falling back to 67$\frac{3}{4}$ to 68; Michigan Central steady, 110 to 109$\frac{1}{2}$; Pittsburg, 71$\frac{3}{4}$ down to 71; North-west, 28 to 27$\frac{1}{4}$; North-west Preferred, 61$\frac{3}{4}$ to 60$\frac{3}{4}$ to 61$\frac{1}{4}$; Rock Island is another exception, and rose to 112$\frac{1}{2}$ to 113, closing 112$\frac{1}{4}$—the market looking somewhat firmer at the close of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Bank stocks are looking firmer at the close of the week. Atlantic Mail, 147, as on last Saturday. The fancies of Mariposa, Quicksilver, Canton, and Cumberland dull, but not materially changed in prices.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold is 142$\frac{5}{8}$; bills on London for gold, 109$\frac{1}{2}$; on Paris, 5 francs 16$\frac{1}{4}$ centimes to the dollar.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC.

The Erie Road for August, $1,368,000; the Atlantic and Great Western, $738,000; the Fort Wayne, $762,000. All increase largely over the same month in 1864. The Western-bound freight business is unusually active.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 13. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1865. $3 PER ANNUM

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The Week.

WE quoted last week from the Chicago *Tribune*, which is making the most valuable contributions to the history of the war, some statistics of the blood that was shed in the closing campaigns of the war. We are now enabled, on the same authority, to give an account of the treasure expended in the struggle for our national existence. The public debt on the 1st of July, 1861, and annually at the same date up to last July, was, successively: $90,867,828; $514,211,371; $1,098,793,181; $1,740,690,489; $2,757,253,275. The receipts for the corresponding dates were: $51,935,720; $112,687,290; $264,626,771; $309,500,000 (known and estimated). The difference is $3,496,002,781, which, diminished by the old debt and four years' interest thereon, and the ordinary expenses of Government which would have been independent of the war, becomes $3,098,233,078. This amount is likely to be swelled still further by the continuance of expenditures that properly attach to the war, and in round numbers the cost of putting down the slaveholders' rebellion is estimated at $3,350,000,000. Peace at first brought only an increase of outlay, in the mustering out of the multitude of soldiers, their transportation home, and the payment of the balance of bounties which then became due. When our armies began to be disbanded, not less than *one million seventy-five thousand* men were on the pay-rolls. Of these 850,000 have already been mustered out, or ordered to be. The reduction will continue till only 150,000 remain, of whom three-fifths will probably be blacks. As one-seventh of the army, so about one-tenth of the navy will be retained in commission. The comparative expenses of the two Departments for the four years have been: War, $2,650,000,000, of which $1,400,000,000 belong to the Quartermaster's Department; Navy, $350,000,000. The following estimates are given of the current annual expenses of Government hereafter:

For the War Department	$100,000,000
For the Navy Department	25,000,000
For interest on the public debt	155,000,000
For the civil service, pensions, and Indians	61,000,000
Total	$341,000,000

GEN. F. C. BARLOW will contest the election for Secretary of State with Gen. Slocum. So the New York Union Convention decided at Syracuse on Wednesday, the 20th. Three other men of the sword were ranged upon the same ticket. The resolutions show feebly in comparison with those of the same party in other States. They hope that restoration will be accompanied with a condition that the rights restored shall be exercised "in a spirit of equal and impartial justice, and with a view to the elevation and perpetuation of the full rights of citizenship of all their people, inasmuch as these are the principles which constitute the basis of our republican institutions." Nobody will complain that these terms are not broad enough to include negro suffrage. They differ from the stronger dialect of the Minnesota Republicans as the thunder, to use Schiller's simile, that, spread out into its single tones, becomes a lullaby for children, from the royal sound, poured forth together in one quick peal, that shakes the heavens. The Wisconsin Democratic Convention met on the same day at Madison and made their nominations. The resolutions contained nothing new—not even the endorsement of the President and his policy, which has the miraculous property of appearing to satisfy all parts and parties of the country, and extorts the praise alike of those who demand and those who resist political equality for all the citizens of the United States. It is very evident that somebody will be disappointed.

ST. LOUIS is very naturally exulting in the completion of the Missouri link of the Pacific Railroad, by which the city hopes to recover the distance gained over it by Chicago during the war. This portion of the grand line, which connects St. Louis and Kansas City, has been fifteen years building, latterly, of course, under the most adverse circumstances. Even as late as April and July it was exposed to raids and guerrilla disturbances. As there is a road from the western terminus to Lawrence and Topeka, the emigration to Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico will be greatly facilitated. Lawrence will soon be connected by rail with Denver, that in turn with Salt Lake City, and there will be encountered or thence sought the slowly-advancing Central Pacific Railroad, which extends from Sacramento *via* Clipper Gap and the Humboldt Valley. While so much attention is paid to the overland communication with California, the Atlantic and Pacific Mail Steamship Companies have been consolidated into one, the latter buying out the former for $4,500,000, on Saturday, the 15th. The travelling public, whose miseries have hitherto been confined to this side the Isthmus, may reasonably expect great advantages from the change.

THE Commissioner of Agriculture, in his statement of the first of September, says that while the wheat crop has received no further detriment, its quality is still inferior, especially in the West, where it was affected by blight and rust. The quantity of old wheat on hand has been overrated. The crop of oats will be one of the largest ever raised in this country. Hay was greatly damaged at the West, very little at the East. The quality is generally good, except in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. The corn crop is as favorable as the oats. Tobacco is lacking only in the amount planted, which is much less than last year. Sorghum has thriven like the corn which it so nearly resembles. Buckwheat promises well, if spared by the frosts. Potatoes have suffered considerably in many localities, but the yield may still be equal to the average on account of the excess planted. The great hop-growing State is New York, which produced 9,750,000 pounds out of the 11,000,000 raised by the entire country in 1860. This year it will have lost more than four-tenths of its crop from lice. Everywhere hops have ripened well. Roots and gardens were never better.

THE message of Governor Perry to the South Carolina Convention, of which the text has been received since our last issue, is, like all his productions hitherto, a mixture of good things and bad. A very striking sample of his confusion of intellect, not to say of morals, is contained

in his really laudable recommendation of a thorough change in the State representation, since the present system is so manifestly unequal and anti-republican. This fair plan is immediately botched by declaring that the freedmen deserve to be represented, not personally but as a part of the population, and the three-fifths rule is actually approved as perhaps the best model to be followed! Another sign of a Rip Van Winkle heaviness in this extraordinary governor is his basing the refusal of the suffrage to the negro on the Dred Scott decision! On the 15th the convention repealed the ordinance of secession without debate, with only three negative votes, and without applause. The committee has reported in favor of abolishing slavery, equalizing representation, electing governor and Presidential electors by the people, and *viva voce* voting in the Legislature. The Alabama Convention, which assembled at Montgomery on the 12th (not the 13th, as we stated last week), authorized the provisional governor, on the 18th, to order an election for members of Congress. On the 20th it adopted a resolution requesting him to call out the militia in each county immediately, to repress the existing disorder and lawlessness. On the 21st it ratified all laws passed by the Legislature during the war not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States; also the present constitution, except as regards the insurance of Treasury notes and State bonds. On Friday, after a lengthy and full discussion, an ordinance was passed, by a vote of 89 to 3, prohibiting slavery, and *amending the constitution "by striking out all provisions in relation to slaves and slavery."* As in Mississippi, the Legislature is enjoined to protect the freedmen in their persons and property.

The Fort Smith Commission terminated its dealings with the Indians on the 21st. The treaty of permanent peace was further signed on the 15th by the loyal Cherokees and rebel Seminoles. John Ross having by his superior intelligence seduced his tribe into rebellion, and exercising still an evil influence, was not recognized as a chief of the Cherokees by the commission, with Executive approval. The special treaty between the United States and the Choctaws and Chickasaws was signed on the last day. These tribes promise to exert themselves to keep the Indians of the plains peaceable, to abolish slavery for ever, and to provide suitably for the freedmen; also to grant the right of way to railroads, and to favor the Government plan of a consolidation of tribes with a territorial form of government. General Curtis is to meet the Indians of the North-west at Fort Sully, and another commission is to meet the Kiowas, Camanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes at Bluff Creek, Arkansas, on the 4th of October. The tribe last named has just been defeated by General Conner. The Osages are to be treated with at Humboldt, Kansas.

Allusion was made last week by our Southern correspondent to the surprise of a North Carolina militia officer, a captain in the "home guard," when informed by an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau that he had no right to whip negroes whose masters found fault with them. Nothing is clearer than that to arm any portion of the Southern whites is to prepare the way for violent persecution of the blacks and obstruction of the authority of their protectors in the War Department; and we may expect to witness, under the pretext of preserving order, the cruel and bloody repression of a race struggling to stand erect. The public cannot too often be reminded that once the seceded States are re-admitted to the Union, the reason for retaining in them the forces of the United States will be (in theory) removed, and that the existence of the Freedmen's Bureau is limited to "the present war of rebellion and for one year thereafter." In effect, the withdrawal of the national troops takes away from the Bureau, as has already been observed in North Carolina, the power to maintain itself and be respected in a hostile community. What will be its fate when left to deal, not as now with prejudiced and malevolent civilians, but with a doubly spiteful and ten-fold mischievous militia? A recent collision in Alabama has its significance in answering this question. A squad of men in command of a lieutenant was detached from Gen. Thomas's command in search of stray Government cattle. Near Gaylesville they were attacked by a sheriff and his posse, who claimed (no doubt falsely) to be acting under orders from Gov. Parsons. One of the soldiers was killed, and nineteen of their assailants were captured. If such a bold and wanton demonstration was deemed a safe venture, surely it is easy to predict the peril of a class as void of defence as of just offence, when the Government can neither interpose the shield of its protection nor apply the rod of punishment in a restored and independent State.

The Reconstructing State Convention of Alabama has pronounced against the repudiation of the war debt of the State—that is, the debt contracted by Alabama in aid of the prosecution of the secession war. There is something so odious in the very word repudiation, that the first feeling which one experiences on reading this decision—which was made by a vote of 58 to 34—is favorable to the convention. But on reflection we see that the matter has two sides, as more than a third of the delegates declared by voting for repudiation. Are the States that seceded to come back into the Union loaded with debts contracted in a war against the Union, and in the cause of treason? Are loyal men in those States to be forced to help pay the cost of rebellion, now that rebellion is at an end, and the authority of the Federal Government is restored? Is that Government powerless in the premises, and has it not the ability to protect its friends against the imposition of illegal taxes? For all taxes that shall be laid for the purpose of raising money with which to pay debts created in aid of the Southern Confederacy must be illegal in their character, and collectable only by force. But the action of the Alabama Convention, we presume, was simply declaratory of the opinion of that body. It binds no other body to pursue a particular course with relation to the debt. It can have no binding force on the Legislature of Alabama, which body may refuse to take the measures necessary for the debt's liquidation. That would be to settle the debt in a very summary manner, and it would be not exactly an act of repudiation. It would amount only to this, that the Legislature, as a loyal body, would not recognize as a valid claim a debt that had been contracted in the interest of the rebels and for the advancement of treasonable designs. If the States that lately were in rebellion should recognize their war debts, and attempt to pay them, it would be only because they were not without hope and expectation of having the "national debt" created by the "Southern Confederacy" recognized by the Federal Government, and paid by the nation, precisely as the debt created by the nation is recognized and paid. Were they to repudiate their local war debts, their action would be quoted against any endeavors they might make to have their general debt assumed by the central Government. If their debts were to be thrown aside, it might be asked, why should other debts, contracted by rebels for the carrying on of the rebellion, be treated with more consideration? That the men who have just come out of rebellion should feel any delicacy about their State's debts is not to be believed. Imagine Mississippi, Arkansas, and Florida being under concern on the subject of State indebtedness! The thing would be too much for a farce of the broadest character. If there is a desire that the local debts should be provided for, it grows out of the probable effect of such a proceeding on the great debt created by the action of the crushed Confederacy.

The Maine Law, in the varied experience of several States, has encountered the greatest and sometimes a fatal resistance in the cities, while its execution in the country districts has been possible if not always actual. Such has been the case in Massachusetts, where the general public sentiment has kept the law on the statute-books against every effort to remove it, while local interests and local opinion have successfully combated its enforcement. Its supporters in the last legislature made several abortive efforts to provide for this exceptional lawlessness, and at last, as we noticed not long since, hit upon a constabulary which should take cognizance of offences against State laws, which has hitherto been the chief occupation of the municipal police. We learn from a Boston paper that the first case under the liquor law was carried to the Superior Court by the State constables, but broke down in consequence of the non-agreement of the jury. This result was not unforeseen. One of the measures proposed during the winter was to exclude from the jury-box any juror who was opposed to the law in question. That this would have ensured conviction cannot

be doubted, since the validity of the law is held by the courts; but whether it would have been a sound practice or a safe precedent, and not a dangerous infringement of personal liberty, was doubted, and the doubt sufficed to kill it. The attitude of the State is certainly curious, and the next resort will be looked to with interest. Probably the constables will not surrender to a single jury.

It is a common objection to criticisms on the policy of the President that it was not in his power to meddle with State codes, as he must have done by compelling the vote of the negro to be allowed at the South. On the same ground freedmen's courts are established, when a simple announcement that all the appurtenances of slavery had perished with it would have blown away like mist the black laws which are still permitted to discriminate among the applicants for justice. Yet Gov. Hamilton, of Texas, has just insisted that, while the present organization of districts and terms for holding courts is to be continued, "all negroes must be put on an equality with white men in respect to punishment for crime; they are to be tried under indictment as heretofore provided, and if found guilty, the judgment of the court must be the same as if the defendant were a white person." Now, by the maxim *qui facit per alium, facit per se*, the President is involved in the action of his provisional governor. Will he let him alone, while denying the possession of a power which he acknowledges in his subordinate? or will he interfere in order to be logical?

The five points presented by the counsel of Colchester, the medium, in arrest of judgment, seem not to have prevailed with Judge Hall, of Buffalo, who fined the defendant $40 and costs—in all $513. The Davenport Brothers are exhibiting in France, and recently entertained at Passy a large number of gentlemen representing the Paris press as editors or leading contributors. One rather crucial experiment was tried, of filling the bound hands of the mediums with flour. On reopening the cabinet, the cords were loosed as usual, the flour was deposited undiminished upon the plate from which it was taken, while not a flake could be discovered on the interior.

Gen. Howard left Washington on Wednesday, the 20th, on a tour of inspection in Virginia. He will visit different parts of the State, and thoroughly investigate the condition of the freed-people.

Gen. Swayne reports from Alabama that the demand for labor is still apparently increasing, and he trusts that by the close of the year the freedmen will become entirely self-supporting. Measures have been taken to prevent outrages upon them, especially in those counties where no United States troops are stationed. Major Miller, of Gen. Swayne's staff, has been sent with a small force of mounted infantry to the districts in which these outrages have been reported, with complete authority from Gov. Parsons to investigate as a special commissioner the workings of the civil machinery, to arrest marauding gangs, etc. Much is expected from this mission. A company of cavalry has been sent to Troy County, and will also visit Coffee County. The Governor has directed the acting attorney-general to render all the aid he can. At Montgomery one hundred laborers were in request for railroad work, and the number was quickly raised with the aid of the leading colored men of the city. Sixty were taken from the streets, and as a second hundred was called for soon after, the number of freedmen in the cities is likely to be rapidly diminished. Gen. Swayne issued, on the 30th ult., a general order (No. 12) whose distinctive features are these: That all contracts with freedmen for labor for the period of one month and over must be reduced to writing, approved by and deposited in duplicate with an agent of the Bureau; that none will be approved which does not expire on or before Jan. 1, 1867; that, inasmuch as the freedmen have not all learned as yet the binding force of a contract, and that freedom does not mean living without labor, "when any employer shall make oath before a justice of the peace, acting as an agent of the Bureau, and having local jurisdiction, that one of his employees has been absent from labor without good cause for a longer period than one day, or for an aggregate of time greater than three days in one month, the justice shall proceed against such person as a vagrant. Freedmen committed as vagrants may be set to work on roads, or at other labor, by the county or municipal authorities which provide their support; or they may be turned over to an agent of the Bureau." Gov. Parsons has officially approved this order.

Gen. Sprague forwards from Missouri and Arkansas the report of his inspector, Col. Williams, of a tour in the latter State. At Helena there is an orphan asylum supported mainly by the Society of Friends of Richmond, Indiana, and another, together with a freedmen's hospital, supported by the profits arising from wood-cutting. At this place the average price paid as wages for first-class hands is twenty dollars for males and fifteen for females, including board. The colonel remarks:

"The experiment of giving the freedmen small tracts to cultivate on their own account has been tried here with the most satisfactory results. I saw five thousand dollars that one freedman had laid up as the proceeds of last year's crop off fifty acres."

At Duvall's Bluff there are about forty refugees supported. The freedmen readily find employment on the leased plantations with good wages. A school for them was opened on the 24th of April, with 106 scholars, and has since increased to 162. At Lewisburg, on the Arkansas River, the previously large number of refugees had become reduced to twenty women and one hundred children, who were receiving rations. The freedmen in the neighborhood of this post do not call on the Government for aid, yet there is a great want of clothing for women and children. Large numbers of negroes were arriving with their former masters from Texas. At Clarksville and Fort Smith the number of rations issued to the whites is rapidly decreasing. The refugees of the latter post, and at Van Buren, were formed into colonies early last winter, and armed, and then put upon abandoned lands, with seeds, etc. The experiment has been completely successful. Chaplain Springer, assisted by several Arkansas regiments, has founded an orphan asylum at Fort Smith. Upwards of $2.000 have been contributed to this benevolence, and 39 orphans are already provided for. At Fayetteville a post-school has been attended by 125 children, mostly refugees. Though the number of freedmen, after crossing Boston Mountains, is small, there is an intense prejudice against them on the part of the white people of this section. The feeling becomes malignity among the refugees, and hatred among the Arkansas Union soldiers, so that the safety of the colored people is precarious. "Throughout the extent of my journey," says Col. Williams, "I found those who entertain some doubt that the negro is really free—perhaps, rather, a hope that he is really not. The idea seems to prevail that, when civil law is restored, much that has been done by military authority will be undone."

General order No. 138 of the War Department, Sept. 16, provides for the free transportation by Government of destitute freedmen and refugees in pursuit of employment within the jurisdiction and upon the requisition of commissioners and assistant commissioners of the Bureau; also of teachers and volunteer laborers in behalf of the Bureau when duly accredited; also of stores and school-books for the subsistence, comfort, and instruction of dependent refugees and freedmen.

Circular No. 16, issued by Gen. Howard Sept. 19, names the assistant commissioners of the various States, to wit: at Charleston, for Georgia and South Carolina, Maj.-Gen. Rufus Saxton, to whom reports Brig.-Gen. D. Tillson, acting assistant commissioner for Georgia, at Augusta; at Nashville, Brig.-Gen. C. B. Fisk, for Kentucky and Tennessee; at St. Louis, Brig.-Gen. J. W. Sprague, for Missouri and Arkansas; at Montgomery, Brig.-Gen. W. Swayne, for Alabama; at Galveston, Brig.-Gen. E. M. Gregory, for Texas; at Richmond, Col. O. Brown, for Virginia; at Raleigh, Col. E. Whittlesey, for North Carolina; at Vicksburg, Col. Samuel Thomas, for Mississippi; at Tallahassee, Col. T. W. Osborne, for Florida; at New Orleans, Rev. T. W. Conway, for Louisiana.

—We learn, unofficially, that the Freedmen's Employment Agency in the District has been instructed to discriminate particularly, in disbursing its supplies, between natives or residents and the dependent who have flocked thither, to the end that the former may be required to look to the proper municipal authorities for aid. General Fisk lately addressed the inhabitants of Spring Hill, Tennessee, to such acceptance that he was presented with a series of resolutions to which prominent citizens lent their names, and which endorse heartily the action of the Government, and promise to carry out faithfully its wishes in regard to the freedmen. The Mayor of Paris, Kentucky, writes to General Palmer, that the people of that city are anxious to rid them-

selves of their blacks, who "will not labor, but simply exist as a nuisance." Whither they go, or to whom, is a matter of complete indifference. General Palmer replies, with creditable warmth, that this is a very base procedure on the part of men who have reduced the negro to dependence and utter poverty, and now are anxious to dismiss him to want and idleness. He does not intend to countenance or further any such scheme as that. He will cheerfully co-operate in any plan which has for its object the assuring of the colored people that they are free, and that their movements like their bodies will be unfettered, and which seeks to gain their confidence. The able-bodied may then elect to stay or to quit Kentucky; and if the latter, they may count upon the general's assistance. The helpless will not be encouraged to go, for their support is properly the duty of their own people, and is not to be thrown upon others.

THE British Government is reported to have ordered a number of gunboats and two men-of-war to be stationed off Bantry Bay and elsewhere on the west coast of Ireland. This demonstration against Fenianism may be considered to balance the injunction against the importation of cattle from the opposite side, and to secure the island completely from infection. The holders of the Confederate loan met rather lugubriously on the 4th, at the London Tavern. Various straws were tossed to these shipwrecked speculators, but few seemed to clutch at them with any confidence, and the very effrontery of some of the proposed modes of retrieval elicited laughter even from the disconsolate victims who listened. Many of the leading bondholders prudently avoided publicity by not attending, but their names have been aired by the authorities at Washington, and are instructive enough. Sir Henry de Houghton, Bart., leads the list with £180,000; Lord Wharncliffe loses £5,000. Messrs. John Laird, George Peacock, and W. H. Gregory, each an M.P., contributed, respectively, £20,000, £5,000, and £4,000 toward the perpetuation of slavery. W. S. Lindsley and Beresford Hope sink £20,000 and £40,000 beyond hope. James Spence, the Liverpool correspondent of the *Times*, John Thaddeus Delane, editor, and M. B. Sampson, city editor of the same paper, along with W. J. Ridout, proprietor of the London *Morning Post*, are out of pocket to the tune of £50,000, £15,000, £10,000, and £4,000. The disinterestedness of a large portion of the spoken and written opposition to the Union cause is thus made plain enough. It has been remarked as a curious, but entirely fortuitous circumstance, that the French Emperor was in Switzerland when the British fleet came to Cherbourg, and that Queen Victoria was on the continent when the return fête was given to the French fleet at Portsmouth. Constantinople has been ravaged by fire as well as by pestilence. Upwards of 20,000 people were rendered shelterless by a disastrous conflagration that broke out on the night of the 5th. "Whole streets, squares, mosques, and Government buildings," says the account, "were blazing away at the same time."

A CONGRESS of working-men's associations has been held at Stuttgart. In its session of the 3d instant it adopted resolutions to this effect: that the right of combination is a natural right, that can in no case be put under restriction; that a shortening of the hours of labor would be of great advantage to employer and employed—being absolutely necessary for the latter, in order that they may receive that political and moral culture which is the object of working-men's associations—and that the introduction of work by the job as far as possible is the practical means to this end; that more important than any combination is the establishment of associations of production; that in these three particulars nothing satisfactory can be attained without absolute freedom of action, and without a liberal statute in regard to associations; that universal suffrage, equal and immediate, is the basis of every constitutional state, and the only mode by which the people can be truly represented; and, finally, that the first stage in the development of associations consists in societies of consummation (*consommation*), which furnish their members opportunity to unite their capital. It is declared to be the duty of all working-men to strive to effect the reforms which are indispensable to the accomplishment of these aims.

MADAME THERESE KOSSUTH died on the first of this month at Turin. Her remains, according to her last wishes, will be carried to Genoa, and there deposited without ceremonies in the English Protestant burying-ground at San Benigno, by the side of her daughter, whom she follows after an interval of three years. She herself was in her fifty-fifth year. Mrs. Moore, the widow of the poet, died at Sloperton Cottage on the 4th, at the age of sixty-eight.

A STATUE of François Arago was inaugurated at his birth-place, the little town of Estagel, in the department of the Pyrénées-Orientales, in France, on the 31st of last month. It was the design of M. Oliva, and was cast in Paris by M. Thiébaut. Arago stands with a celestial globe in his left hand, in the act of performing a demonstration. A great throng from the country round attended the ceremony, which was followed by a select dinner of the dignitaries who graced the occasion with their presence. The president was M. Isaac Pereire, the deputy of the department in the Corps Législatif. The Institute and the Polytechnic School had also their representatives. A neat little bit of adulation, worthy of the days of Tiberius and the pen of Tacitus, was conveyed in a toast of Senator Renault, which began:

"Gentlemen, I love bronze; I love this sacred metal, which now makes war and now transmits to posterity the venerated effigies of our country's great men. By this double title is not bronze indeed the Imperial metal? and should our thoughts not rise respectfully from the statue of Estagel to the throne of France?"

We may remark the practice of erecting a work of art like this, not at some great centre of population nor in the line of ordinary travel, but in an obscure corner of the land, from which the man of scientific genius emerged to become famous. It will be long before our American cities are so redundant of good art as to suffer masterpieces to be hidden in country villages, or make our sculptors themselves content to dispense with the praises of the metropolis. And when will the whole country submit to be laid under contribution for the adornment of even a considerable city, except the Capital, as Italy is about to be by the city of Urbino for a monument to its offspring Raffaelle?

ON the 13th of this month, the editors of journals and reviews in Russia, who were so disposed, could avail themselves of the new law extending the liberty of the press, or, perhaps we ought to say, modifying its subjection. Such as had previously informed the minister of the interior of their intention, and had deposited the requisite security, would be allowed from that day to publish their periodicals, without censorship, on their own responsibility. The minister of justice in Austria has advised the procurators-general to prosecute really serious offences of the press, but to avoid carefully all measures which might appear of a partizan character. The government, while declining "all prejudiced opinions," "will gratefully accept all well-founded criticisms of their acts."

THE Prusso-Austrian settlement of the disposal of the duchies has been declared to be simply an instance of gastronomical etiquette. Hitherto the two powers had been feeding from the same platter, as it were. Henceforth each will have a dish to itself.

The towns of Beaucaire and Gallargues, in France, share with Nismes the unenviable notoriety of introducing bull-fights as a popular pastime. The bishop of that city has issued a pastoral letter condemning these demoralizing spectacles. Besides the destruction of brute life, several cases are recorded of men, both within and without the arena, who have been gored to death by the infuriated objects of their cruelty.

THE foreign commerce of Russia amounted last year to $128,405,172, of which Finland is credited with $4,728,023. The aggregate exceeds that of 1863 by $22,825,731. So the imports for 1864 were $110,769,687, or $12,742,025 in excess of those of 1863; and this without including goods bought abroad by Government and various societies, which were exempted from duties.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

IS ANYBODY TO BE PUNISHED?

OUR readers may remember that after the first terrible shock caused by Mr. Lincoln's death was over, the attention of most people was turned with characteristic fortitude and practicalness to the search for sources of consolation. One of the first that presented itself was the reflection that Mr. Lincoln had probably done his work; that the crisis which had called him forth, and for which his faculties—his weaknesses even—eminently fitted him, having passed over, a man of different mould was needed to deal with the state of things which it had left behind it. Mr. Lincoln, it was said, was firm, honest, sagacious, noble-minded; but he was too merciful, the impulses of his heart were too tender; in his abhorrence of sin there was mingled too much charity for the sinner. What we wanted, now that the war was over, was a man of coarser fibre, of harder heart, and greater determination, to save for us the fruits of our struggle; a man who would withstand traitors' wiles and traitors' tears with the same heroic pertinacity that Mr. Lincoln had withstood their steel; a man, in short, who would do justice, simple, even-handed justice; who would punish the guilty and protect the weak and innocent to the full extent of his power. The opinions about Mr. Johnson's qualifications, in those first dark days, were, of course, very varied; but there was one point on which they all agreed, and that was that he was just the man to punish traitors. Other things he might fail to do; but this he was sure to do.

The popular impression on this point was so strong that many simple people began to entertain fears that we were entering on a reign of terror, and that Mr. Johnson, with his bitter personal experience of rebel rule, would use his newly acquired powers with remorseless violence. The Southern leaders began to provide for their personal safety, and all the old women in Europe looked every mail for accounts of wholesale executions by the American Marat. Mr. Johnson himself seemed to take pains to confirm the prevalent opinion of the severity of his intentions. In every declaration which he made of his policy, during the few weeks following Mr. Lincoln's death, he placed the punishment of treason first amongst his duties, and on high grounds of policy as well as of justice. He placed it even above that of punishing the assassins of Mr. Lincoln. In an address to the employees of the Treasury Department, on the 17th of April, he said:

"I have always thought theft was a crime, and should be punished as a crime; that arson was a great crime, and should be punished as such; that murder was a dreadful crime, and should be punished as such; and that treason was the greatest of all crimes, and should be punished as such."

To a deputation of the clergy, he said, on the same day:

"The assassination of any man, high or low, was a crime of the blackest dye. Especially diabolical was it when the blow was struck at the loved and honored head of a great nation in the very moment of triumph. But the horrible crime was only a portion of the greatest of crimes—the attempted assassination of the nation. And he believed that the American people felt it to be so. *Treason was a crime*, and not a mere difference of political opinions."

On the 18th of April he expressed himself on this subject still more emphatically and deliberately, in replying to the Illinois delegation:

"Such a crime as the murder of a great and good man, honored and revered, the beloved and the hope of the people, springs not alone from a solitary individual of ever so desperate wickedness. We can trace its causes through successive steps, without my enumerating them here, back to that source which is the spring of all our woes. No one can say that if the perpetrator of this fiendish deed be arrested he should not undergo the extremest penalty the law knows for crime, none will say that mercy should interpose. But is he alone guilty? *Here, gentlemen, you perhaps expect me to present some indication of my future policy.* One thing I will say. Every era teaches its lesson. The times we live in are not without instruction. *The American people must be taught*—if they do not already feel—*that treason is a crime and must be punished;* that the Government *will not always bear with its enemies; that it is strong*, not only to protect, *but to punish.* When we turn to the criminal code and examine the catalogue of crimes, we there find arson laid down as a crime, with its appropriate penalty; we find there theft and robbery and murder given as crimes; and there, too, we find the last and highest of crimes—treason. With other and inferior offences our people are familiar. But in our peaceful history treason has been almost unknown. *The people must understand that it is the blackest of crimes*, and will be surely punished. I make this allusion *not to excite the already exasperated feelings of the public, but to point out the principles of public justice which should guide our action at this particular juncture, and which accord with sound public morals.* Let it be engraven on every heart that treason is a crime, *and traitors shall suffer its penalty.* While we are appalled, overwhelmed, at the fall of one man in our midst by the hand of a traitor, shall we allow men—I care not by what weapons—to attempt the life of the state with impunity? While we strain our minds to comprehend the enormity of this assassination, shall we allow the nation to be assassinated? . . . When the question of exercising mercy comes before me, it will be considered calmly, judicially—remembering that I am the Executive of the nation. I know men love to have their names spoken of in connection with acts of mercy; and how easy it is to yield to this impulse. *But we must not forget that what may be mercy to the individual is cruelty to the state.* In the exercise of mercy there should be no doubt left that this high prerogative is not used to relieve a few at the expense of the many."

We might multiply these quotations still further. The paramount duty of punishing traitors continued for some weeks to be the burden of all his speeches; and that portion of the public who felt it to be of the highest importance that the first time in the history of the Republic that treason had been committed on a great scale, the law should be at once put in force against as many of the traitors as might be necessary to stamp their crime with due execration and due solemnity, were satisfied that Andrew Johnson was their man. Five months have elapsed since these declarations were made, and during that interval not a single step has been taken to punish anybody for treason; and not one word is now ever heard from the President on any such subject. A very large portion of his time is, on the contrary, passed in listening to applications for pardons, and telling the applicants "to write them out and put them on file," a duty which, we say it with all deference, might be very efficiently performed by a clerk for fifteen hundred dollars a year. There are now on file 12,000 applications of this nature. They are, of course, acted upon very slowly, and we are sorry to say that those who wait their turn in their homes have to wait long enough, while the more prominent and energetic rebels, who can come on to Washington and secure a personal interview with the President, through the aid of some old political crony, find no difficulty in getting their case "attended to" immediately.

Now, we are not calling for wholesale vengeance, proscription, or confiscation, but we think the country ought to know what were the reasons which made the duty of punishing treason seem so pressing in April last, and whether they have in the interval lost their force. We now hear no talk of punishing anybody for such an offence except Davis, and although we undoubtedly believe him to be the guiltiest of all, if any be guilty, the difference in degree is not so great as to make him worthy of death while Cobb, Wise, Toombs, & Co. go free, and settle down peaceably on the soil they have for four years helped to drench with fratricidal blood. If it be the opinion of the Government that the clause of the Constitution defining treason, and the act of Congress attaching the penalty to the offence, are mistakes or nullities, and that defeat on the battle-field is all the punishment that either justice or policy calls for, the public ought to know it, that it may express its opinion about it. If the Government does not think so, and still believes treason to be the first and worst of crimes, let us have the traitors, or as many of them as may be deemed expedient, brought to a fair and open trial; and this done, let us have an end to pardon-filing, and pardon-broking, and oath-taking, and all the rest of that time-killing and demoralizing farce by which the country is now amused at Washington.

Moreover, a large number of military officers who were educated by the United States, who had sworn fidelity to the United States flag, and who, as its soldiers, owed it a peculiar allegiance, recognized by men of honor in all countries as peculiarly solemn and binding, four years ago deserted their colors, and went over to the enemy. Resignation in the face of the enemy, for the purpose of following him, is, of course, simply desertion. Hundreds who did this (to the soldier) accursed thing are now roving about Northern and Southern cities, jovial,

unabashed, unrepentant. What we want to know is, whether a crime of this sort is regarded in the American army as punishable or not; if so, whether defeat on the battle-field is the only penalty of which it is considered worthy. This is a question which ought to be settled now once for all, for the manner of its settlement must affect the notions of discipline and of military obligation that will prevail in our armies for generations to come.

PERRY ON GOVERNMENT.

Governor Perry's message to the State Convention of South Carolina may be taken as a full and frank expression of the opinions entertained on the great political questions of the day by nearly everybody in that State, and, we may fairly infer, in most other parts of the South. He assures us, in express terms, that there are no political parties and no differences of sentiment amongst South Carolinians. He exhorts the Convention to abolish slavery formally, not because they have changed their minds as to its social or political value, but because it is only in this way that they can get from under military rule, and prevent a continuance of that protection to the freedmen which is now afforded by "the whole military force of the United States." He exhorts them to treat the freedmen kindly, but adds, "that legislation will be required to regulate the relative duties of the employer and employee."

What will be the nature of that legislation? We cannot tell. We at the North, once the State is back in the Union, will have no control over it whatever. What course it will take, we can only conjecture from what we see and hear of the feelings current amongst the Southern people at present as to the negro's status and rights. On this point our correspondent's letter this week contains some instructive revelations. In re-adjusting the basis of representation in the State, Gov. Perry recommends that three-fifths of the freedmen be counted in the estimates of population, thus leaving the lower counties their old predominance, while denying the majority of their population all power in the government.

It is needless to say he is emphatically opposed to negro suffrage; and not to negro suffrage only, but to negro citizenship. On this point his trumpet gives no uncertain sound. He says:

"The radical Republican party North are looking with great interest to the action of the Southern States in reference to negro suffrage, and whilst they admit that a man should be able to read and write and have a property qualification in order to vote, yet they contend that there should be no distinction between voters on account of color. They forget that this is a white man's government, and intended for white men only, and that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the negro is not an American citizen under the Federal Constitution. That each and every State of the Union has the unquestioned right of deciding for herself who shall exercise the right of suffrage, is beyond all dispute. You will settle this grave question as the interest and honor of the State demand."

In the Dred Scott case it was decided that a negro could not sue or be sued in the United States Courts. He cannot sue or be sued in those of South Carolina either, and it is not, we believe, proposed to confer any new rights upon him; so that when Governor Perry and his new constitution step back into the Union again, the majority of the free inhabitants will be in a state of outlawry. And yet Perry and his confederates are complying to the full with all the conditions that President Johnson exacts of them.

The doctrine that "this is a white man's government, and intended for white men only," is, as the Perrys profess it, as monstrous a doctrine as was ever concocted; and if any State is allowed, at this crisis, with the light we now enjoy, to reorganize on this principle, it will not only be a fruitful source of trouble hereafter, but will make the very name of American democracy a hissing and a byword amongst all the nations of the earth. It is an adaptation to our circumstances and measures of the worst, most impious, and most nearly worn-out of all the articles of the old feudal creed, that laws or governments can exist only for a portion of the human beings who live under them, and whose labor and money maintain them. When it was sought to retain in England the stigma which mediæval bigotry had fixed on the Jew, it was proclaimed in the legislature, by Tory zealots, that that was a Christian country and Christian government, and that Jews were entitled to nothing better than protection from violence. To have propounded in France, before the Revolution, the theory that the French government was not the government of the king and the *gentilshommes* would by them have been regarded as flat blasphemy. Catholic emancipation was long resisted in Ireland, on the plea that it was a Protestant country and Protestant government. In European Turkey the ten millions of Christians are, in the eyes of the two millions of Mussulmans, but strangers and sojourners, like the old French peasantry,—"gens taillables et corvéables sans merci, ni miséricorde." There is, in short, no corner in the world in which bigotry or caste feeling has found a home, in which it has not sought to assert itself by excluding a portion of the population from civil rights.

To have this theory of the nature of our government boldly thrust in our faces now, after the events of the last four years, by men who have come red-handed from the battle-field, and to whose garments the blood of our sons and brothers still clings; and to know that the President, who owes in part at least his ability to be President at all to the valor and blood of the colored troops, concurs with them in this scandalous repudiation of democratic principles, are things which the country, we trust, will find it hard to bear. We trust, when the proper time comes, the South Carolinian philosophers will be taught in good earnest that democracy, as Americans understand it, means the government of the people by the people for the people, and that "people" means human beings every shade of complexion.

THE CONFEDERATE BONDHOLDERS.

The English holders of the Confederate cotton loan have given the crowning proof of their folly by holding a meeting for the purpose of bolstering one another up in the belief that the United States Government is liable for the debts of the Confederacy. The stupidity and ignorance which were displayed on that occasion were so stupendous as to explain much that was previously incomprehensible in the conduct of these worthies during the war. One can hardly wonder now that men who gravely propose to send a deputation to Washington to ask for the payment of their debts should have had enough confidence in Spence, Davis, and Prioleau to lend the money. In fact, it is discreditable in the highest degree to the Richmond Jeremy Diddlers that, having such donkeys to deal with, they did not succeed in getting more out of them than they did.

They managed at the meeting, by the aid of some of that luminous reasoning on international obligations with which James Spence and the *Morning Herald* have made the world so familiar, to extract from the Vice-Chancellor's decision in the case of the Prioleau cotton a conclusion binding the United States not only to pay the liens attaching to that particular piece of goods, but all other liabilities of the Confederacy. This it is, we presume, which drew forth from Mr. Seward last week the indignant letter of repudiation addressed to Mr. Adams. The occasion seems hardly worthy of his notice. It would have been time enough to squelch their pretensions when they got anybody with more honesty or common sense than themselves to support them.

There are two points in Mr. Seward's letter which have attracted the attention of lawyers, though we believe no journal but the New York *Tribune* has touched upon them. He denies that the Confederate government "ever was a government *de facto*, or in any sense a political power, capable of . . maintaining corporate rights in any form." But if not, and if the United States does not claim the Liverpool cotton, as its successor, the question arises, in what character does the latter come into court? If the cotton was sent to Liverpool during the war by private individuals only, what legal claim can this Government have upon it? The confiscation act can clearly not be executed in England, supposing the cotton to fall into the category of rebel property. If the Vice-Chancellor's decision that the Confederates were a *de facto* government be knocked aside, on what ground would he be justified in interfering with Prioleau's property in it?

His decision, of course, whatever it might be, would affect nothing except the disposition of Confederate property within his jurisdiction.

It would no more touch the general obligations of the United States Government than the motions of the planets. For it is, we imagine, known to everybody but the Confederate bondholders that, while a government is bound to pay the debts of another regularly established government which it overthrows, and whose place and powers it assumes, those who lend to a revolutionary government stake everything on the chance of its succeeding. No political philosopher has yet soared so far above the regions of common sense as to hold that an established government is bound to pay the debts of everybody who chooses to rebel against it.

We believe very curious and personal revelations are shortly forthcoming as to the real source of the devotion which some of the Confederate prophets, such as Mr. James Spence, displayed in the cause of Southern independence. The captured archives are unfolding some strange tales.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT.

The Fenian movement, which is now causing so much uneasiness in Ireland, is calculated to dishearten all those who look for the regeneration of Ireland through the exertions of Irishmen; for the simple reason that it proves that the great mass of them have not profited by experience. The organization is neither more nor less than an attempt to dismember the British empire, by a rising of half-armed peasants, without a treasury, commissariat, credit, or leaders, and this in a small island, with the sea in possession of the enemy. What makes it all the more absurd, is the fact that the clergy and the gentry are all opposed to it, and from one of these two classes any military movement in Ireland directed against the Government must draw leaders and inspiration, in order to ensure its rising for even a single day above the dimensions of a riot, as everybody knows who possesses any acquaintance with the mental and moral condition of the people. Moreover, the Protestant population of Ulster and Leinster, one of the dourest and toughest races in the world, would resist it to the last man, and would be supported by England with as much vigor and fierceness as if her existence were at stake. The Fenian movement, therefore, is really a movement for bringing about the massacre and starvation of a body of unfortunates on whom bad government has already inflicted the direst misery.

There is one other reason which must prevent any sensible friend of political progress from wishing the movement success, and that is, that its result, if it did succeed, would inevitably be a state of things which he could not wish to see. A government established in Ireland by a peasants' revolution would inevitably be a sacerdotal government, very much resembling that of the papacy at Rome. If laymen held office, they would only govern in name; their policy and ideas would be shaped by the clergy, and we all know what sort of political organization would be produced by a process of this sort. There are amongst the masses in Ireland no materials for the foundation or administration of a government based on modern ideas. The Irish people are unquestionably, politically, one or two stages behind the whole of the Western world. Who is to blame for this state of things is a question on which we cannot here enter. The fact remains.

They emerged from the tribal condition towards the end of the sixteenth century. They were governed down to that period by an archaic code of laws, displaying in no respect much greater range or depth of legal ideas than the code of Menu, or the Laws of the Twelve Tables, and this, it must be remembered, in the age of Bacon, Grotius, and d'Aguesseau. Had they then come in contact with a more advanced race, on terms of equality, they might have rapidly caught up with the rest of the civilized world. They were, however, met by a ruthless conqueror, and had to endure, for two centuries more, all that unscrupulous power can inflict on helpless weakness. The result has been that the political ideas of other Christian nations have made very little impression on them, and they retain to this hour, and show it even in America, a subjection to the influences and traditions of clan-life, a tendency to follow persons rather than principles, and to vote in droves under a chief, an inability to grasp political ideas as something distinct from politicians, which render them, in spite of their wonderful capacity for discipline and subordination, all but incapable of carrying on a free government. It is true that the same incapacity has shown itself in France and other countries, but for reasons wholly different, and which indicate a very different stage of political development.

CANADIAN POLICY.

One would imagine that the continual draining away of the population in a country so large in wilderness-land and so naked of people, would be, beyond all other difficulties, the "skeleton in the closet" to the hearts of a provident administration. The Roman Catholic bishop of Toronto, in an address a fortnight since to the clergy of his diocese, gave this loss of population as a reason for not proceeding now to rebuild St. Patrick's church. He said the young men are leaving the country in every direction. By the Government census of 1861, the Catholics of the diocese numbered 42,000 souls, and now the clergy report only 30,000. As many as 4,000 Catholics have gone from Toronto city alone to the States, in pursuit of employment; and in Lower Canada, he said, "the people were leaving it by tens of thousands." And yet, the Montreal *Herald* remarks, "no steps appear to be seriously taken to meet this state of things." What steps any one would propose, "seriously," we do not know. It looks to us like a very difficult problem. But it is not this which weighs upon the spirits of the present "responsible government" of Canada.

On Saturday, September 16, a speech of two hours in length was made in the Legislative Assembly, at Quebec, by the Hon. George Brown, editor of the Toronto *Globe*, and now President of the Executive Council, explaining "the policy of the Government" respecting the purchase of the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company in the territories lying north and north-west of Canada, up to the Arctic Ocean. In his late visit to England he obtained an agreement from the Imperial Government to annex all that territory to Canada, provided the Provincial Government shall first cancel all the claims of the Hudson's Bay Company. The company demands the payment of a million pounds sterling for conceding only that part of the territory required for settlement, reserving the entire monopoly of the fur trade, which amounts to ten millions yearly. Mr. Brown thought this demand quite exorbitant, and that it is indispensable to obtain a surrender of all the rights of the company, so that the settlers should have the benefit of the fur trade. He now proposes to negotiate with the company on this basis, that Canada now stands in the shoes of the Imperial Government, having all the rights except those of the company; that the question is an open one, whether the company possesses any legal rights whatever in the territory; that the present proprietors paid but a million and a half sterling when they bought out the old company, which was less than the stock and fixtures were worth, besides the claim on the American Government, which they profess to estimate at a million of dollars; and, finally, that it is better for Canada to give something handsome to settle all questions and avoid litigation. He will devote the winter to these negotiations, but, as soon as spring opens, he intends in any event to extend jurisdiction over all the territory that is not claimed by the company. And he holds that Canada is legally "entitled to every foot of land which the French held at the time of the cession in 1763."

Mr. Brown evidently cherishes this project as a specialty of his own, on which he expects to hang his political fortune. He has "taken a deep interest in it for nearly twenty years," and has himself managed all the steps by which the business has been forwarded thus far. And he is happy to have brought his colleagues to agree with him in approving the course he had indicated, "for obtaining the speedy possession of the country *before the Americans* flocked into it." Here we have an inkling of what troubles Mr. Brown. His thoughts are not occupied with a concern about his own people going out of Canada, but with the tormenting fear of the Americans crowding into the North-west, down the Red River of the North, and up the Saskatchawan, and so on to the gold fields of Frazer's River, and everywhere that enterprise can get the advantage of sloth and fear. For we are told that "in this connection he alluded to information he had recently received as to the probability of large numbers going in from the States, by the way of St. Paul, to the gold fields, as showing the necessity of adopting the speediest method possible of getting a settlement of the question." It

is an urgent case, evidently, and not very easy to manage satisfactorily. The company see how eager he is to buy, and must be strongly tempted to stand out for the largest price that would have any chance of being paid. And on the other hand, the Canadians, who have already almost a world of unoccupied land, with their people all the time going to the States, will not be easily persuaded to pay five to ten millions of dollars just for more land. They do not see the advantage of having more territory to survey, to penetrate with roads and railroads and canals, to furnish with magistrates and police, and to fortify and defend, when they are already so deeply in debt, with expenses beyond their income, and no present probability of an increase of revenue. It looks dark, but something must be done "before the Americans flock in!" What shall it be?

The Provincial Parliament is adjourned. The Atlantic cable is broken. The railroad to Halifax is not begun, because it is not settled who is to pay. The militia is left to take care of itself. The defences are indefinitely postponed. The Confederacy is laid over till next year. The great Republic is not exploded. The Reciprocity Treaty is at an end. The Canadians are running out at one end, and the Americans are flocking in at the other. Measures are in train to press forward the construction of the railroad from St. Paul to Puget Sound without delay in the North-west, and other movements will soon be made towards the free navigation of the St. Lawrence in the North-east. The question recurs, What is the policy of the Canadian Government?

"A YANKEE" ON NEGROES.

"A YANKEE," New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, a few weeks ago, commenting on the Davenport case at Greenwich, quoted Deacon Button's extraordinary address to the negro, and declared that although there was a difference of opinion upon the subject in the community, those who approved of it, "though they said less, thought, and what was of greater importance, felt much more, were very largely in the majority." He told, also, of a professor in the college where he had studied, "a gentle, firm, wise man, with a large soul and wide sympathies," "one of our strongest anti-slavery men for years before the war," who, after a visit to the South, declared to him "that he came back hating slavery more than ever, but loathing the negro with an unutterable loathing." And he tells of "an editor of one of the leading anti-slavery papers in the country, and one which advocates giving suffrage to the freed slaves," having said to him, "These negroes are doubtless here by a dispensation of Providence; but"—with an earnestness which a whimsical smile could not conceal—"O that the Lord had been pleased to dispense his negroes somewhere else!"

These gentlemen he puts forward as fair representatives of the genuine feeling of the North with regard to the colored race. He even cites the antipathy of the Irish in the cities to the negroes as an evidence of the "awful gulf of separation which exists between the two races in this country," and informs his English readers that there could be no greater mistake than that of European writers, "that opposition to slavery and a liking to the negro, or at least a special good-will to him, must go together, and *vice versa*." He adds:

"I tell you frankly that the mass of the people here were glad to fight against slavery, but had no intention of fighting for the negro. They felt that slavery was a great crime, a sin against human nature. They wished to purge the republic of that wickedness, but they had no particular sympathy with, though most of them much compassion for, the race against whom the wrong was committed. You in Europe seemed to be thinking about the individual negroes; we, in the mass, thought little or nothing of the individual negroes, but much of the barbarous institution of slavery. To restrain that within such bounds as could be placed to it, and to relieve ourselves to the utmost of our ability of responsibility for its existence under our flag, we were willing to accept a great war, and to fight it through with four years' unprecedented waste of life and treasure. But to free those individual negroes held in bondage at the South, you may be sure we would not have sacrificed the lives of one thousand of our brothers, not to say of more than one hundred thousand. Even if by freeing them we could have raised them to the position of the British agricultural laborer, we should not have felt called upon to make our homes desolate throughout the land to attain that end (let those who would have decided otherwise for themselves condemn us); and we knew that to the negroes of the present generation freedom would, with rare exceptions, be a boon only in name, and to hundreds of thousands, as it has already been to thousands, a death-warrant. But as to the institution of slavery, the perpetuation under our sanction and by our protection of that charter of wrong, cruelty, and degradation, was quite another matter."

The close of his letter is the most remarkable part of it:

"This feeling ('loathing' for the negro) pervades all classes here, without being affected at all by culture or position. It is often most improperly called a hatred of the negro, for it exists among those who are willing to do all in their power for his welfare, who never treat him or speak to him but with kindness and consideration, and who would gladly see him develop himself to the extent of his capacity in a community of his own race. It is oftener and more improperly called a feeling of caste, for it has nothing to do with the position of the negro, past or present, as a slave, and it would not be in the least modified in the case of a negro who was as wise and as magnificent as Solomon. To compare it, as some do, with the mediæval hatred for the Jew is to forget that it has no relation to the religious belief or the crimes of the forefathers of those in regard to whom it exists. It does not depend upon color, for men of other races, who are darker than some negroes, or than most mulattoes, do not elicit it. It is purely a matter of race. To those who have it the reason simply is, that the negro is—a negro. Now this aversion, which is not new (it is, at least, as old as the time of Shakespeare), and which may be called unreasoning, but hardly blind, is one of the great moral forces,—nay, is the great moral force, which must be taken into consideration in the restoration of this country to tranquillity and prosperity. The difficulty is no less at the North than at the South. And there is this element in it which seems almost impossible of elimination,—the all-pervading consciousness that if political privileges are given to the negro, political position and social intercourse must inevitably follow. The negro at the ballot-box means the negro in Congress, in all public places, in the parlor, at the table, in the marriage-bed. It is as if you were to have negroes as 5 to 3 in some of your counties, as 3 to 2 and as 2 to 1 in others, and scattered freely through the rest of the country; and as if you might look for negroes in the House of Commons, if not in the House of Lords, for negro brothers-in-law and mulatto grandchildren. At such a prospect, our people, with exceedingly rare exceptions, revolt. I am not defending this aversion, or saying that it is either right or reasonable. I merely tell you of its existence, and that it must needs be considered by wise statesmen as much as a Mussulman's horror of pork, or a Brahmin's loathing of a tanner. A YANKEE."

"A Yankee" is in general an able, sagacious writer, who has done the Northern cause good service during the war, though his letters have all been more or less marred by his attempting to secure English sympathy for the free States in the late struggle, by showing the existence here of strong aristocratic or caste feeling, and by making out Northern society very much less democratic, and far more "genteel," than "good society" in London has been pleased to imagine it. He has evidently supposed that if he could prove that we had not departed so very far, after all, from the great British model, that we still retained a class to be despised and a class to despise it, the English public would at once recognize the wrong it had done the North, and fall upon its neck and blubber out its sympathy.

This, in our opinion, was a great mistake, though one into which it was not unnatural for a writer who evidently himself winces under democracy to fall. It proved nothing against his reasoning power, however, which the letter before us does; and we should be astonished by some of the absurdities which the latter contains, if we were not familiar with the extraordinary influence which the discussion of the negro and his condition almost invariably exerts in muddling the brain of those who "loathe" him. That a people can have "compassion" for a race which their "gentle, firm, wise men, with large souls and wide sympathies" "unutterably loathe," is a singular assertion, which "A Yankee" will find it difficult to get even so gullible a public as the English to believe; and to assert that the American people were ready to incur "unprecedented waste of life," and "make their homes desolate," for the purpose of destroying slavery, while hating the slaves with a hatred which, as "A Yankee" describes it, surpasses in intensity all hatreds that human beings have ever felt towards their fellows before, is to claim for them a power of abstraction, a dexterity in making distinctions, for which nobody who is not afflicted with "negro on the brain" will give them credit. He might as well tell us that all free white citizens were capable of working the differential calculation. It is possible that the Anglo-Saxon race may some day or other get its moral nature into such subjection to its will as to be able to rise to the loftiest heights of indignation over the ill-treatment of an object which it utterly abominates, and be ready to risk life and limb for its deliverance; but that time is not yet, and the world moves slowly.

The best of the argument, however, has still to come. "The negro at the ballot-box means the negro in Congress, in all public places, in the parlor, at the table, and in the marriage-bed. It is as if you were

to have negroes as five to three in some of your counties, as three to two, and as two to one in others, scattered freely through the rest of the country, and as if you might look for negroes in the House of Commons, if not in the House of Lords, for negro brothers-in-law, and mulatto grandchildren. At such a prospect our people, with exceedingly rare exceptions, revolt." We have not often read a passage from the pen of an educated man with more astonishment than the foregoing. It thus appears that you have only to give the negro the franchise, and the "unutterable loathing" felt for him by the white race will completely disappear. He will be elected by white votes to the highest offices in the State, and penetrate into white families by marriage; "the gentle, firm, wise men, with large souls and wide sympathies," who now cannot bear the sight of him, will be glad of him for a son-in-law, and "the editors of the leading anti-slavery papers," who now wish "the Lord would dispense him somewhere else," will ask him to dinner. We recommend after this to the Medical Association as a good subject for discussion the "occult influence of the negro on the nervous fibre of the Caucasian race."

We need hardly say the *Saturday Review* copies "A Yankee's" remarks with great gusto, and makes them the foundation for a charge of wholesale humbug and hypocrisy against the North.

Correspondence.

THE FEELINGS OF THE SOUTHERN NEGROES.

The following is a letter from the gentleman from whose correspondence we have already published extracts in Nos. 11 and 12 of The Nation. All that he says regarding the condition of the South derives a peculiar value from the fact that he has been sent to report on it by an association of business men in Massachusetts, and for purely business purposes:

Orangeburg, S. C., September 8, 1865.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The sole ambition of the freedman at the present time appears to be to become the owner of a little piece of land, there to erect an humble home, and to dwell in peace and security at his own free will and pleasure: if he wishes to cultivate the ground to cotton on his own account, to be able to do so without any one to dictate to him hours or systems of labor; if he wishes instead to plant corn or sorghum or sweet potatoes, to be able to do *that* free from any outside control—in one word, to be *free*, to control his own time and efforts without anything that can remind him of past sufferings in bondage.

This is their idea, their desire, and their hope. It is common to all, but much stronger among the married and middle-aged. Ask almost any one what they are going to do this winter, and they will answer you, "I'se got a sister"—a wife or mother, as the case might be—"in Virginia, and I'm going to look her up and fetch her home." Or they are going home themselves; that may be in Mississippi, or Kentucky, or any other of the Southern Stutes furthest from them. One and all they have a journey to make, and generally they are just from some point, oftentimes quite distant. I am more than inclined to doubt if they are ever again induced to work in large gangs on large plantations for the Southerners. The mere offer of wages, however large, does not appear to tempt them to make engagements for any length of time—a whole season, for instance. They are generally willing enough to perform job-work at a reasonable rate, if it will not take them more than a day or two, but it is difficult and well-nigh impossible to keep them steadily at work a week at a time. They are apt to believe, in the matter of contracts, judging from their past experiences, that the fairer the promises made to them, the less likely they are to be kept. Then, again, they all appear fearful of forfeiting their newly acquired liberty in some manner. The raising of cotton is associated in the negroes' minds with memories of the overseer, the driver, and the lash—in fact, with the whole system of slavery, and they appear to think them inseparable. I judge that a great change has come over them since the war has ceased. Thus, while they regarded the issue as at all doubtful, they were content to live on in the same old way, and to wait for the event to be assured. So long as the Southerners remained in the field there were doubts, for their masters were constantly assuring them that they never, never, never could be whipped. That is all changed now, and the difference in the behavior of the blacks is to be noticed at once. The present race of Southern men are most of them too set in their way ever to change their opinions. Here and there one will be found smart enough to endeavor to assimilate himself to Northern ideas of progress, but as a whole they will be left behind in the race of civilization. It may be that I labor under the objection of being too near the object, and cannot see distinctly, nor judge as correctly, as those at a greater distance, but it does appear to me as though it would take years, at least, to restore order out of this chaos. Of one thing, however, there can be no doubt, the introduction of the Northern element and principles will do more toward the re-establishment of law and order than any other one thing. The Southerners' minds are in a peculiar state just now. They listen to all hints as to the improvement of their situation, and the sensible ones are anxious, and even eager, to give the free-labor system a fair trial, although not one in a hundred but will pronounce its success to be an impossibility. There are not wanting at the South a class of men, a small minority as yet, it is true, but, as a class, influential, who think they see an opportunity to make money by falling in with the new order of things and co-operating heartily. Such men as these will offer, and are now offering, to pay the blacks fair prices for their labor next season on the plantations. I know of offers of fifteen dollars a month, with board, lodging, medical attendance, the right to raise stock and to cultivate an acre of ground on his own account, as garden, to first-class field hands, made by Southerners of this class. Now, in my opinion, this is very fair pay. Others offer one-fourth of the crop, of all crops. But the determination of the blacks not to work cotton so long as they can find other work to do, is all but invincible. Those Northern men who commence operations early next season will be able to make crops, for they can hire away the steadiest and best hands from their former owners, who have folded their hands and are waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. As to slavery, that man must be blind indeed who cannot see that it is as dead as the Pharaohs and only awaits its burial. Even if the North should acquiesce in its re-establishment, it would be impossible. The black man is another being; the shackles are off, and only by a terrible and doubtful struggle could they be replaced. The fact is, that while we are debating what amount of capacity the black man possesses, he has gone beyond the anticipations of his warmest friends—he not only realizes that he is free, but he is not at all disposed to accept any restrictions on his perfect freedom. Those who have been flattering themselves that he would have to pass through a transition state, will be disappointed; the only trouble now is to prevent him from mistaking license for liberty: to inculcate the doctrine of responsibility among the blacks now should be the aim of every Northern man at the South to-day, for it is only from the Northern men the blacks will stoop to learn. Our white soldiers from a love of mischief have been filling the ears of the blacks with the most ridiculous and outrageous stories. It is easy enough to make them believe them. Thus, when I tell them that it is not true that the lands are to be divided among them, not one in ten fully believes me. "Has n't General Sherman set aside the Sea Islands for them?" "What 's the use to give us our freedom if we can't stay where we were raised, and own our houses where we were born, and our little pieces of ground?" The black soldiers are responsible for the bad habits of the freedmen to a great extent. I am at a loss to see what possible good their presence here is now. If to humble the Southern pride, that end has been fully accomplished. I have heard black soldiers make the most insulting remarks to Southerners, who are too glad to get by with only that to take notice of them. The one thing before all others is, however, to educate, educate, educate! Blacks and whites, old and young, rich and poor, education is their need alike.

A.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XI.

Davidson Co., N. C., Sept. 11, 1865.

I left Greensboro' this morning early, and without regret, for my stay there had been far from comfortable. It is a small, hilly town with only twenty-seven hundred inhabitants; but boasts a hotel styled "The Metropolitan," in which I took up my quarters. To me they gave a room with a bed in it, and a wash-basin, and a chair in which one could sit if the back of it was first set against the wall. My horse had the freedom of a small yard, where, without so much shelter as the shade of a tree, he was constantly exposed to sun or rain. My room, also, was open to the elements, for on one night I was driven from my bed by a deluge of rain-water pouring from the boarded ceiling, which flooded and soaked the floor, and rendered the room nearly uninhabitable for two days afterwards. The hotel table

was entirely in keeping with the chambers. Such things in themselves are not unendurable; but the traveller's equanimity is sure to be disturbed when he finds that landlords can push impudence and extortion so far as to demand five dollars a day for such board and lodging. In Danville we fared somewhat better, but not without having somewhat more to pay, the charge for horse and man per day being six dollars and a quarter. Yet nearly every article of food here used is cheaper in these country towns than in the Northern Atlantic States.

As I rode away, the day was grey and soft, promising rain, but soon all the clouds were dissipated and the sun shone oppressively. At the hotel they told me that Salisbury was forty miles distant; at a blacksmith's shop a mile and a half from the village, the distance was said to be only thirty-five miles; after an hour's riding I enquired again, and was told that the men folks called it forty-six miles to Salisbury and six miles back to Greensboro'; to-night my host tells me that really the distance between the two places is fifty-two miles by the country roads, and that I have travelled thirty-one miles since morning. Some of these people, I find, have never passed beyond the bounds of the county in which they were born, and have learned nothing of places which they have not visited.

My road has led me over sandy hills, sterile in appearance, and evidently occupied by people belonging to the class of poor whites; but the country seemed more thickly settled than the richer districts further north. I saw white women as well as white men busy in the fields, and there were as many white people at work as negroes. Whenever a good opportunity presented itself, I engaged them in conversation, and usually found them not averse to leave their labor and talk for a while. Six or seven miles out of Greensboro', seeing a farmer in his sorghum fields stripping the leaves from the cane, I stopped and enquired about the road. He gave me the desired information, and, in answer to his questions, I said I was riding to Salisbury from Lynchburg. He was a lean, hard-featured man, past the middle age, who owned about a hundred acres of land, he said, and was "an original secessioner." I asked if he farmed his land without help:

"I ha' n't no help jest now, he answered. Most o' our hirelin' men went off to the war, and pretty much all on 'em got killed, or died off one way and another. I do n't know but all on 'em out o' this neighborhood is gone; I a' n't sure as one come back. My wife's brother holp me in plantin'. But we a' n't doin' much anyhow this season, and I am by myself now."

"I should think you 'd hire negroes; you have employed them, I suppose."

"Oh yes; before the war, you know, I hed black ones then every year. But we could make 'em work then. I would n't expect to make a crop with 'em now; they 're no account. A'n't it so in your country?"

"The farmers in Virginia are almost all saying the same thing."

"Exactly; it 's jest so everywhar. I tried one this year. He come along about a month, and wanted to come on and work for me; I had a house stannin' empty. 'Yer all so d—n lazy,' says I, 'since ye call yerselves free, running yere and thar from pillar to post, that I do n't want none o' ye.' But he 'lowed he could work well, never was a sassy nigger, would n't ha' left but his master told him to go; only try him, and so on. 'Wal,' says I, 'I'll try yer, and yer to understand that I won't hev no back-talk, and yer to do jest what I say or ye' ll find me out. I sprawl a nigger d—n quick.' That 's jest the kind o' man I am; I never could stan' any back-talk from one on 'em. They know me, too; a free nigger 'd jest as soon see the devil as see me. This boy promised faithful, and that evenin' I lent him the cart to go and bring up his things and his wife; hed n't much, you know, but sich as 't was I let him hev the cart to move it, and I put him into the house. Next mornin' I was out in the field with my brother-in-law gittin' out manure, and arter we 'd been at it a half hour, along come Mister Nigger. 'I been knockin' up some shelves,' says he, 'and I come to ax ye for a handful o' nails; that house needs fixin' bad, and I can't live thar unless I do somethin' to it.' 'D' ye see that ar shovel?' says I to him, 'and that ar cart? Pick up and go to work, or I 'll run ye off this place faster 'n ye come on to it. I did n't hire ye to make houses,' says I; 'I hired ye to work on the farm.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"Nothin'. He knew better. He took the shovel and worked right well for five or six days. Ye know how it is with 'em—for about three days it 's work as if they 'd break everything to pieces; but arter that it 's go out late and come in soon. He did n't say nothin' for a week, but kept at it pretty close, and then one night he packed up, him and his wife, and left. I knew tolerably well whar to find him—down the road a piece, 'long with some free niggers; so I gathered up some o' our boys, and we went down to this place whar I thought he was at, and told him he 'd make tracks before night, and if he was found in this neighborhood arter next day we 'd shoot him wharever we found him."

"Do you know where he went?"

"He settled down in a place about seven miles over here; but we sent word to some o' the boys thar, and they gathered up agin and run him out o' that. We a' n't agoin' to let niggers walk over us; we can take care o' our black ones as soon as the Yankees is gone. In Virginny, I reckon, yer better off; ye have the civil law thar."

I gave him some information as to the condition of things in Virginia: telling him that there was a Federal garrison at most of the county seats, to whom was entrusted the duty of protecting the colored population, while in North Carolina that matter was left in the hands of the home guards. He agreed with me that the negro could be more effectually repressed in his own State than in Virginia, but bewailed his proximity to Greensboro' with its Yankees and Superintendent of Freedmen, who appeared to think a negro was better than a white man.

I asked him if the people of Guilford County were not taking the oath of allegiance. Addressing me as a presumed Southerner and secessionist, he replied, in a slightly apologetic manner: "Yes, we be. I ha' n't tuck it yet myself; but the magistrates hev set a day, and I reckon everybody 'll take it. We hev to do it, ye know; we can't vote nor nothin' else till we 've tuck it. We 've got to git back into the Union, and we mout as well git back as soon as we can, and git the civil law. Do n't you look at it that way? Ye 've tak'n it in your country, a'n't ye?"

"Yes, every man has to take it before he can vote. I suppose the convention will take the State into the Union again, but it will have to admit that all the slaves are free."

"Yes, I reckon. But it 's jest a robbery, stealin' our property like that. That 's what I call it; jest what I say about ———. He 's up for the convention, and I 'm told, I ha' n't heard him myself, but they say he 's come out in favor o' repudiatin' all debts that hev been made durin' the war. 'It 's a d—n robbery and nothin' else,' says I, 'and we do n't need no sich men.' I do n't vote for him, and if I hed my way he should be led out with a rope round his neck, then bend down a saplin' and run him up. And I say the same about 'mancipation; it 's stealin'."

"You have six or seven candidates up, I see. Most of them talk alike, I suppose?"

"Wal, I do n't know. No, we know our men, I reckon. There 's Mr. H., up here—you passed his house a mile back—he wants to go. But we do n't need him. He was too busy keepin' men out o' the army all through the war, and then he 's in with all them triflin' people, and he 's a great friend to the black ones. We do n't need him, and he won't go, I do n't believe. We want men that 'll keep the niggers in their place. If we let a nigger git equal with us, the next thing we know he 'll be ahead of us. He 's so impudent and presumin'."

"Have you many of these Union people in this county? I've been told that they are a majority of your population."

"They a' n't; they 're scatterin', sir, scatterin', and the most is no account. I say, friend, would ye take a drink o' brandy? ye 'd be welcome if ye would; come up to the house and 'light."

The commander of the post at Greensboro' informed me that more than a hundred persons living in Guilford County had taken out licenses as distillers, and given a bond with two sureties to sell no spirits to enlisted men. There were more than another hundred, he thought, small manufacturers, who had not reported themselves at all, and a great many farmers who distilled no more than supplied the wants of their own families. It is chiefly peach and apple brandy that they manufacture, and most of it is said to be very fiery and unwholesome, on account of their imperfect method of rectifying it. Declining the farmer's courteous invitation, I bade him good morning and rode on my way. At the end of two hours it became time to give my horse something to eat, or rather to begin looking for a house at which a feed could be procured, for I have learned that it is not the first attempt which usually obtains it. To-day I stopped at four farms without meeting with success; they hardly had fodder enough for their own horses, they said.

In the course of my inquiries for lodging and horse-feed, I find that in the common speech of people in North Carolina, the phrase, "a poor chance," is not intended to convey any sense of doubt or contingency, but means that certainly the thing desired cannot be had. And, among other variations from ordinary usage in language, *farewell* is often substituted for *good-by*, and other words of leave-taking; and the past tense of the verb *to help* is formed in the ancient way, *holp* being used instead of *helped*. The *l* is silent in pronouncing the word.

At the fifth house, a long log cabin, my application was successful.

"Yes," said the woman to whom I made it, "ye can hev a feed, I reckon, if yer hoss 'll eat hay or cane. We ha' n't any corn yit, and we ha' n't raised any oats." I signified my willingness to take hay, and followed the woman to a crazy barn at a little distance from the house. I have seen a great many women on the roads and in the houses of this region whose appearance resembled hers. She was barefooted, and wore a man's hat, from beneath which escaped some locks of tangled hair; her sallow face was thin and dirty, and stained at the corners of the mouth with the juice of tobacco, which she chewed. The original colors of her cotton dress had run together and faded, till it had become of a uniform dingy white or clay color, that matched her complexion, and it clung about her as she walked with long strides. On one shoulder she carried a pitchfork, and a chain halter was thrown over the other. Unsaddling the horse and tying him in a business-like manner, she set hay before him, and then invited me to come into the house and rest; so I entered one of the two rooms and sat down in a rush-bottomed chair. Overhead skeins of brown and blue yarn were hanging from the cross-beams, and at a spinning-wheel near the fire-place a woman, younger than the other, was spinning cotton thread. She looked up as I entered, and nodded, but neither removed the pipe from her mouth nor spoke till I had sat for some minutes looking about me; then she said: "Be you a preacher, sir?" "No, ma'am," I said. "You 're a doctor then, I reckon?" I answered in the negative again. "I tuck notice o' your saddle-pockets, and I thought you mout be one or t' other," she said; after which remark she went on spinning and smoking in silence, and I made no attempt to continue the conversation, for half-a-dozen children were crying and fighting on the floor, so that nothing but their noise could be heard. After a while they became a little stiller, one of the older ones amusing the rest by placing my saddle-bags across her back, and creeping up and down in the character of the "preacher's hoss." I took advantage of the lull to ask the woman if they had regular preaching in that neighborhood.

"Over to High P'int they hev, and we hev it yer now and agin."

"What sort? Methodist?"

"Most all kinds—Presbyterian, and Missionary Baptist, and Hardshell, but there 's more o' the Methodists."

"What do you mean by Hardshell Baptists?"

"Them as believes in predestination. Everything 's foreseen from the foundation o' the world, they say, and nothin' comes out any different from it 's ordained. The Missionaries, they holds to free grace."

"What 's free grace?"

"Expect you know better 'n me. Salvation free, I reckon; but I never tuck to Baptists much. I 'm a Methodist myself. My husband's mother was a Hardshell."

"No, I do n't know much about it; I come from the North myself, and they have n't any Hardshells where I live."

"They hev the Methodists, do n't they?" "Yes," I told her, "a good many," and the thought seemed to please her. By-and-bye she said: "Be they makin' the laws in your country, mister?" "Laws about what?" I enquired. "Why, they do say you 're a-goin to take away all our land down yer, because we made the rebellion. But this State never did go out; we 's all Union through yer, and they should n't harrish us, for we could n't help it. My man used to lay out many a night for fear them volunteers would git him to go to the war. I hope they 'll make good laws."

Her husband had been drowned some months before, and not long afterward her son had died, so she was left alone to manage the farm. She never had been obliged to attend to such things before, she said; she did n't know how much land she owned, nor how heavy a tax she would have to pay; the land was almighty poor; it would n't fetch more 'n a bushel o' wheat to the acre, so much of it was washed out, and all guttered. She did n't know whar to hunt a man that would crap it for her. It was a mighty hard case for a widow woman with seven gal children and nary boy.

I told her I had seen that some of the landholders were renting out small farms to negro families. She replied, with less of apathy in her manner:

"Do n't want nothin' to do with black ones. They a' n't good for anything on a farm. My man tried some 'fore he died, and they 'd eat and steal more 'n they 'd make. One o' the gals was in the house and she car'd off more soda and sugar than we eat. People ha' n't much use for black ones yer; now they 's got their freedom, they say, I expect they 'll be worse."

So far as I have seen, all native Southerners, the poorest and most degraded equally with the rich, and people of the most undoubted Unionism as well as secessionists, unaffectedly and heartily despise the negroes. Truly they are a despised race. Everybody feels contempt, as often, perhaps, mingled with pity as with hatred, for their morals, their mental capacity, and their character as laborers. An old lady who gave me a drink of water this afternoon, a woman of the same class as those whom I have above described, gave me her opinion of colored servants. She was Union, she said, and so was most all the folks along that road till I got down to Lexington. They did say A. L. was a secessioner, but she reckoned they made lies on him. When she learned I was a Northern man, she wanted to know if the black ones would n't be sent out of the country, or up North. I said I thought not, and enquired if they were not doing well where they were.

"No, mister, they a' n't goin' to do well. They run about a good deal, I 'm told, and they a' n't workin' like they did. There 's Captain B., he 's got five young men, and they 's allus been treated well; too well, I say. You never could go by the place arter three o'clock but you 'd see 'em on the broad o' their backs. They 's goin' off, he tells me. They 'd better look whose kitchen they 's goin' out of, I say; they 'll never be so well off agin. He says he wishes they would go, for they do n't do what 'll keep 'em. They 's too sassy, mister. One of 'em come to me last week for work. 'How many rails can you split in a day?' I axed him. I knowed a day's work was a hundred rails if the wood was n't cut, and two hundred if it was. 'Oh, he could split a right smart o' rails,' he said. 'And how much do you ax?' says I. Wal, he said, he reckoned about a dollar and a half a day would be right. I jest told him to go on, for I had n't no use for him. He was travellin' to Caswell, he said."

I asked what she could hire negroes and white men for before the war.

"White men we give nine and ten dollars a month, and we paid a hundred dollars for a nigger. But the owners got to askin' so much shoes and blankets, that it cost as much for the black ones a' most as for the hirelin's. The hirelin's would work jest twice as much, and the black ones would give away your corn, and if they wanted half soles, they like enough cut up your gears."

At three houses, this evening, I found it impossible to procure a supper and lodging, and was obliged to ride for more than an hour after nightfall. There was no moon, and the road was dark among the trees, so that I let my horse pick his way at his own pace along the road, which for some miles had been gradually descending. At last, the rush of water and the sound of machinery warned me that I was approaching a mill, and soon, on the bank of a little stream, I found a shed where three men were sawing boards by the light of pine torches, which sent red reflections across the road and showed me the miller's house. His little girl was sick with the typhoid fever, he said, as he scrutinized me with the light-wood in his hand, and for some moments I dreaded that here, too, was "a poor chance" for entertainment. He took me in, however, and his wife prepared a supper of coffee, wheat bread, and fried fish from the mill stream.

The miller said he ran the saw at night because in the day all the power was needed for the grist-mill. Lumber was scarce, he said, but the people needed bread in this country. My bed-chamber is a very small room, and bids fair to be suffocatingly close before morning, for I can raise neither of the windows. There are feather beds on two lofty bedsteads, which almost fill the room; there are two great piles of folded counterpanes and quilts at the feet of the beds; and I count twenty-nine dresses hanging from pegs and completely covering the walls. The dresses and counterpanes are all of simple cross-barred patterns, and evidently were woven at home in the hand-loom.

SALISBURY, ROWAN CO., N. C., September 12, 1865.

Lexington is a small village, wide-streeted, and standing in a little, bare green plain. I passed through it without stopping, and observed nothing noteworthy in its appearance. As I passed the last houses in the village, a well-dressed young woman came to the door-step of a very respectable looking house, with a snuff-dip in her hand, and spat once or twice as she glanced at the stranger. I see that black women as well as white give themselves up to this indulgence, some having even acquired the power of swallowing the snuff.

Apparently a heavy shower had fallen during the night, and for several miles the road from Lexington to the Yadkin River was deep in mud. When I reached the river bank, a ferry-boat was on its way to the other shore, and I bathed in the stream while awaiting its return. The ferryman was an old negro of seventy, with a gray beard and a face wrinkled but of mild expression. He spoke with deliberation and slowly, and nothing in his language indicated his African descent. Indeed, the language of most of these negroes is quite as correct and elegant as that employed by the white people, and it is the tone of the voice alone which betrays their origin. Daniel was his name, the old man said, and he had been ferryman there, winter and summer, for forty-three years. Seven masters had owned him since he first put the boat across, but they were all done buried now.

"Well, old man, you 're free now," I said.

"I dunno, master. They say all the colored people 's free; they do say it certain; but I 'm a-goin on same as I allus has been."

"Why, you get wages now, do n't you?"

"No, sir; my mistress never said anything to me that I was to have wages, nor yet that I was free; nor I never said anything to her. Ye see I left it to her own honor to talk to me about it, because I was afraid she 'd say I was insultin' to her and presumin', so I would n't speak first. She ha' n't spoke yet."

"What will you do? work on just the same till you die?"

"Ye see, master, I am ashamed to say anything to her. But I do n't 'low to work any longer than to Christmas, and then I 'll ask for wages. But I want to leave the ferry. I 'm a mighty good farmer, and I 'll get a piece of ground and a chunk of a hoss, if I can, and work for myself."

I wished him all success, and bade him good-by, to which he replied with a "farewell, master," that sounded paternally benevolent.

Salisbury, an old town of three thousand inhabitants, is situated in a wide stretch of comparatively flat ground, and is certainly a pretty place. It is laid out with much regularity, and the wide streets, adorned with fine shade trees and supplied with frequent public wells, are, in general, quiet and clean. Many of the houses have a respectable, old-fashioned look, and are surrounded by spacious yards and gardens, in which the roses are still in bloom and the figs are half ripe. On one of the side streets is the town whipping-post and pillory, and on another a little, dilapidated, crumbling edifice, much like a New England shoemaker's shop, is pointed out as the law-office in which Andrew Jackson was once a student.

But there are two objects connected with the recent history of Salisbury that are also a part of the country's history, and are of universal interest—the prison pen, and its necessary adjunct, the prisoners' burying-ground. The site of the former is upon a gentle eminence at the south-eastern edge of the town. As the visitor approaches it, his eye is first caught by the tall walls of a brick building that stands among oak trees near the road. This was once a cotton factory, and afterwards a hospital. A few rods distant are three smaller houses designed for the operatives, and these, together with the hospital, were ruined by Stoneman in his last great raid. A space of ten acres around these buildings was enclosed by a ditch; outside of that, a high fence was made, and thus the prison-yard was formed. The ditch is still in existence, but of the fence nothing now remains except the posts. The grove near the factory shades but a small part of the enclosure; the open field I found covered with a rank, ill-smelling weed, which conceals the traces of the excavations made by the prisoners. Soon after the town was first occupied by the Federal troops these caves were all filled up by order of Gen. Cooper, for it was feared that the sight of them, recalling the miseries of their fellow-soldiers, might lead the men to acts of violence. Just outside the fence may still be seen the outer orifice of a tunnel that was carried along many feet under the yard, beneath the ditch and the rebel sentry's beat, and by means of which more than a hundred of the men made their escape. It is impossible to estimate the length of the passage, its opening within the prison being now closed, but, whatever the distance, so accurately was it calculated by the diggers, that its outer mouth is not six inches from the fence line. It is hardly bigger than a man's body.

I have looked into a book, found in the town soon after it was first occupied, which contains a report made by the surgeon in charge of the prison during the months of January and February last. A certain part of the report, setting forth the whole number of the prisoners, and various facts in relation to them, I could not clearly understand, and from that part of it I do not venture to quote; but the figures given below are correct, I think, and suggestive. They are from a statement of the number of patients under medical treatment in January, 1865, of the diseases with which they were suffering, and of the number of deaths that occurred:

Disease.	Cases.	Deaths.
Acute Diarrhœa	580	345
Scurvy	28	13
Intermittent Fever	89	62
Frost-bites	21	15

These diseases are only a few of those which are mentioned, and the footing up of the cases and the deaths, as given in the original report, shows that there were 1,342 men sick, and that of these 1,012 died. The book I speak of is in the hands of Col. Packard, of the 120th Indiana Vols.

The grave-yard lies within eye-shot of the prison pen. Crossing a field, in which cows were feeding, and a muddy little brook, and climbing a rough fence, I was in the cemetery. The fence was erected by Federal soldiers, and encloses about an acre of ground on the hill-side, nearly bare, for there is only one oak tree among the graves and perhaps a dozen of the stunted pines that spring up in worn-out fields. There are a few separate graves with stakes at the head and foot, and four or five are marked by rude headboards, on which are inscribed the masonic compass and square and the names of those interred beneath. But not more than twenty bodies were so decently buried. The vast majority of those who died were put into trenches, of which there are fourteen close beside each other, seventy yards long and wide as the ordinary length of a human body. In these it is computed that more than five thousand corpses lie buried. The space seems narrow, but it is said that, though often the burial was done so carelessly that the limbs were not covered, yet no room was taken up by coffins, which were never used, and in some places the bodies are laid one above another to the number of four and five. The people of the town dislike to speak of the prison or the cemetery, but I have heard some dreadful stories of the manner of the interments. Disregarding these, however, surely there must be few acres of ground more dismal than this, or fitter to arouse emotions of painful melancholy tinged with harsher feelings. The effect is aided by the desolate appearance of the spot—a weedy field, a rotting stake here and there, long red mounds of clay, and a pine fence warping in the sun.

There is an Assistant Superintendent of Freedmen in Salisbury, whose office is, of course, thronged by complainants. The great majority are people who have recently been turned away from home by their former owners, who are, in most cases, compelled to pay such persons a certain amount of money, or to give them sufficient corn to feed them until February 1, 1866. During the month of August applications for redress were, on an average, twenty-one each day. For the present month the average will be higher.

Having been permitted to look over the superintendent's books, I made this digest of all cases of alleged abuse of negroes that have been reported during the first fortnight of September: Complaint is made

By colored man, John: that G. S. whipped his wife's sister because she left him, and forced her to go back and work for him. G. S. fined.

By colored man, Norris: that E. J. struck him with a brick, and threatened him with an axe.

By colored man, Anderson: that his master whipped him because he went off the plantation to see his cousin, and threatens to whip him again when he comes back from making his complaint.

By colored man, Dick: that J. W. whipped him severely, striking him seventy-two blows.

By colored woman, Martha: That J. F. Parker overtook her while on her way to the office of the Superintendent of Freedmen, put one end of a rope round her neck, tied the other round the neck of his mule, and so dragged her more than two miles. Showed marks of rope.

By colored man, Julius: That he had been sick of a fever two months, and had not yet recovered, when his master came to his cabin and beat him severely because he was not at work.

By colored woman, Louisa: That J. T. is whipping her children continually, and when she asked him not to do it, ordered her off his place and told her not to come back.

By colored man, Robert: That his sister works for a man named A. S., who ordered her to go out and make fence; that afterwards A. S. went out, and, getting angry, cut her head with a rail.

By colored man, Elias: That some citizens took his gun away from him and told him no nigger had a right to carry a gun.

By colored man, Levi: That W. F. L. has whipped him severely with a buggy-trace. Shows his back all raw.

By colored man, Sandy: That Ch. and J. L. said he must leave the plantation, or take a hundred lashes.

ENGLAND.

London, September 9, 1865.

With the thermometer standing at 80° to 90° Fahrenheit in the shade, and I am afraid to say at what figure in the sun, we are reduced to a condition of mental as well as physical exhaustion. Never, within the recollection of that mythical authority, the oldest inhabitant, has there been such a September as we are now undergoing. At the time that I am writing it is still early morning. The air is heavy with the white haze-fog which covers London at this season of the year till the day is well on; the brown, dust-sodden leaves of the trees before my window, in the little city garden on which I look, are so absolutely motionless that it is hard to fancy they are not stage properties instead of living leaves; and the harvest-moon nights are beautiful with a soft Italian beauty, to which we in this climate are almost strangers. To those who like heat it would be pleasant enough, if it were not for the feeling that this abnormal temperature must portend sickness. It is hard to fancy that the state of the weather has not something to

do with the pestilence now raging among the cattle. The controversy as to the causes and nature of the Rinderpest is growing as animated as any discussion can be in this atmosphere, but no satisfactory explanation has been offered which has not been disproved by the facts of the case. While doctors are disputing, the cattle keep dying. As yet, the malady is pretty well confined to milch cows. Out of 16,000 within the metropolitan districts, 2,000 have been already killed as tainted with the plague. Lord Granville and Miss Burdett Coutts, who both keep model dairies, where every sanitary precaution is naturally taken, have already lost, respectively, 81 out of 130 and 69 out of 70 head of cows. If the pestilence spreads at its present rate, our grazing counties will be visited with a calamity hardly inferior in its extent to that which visited the manufacturing districts during the cotton famine. Meat, no doubt, will rule unusually high this winter; and the poor will suffer in consequence. Fortunately, however, this burning hot autumn has saved the outstanding crops, and we shall have, at least, an average harvest; and, as the working population in the rural districts depends far more on bread than meat as a staple of food, the high price of meat is far less of a calamity than the dear loaf.

In fact, we could view the cattle-plague with equanimity if it were not for the fear that it should prove the forerunner of the cholera. A consolatory theory has been lately propounded to the effect that the visitation of this epidemic is confined to the Mediterranean basin. There is, indeed, some evidence to show that it has kept hitherto within reach, if I may use the expression, of the Mediterranean coast. But still it is gradually coming nearer and nearer, and if it should strike inland we may still have it upon us before the winter has set in. With an epidemic amongst our cattle, and with such exceptional atmospheric conditions as have prevailed of late, it seems almost impossible to imagine we can escape some form of disease. However, as yet nothing is certain, and it is not much in our nature to trouble ourselves about uncertain contingencies. We are, besides, too much oppressed by the heat to care very much about anything, cholera not excepted. In public matters there is an absolute dearth of any interest or intelligence. Till within the last two days every member of the royal family was out of England; not a minister was in London; and not a single political meeting has been held or speech delivered within the last few weeks. The moors are full; the watering-places are crowded to overflowing; and the rush of English tourists to Germany and Switzerland has been greater than was ever known before. Political gossip there is none; or if there is, there is nobody to retail it, which comes to the same thing.

In this sort of general stagnation, even the few public questions which have been mooted in any way have failed to attract any interest. A feeble attempt has been made to get up a discussion about the Canadian confederation. But even this has failed. Indeed, I can hardly recall an agitation which has broken down so signally as the effort made lately to rouse public feeling with reference to our North American possessions. At the time when the Canadian commissioners came over, last spring, their arrival created some attention. They were received at civic banquets, and Messrs. Cartier, Galt, and MacDonald stood some chance of being the lions of the season. In a confused sort of way it was imagined that the projected confederation was an injury to the cause of the Union, and therefore the idea was patted on the back by people of some position, who could not have told you, to save their lives, whether Prince Edward's Island lies north or south of the equator. Society—to use an expression invented by Mr. Bright—had sent down the "*mot d'ordre*" that the Canadas and their commissioners were to be treated with respect. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, within a few days of their arrival we received the news of the surrender of Richmond and the assassination of President Lincoln. Forthwith the public feeling changed, and, with the downfall of the Confederacy, the scheme of a Canadian union lost its charm for the classes who favored it under the idea that it was unpopular in America. So the interest in Canada died away as suddenly as it sprang into existence. Every now and then paragraphs appeared in the London papers announcing that the commissioners had transacted business at the Colonial Office; and when we saw it announced that they had returned home, we were rather surprised to remember they had ever been here at all. The intelligence lately received as to the result of their negotiations with the British Government, from the communications made to the Canadian Parliament, has taken people somewhat by surprise. If we are rightly informed, the engagements entered into are of a very comprehensive character, involving unlimited liability in the event of war, and guarantees of a very large amount for the expenditure of the colony in time of peace. A few newspaper articles have appeared on the subject, deprecating, for the most part, any unnecessary engagements towards the Canadas. But as yet there has been no active controversy about the matter. For the time there is such an absolute cessation of all political interest, that we should hardly be excited if we learnt our Government had pledged itself to the resuscitation of the Byzantine Empire or the annexation of Central Africa.

But when the dead season is over and Parliament meets again, this Canadian question will probably give trouble. The public feeling on the subject is, I think, intelligible enough. The school of which Professor Goldwin Smith is the ablest exponent, which holds as a dogma of faith that England would be better for getting rid of all her colonies, has absolutely no hold upon the country at present, whatever it may have in times to come. Like all "doctrinaire" theories, the one in question is based upon an abstract principle, not upon the merits of the case to which it is applied. As a nation we have long ago given up the superstition that we could not abandon an acre of British territory without surrendering our imperial supremacy; but we are not prepared to admit that India stands on the same footing as Australia, or Gibraltar, or the Ionian Islands. We grant that, under certain circumstances, a colony may be left to assume independence without any injury to the mother country; and we are not indisposed to admit that Canada is fast attaining the requisite conditions for independence. But this is as far as we have advanced as yet in the renunciation policy. We care very little about the connection with the Canadas or British North America. Our trans-Atlantic colonists have arranged their home affairs with a sublime disregard for English interests; and our faith in the value of their professions of loyalty and affection is much shaken by their resolute refusal to undertake any part of the burden of their own defence. Our part in the Anglo-Canadian firm appears to consist in the duty of supplying them with garrisons to spend money in the provinces, and in enabling them to borrow money upon our security. A more unsatisfactory arrangement it is impossible to conceive. If the Canadas were to declare their desire to establish themselves as an independent country, we should feel considerably relieved. If they were even to express a wish for incorporation with the United States, we might tell them, in diplomatic language, they were fools for their pains, but we should not oppose their wishes actively. But we cannot make up our minds to turn our countrymen adrift, unless they wish themselves to sever the tie which binds them to England; and we cannot allow them to be detached from our rule by external force so long as we have the power to protect them. In case of any attack upon Canada, we should be bound, or believe ourselves bound, to defend it with the whole force of the empire. If this is all that our Government has assured the Canadian commissioners, they are perfectly justified in their assertion; and such a pledge would be endorsed by a perfectly overwhelming majority both in Parliament and in the country. If they have promised anything further, it is doubtful, in the altered state of public feeling about American affairs generally, whether they will be able to obtain the sanction of Parliament for their engagements.

The murder mania has apparently reached its crisis, as during the last two weeks we have had no novelty in crime, except one or two cases of aggravated manslaughter. And as the subject of murders is pretty well exhausted, we have fallen back on those domestic topics whose discussion has so great an interest for ordinary English newspaper readers. The great "servant gal" question is again to the fore. Probably if this weather continues, the old questions, "Can you marry on three hundred a year?" and "Is smoking injurious?" and *hoc genus omne*, will be resuscitated. At present we are content with discussing whether servants are or are not what they used to be in the good old times. The complaints of our masters and mistresses are of a kind with which I have no doubt many American householders will sympathize. It is urged that it is impossible to find faithful domestics in these degenerate days; that servants want more wages and do less work; that they care nothing about their employers' interests; have no affection for their masters or their families; dress above their station, give themselves airs, and leave their situations, however kindly they have been treated, the moment that they can better themselves in any way. Similar complaints have always been rife at all times, and I have no doubt that Rebecca declared servants were not in her days what they were in the days of her mother-in-law, Sarah. And of course there is a good deal of exaggeration talked about the misdoings of our serving population. Still there is a certain amount of truth about this grumbling. The truth is that the social relations of England are undergoing a very great, though not a very self-obvious change. Masters are not what they used to be any more than servants. With the spread of education and refinement, ladies live less in their kitchens and occupy themselves less in domestic cares; children are not so much brought up amidst servants as they used to be; and with the increase in the facilities of locomotion, families are less tied to one spot than they were formerly. All this is to my mind good; but it has this defect, that it increases the separation between the serving and the servant-

employing class. The servant is no longer the friend of the family, and not being educated to the old intimacy has not the old interest in its affairs. On the other hand, the prosperity and education of the class from which domestic servants are taken have increased universally of late years. The growth of trade and emigration have opened hosts of new channels for labor. And the consequence is, that women servants marry younger, and men servants look out more and more for independent employment. Formerly the offer of a good home and kind treatment were almost sufficient to ensure the services of first-class servants. Now, wages have become the chief inducement to take service; and as the supply of servants has not increased in proportion to the demand, but the contrary, the price of wages has risen largely. This is the common sense of the whole matter. But a number of very worthy people think something must be rotten in the state of England because good treatment alone will not secure the whole services, labors, and devotion of a man or woman. Mr. Ruskin, with his usual marvellous talent for confusing a plain subject, has rushed into print on the service question, and has written a series of letters to the papers filled with a medley of half truths and whole errors, and muddle-headed benevolence. After laying down the doctrine that political economy has nothing whatever to do with the supply of labor, and that there are two ways only of obtaining good servants—the "Christian way," and the "sound, wholesome, thorough-going slavery way"—he proceeds to say "that all nature and all humanity will serve a good master and rebel against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are the masters' shadows, and distort their faults in a flattered mimicry. A wise nation will have philosophers in its servants' hall; a knavish nation will have knaves there; and a kindly nation will have friends there. Only let it be remembered that kindness means, as with your child so with your servant, not indulgence but care." If this Ruskinian disquisition should enable any American lady to understand the proper way of dealing with a help, I can only say she must be wiser than Mr. Ruskin's countrywomen.

The only other public topics of the slightest interest are the escape of Mr. Moens, a London stock-broker, from the Neapolitan brigands, after three months' captivity and the payment of five thousand pounds sterling; and the release of Consul Cameron from the clutches of King Theodore of Abyssinia. Earlier in the year very great interest was felt about these gentlemen, and the Foreign Office was severely censured for not using more forcible measures to secure their release. But, at the present temperature, it is far too hot to think of Calabria, not to mention Africa.

The *Index* is dead, having died of inanition or want of funds. The last number came out a few days ago, and the sign-board, on which the Union Jack and the Confederate flag were painted waving together, is taken down from above the office in the Strand. As far as I could learn, it never had any genuine success as a newspaper, and I should think the list of its paying subscribers must, at the best, have been extremely limited. I hardly ever saw a paper which was better "billed" and distributed. Wherever you went you saw advertisements of the *Index;* and the sums spent in pushing its sale must have been a heavy charge to somebody or other. After the downfall of the Confederacy, the *Index* made a feeble attempt to secure a fresh public as a general newspaper, especially devoted to American news, given with a strong pro-Southern bias; but the speculation was an absolute failure and the assets of the defunct periodical will, I suppose, go towards the liquidation of the various dishonored Confederate securities held by disconsolate speculators in the city.

You will perhaps be interested to hear that Mr. Jefferson has achieved a very genuine success on his appearance at the Adelphi in the character of *Rip Van Winkle*. It is a curious feature in our stage, but of late years some of the chief pecuniary successes have been won by American players. Sothern, who gained his reputation in the States, has made more money by *Lord Dundreary* in the "American Cousin" than any living actor. Miss Bateman, whom with all respect I think a very handsome woman and a very indifferent actress, had an almost unparalleled run in *Leah*, though in every other part she proved a failure. Adah Isaacs Menken rehabilitated the fortunes of Astley's, though her popularity was due to other than histrionic merits, and now Jefferson seems likely to be the great attraction of the coming theatrical season. Mr. Owens as *Solon Shingle* could not hit the public taste, though the audience imagined that his caricature of a New England farmer was a genuine portrait of the ordinary American. Coming immediately on Mr. Owens's failure before the same public, in the very hottest and deadest part of the year, Mr. Jefferson had a good deal to contend with; but in a short time he carried the audience away, and created a more hearty sensation than I have seen since the night when *Lord Dundreary* made his first appearance.

FRANCE.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

I HAVE had the curiosity to see the great iron-clad Anglo-French armada. I did not visit it at Cherbourg, where the two fleets met first, on the Emperor's fête of the 15th of August. Why Napoleon I. chose the day of the Virgin Mary's Assumption as his own fête, in want of a Saint Napoleon, is a mystery which I have never been able to fathom. I must suppose that he chose the 15th of August because there was a fair chance of fine weather at that time for the national holiday he wished to institute. This hope was, however, disappointed this year at Paris and at Cherbourg; at Paris a disrespectful rain spoiled the illuminations, and at Cherbourg it had no more regard for the gilded uniforms of the French and English admirals. I doubt if M. de Chasseloup-Laubat, the French minister of the navy, a civilian who has but a slight acquaintance with old Neptune, enjoyed much the visits he had to make on board every English man-of-war. It was bad enough to show his pallor and anguish before the French sailors, but to appear before the English blue-jackets in that peculiar state of mind and body when the stomach and not the brain is the centre of the universe, must have been too unpleasant. At Portsmouth the weather was beautiful, the sea smiled like a Swiss lake, between the old walls of Portsmouth and the shores of the Isle of Wight. The heavy iron-monsters seemed themselves lighter and, as it were, idealized in the transparent light of August; they stood so calm and tranquil that any daring boy could have followed the sailors in the rigging; on the yards, where they stood motionless and in perfect order, they looked like so many wooden figures, so sharp were their outlines on the blue sky. I visited first the cupola-ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, the pride and glory of Captain Coles. She appeared to me like a huge monitor; instead of one or two towers, she has four, each of which contains a very heavy gun; in one of the towers there were two such guns; the whole armament is, therefore, formed of five guns; I cannot tell you exactly their calibre, but they seemed to me inferior in size to the American fifteen-inch. The *Royal Sovereign*, no doubt, is a very formidable monster, but I doubt if she could, any better than the monitors, make a cruise across the Atlantic. I went through all the parts of one of the French men-of-war, and was not spared a single hole or corner. My conductor, an innocent Vendean, was kind enough to explain to me the nature of a revolver, of a gun, and of the Sainte-Barbe (such is the French name for the powder magazine). So glad was he to find a Frenchman among the visitors of the ship, that he would probably have delivered to me a lecture on the uses of a man-of-war and on the difference between land and sea, if I had encouraged his amiable disposition. He spoke to me like a father, and if I was hardly grateful for his information, I certainly was for the feeling in which it was conveyed. I was not so anxious to betray my nationality to the sailor who conducted my yacht from ship to ship; he was a thorough Briton, and compared the plates which cover the *Magenta*, the *Solferino*, and the *Gloire* to so many tiles; no anatomist ever felt so much pleasure in perceiving slight differences between the bones of two allied species as this strong and good-natured fellow in noticing what would seem to constitute an advantage for the English ships. I wish M. Dupuy de Lhôme, the constructor of our iron-clad navy, could have heard his criticisms; he would have been more amused and instructed by them than by the speeches made in all the banquets of Cherbourg and Portsmouth. Of such speeches there is, of course, nothing to say. I drink your health, you drink my health. It was noticed, however, that the Duke of Somerset spoke with very few comments of "our great ally." His speech was not found enthusiastic enough, not up to the occasion. But some people are not enthusiastic, even when they have to speak of Napoleon III.

Why should I speak myself of this naval review, if there was not an after-thought behind these mutual attentions, a secret reverberation of this joyous booming of guns? Many innocent witnesses thought they were merely seeing a great international pageant of a new kind; but the review was not so much a review as a demonstration. A demonstration!—such is the vague, diplomatic, indefinite word, whispered only into some ears. *Punch* betrayed the secret. He showed us Napoleon III. in an Arab burnous (an allusion to his recent journey to Algiers), and Britannia, a young and blushing girl, embracing each other in sight of a banditto-looking Yankee looking obliquely on their *demonstration*. To speak seriously, there is no doubt that the meeting of the fleets was an indirect intimation intended for yourselves; not a provocation, but a warning. If you don't behave yourselves, if you speak too much of Canada or of Mexico, you may find some day these two magnificent squadrons in the waters of New York or of Norfolk. I have even heard that the demonstration was only a corollary to a secret maritime convention between France and England. By this convention the two countries are bound to keep two squadrons, of equal and considerable force, in such places that they can, at a moment's notice, be called together for action

This convention has been made for the term of two years, but can be renewed afterwards at the will of the "*hautes parties contractantes.*" I cannot vouch for the truth of this affirmation, and the convention being a secret one, any mention of it will, of course, be answered by a denial. What the objects of the convention are, I leave you to imagine. I doubt if they are very distinct; there is as much likelihood that a naval force should sooner find employment in the Old World than in the New World. I suspect that America was the first *objectif* in view, to use a military term. But Herr von Bismarck has worked so actively lately, that there may be a desire now in France, as well as in England, to check his conquering career. I will not drag my reader into the depths of the Schleswig-Holstein question. I will content myself with saying that the question is muddier than ever, and that there is some probability that it may involve Europe in a general war. So the time for demonstrations has arrived, and the captain of the little Austrian war-frigate which entered Portsmouth at the same time as the armada, a mere molecule among these terrible masses, will have an interesting report to send to his government.

As my subject has brought me in the land of rumors, I will remain in it a moment longer. It may be that you take a very moderate amount of interest in your great neighbor, Emperor Maximilian I. of Mexico. You are ignorant, perhaps, that though he is young, as well as his wife, he has no hope of ever having any children. While he is struggling to establish his new empire, our great political schemers are already at work in order to find an heir to his throne. They are selling, as a French proverb says, the bear's skin before they have killed him. The future sovereign is found at last: he is no other than the Count of Flanders, the second son of Leopold, the King of the Belgians, and therefore the brother of the actual Empress. Quiet and fat Flanders! he will have to leave you for the volcanic plateaux of Mexico. No more will he then lounge, thoughtlessly and happily, on the boulevards of Brussels, or hunt in the forests of the Ardennes. He also will have to devote himself to the great interests of the Latin race, and to the regeneration of Central America by railway contractors, mine-jobbers, and German professors. Providence, in its actual Napoleonic form, has chosen him. Who can resist Providence? Not even Leopold, the Nestor of European monarchy, wiser than Ulysses. On that very 15th of August when the French fleet greeted the English fleet in the harbor of Cherbourg, there appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes* an admirable article on the American navy signed by Victor de Mars, the editor. The real author of the article is the Prince de Joinville, who has had such excellent opportunities to study the American navy. No more sympathetic narrator or better judge could have told the wonderful exploits of your navy during the last war. I hope his dramatic and intelligent narrative will be noticed by the American press. I hope especially that it will fall under the eyes of that great and modest hero, Farragut, to whom the prince pays a merited tribute of admiration. The second part of the prince's essay relates only to the French navy, and to the uses which it ought to make of your experience. It shows very forcibly that we have blundered as well as the English during the last ten years; that more attention ought to be paid to gunnery and less to iron-plating; it shows, besides, that while our Government has made great efforts to build fine ships, it has done nothing to improve the *personnel* of the navy; our best men-of-war have been constantly used as transports, and this service has disgusted men and officers. Half our officers have made applications to enter the merchant service, and the examinations for the naval school have been so unsatisfactory that some lads have been admitted who had not attained the ancient *minimum* of admissibility. Our economists are trying to get rid of our old *inscription maritime*, the system by which we procure our sailors. As we get our soldiers for the army by *conscription*, we inscribe all the inhabitants of the maritime districts, and during the time of their inscription they are liable to be transferred from the merchant service to the national navy. The inscribed seamen are, of course, exempted from military service. This system has flourished in France for two centuries, and has, in times of war, preserved the population of our coast from impressment. But the economists represent it as an obstacle to the development of the merchant navy, and are making great efforts to abolish it; they are supported in their attacks by the English press and the English ship-owners. The Prince de Joinville does not pretend to defend the system on any other than on political grounds; he maintains that if France will maintain a navy she must maintain the *inscription maritime;* he points out, also, the curious fact that, while the English economists are anathematizing the system as a violation of the freedom of trade, etc., etc., the English Government is organizing silently a reserve navy, which, under a new name, is very similar to our inscribed navy. The article of the Prince de Joinville has created much sensation in France as well as in England, though it has not been much discussed openly. The *entente cordiale* required that too much public attention should not be paid to the work of a prince who is not a friend of the Emperor. It is wonderful to see how such necessities are quickly and tacitly understood; how, without any *mot d'ordre* in England, and with a *mot d'ordre* in France, a certain uniformity of action and opinion is easily obtained on some of the most delicate and difficult questions. It is touching to see how easily Jupiter himself takes a hint, and if he is so complacent, why should the other gods of the political Olympus be less so?

The only question which is creating now some agitation in France, is that of *décentralisation.* I might translate this word by *provincial* or *communal rights.* The French Liberals feel that the powers of the state are too absolute; life has left every part of the country, except that great brain called Paris. The question of provincial rights in France is such an important one that I must treat it with some development in my next letter. It will have, perhaps, an interest for some of your readers, as compared with the question of State rights. France and America are, however, placed at two opposite poles—you are struggling for unity and attenuation of State rights; we are struggling for liberty and a development of local rights. Unity we must and will preserve; but we hope to have it some day without a central despotism

A. L.

A SOCIETY FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE RICH.

One of the ways in which modern philanthropy develops itself is by forming societies of various sorts to improve the condition of the poor. Might not the benevolent do something of the same kind for the rich? for there are many rich people among us. Singular and startling as the fact may be to the numerous unfortunates, with fixed salaries or incomes, who have been growing poorer and poorer as the war went on, and now find themselves no better off pecuniarily for the peace, it *is* a fact. We have plenty of millionaires, and some of them stand very decidedly in need of improvement. It may, at first sight, appear as if our suggestion was superfluous, since there is an endless number of writers for the daily and weekly and monthly and quarterly press always ready to tender their valuable advice. Unluckily, these persons generally find it easier, for various reasons, to ridicule or abuse some very superficial follies than to strike at the root of any great evil.

The first labor of our imaginary society would naturally be the inculcation of the eighth commandment, which many wealthy men have practically expunged from their copies of the Decalogue. If the rigid and patient parsimony by which the Girards and McDonoughs of the last generation amassed their large fortunes had its unamiable features, it had also its sterling virtues, and foremost of these was its unquestioned honesty. But the present haste to be rich is not honest. It differs only in its technical legality from gambling, and gambling of the very worst kind, in which the players are continually trying to cheat one another. What are bulling and bearing and cornering, and the other Wall Street dodges, but packing the cards and loading the dice? And this dishonesty, when become inveterate in private transactions, does not stop there, but extends itself to public matters, as we shall have occasion to note further on. Here, then, is a large opening for our reformers.

But as dishonesty is, unfortunately, not confined to the rich, our society will have to seek some other special object. Such would be the substitution of more refined tastes for a pecuniary and material standard of enjoyment. Here let us remark that this vulgar extravagance is not a product of democratic institutions, nor, on the other hand, is it to be denounced merely as something at variance with them. It is to be found wherever and whenever a facility exists of making fortunes rapidly. We see it in Australia; we see it, though to a less degree, in the second French Empire; and even in aristocratic old England, any period of speculation brings out a large crop of those *parvenus* of whom Thackeray's Jeames was the fictitious, and great "railway kings" the real, type. The aim of our philanthropist should be to give the wealthy a bias towards the liberal arts when they are not too old to learn; when they are, at least to inspire them with some respect for the intellectual and æsthetic. Because a man has made very successful use of the things which he knows, he should have no license to despise all the things which he does not know. It can be no disgrace to a *nouveau riche* that he is ignorant of those branches of polite education which he has had no opportunity of learning; but it ought to be a disgrace to him and to his son if that son grows up with no higher ambition than to import dry goods, and no higher relaxation from business than a dance, a game of cards, or a drinking bout.

From one point of view, indeed, the prospect is cheering and the encouragement great. When we reflect how, within the memory of persons not

very old, our "solid" merchants usually classed the artist with the actor and the actor with the mountebank, lumping all three together as professional vagabonds, while at present we see in this city rich men and the sons of rich men devoting themselves to art, not in a *dilettante* way but as a serious business,—before so great a change we cannot but feel a pleasurable surprise. The artistic, however, is but a small part of the field, and the difficulties which await us on the intellectual and literary side are formidable.

First, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the knowledge and accomplishments which a man having the means of choice should admire or seek to possess. The old notion that what are technically called the humanities should hold a prominent place in all first-class education has still numerous supporters. Others are strenuous in urging the paramount claims of the physical sciences. Others again insist upon all that is comprised in the somewhat vague term of general information; while yet others contend that a youth will waste his time if he occupies himself with anything but the special matter which is to engage his attention in maturer life. Amid this conflict of advice a rich man may well be puzzled, not merely as to what sort of persons he should choose for the companions of his leisure, but (a more important question) how his children and grandchildren shall be brought up.

There is this much, at least, to be urged in favor of the old standard—that it *is* a standard. Say what you will of the old notion that a collegiate education is indispensable to a gentleman—call it narrow, illiberal, behind the age; surely it is better to have an imperfect criterion than none. Any fixed intellectual and æsthetic test is better than leaving the point to be ultimately decided by those vulgar ideas which measure a gentleman by his consumption of wine or clothes, by his fine house or his fine horses. And when we consider, moreover, that, contrary to the generally received opinion, classical studies, more than any other, promote and involve the acquisition of modern languages and a knowledge of English literature, it seems the positive *duty* of every rich man to send his sons to college, even if the curriculum be somewhat inadequate.

Our next difficulty is the provincial and obstructive dogma that a rich man ought to thrust his children into business (meaning by "business" some directly money-making and self-supporting employment) for the sake of keeping them out of mischief! It is unnecessary to show how and why this precious plan is pretty certain to defeat its own end, and we mention it only to denounce it with all our might. Of all the advantages which wealth confers—for we are not going to assume a cheap stoicism, and deny that honestly acquired wealth has advantages—the greatest is that it enables a man to give his children the best general education that time, pains, and money can procure—an education lasting till their majority, and even longer, if they will listen to him. *Then*, if any of them prefer business, into business let them go. If a young man has not a soul above buttons, let him make or import buttons. We only think it a pity he was not born poor; just as when we have seen foreign noblemen imitate professional horsemen so cleverly as to be mistaken for their own grooms or jockeys, we have thought it a pity they were not born jockeys or grooms. But a liberal education will go far to prevent such a catastrophe; and it is exactly because certain studies do not profess to be "practical" that we deem them advantageous for their counteracting effect to the materializing spirit of the age. The popular mania is for immediate utility. Even science is to most men, as Goethe well puts it, not the high and heavenly goddess, but the convenient cow who furnishes them cheese and butter.

Finally, we meet with a principle which is hardly a different one from that just stigmatized, but rather its general application and natural development. It may be called the doctrine of government by sumptuary or prohibitory laws, written and unwritten. A large number of excellent persons seem really to believe that if they could, first, prevent, by legal enactment, the manufacture and consumption of all fermented beverages; next, shut up all theatres and operas; then destroy all race-horses; and lastly, by force of public opinion or otherwise, put down all style and neatness in private equipages—this done, all dissipation and extravagance would vanish from the land, and all rich men would bestow their incomes in charity and leave their fortunes to public foundations. Such is the dream of these good folks; could they but have their own way, its realization would be—every man of independent means flying from the country as fast as a Cunard steamer could carry him, and bringing up his children (as too many were brought up before the war) in utter abhorrence of their fatherland and all its institutions.

It is most Utopian to expect or aim at the abolition of all elegance and decoration and luxury. These things cannot be abolished, and ought not to be if they could. What we want is to keep them in their right place; and the way to do this is by furnishing wealthy men with intellectual tastes and resources, so that they will of their own accord, and from a sense of pleasure as well as duty, seek for higher gratifications than merely sensuous ones. [A man does not necessarily dislike champagne because he likes metaphysical criticism; but, having only the means to purchase one of the two, he will buy Grote's "Plato" rather than a case of dry Verzenay. He is not necessarily indifferent to equestrian amusements because he is fond of art; but when he has a few thousands "lying loose," he will sooner invest them in pictures or statues than in a pair of fancy horses.] A reforming influence, to affect a wealthy class, must be more subjective than objective in its nature; that is to say, each individual will be more influenced by the opinion of his own class than by that of outsiders and the general public. And all history testifies that a diminution of the intellectual field is accompanied with an increase of material luxury, and *vice versa*, except in some exceptional case, like that of Sparta, where the whole nation was a permanent camp. Compare the French under Louis Napoleon with the French under Louis Philippe, or the Romans under the Empire with the Athenians under Pericles. Pericles! His name reminds us of *our* dream, our design—perhaps, also, somewhat too Utopian—for improving the condition of our rich. Europeans have often asserted, and natives sometimes admitted, that the practical tendency of our democracy is to banish all wealthy men from public life. One is tempted to wish the charge were true, the real truth behind it is so much worse. The active though underhand influence of our rich men in public affairs is almost uniformly evil; and the corporation system gives them nearly unlimited power to do mischief. They injure the community directly by aggressions on individual rights, and indirectly by corrupting what small remains of honesty the local rulers have still left. Why, instead of this, should they not aspire to train up their descendants into real statesmen, especially since the terrible blunderings of professed politicians during the war have shaken the people's traditional confidence—or it might be more strictly correct to say, acquiescence—in those gentry? The proper education of a statesman or a diplomat is one of the highest that can be acquired, nay, that can be conceived; and more, it is in itself a "possession for ever." Should the republic prove ungrateful, it would not be a wasted means, but a great end in itself. The possessor of it, for instance, might honorably represent his country in a private capacity when he travels, instead of bringing ridicule on her name by his ignorance of many things which a European gentleman knows as a matter of course. Above all, he would have a property at home of which no defaulting tellers or bubble companies, no rise or fall of stocks or gold, could deprive him.

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yet compression, of the old masters of English sacred eloquence, is quoted by Dr. Colenso from an address by Mr. Ruskin, in the "Sessional Papers of the Royal Institute of British Architects," for 1864–5, and forms the motto of his last book.

—One of the most unassuming and really meritorious of the English publishing clubs is "The Hakluyt Society," instituted, as its name indicates, "for the publication of rare and valuable voyages, travels, and geographical records." It necessarily follows that the discovery, conquest, and colonization of America must form an important portion of any such collection, and, in fact, more than two-thirds of the volumes issued by the society relate to this continent, and are most important for its early history. Among them are the letters of Columbus, the original narratives of the voyages of Sir Francis Drake, Henry Hudson, Champlain, Raleigh, etc., all well edited and illustrated with maps and charts. The two latest volumes brought out by the society equally relate to America; and comprise details of the progress of the Spanish conquerors of the New World by contemporary actors in the scenes they describe. They are "The Travels of Pedro de Ciezo de Leon, 1532–50," contained in the first part of his "Chronicle of Peru," and Pascual de Andagoya's "Narrative of the Conquest of the Provinces of Tierra Firme, and the discovery of the South Sea, and the Coasts of Peru and Nicaragua." They are both translated and edited by Clements R. Markham, whose intimate acquaintance with Spanish America has been shown by his travels in Peru, and his adventurous journey through the tropical forests of South America, for the purpose of procuring the *chinchona*, or tree yielding the well-known "Jesuit's bark" of the materia medica, for the purpose of naturalizing it in British India. Pedro de Ciezo arrived in South America, a boy of fourteen, in the year of Pizarro's conquest of the Peruvian empire. He commenced his journal at the age of twenty-two, and continued it under every variety of discouragement, for many years. Its chief value consists in the faithful picture it presents of the country of the Incas while traces of its civilization presented themselves on every side, before they were swept away by the ruthless conquerors. He was a man of acute observation, and possessed an enlightened curiosity for the wonders of nature and the relics of art that the region then abounded with. The narrative of Andagoya is a ruder work by a Spanish soldier of fortune, who served under Vasco Nunez, and was one of the first to hear tidings of "the great empire of Peru," in 1522, ten years before it fell under the sword of Pizarro. Andagoya was prevented by illness from accompanying that chieftain, but was engaged in expeditions against Nicaragua and the Indians of the peninsula. His accounts are in some instances the only ones ever made public respecting the Darian Indians, and some other free and warlike tribes. The subscription to the Hakluyt Society is one guinea per year; and two volumes are generally published annually for its members.

—The autumn list of Messrs. Longman & Co.'s forthcoming publications is not marked by any startling novelty, and, in fact, is meagre in objects of general attraction. In *belles lettres* it comprises two new translations of Homer's "Iliad," both probably inspired by Lord Derby's success, one in English hexameters by J. H. Dart, an Oxford prize poet, the other in English blank verse by Ichabod C. Wright, well known as one of the most successful translators of Dante; Miss Berry's "Journal and Correspondence," edited by Lady Theresa Lewis, already mentioned, may come in the same department, as well as "Mozart's Letters," edited by Dr. Nohl and translated by Lady Wallace, and the production of a poet who has found his hippocrene in "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates;" "Tea: a Poem," by C. B. Coles; "Chapters on Language," by F.W. Farrar; and "The Amulet: a Tale of Spanish California." The arts, fine and useful, are represented by an illustrated work by George Barnard, professor of drawing at Rugby School, on "Drawing from Nature," a splendid embellished work of novel character; "The Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the Year," the text selected by R. Pigot, and many hundred wood-cut illustrations from original designs by John Leighton, F.S.A. (this, we may mention, will be published here as a Christmas gift-book by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who have secured the American market for it); and "Iron Ship-building, its History and Progress," by William Fairbairn, of Manchester. In natural and medical science will be found a new volume of Maunder's "Treasury of Knowledge" series, "The Treasury of Botany," by Dr. Lindley and T. Moore; "The Formation and Management in Health and Disease of the Thorough-bred Horse," by Digby Collins; "Manual of Materia Medica," by Drs. Farre, Bentley, and Warrington; Professor Richard Owen's long-promised book, "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals;" an abridgment of Dr. Copland's large "Medical Dictionary," by himself and his son. Theology is feebly supported by two works only: one, "The Truth of Christianity; compiled from the Writings of Archbishop Whately," by his friend and disciple, Dr. Hinds, late Bishop of Norwich; and "The Temporal Mission of the Holy Spirit, or Reason and Revelation," by the Romish Archbishop Manning. History rests solely on the labors of Mr. William Massey, whose lively, but somewhat slight and superficial, "History of England during the Reign of George III.," has arrived at the honors of a popular edition, and will be brought out in four monthly volumes, in post 8vo. Of miscellaneous books there are indicated, "Transylvania, its Products and People," by Charles Boner; "Chess Problems," by F. Healey—being a selection of two hundred of the author's best positions, with the solutions; and "Occasional Essays," by Charles Wren Hoskyns, author of "Talpa." The greater part of these will probably be published before the end of the year. They afford a sample of the intellectual activity put in motion by the transactions of one of the large English publishing houses.

—It appears that the Germans, so rich in a language that possesses unlimited powers of combination of native roots, have condescended to borrow the word "essays" from the English. It is said to owe its present sense to Lord Bacon, who first used it to indicate "brief notes, set down rather significantly than curiously" (or, as we should now say, elaborately). In this sense it has long been adopted by the French, and first appeared as a German word about a year ago, in the title-page of a translation of Sir Henry Holland's essays. It has recently been used as the designation of a collection of "New Essays on Art and Literature" by Herman Grimm, the son and nephew of the two Brothers Grimm, who died while engaged on their great dictionary of the German language, so it may now be regarded as authentically grafted into the Teutonic speech. The collection includes several papers of interest, especially one on "Ralph Waldo Emerson." It appeared originally as an introduction to a specimen of a German version of his writings, but, strange to say, they did not appear to be relished in Germany, and the proposed undertaking was abandoned.

—The primeval or prehistoric men, inhabiting the caves of what now is Central France, appear to have been endowed with more of the artistic element in their composition than any other of their contemporaries yet known. The rude attempts at the representation of animals, as the reindeer, etc., on the bone implements of domestic use among them, have been already noticed, and recently M. Lartel, to whom the investigation of this interesting field of science is mostly due, has discovered, in a cavern in Perigord, some fragments of ivory which, when put together, show a roughly engraved figure of a mammoth, its most remarkable characteristic being a long mane. It is to be presumed, fairly, that this carving was the production of one who must have been contemporary with the extinct animal, and its discovery confirms the results already arrived at by geological indications of the most positive character.

—"The Autographic Mirror," a periodical gathering of "inedited facsimile autographs of illustrious and distinguished men," and published in London and Paris, furnishes us with the following letter of Charles Dickens. There may be some question, we should suppose, about the propriety of making public a private communication of this kind, but—that being once done—it is certainly too clever and characteristic not to deserve a wider circulation:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,
2d January, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR:

That is a very horrible case you tell me of. I would to God I could get at the parental heart of —— ——, in which event I would so scarify it that he should writhe again. But if I were to put such a father as he is into a book, all the fathers going (and especially the bad ones) would hold up their hands and protest against the unnatural caricature. I find that a great many people (particularly those who might have sat for the character) consider even Mr. Pecksniff a grotesque impossibility, and Mrs. Nickleby herself, sitting bodily before me in a solid chair, once asked me if I really believed there ever was such a woman.

So ——, reviewing his own case, would not believe in Jonas Chuzzlewit. "I like Oliver Twist," says ——, "for I am fond of children; but the book is unnatural, for who would think of being cruel to poor little Oliver Twist?"

Nevertheless, I will bear the dog in my mind, and if I can hit him between the eyes so that he shall stagger more than you or I have done this Christmas under the combined efforts of Punch and Judy, I will.

Thank you cordially for your note. Excuse this scrap of paper; I thought it was a whole sheet until I turned over.

My dear sir,
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

—The recent completion of the sixth edition of the "Manuel du Libraire" of M. J. C. Brunet, has revived attention to the work that, since its first publication in 1809, has in its various modifications always stood in the front rank of bibliographical authorities. It is a very rare thing for an author to be

able to revise and enlarge his work fifty-four years after its original appearance. Such, however, has been the good fortune of M. Brunet, and the book in its present form is an astonishing instance of the preservation and active use of the mental faculties of one now in his eighty-sixth year. Its six large and clearly printed royal octavo volumes are a credit to the press of MM. Didot, though it must be said the text is frequently deformed by mistakes in the spelling of English words and names that meet the eye too readily, and would seem to be of easy avoidance so near as the two capitals, London and Paris, are now brought together. With its unquestioned usefulness in its own department, few books have been more misunderstood than "Brunet's Manuel," when its true purpose is overlooked. Many have supposed it is a literary guide to the world of books, and have been surprised proportionably in finding the object of their search unnoticed. It has no pretension of the kind, however, and professes to be the manual of the bookseller, not of the *student* or *literary man*. Now as intellectual merit, and the various causes that combine to make a book rare, choice, or precious in the eyes of collectors, exist quite independently of each other, it follows that a large portion of the pages of the "Manuel" are occupied with mere curiosities—works the particulars of which are important to be known by those who buy or sell them, but of very problematical value in any other point of view. This is particularly the case with the class of old French books generally designated as "Facetiæ." These being now sought after with great avidity, are described with a minuteness and prolixity that, when the subjects are considered, seem often surprising to any other people than the French. The "Table," or Catalogue Raisonné, however, forming the sixth volume, and comprising a classical arrangement of some forty thousand distinct works, is a very extensive synopsis of human knowledge, and the sources from whence it is to be gathered. Altogether the book is an indispensable one, and should be found in all libraries of five thousand volumes. The large-paper copies are fine specimens of mechanical perfection in the art of printing. It is said more copies of these were subscribed for in the city of Philadelphia alone, than in all Great Britain. They now bear a large premium over the publishing price.

—The principle of association, under the guarantee of "limited liability," by which each member is only answerable for his individual number of shares, is making rapid progress in England in almost every description of business, and already begins to be perceptible in its effects on the production of books. Its application to the circulating library system, started by Mr. Mudie—the ramifications of which penetrate into every corner of England—was highly successful, and dividends of ten per cent. have been realized in the undertaking. Another association, "The Library Company," projected with the same purposes, is also flourishing. The great chromo-lithographic publishing establishment of Messrs. Day & Son, from whose presses have proceeded most of the recent fine illustrated works, as "Roberts's Views in the East," "Simpson's Crimea," "Digby Wyatt's Industrial Masterpieces of the Nineteenth Century," "Owen Jones's Alhambra," and a host of others, have recently been transformed into a company on the same principle, with a share capital of three or four hundred thousand dollars. Two large copper-plate printing concerns are among the latest private establishments so transformed, and the results are, in every case, said to be so favorable that we shall certainly soon see publishing conducted on the same plan.

—The genius of Napoleon III. has hit upon a new attraction for the coming Universal Exhibition of 1867, to be held at Paris. His minister of public Instruction, M. Duruy, has lately announced to the professors of the schools of Paris and Versailles that, "while the immense edifice is being erected which is to display all the march of industry, the Emperor desires to see *another temple* raised by able hands to the genius of France. What she has *thought* set side by side with what she has *done*, will form a noble exhibition, wherein the sciences, arts, and letters shall recount their progress and history for the last twenty years—showing what theories they have produced, what ideas they have given birth to, what facts they have discovered or explained, what new form of imagination or art they have originated." The details of the plan are not yet touched upon, but the idea of a grand international scholastic and intellectual competition is new and startling, and it seems at present difficult to understand how it can be successfully carried into execution. It might seem invidious to suggest that a desire to propitiate the class of literati and men of science who have hitherto, more than any other order of persons, stood aloof from the second empire and its seductions, may be one of the motives of the scheme.

—It was generally supposed that the existing heavy rates of duty and the high cost of specie and exchange would limit the importation of books in the United States to a point below the usual average of the years previous to the war. Such, however, is not the case, and while money continues as plentiful in supply as it now is with the few fortunate ones who give the tone to the business of the time, we may expect to see this branch of commercial enterprise largely developed The high price of labor and materials at present ruling here is, of course, one cause of the demand for foreign books, and it is said by those who have examined the subject, that a book can be manufactured in England, and after paying the duties and charges, etc. (now amounting to about forty-five per cent.), can be placed in New York at a less price than it could be produced for here; this applies only to cases, be it noticed, where large quantities are in question, and large capital is employed in England in their publication. The market for *Bibles* affords an illustration of this fact. The supply of cheap copies of the Bible formerly manufactured at Philadelphia, Hartford, and other places in the Eastern States, is now derived almost entirely from abroad. The quantities imported are very large, and comprise the varieties printed at Oxford, London, and in Scotland. The finer qualities have always been in demand from their superior artistic finish, binding, etc., but we now refer to the cheap editions—so cheap, indeed, that we believe a complete Bible can be purchased, wholesale, in a durable and attractive form for twenty-five cents. The same cheapness is claiming notice in other quarters. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have recently made a purchase of a great many thousand volumes of miniature poets, etc., manufactured in England, to be incorporated in their "blue and gold series," and, of course, for less than they could replace them here. When books are stereotyped abroad, it is usual for English publishers to accept offers for editions from their plates at a very small advance over the cost of paper and printing; a liberal practice, that tends to introduce good books among us, and will gradually raise the native standard of manufacturing skill.

—Thomas Chandler Haliburton, of whose decease we are notified by the last European arrivals, made at one step a mark in the literature of English-speaking nations that will ensure the continuance of his fame. His previous *dĕbut* in literature, by the production of an instructive and laborious "History of Nova Scotia," had little prepared the world for the mingled *bonhomie* and shrewdness, the worldly sense and humor, apparent to every one in "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker." His creation of a dialect appropriate as a medium for the expression of his keen, sagacious satire, is not the least of the writer's achievements, for no Yankee ever talked in the style attributed to "Sam." The success of this book is scarcely more remarkable than the comparative failure of all his other numerous writings. Certainly none but the Clockmaker can be said to survive him. The first lively runnings of his fancy seem to have exhausted a subject that owed its reception in some measure to its novelty and oddity, which palled on subsequent attempts to revive it. We believe the circumstances have not been made public that induced Judge Haliburton, at mature years, to leave his native country, and attempt a new career in England. The borough of Launceston, represented by him for some years in Parliament, is in the patronage of the Duke of Northumberland, but if his presence was considered desirable in the House of Commons as a recruit who might render service to the Conservative party, the expectation was not fulfilled, as want of physical power made him ineffective as a speaker, and the late period of life at which he was introduced to so new a scene has always proved an insurmountable obstacle to those so circumstanced who have sought distinction in this arena. Judge Haliburton was born in Nova Scotia three years before the commencement of the present century. He was said to be preparing a new edition of his *magnum opus*, "Sam Slick," at the time of his death.

—If any one wants to see what have been the scientific results of the war we have so recently emerged from, they will be found in the series of volumes summed up in an excellent list of American books on military history and science contained in the July number of "Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record." They are arranged under the heads—I. Military History; II. General Treatises on Military Art; III. Military Administration; IV. Military Law; V. Tactics and Strategy (1, General, 2, Cavalry, 3, Infantry); VI. Artillery, including Musketry and Rifle Practice; VII. Military Engineering and Fortifications; VIII. Military Hygiene, Pathology, and Surgery. The number of works catalogued is about one hundred and fifty, and with few and unimportant exceptions they have all been called into being by the demands of the war of the rebellion. Such an example of a literature extemporized, so to speak, on the exigencies of the moment, so creditable in mechanical execution, and so well posted up in the latest scientific discoveries and investigations, is a thing never before equalled in literary annals. It displays wonderfully the faculty of adaptability to emergencies that characterizes both the nation and the individuals that compose it, and will remain not the least monument of the glorious results of the contest.

—Messrs. Little & Brown have made arrangements to receive an early supply of Dr. Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible," wherein he condenses into one volume the information contained in the three closely printed royal

octavos of the large edition. Like the other dictionaries of Dr. Smith, it is offered by Little & Brown, by special arrangement with the English publishers, at a price so low as to leave no room for the competition of a reprint while the original English copy has far greater claim to preference than any hasty or inferior impression could have, if any such was intended.

—A work of great utility to the scientific world has been for some years in progress at the expense of the Royal Society, and now approaches completion. It is an index to the separate papers, articles, memoirs, etc., contained in the transactions of learned societies and the journals published periodically in the various countries of Europe and America. The number of series grouped together under the head of "Transactions," whose contents are analyzed, is over two hundred and twenty-five. The journals similarly treated amount to about three hundred and fifty in number. The obvious benefit of this work is so great—since the general circulation of periodicals fits them more and more as receptacles for the news of discoveries and researches in science—that its publication has been undertaken by the Government. Copies will be liberally distributed to foreign societies, libraries, etc., and a portion reserved for sale. It is to be feared that for American journals, etc., much will be wanting to the completeness of this index that an application for co-operation in the United States could supply. Few indeed have any idea of the extent to which this system of publication has prevailed in this country. A professional gentleman of New York has been engaged in his leisure moments for some years in bringing together the journals and magazines published in America relating to medical science alone. His collection of these works now comprises above fifteen hundred volumes. It is perfectly unique, and, as such, it is hoped will never be separated.

DRAPER'S CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA.*

THE title of this volume may perhaps define the design contemplated by the author in writing it, but fails to describe its contents. Nor is the reader much helped to understand what these are by the somewhat obscure preface and introduction. Dr. Draper says, for instance, in the preface, that "in a work on the 'Intellectual Development of Europe,' published by me in 1863, I showed that the historical progress of the nations of that continent illustrated the fact that social advancement is as completely under the control of natural law as is the bodily growth of an individual. It was my intention, in that work, to limit the application of the principles employed to the case of Europe, but it is plain that they may equally be made to apply to the case of America. . . . Selecting, therefore, some of the prominent principles thus presented, I design to show in this work their bearing on certain questions of great political interest in America." But half a page later he tells us that "to appreciate the workings of some of those natural laws in the case of America, to divine the future tendencies of the republic, to extract from the observations we make rules for national conduct—these are the objects to which the following pages are devoted." In the introduction there is still another statement of the purpose of the book: "There are principles specially applicable to each nation, which guide it in its determinations, and settle the course of its life. Some of these principles I propose now to point out, selecting from many topics the four following: influence of climate, effects of emigration, political force of ideas, natural cause of national development, and making these serve as a frame-work for the convenient presentation of these principles."

To recapitulate briefly, we have then the four following statements by the author concerning the object of his work:

1. To present thoughts on the future civil policy of America.

2. To show the bearing of principles (of what nature is not explained, save by the statement that they were employed by the author in a former work in which the fact was established that social advancement is under the control of natural law) on certain questions of political interest in America.

3. To appreciate the working of some of "these" natural laws in the case of America.

4. To point out some of the principles which guide a nation.

It is plain from the analysis that though the author himself may have a distinct conception of what he proposes to write about, he fails to communicate it to his reader, and that his use of the terms law and principle is, to say the least, somewhat vague. A similar confusion of thought, and a similar reiteration of statement to the foregoing, are characteristic of the book throughout. To be able to state his thought precisely, to hold it firmly, to give it definite form, and to use the fundamental terms on which it depends with precision, are the first qualifications required of a writer on any subject of philosophy. These qualifications Dr. Draper does not possess. He exhibits intellectual activity, and considerable literary and scientific acquisition, but his mind is discursive, and in spite of his scientific training his thought is often inexact and his reasoning often illogical, while his attainments are more various and wide than solid and profound. The natural result of these facts is exhibited in the work before us, in the vast number of ingenious, but too frequently altogether hasty, generalizations with which it abounds, and in the superfluity of illustration by which the theories of the author are accompanied rather than supported.

In spite of these great defects, and of not less obvious defects of literary style, to some of which we shall hereafter refer, the book is not without interest. Any serious attempt to bring before the attention of American readers, and to exhibit in the case of America the operation of those "natural laws," so called, by which national progress and development are effected, deserves to be treated with respect; and even though the design be very imperfectly executed, as in the present instance, it may succeed in directing the thoughts of the thoughtful portion of the community to subjects of the highest importance.

The cardinal doctrine with which Dr. Draper sets out is "that in individual life, in social life, in national life, everything is influenced by physical agents, and is therefore under the control of law," p. 36. "The progress of human generations is shaped by the physical circumstances in which they live," p. 66. "Physical circumstances control the deeds of men, as it may be said, in spite of themselves," p. 80. "Man yields helplessly to the powers operating upon him" p. 56. 'His will is overridden and for ever kept in check," p. 37. "The historian relying on the immutability of nature may predict the inevitable course through which a nation must pass," p. iv. Having thus laid down in the broadest manner this doctrine of fatalism and materialism, Dr. Draper devotes the first chapter of his volume to an exposition of the power exerted by the influence of climate upon the physical and intellectual nature of man, and over the destiny of nations. A single remarkable sentence will be sufficient to show to what extremes he pushes his conclusions. He says (p. 25), "Without the Gulf Stream, Newton would never have written his 'Principia,' nor Milton his 'Paradise Lost.'" Why not go further back? What if the British Isles had never risen from the sea?

And yet, as if shrinking from the terrible results of his own doctrine, and with a curious logical inconsistency, our author says, "In thus ascending to primordial laws, and asserting their immutability, universality, and paramount control in the government of the world, there is nothing inconsistent with the free action of man." We do not understand Dr. Draper as meaning what he says here, that in this assertion there is nothing inconsistent with the free action of man,—it would hardly be necessary to declare this,—but that in the paramount control of immutable law there is nothing inconsistent with man's free action. He goes on with a statement which no one will contradict, but the connection of which with what he has just said is not obvious: "The appearance of things depends altogether on the point of view we occupy," and he then proceeds to tell us, as if in proof of man's free action, that if man "could attain to the truly philosophical point of view, rising high enough to see the whole world at a glance, his acutest vision would fail to discern the slightest indication of man, his free will, or his works," p. 35. Except in Dr. Draper's own pages, we have not often met with such confusion of thought as is here manifest.

The utter disregard, in this portion of Dr. Draper's philosophy, of the fact that Man is a higher power than the Nature by which he is surrounded, and that while subjected to her inexorable laws he is also superior to them and capable of mastering them through the laws of his superior being, leads him to various conclusions which have no other foundation than his own assertion. Thus he lays it down, without qualification, that nations, like individual men, are born and die. "What," he asks with awful solemnity, "does the inexorable hand of History write? Rome, Macedon, Persia, Assyria, Egypt, all are gone. . . . . How vain it is to close our eyes to the portentous lesson, to refuse to read what is written in the Book of Destiny!" History is altogether too short a record to warrant us in drawing any such absolute conclusion from it as Dr. Draper has done. The nation, he declares, moves through the same inevitable career as the individual—of birth, childhood, youth, maturity, old age, and death, in a like helpless and predestined manner. But the analogy between an individual and a nation is as unphilosophical as it is imperfect. Dr. Draper does but confuse himself and his readers by declaring that the analogy arises from a similarity in their constitution. He substitutes a metaphor for a reality. The nation has no abstract existence; no existence save in the lives of the individuals

* "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, author of a 'Treatise on Human Physiology' and of a 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.'" New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865. 8vo, pp. 317.

that compose it. The history of the past is the history of the rise and fall of nations, conditioned on the characters of the people composing them. There is no law of nature, or of human nature, which renders the death of a nation inevitable. The perpetuity of a nation depends on moral more than on physical conditions; its progress is directed by moral as well as by material laws—each set of laws being bound together in mutual interactions, the intricate results of which no study of the past will enable us to foresee. Modern civilization is under the conscious influence of moral laws, of which the civilization of the old world was ignorant. It is directed towards an ideal of which the fundamental conception is the brotherhood of man, the unity in diversity of mankind, the destruction of all national hostilities, the co-ordination and co-operation of all nations in the promotion of the common welfare of the race. The existence of this ideal as a motive force, continually acquiring more and more power over the thoughts and wills and actions of men, is not only an assurance of the advance of civilization, but also of the future perpetuity of nations. No nation is doomed to decline and death from the operation of material causes, for these causes may be held in check and counteracted by the moral force of continually fresh, renewed, and everlasting human energies. The will of men is short, but man is a power of endless life, and in the long conflict of will with fate, will at length prevails.

Dr. Draper, with his fondness for iteration, repeats his notions in regard to the destined career of nations in various connections; but leaving the subordinate matter, we return to the main subject of his first chapter, which we find him repeating in an axiomatic form on p. 58. "Uniformity of climate," he says, "makes people homogeneous. They will necessarily think alike, and inevitably act alike." Not satisfied with one utterance of this astonishingly sweeping affirmation, he repeats it on page 67, and again on page 78. "The writing in aphorisms," says Lord Bacon, "has many excellent virtues. For, first, it trieth the writer whether he be superficial or solid."

We can hardly doubt which of these epithets belongs to Dr. Draper, especially when we find him, toward the end of his chapter, arriving at the conclusion that these climatic influences, under which he has declared man to be helpless, forcing him to necessary thoughts and inevitable actions, may be neutralized by his own efforts and action. The whole of this chapter amounts to this—man is compelled by natural laws to an inevitable course of action, he may, nevertheless, pursue another course; his thoughts are necessitated, but he may have other thoughts. Such is Dr. Draper's logic. But we conceive that he is much more sensible than appears from his loose and contradictory thought. We believe that he means merely that man, though subjected to the influence of natural laws which he cannot escape from, has it yet in his power to modify, resist, and in greater or less degree counteract their operation. The methods of doing so which he recommends as most efficient in America are education and intercommunication.

Dr. Draper's second chapter treats of what he calls the effects of emigration. It is exceedingly desultory, and it is over-weighted with illustrations which are of little value in throwing light on the main topic. The principles which the author proposes to establish are, in his own words, first, "that the political effect of emigration depends upon the grade of society from which the emigrating mass has issued;" second, "that homogeneousness in a community imparts stability, though it eventually implies stagnation;" third, "that a community suffering incessant blood-disturbance will exhibit social activity, though if the disturbing element is very base, a corresponding depreciation of its absolute value will ensue"—by which we suppose him to mean a depreciation of the value of the community, not of the disturbing element. The application of these principles to the case of America made by Dr. Draper does not seem to us philosophical or fortunate, with the exception of some brief and excellent remarks on the probable effects of emigration from the Northern Atlantic States to the South. A similar looseness of thought and hastiness of generalization to those which we have pointed out as pervading the first portion of the work prevail also in this. Thus, for example, on page 108, Dr. Draper says that the cause why, on the continent of Europe, "government has become so difficult, and that there is nothing certain as to its right principles, and no unanimity in religion" (we are not responsible either for his assertion or his grammar), is "the intrinsic difference between the conclusions of the intelligent few and the fetichisms of the innumerable illiterate mass;" while, on page 177, he tells us that Europe "has attained to no settled maxims of political life, and to no definite religious opinions," because of "her want" of "the impossibility of securing consistent action among so many rival and antagonistic states."

Dr. Draper, in his third chapter, proposes to treat of the political force of ideas. He begins with the sound reflection that "philosophical conceptions of the historical progress of humanity must not be altogether of a material kind." "An idea," he says, "may possess supreme political influence." A sentiment "may re-arrange races of men and revolutionize the world." Having exaggerated the influence of natural laws, he here exaggerates that of moral forces. He illustrates the impelling power of ideas by the instance of Mohammedanism in a gloomy episode of some twenty pages. In this long passage our author has plainly laid himself out for effect. Few readers, we fancy, can read these pages without a smile. To delight those who may not have an opportunity of seeing the volume we make a short extract:

"The wilderness of Arabia is the birthplace of that most noble of all quadrupeds, the horse. Though his neck is clothed with thunder, and the glory of his nostrils is terrible—though he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength—though he swalloweth the ground in his fierceness and rage, neither [*sic*] can he persuade himself that it is the sound of the trumpet—though he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting, he plays with the Bedouin children that are round his master's tent. How deeply has a love of that beautiful creature affected the civilization of Europe! What had it not to do with chivalry! It turned the bloodthirsty warrior into a gentle and courteous knight."

Dr. Draper has given a long list of the precious and useful objects which we have received from Arabia and the East. He does not inform us that some philologists have derived "bosh" from the same region.

In the earlier part of his book, Dr. Draper has told us that "though seemingly the master man is really the dependent of physical agencies," p. 29. Here he tells us "that man can comprehend nature, and subjugate physical agents." "A most audacious idea!" he adds; "modern Europe is fast submitting itself to its rule." It is not easy to understand in what the audacity of this ancient idea consists—the right of the human race over nature, that right which, as Lord Bacon admirably says, "*humano generi ex dotatione divina competit.*"

Dr. Draper here diverges from his track to enter on "a partial illustration of what has been done toward obtaining a true knowledge of nature and the subjugation of physical agents to the use of man." After giving a very al and very imperfect summary of the advance of science, he asks, "Why is it that in Europe the doctrines connected with these facts, instead of being welcomed with delight, have had to fight their way? Why is it that those who have revealed them suffer obloquy, in some instances have suffered death?" "What is there, I ask, in such things as these to provoke the resentment of man?" "Is it any answer to reply that, some fifteen hundred years ago, there was a Roman general who seized imperial power from his competitors, and whose political necessities were such that he had to inaugurate this untoward course?" Whatever "to inaugurate an untoward course" may be, we can assure Dr. Draper that this reply is no answer whatever to his question, notwithstanding his assertion that "this is the only answer that can be made." The whole passage from which these last citations are made, appears to belong to that species of philosophical writing of which Burke somewhere speaks, in which "paradoxes which affront common sense, and uninteresting barren truths which generate no conclusion, are thrown in to augment unwieldy bulk, without adding anything to weight."

The fourth and last chapter of this book is entitled "On the Natural Course of National Development," and, according to the author, "the general object of this chapter is to show that, in all durable human associations, there is a natural, an inevitable tendency to the concentration of power." This proposition is unintelligible to us, and although Dr. Draper devotes eighty pages to its elucidation, we are as much at a loss at their end as at their beginning to know what vague shadow of an idea the author himself may have attached to it. What power is concentrated, or where it is concentrated, whether in society, in a class, in the government, or in an individual, does not appear. On page 244 he says: "The course of nature is for the development and concentration of intellect." On the next page, he "pauses a moment to make this significant remark—everything is tending to a concentration of power." On page 248, we are told "that all political institutions, imperceptibly or visibly, spontaneously or purposely, should tend to the improvement and organization of national intellect." Two pages later, we learn that "for stability to be attained, a nation must submit to be controlled by its reason; it must organize its intellect, it must concentrate it." But as if aware that this axiom was somewhat enigmatic, Dr. Draper exclaims, "How true it is that, for a nation to be great, it must aim at something above its animal nature!" and he then tells us that "*we* are in the act of transition from the animal to the intellectual." It would seem from all this that his "concentration of power" has some relation to the "concentration of intellect." But the latter phrase is not less unintelligible than the former, and in a maze of confusion we have to guess out our author's meaning as well or as ill as we may.

The solemnity of Dr. Draper's manner is so magisterial, his assertions are so absolute, his discourse so peremptory, and he sweeps the contents of the encyclopædia with such a portentous air of labor and information into the

grand reservoir of his speculation, that it is plain he would have us listen, like the votaries at some ancient shrine, with unquestioning awe to his oracular deliverances. And no doubt there will be many disciples to gratify him. Loose thought suits loose thinkers. "It is far more easy," to quote another sentence from Burke, "to support paradoxical opinions to the satisfaction of a common auditory, than to establish a doubtful truth by solid and conclusive arguments."

We would by no means be understood as implying that Dr. Draper never comes out of the region of enigmas, fallacies, and half-truths into that of truth. In this chapter, for example, he dwells on the fact that "the American political system is founded on public intellectual culture," in other words, on universal education. But although he sees and enforces this truth, he connects with his statement of it a series of observations in respect to the nature of education so shallow as greatly to weaken the value of his general statement. Even after all the occasions for astonishment which Dr. Draper has given us, we confess to a new sense of surprise when we find him saying on page 273, "There was a vague notion, which, as we shall see, still unhappily prevails as regards the higher establishments of education, that the training of the mind is of more importance than the nature of the information imparted to it." It will be an unhappy day for America when this "vague notion" is discarded. So too in connection with the subject of education a long contrast is drawn between what Dr. Draper calls "the European method of government through the Morals, and the American of government through the Intellect," which is based on the hastiest inductions, and exhibits a lamentable confusion alike of language and of thought.

The value of Dr. Draper's contributions to the elucidation of the problems of the future civil policy of America may in some degree be estimated from what has already been said. The mere discussion of these questions in the light of science and of history is a commendable work. And this is the praise that justly belongs to Dr. Draper's volumes. But beyond this we cannot go. His collection of information is too indiscriminate; his judgment of the character of facts too unsound; his philosophical method too faulty, to give intrinsic importance to his speculations. Although he asserts that "the historian who relies on the immutability of nature may predict the inevitable course through which a nation must pass," he has really done little or nothing to help us to foresee the future career of the United States. He has dwelt on the necessity of education and intercommunication, on the effects of emigration, on the duty of protecting free thought, on the force and virtue of democratical institutions, but his views on these subjects are for the most part such as are familiar to men who have thought upon them at all. While he fails utterly to establish the correctness of the small portion of them which is original, a striking instance of the nature of his original speculations is exhibited in his considerations in regard to the possible spread of polygamy in America. He states that "there is imminent danger of the spread of polygamic institutions in the West," particularly as "a solution of the portentous problem of the admixture of the Pacific races." But he here makes no allowance for the operation of religious sentiment, of political institutions, and of the progress of intelligence, as well as of the long-established habits of our race. The illustration which he draws from the history of Arabian conquests and their extraordinary results is purely fallacious.

We have already devoted more space to this work than it deserves, except from the reputation of its author, but we cannot close without affording our readers the pleasure to be derived from a little selection of what we may call its prose Tupperisms, gems of platitudinarianism, the latest wisdom of the ages.

Thus, on p. 240, we have the striking and original remark in reference to the past: "There are many good men who look lingeringly on the past, expecting its wished for return. *The past never returns.*"

Again, on p. 257, the startled reader is informed that "our daily experience assures us that for the success of any human undertaking, opportunity is essential."

On p. 249, Dr. Draper exhibits a fine sense of logical relation and great profundity of observation in the following somewhat depressing sentences: "A dozen rich gentlemen may meet together and proceed to build a railroad across the continent, or lay a telegraphic wire under the Atlantic Ocean. They may do whatever is possible to the omnipotence of wealth. But though all Americans should constitute themselves a joint stock company, they never by any votes or any resolves could call into existence a great soldier, a great lawyer, a great philosopher. They could never create a Newton, a Milton, an Alexander. Talent is a God-given gift." And truly, as Holofernes says, "The gift is good in those in whom it is acute."

Again, on the same page, how valuable is the information contained in the statement that "public education is an eminent advantage, but it is far from being everything;" and a little later, how instinctively we recognize the truth which we suspect nobody but Dr. Draper has ever taken the pains to point out, that, "do what we may, no organization, no education will ever make all men alike,"—or, according to the old proverb, "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

When our author applies himself to moral philosophy, the result is equally valuable and unexpected. How just is the following remark! "The head of a family would act unwisely if he attempted to apply to his son at twenty-one the methods he had successfully used at ten; such methods could only be rendered effective by a resort to physical compulsion"—in plain English, you cannot treat a man as you treat a boy.

"How much," says he in his happiest vein of reflection,—"how much has the morality of the world been improved by coffee! It has refined society, imparted innocent comfort to individuals, and peace to many a family." And how lofty and lively is the humor with which he adds, "We abuse the abstemious religion of Mecca, the berry of Mocha we use."

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?*

This new novel of Mr. Trollope's has nothing new to teach us either about Mr. Trollope himself as a novelist, about English society as a theme for the novelist, or, failing information on these points, about the complex human heart. Take any one of his former tales, change the names of half the characters, leave the others standing, and transpose the incidents, and you will have "Can You Forgive Her?" It is neither better nor worse than the tale which you will select. It became long ago apparent that Mr. Trollope had only one manner. In this manner he very soon showed us his *maximum*. He has recently, in "Miss Mackenzie," showed us his *minimum*. In the work before us he has remained pretty constantly at his best. There is, indeed, a certain amount of that inconceivably vulgar love-making between middle-aged persons by which "Miss Mackenzie" was distinguished; but the burden of the story rests upon the young people.

For so thick a book, there is certainly very little story. There are no less than three different plots, however, if the word can be applied to Mr Trollope's simple machinations. That is, there is a leading story, which, being foreseen at the outset to be insufficient to protract the book during the requisite number of months, is padded with a couple of underplots, one of which comes almost near being pathetic, as the other falls very far short of being humorous. The main narrative, of course, concerns the settlement in life—it is hard to give it a more sentimental name—of a beautiful young lady. Alice Vavasar, well-born, high-spirited, motherless, and engaged to Mr. John Grey, the consummate model of a Christian gentleman, mistrusting the quality of her affection, breaks off her engagement, after which, in a moment of enthusiasm, she renews an anterior engagement with her cousin, George Vavasar, a plausible rascal. John Grey will not be put off, however, and steadfastly maintains his suit. In the course of time George's villany is discovered. He attempts, unsuccessfully, to murder Grey. Grey follows his mistress, pleads his cause once more, and is taken back again. The question is, Can we forgive Miss Vavasar? Of course we can, and forget her, too, for that matter. What does Mr. Trollope mean by this question? It is a good instance of the superficial character of his work that he has been asking it once a month for so long a time without being struck by its flagrant impertinence. What are we to forgive? Alice Vavasar's ultimate acceptance of John Grey makes her temporary ill-treatment of him, viewed as a moral question, a subject for mere drawing-room gossip. There are few of Mr. Trollope's readers who will not resent being summoned to pass judgment on such a sin as the one here presented, to establish by precedent the criminality of the conscientious flutterings of an excellent young lady. Charming women, thanks to the talent of their biographers, have been forgiven much greater improprieties. Since forgiveness was to be brought into the question, why did not Mr. Trollope show us an error that we might really forgive—an error that would move us to indignation? It is too much to be called upon to take cognizance in novels of sins against convention, of improprieties; we have enough of these in life. We can have charity and pity only for real sin and real misery. We trust to novels to maintain us in the practice of great indignations and great generosities. Miss Vavasar's dilemma is doubtless considerable enough in itself, but by the time it is completely unfolded by Mr. Trollope it has become so trivial, it is associated with so much that is of a merely accidental interest, it is so deflowered of the bloom of a serious experience, that when we are asked to enter into it judicially, we feel almost tempted to say that really it is Miss Vavasar's own exclusive business. From the moment that a novel comes to a happy conclusion, we can forgive everything—or nothing. The gradual

* "Can You Forgive Her? By Anthony Trollope." New York: Harper & Bros.

publication of "Can You Forgive Her?" made its readers familiar with the appeal resting upon their judgment long before they were in a position to judge. The only way, as it seems to us, to justify this appeal and to obviate the flagrant anti-climax which the work now presents, was to lead the story to a catastrophe, to leave the heroine *primâ facie* in the wrong, to make her rupture with Grey, in a word, final. Then we might have forgiven her in consideration of the lonely years of repentance in store for her, and of her having been at any rate consistent. Then the world's forgiveness would have been of some importance to her. Now, at one for ever with her lover, what matters our opinion? It certainly matters very little to ourselves.

Mr. Trollope's book presents no feature more remarkable than the inveteracy with which he just eludes being really serious; unless it be the almost equal success with which he frequently escapes being really humorous. Both of these results are the penalty of writing so rapidly; but as in much rapid writing we are often made to regret the absence of that sober second thought which may curtail an extravagance—that critical movement which, if you will only give it time, is sure to follow the creative one—so in Mr. Trollope we perpetually miss that sustained action of the imagination, that creative movement which in those in whom this faculty is not supreme *may*, if you will give it time, bear out the natural or critical one, which would intensify and animate his first conception. We are for ever wishing that he would go a little further, a little deeper. There are a hundred places in "Can You Forgive Her?" where even the dullest readers will be sure to express this wish. For ourselves, we were very much disappointed that when Alice returns to her cousin George she should not do so more frankly, that on eventually restoring herself to Grey she should have so little to expiate or to forget, that she should leave herself, in short, so easy an issue by her refusal to admit Vavasar to a lover's privilege. Our desire for a different course of action is simply founded on the fact that it would have been so much more interesting. When it is proposed to represent a young girl as jilting her lover in such a way as that the moral of the tale resolves itself into the question of the venality of her offence, it evinces in the novelist a deep insensibility to his opportunities that he should succeed, after all, in making of the tragedy but a simple postponement of the wedding-day.

To Mr. Trollope all the possible incidents of society seem to be of equal importance and of equal interest. He has the same treatment, the same tone, for them all. After narrating the minutest particulars of a certain phase of his heroine's experience, he will dwell with equal length and great patience upon the proceedings of a vulgar widow (the heroine's aunt), who is engaged in playing fast and loose with a couple of vulgar suitors. With what authority can we invest the pen which treats of the lovely niece, when we see it devoted with the same good-will to the utterly prosaic and unlovely aunt? It is of course evident that Mr. Trollope has not intended to make the aunt either poetic or attractive. He has intended, in the first place, to swell his book into the prescribed dimensions, and, incidentally, to make the inserted matter amusing. A single chapter of it might be amusing; a dozen chapters are inexpressibly wearisome. The undue prominence assigned to this episode is yet not so signal an offence against good judgment as the subordination of Lady Glencora Palliser's story to that of Alice Vavasar's. It is a great mistake in speaking of a novel to be over-positive as to what ought to be and what ought not; but we do not fear to dogmatize when we say that by rights Lady Glencora is the heroine of the book. Her adventure is more important, more dramatic, more interesting than Alice Vavasar's. That it is more interesting is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact. A woman who forsakes her husband belongs more to the technical heroic than a woman who merely forsakes her lover. Lady Glencora, young and fascinating, torn from the man of her heart and married to a stranger, and pursued after marriage by her old lover, handsome, dissolute, desperate, touches at a hundred points almost upon the tragical. And yet her history gets itself told as best it may, in the intervals of what is after all, considering the *dénoûment*, but a serious comedy. It is, to use a common illustration, as if Mr. Forrest should appear on the "off-nights" of no matter what fainter dramatic luminary. It signifies little in the argument that Lady Glencora's adventure came also to an anti-climax; for in this case the reader rejects the conclusion as a mere begging of the issue. Of all literary sinners Mr. Trollope deserves fewest hard words, but we can scarcely refrain from calling this conclusion impudent. To a real novelist's eye, the story on which it depends is hardly begun; to Mr. Trollope, it is satisfactorily ended. The only explanation of all this is probably that the measure of his invention is not in his subject, in his understanding with his own mind; but outside of it, in his understanding with his publishers. Poor little Lady Glencora, with her prettiness, her grace, her colossal fortune, and her sorrows, is the one really poetic figure in the novel. Why not have dealt her a little poetic justice? Why not, for *her* sake, have shown a little boldness? We do not presume to prescribe to Mr. Trollope the particular thing he should have done; we simply affirm in general terms that he should have gone further. Everything forbade that Lady Glencora and her lover should be vulgarly disposed of. What are we to conclude? It is easy to conceive either that Burgo Fitzgerald slowly wasted his life, or that he flung it suddenly away. But the supposition is by no means easy that Lady Glencora either wasted hers or carefully economized it. Besides, there is no pretence of winding up Burgo Fitzgerald's thread; it is rudely clipped by the editorial shears. There is, on the contrary, a pretence of completing the destiny of his companion. But we have more respect for Lady Glencora's humanity than to suppose that the incident on which the curtain of her little tragedy falls, is for her anything more than an interruption. Another case in which Mr. Trollope had burdened himself, as he proceeded, with the obligation to go further, is that of George Vavasar. Upon him, as upon Lady Glencora, there hangs a faint reflection of poetry. In both these cases, Mr. Trollope, dealing with an unfamiliar substance, seems to have evoked a ghost which he cannot exorcise. As the reader follows George Vavasar deeper into his troubles—all of which are very well described—his excited imagination hankers for—what shall we say? Nothing less positive than Vavasar's death. Here was a chance for Mr. Trollope to redeem a thousand pages of small talk; the wretched man should have killed himself; for although bloodshed is not quite so common an element of modern life as the sensation writers would have us believe, yet people do occasionally, when hard pushed, commit suicide. But for Mr. Trollope anything is preferable to a sensation; an incident is ever preferable to an event. George Vavasar simply takes ship to America.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Voices of the Soul Answered in God. By Rev. John Reid. Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

Letter of Hon. M. F. Conway to Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, in Support of President Johnson's Policy of Reconstruction. Office of *The Republic*, Richmond.

The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart. By William L. Stone. 2 Vols. J. Munsell, Albany.

The Backwoodsman; or, Life on the Indian Frontier. Edited by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. T. O H. P. Burnham, Boston.

Slavery and Southern Methodism. Two Sermons Preached in the Methodist Church in Newman, Ga., by Rev. John H. Caldwell. 1865.

Illustrated School History of the United States. By G. P. Quackenbos, A.M.—A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Albert Harkness, Ph.D.—A Latin Reader. By the same. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Lost Will; and the Diamond Bracelet. By Mrs. Henry Wood. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Rebellion Record. Part XLIX. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Joseph H. Barrett. Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, Cincinnati.

Fine Arts.

THE DESIGNS FOR THE CENTRAL PARK GATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Permit me to offer for your consideration the following remarks, suggested by a careful reading of the criticism of "The Designs for the Central Park Gates," contained in your journal (No. 6). To be concise, the various points will be reviewed in the order in which they appear. But before entering into details, it might be well to state that I agree with the critic as to the inappropriateness of the nomenclature which he gives to the gates; and am led to believe that the nomenclature given in a communication to the *Evening Post* (July 21), is the proper one, as everything in the designs sustains the description. It is as follows:

"The entrance at the corner of Fifth Avenue it is proposed to call the Gate of Peace, the one on the opposite side, at Eighth Avenue, the Warrior's Gate, thus representing the two great divisions with which all human industry and effort are divided—the arts of peace and the arts of war. The intermediate entrance at Sixth Avenue it is proposed to call the Gate of Commerce, and that at the Seventh Avenue the Artists' Gate. The designs are of a monumental character, in keeping with these several designations."

Comprehensive views of the several entrances, with their surroundings, have been given for the purpose of making them more thoroughly understood. In consequence, the scale of the drawing is very small. And has not the artist been eminently successful in his endeavor to make the general disposition understood, since an attempt at criticism of the *details* is made? As regards the sculpture shown in the designs, it should be considered as an indication merely of the position and importance of the same. This matter belongs to the sculptor. It is hardly possible that the statuary should have been decided upon. Even were it otherwise, would it not be expecting rather too much of the artist, to offer for criticism groups, equestrian statues, etc., on such a minute scale? To proceed then. From th

statement in reference to the Eighth Avenue entrance, "that the roads of the Park, as they were originally laid out and built and still remain," one might infer that no alteration was contemplated. On careful examination, however, it appears, that, without disturbing the general disposition of the place and its accessories, this entrance, as is the case with the other three, is altogether changed. Here, at the Eighth Avenue entrance, besides its contour being greatly simplified, the open area or place, in the accepted design, has been greatly enlarged, its capacity more than double that originally contemplated. For the extrances to the Park, on the northern side of the place, are now carried back, and situated opposite Sixtieth Street—an improvement not easily over-estimated—thereby giving space, besides direct access from another street, a great *desideratum ;* Fifty-ninth Street being already a thoroughfare for the city horse cars, and particularly objectionable at this point, where it is crossed by the Broadway and Eighth Avenue tracks. The adopted design also contemplates the widening of the drives themselves, just at the entrance ; they being made sufficiently large to accommodate the pedestals designed for the middle of each. Moreover, the walks, instead of turning off just at the entrance into Eighth Avenue and into Fifty-ninth Street, as originally designed, now have their exits directly on the place, being set back some twenty feet ; thus enlarging the sidewalks, for the more ample accommodation of the public, and giving more importance to the carriage entrances. Again, as originally designed, and as the place now exists, great risk is incurred by pedestrians attempting to cross, with vehicles driving in every direction. It would soon become necessary to provide for their safety by clustering posts, or by some similar means, which we see resorted to daily in our city thoroughfares. (The open space, between the south end of the City Hall Park and the site formerly occupied by Barnum's Museum, furnishes an example of what is alluded to.) Now, with the intended enlargement, this objectionable feature disappears, as it facilitates the introduction, in the middle of the place, of a spacious circular sidewalk ; forming thus a place of refuge, as it were, for pedestrians. Here, also, is introduced a fountain, which will enliven and add greatly to the general effect. The critic is right, when he alludes to the "natural advantage in favor of this over the other main entrance on Fifty-ninth Street—namely, at the corner of Fifth Avenue. . . . . The most is made of this advantage by the really successful adaptation of the architectural structures to the carriage drives and foot-path" [paths].

After a clear description of the general features of this entrance, the criticism reads :

"Owing to the nature of the drawing, we have been able, in describing the general character of the design, to speak with as much confidence as if a map or plan of the whole were in question. The praise we have given the design it evidently deserves. But, owing to the small scale of the drawing, it is impossible to see all the architectural detail, the minuter portions being lost. Thus it is evident that Ionic capitals are used, but whether they are good Ionic is not so clear.

"Indeed, there is some uncertainty whether these capitals crown pilasters in every case, or whether some of them belong to three-quarter columns. This uncertainty in regard to some of the details is the more to be regretted, because what is visible of this detail is not good. The design of the gate-posts, for instance—whether it is of four pilasters or of four engaged columns that the body of each is made—is very inappropriate. . . . Each is a clustered pier, cruciform in plan ; there is a base, in plan a Greek cross, and very high, about five feet high it seems to be ; upon this stands the cluster of pilasters or parts of columns ; four halves of Ionic capitals look four different ways ; and upon these rests a full classical cornice, which breaks around and into the twelve angles of this cross about four feet in greatest dimension, as if around the corners of a temple. The whole pier is about fifteen feet high, and upon each pier is placed a globe with a spread eagle perched upon it."

Now, the bases of these gate-posts form the abutments of the walls of enclosure on Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, and are naturally of the same height with them. Besides, is it not well that the Ionic employed should thus be sufficiently elevated, so that the architectural effect may not be interfered with on occasions when the place becomes crowded? Again, the clustered piers are composed in neither of the ways described. There exists a combination of engaged columns and of antæ, the latter serving as hanging-styles, the former occupying the other two sides, each being crowned by its appropriate capital, that of the antæ differing *in toto* from the Ionic capital. Of course, these posts are surmounted by a cornice, but why, if unable to discern the component parts of the body of the post, undertake to describe in detail the cornice? In alluding to the globes surmounting the piers, the critic appears to spread the eagle rather more than the design shows.

Now, as to whether "a granite block or a square brick pier would have been in every way better." Were it thought advisable to treat these entrances in a rural manner, this suggestion might be followed. But it has been decided, and wisely so, that something monumental in character should adorn these principal entrance-ways. Besides, they should harmonize with the surrounding street architecture as well as with the Park. Any attempt at rusticity would be a failure. To bear out this statement it will only be necessary to allude to a somewhat similar attempt, made within the recollection of most of us, namely, the introduction of a rustic fountain in the Bowling Green. Nothing, certainly, could be more natural and rustic as a fountain than was that *jet d'eau* spouting out of a pile of rocks. But, pretty as it may have been, it was inappropriate for the site, and consequently replaced by another more formal but more suitable for the locality.

Next, I beg leave to correct an error in the general description of the principal entrance at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. On inspection of the plan of the Park, where is shown a sufficient indication of the entrances for this purpose, and upon visiting the premises, one sees that "five gateways" do not "open into the park, all side by side." On the contrary, the footpath between the bridle-road and Fifth Avenue diverges from the others, and has its exit as far from them as possible, close to the boundary wall ; in fact, shrubbery and trees are here introduced, in order to distinctly separate it from the other entrance-ways. For what purpose, it is hard to conceive, as this disposition merely tends to break up the unity and detract from the importance of the whole. It may have been a necessity in the plan of the former architect of the Park, as there exists on the Central Park plans the indication of a very objectionable feature at this entrance, namely, the subdivision of the open area preceding the entrances into the Park by an enclosure or railing, running parallel with the Fifth Avenue, and extending from the solitary footpath in question to the circular *parterre* laid out in the middle of the place ; from thence at right angles to the outer wall of the Park, thereby presenting at this entrance a corner very similar to the corners at the intersection of any two streets in the city !—instead of providing for one uninterrupted, spacious place, as will now be the case. Besides detracting from the grandeur of the *ensemble*, would not this iron railing present somewhat the appearance of an immense cage? And why encumber the place with a double set of gates when one set at the entrance-ways suffices ?—to say nothing of doubling the expense ! The critic finds "the gate-posts themselves certainly much better than at the Eighth Avenue gate. There is nothing deserving of special praise—they are only solid and suitable piers ; nor is there anything deserving of blame, if we except what seems to us the degradation of the Doric cornice, thus put, with all its triglyphs, to do duty eight feet above the eye, and to answer no purpose except partially to conceal the sculpture above it."

Why not "*with all its triglyphs?*" Would the critic presume to find fault with the world-renowned tomb of Scipio, with *all its triglyphs?* And why are these triglyphs now "*eight feet above the eye?*" when "in height these piers seem to be about fourteen feet." Now, certainly there should be a cornice to these posts, and there is nothing in the cornice as shown, not even the triglyphs, which should necessarily hinder the view of the sculpture above it. To continue—

"The most remarkable feature of this entrance is the terrace near it, a structure which, if it should ever exist except in drawings, will be more entirely an addition for the purposes of ornament than anything about the Park."

As regards purposes of ornament, "the terrace" at the extremity of the Mall resembles it in this respect. But, were it as stated, if deemed necessary, in order to balance the entrance place and to take away the lop-sided look which it otherwise might have (a serious consideration in the minds of many), there certainly could be no objection to it.

"This terrace, with its accessories—itself an accessory of no value at all—would cost a great deal of money. Useless as it is, injurious, as Mr. Vaux has shown it to be, . . ."

As to the value and the utility of this feature, minds may differ. As to the injury that it would do, Mr. Vaux, in an elaborate article published in the *Evening Post*, gives *his opinion* on the subject ; I beg leave to differ ; and am glad to see that the advantages of this feature are deemed of sufficient importance to outweigh any disturbance of the rural aspect of the sunken corner of the Park which he alludes to. "The suggestion of the Kaatskills, or the Adirondacks" (so beautifully portrayed by Mr. Vaux), are hardly realized by others. The sinuous path, following the contour of the lake, at the foot of the steep embankments of the encompassing street, must, of necessity, be a great thoroughfare, being, as it is, the only direct communication within the Park between the Fifth and Sixth Avenue entrances. Were it possible to imagine one's self enjoying the charming solitude he alludes to, might not the noise of the streets, or the stump of a cigar heedlessly tossed over the boundary wall, so disturb the mind, that all idea of rustic repose and reverie would have to be abandoned, in such close proximity to this entrance of the Park ?

"The city would bear the cost of it with a little more grace if it were only beautiful. But it is very ugly. It is bare where it needs ornament, and covered with badly designed and false ornament where none is needed."

There is nothing which might be considered purely *ornament* about the terrace proper.

Again :

"The bronze vulgarities have their ruling group, also of bronze, on the top of a tall column of poor design, namely, the coat of arms and its supporters of the city of New York 'in the round'—an heraldic device not familiar to heralds, and certainly not ornamental."

What possible objection can there be to the introduction, here, of that majestic feature of the "piazzetta" in Venice—the column surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark ?

No reason is given *why* the introduction of flagstaffs and "gonfalons" is "meaningless." They certainly form as important a feature here as they generally do. Something high is needed to satisfy the eye, to counterbalance the continuous horizontal line of the railings and enclosures—which railings, by the way, have been very successfully treated ; the ordinarily monotonous horizontal line of railing being gracefully broken by an ingenious and varied introduction of a system of tie-rods, which add much to the beauty and stability of the gates—(these tie-rods connect the outer edge of the gates with a stationary point above the top-rail ; the gates being thus more easily handled, being relieved of a great deal of their weight, and being prevented from sagging.)

The flagstaffs, also, high in air, are distinguishable at a distance ; whilst they do not interfere with the view of the Park as you approach it—a matter of no small importance. Next as to the point so hurriedly alluded to in the criticisms of the Sixth and Seventh Avenue entrances ; but that which, of necessity, is the most important, namely, "the alteration of the

whole face of the ground thereabouts." In the first place, the entrances at the corners of Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth and Eighth Avenues are intended for all; those at Sixth and Seventh Avenues are reserved for pedestrians *only*. Thus, a special invitation is *here* given to all on foot. Now what accommodations are here required? Most of the time, any ordinary provision for the public would suffice, but of necessity there must be occasions when crowds of people will present themselves at these entrances, and suitable provision must be made for them. On a holiday, about the hour of returning home, what numbers will direct their steps towards these exits! How ample, too, should the provision be for the masses that will here wish to gain admission! The sidewalks alone conducting to each of these entrances are, collectively, more than one hundred and fifty feet in width, as follows: those on either side of Sixth and Seventh Avenues and on both sides of Fifty-ninth Street (it being remembered that the walk on the north side of Fifty-ninth Street has been judiciously widened to forty feet). Besides, two lines of horse-cars lead directly to each of these entrances—the Sixth and Seventh Avenue lines, and the line which crosses the city running along Fifty-ninth Street. Now, however rural and pretty the present accommodations may be, it is simply absurd to think that they will answer the required purposes. One walk at each of these entrances, about fourteen feet wide, as originally intended, cannot possibly suffice, especially when these walks commence to turn, immediately on entering, to the right or to the left, as they do. Space must be gained, and how simply has this been accomplished in the accepted designs! By filling in a little more (for this is all made ground about these entrances), a spacious area or place is formed inside of each of the gateways. From these places broad walks, twenty feet in width, diverge: two at Sixth Avenue, three at Seventh Avenue—thus gaining three or four times the accommodation originally intended, without the introduction of a formal, wide walk directly entering the Park—a feature that may become, however, of absolute necessity, and the introduction of which, should it hereafter be deemed advisable, need only disturb slightly the entrance-ways, as shown in the adopted designs. C. P.

Much of our correspondent's letter consists of expression of opinions differing from those advanced in our criticism. To this no answer is needed. We are fully prepared to find many persons who disagree with us whenever we criticize a work of art or literature. But something more than expression of opinion is also contained in the letter; there are statements which we are content to leave as our correspondent makes them, and matters of fact or of principle are introduced which require our consideration.

First, of the names of the four gates on Fifty-ninth Street. The Board of Commissioners of the Central Park had publicly announced that the gate at Fifth Avenue was to be the Scholars' Gate, that at Sixth Avenue the Artizans' Gate, that at Seventh Avenue the Artists' Gate, and that at Eighth Avenue the Merchants' Gate. No public announcement of any change has ever been made, as far as we have yet been informed. The Seventh Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners, which was the last one published at the time of the exhibition of Mr. Hunt's designs on the walls of the Academy, merely states that "sketches for the four southerly gateways . . . were approved in their general features, and their erection authorized." The article in the *Evening Post*, in which our correspondent finds some of his facts, had not been brought to our notice.

We fail to find any greater appropriateness in one set of names than in the other. Appropriateness is just what they all lack. How is the name "Artists' Gate" peculiarly appropriate to an entrance at the corner of such a street and such an avenue? Our correspondent seems to think (with us) that it is "inappropriate" to name the Fifth Avenue entrance the Scholars' Gate; but evidently thinks that to name it the Warriors' Gate would be better. The distinction is not clear to us, nor the reason for C. P.'s preference.

We accept as true the assertion positively made that both antæ and engaged columns go to make up the gate-posts at Eighth Avenue. It will be seen, on reference to page 187 of The Nation, that we assumed as true that which we are now assured of, namely, that pilasters (and not engaged columns) were used for hanging-styles. That these are not well adapted to the purpose we think is evident. But our objections to these gate-posts are not to this or to that feature,—not to a cornice where Ionic columns are, nor to the capitals being alike or different; our objections are radical and to the whole design. The detail of the cornice is, it is true, invisible; moreover, if the cornice is there at all, it must "break around and into the angles of this cross about four feet in greatest dimension, as if around the corners of a temple." It is to the use *at all* of a full classical cornice in this place that we objected, and do decidedly and with good reason object. The fact that the design requires a cornice is one of its faults. "Of course the posts are surmounted by a cornice," says C. P.; and, again, speaking of the Fifth Avenue entrance, "certainly there should be a cornice to these posts." Certainly, in our criticism, we assumed that there should be none. Whether as gate-posts or as pedestals for statuary, cornices on them would be useless and out of place. The pedestal of the Washington statue, at Union Square, in New York, though not of any very striking merit as a design, is very much better than the best of Mr. Hunt's gate-posts, and one of its best features is the entire absence of anything like a cornice. The addition of one to it, or to any such structure, is wholly irrational—to be tolerated, if very excellent in detail and part of an excellent design; but not to be desired or approved.

As to the heraldry on the top of the tall column at the Fifth Avenue entrance, it differs from the bronze Lion of St. Mark on the Piazzetta column in this, that this is not decorative or beautiful, and that is. It would puzzle our most graceful designer to make a beautiful group out of the sailor (is it?) and Indian, with the shield of New York city between them; while *any* grouping of them will destroy even their poor pretensions to heraldic propriety. In general a full coat of arms with supporters is a stiff and formal, a very scientific, but very unbeautiful thing, never to be carved except in very slight relief, and requiring so much conventional scoring and grooving of the stone to represent technically the colors, that it ceases to be a work of art at all. But a single heraldic *device*, an emblem, a crest—the Lion of St. Mark and Venice, the Rose of England, the Lily of Florence, the Thistle of Scotland, the Double Eagle of Russia, King Arthur's Dragon, Lord Marmion's Falcon, Douglas' Bloody Heart—such a thing is not worse ornament nor less beautiful *as* a device than otherwise, is even more suitable and fit in many places and for many ornamental purposes. So the bronze lion at Venice, itself a noble work of art, is delightful, and an essential part of the scene, and so is St. Theodore, with his crocodile, on the other column. But it is matter of rejoicing that neither column has a shield and two supporters on it, the supporters turning their backs either to the sea or to the piazza, to the Zecca, or to the Ducal Palace, even as in this design they must choose whether to face the Park, the avenue, or the street, and turn their backs to the others.

The most visible changes in the face of the ground at Sixth and Seventh Avenues are the presence of bridges, or something like them. What the changes are, we did not assert; that changes *were*, was clear;—if these changes are, as asserted, merely for convenience' sake, we are not convinced of their necessity; if for effect's sake, they are to be regretted.

There is little more to say. We shall sincerely regret it if gates are built after these designs. The architectural accessories of the Central Park are many of them piquant and pretty, some few really good, many others very faulty; the Park needs really excellent art in its gateways, and should have it. The statues foreshadowed in these drawings it would take years to procure and pay for; there is need of good architecture to begin with.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

THERE has been less activity in the dry goods line of business this week, and prices of domestic cotton fabrics are coming down, as they can well afford to do after the recent very large profits of the manufacturers. The raw material is maintained at about 45 to 46 cents per pound. The receipts of cotton from the South this week amount to 24,140 bales; the exports, 5,820 bales. The value of all domestic exports this week is $3,704,475, which is an improvement of about half a million over the previous week. Last week, the imports of dry goods and general foreign merchandise were the heaviest of the season, about $7,800,000 in value. This week the dry goods import falls off to $1,894,000. The general merchandise entries are not yet reported. The gold customs keep up to about three millions per week. For five days of the present week they amount to $2,640,152.

The Secretary of the Treasury has announced his readiness to prepay the November coupons on the 5-20 bonds of the United States; having more than double the sum of gold customs in hand to pay the entire sum of $18,000,000 gold interest due 1st November as fast as presented. We deem it quite probable, however, that the bond-holders, of whom more than one-third reside in Europe, will not be sufficiently prompt in calling for their interest to keep down a further accumulation of gold from customs through the month of October. The prepayments begin on Monday next, September 25. An effort will be made to have the New York Stock Exchange Board recognize this dividend as dating from 1st October, and deal in the bonds thereafter as ex coupon. This will facilitate the prepayments of gold, as heretofore the practice of the Board has been to continue dealings in the bonds with the coupon attached until the date of its maturity in course.

No action has yet been announced from the Treasury in the direction of funding part of the interest-bearing legal tender currency into gold-bearing stocks, though frequent rumors have been started in Wall Street that such is his purpose. He will not be a borrower of money, nor is he authorized under the last Loan Act of Congress to fund the ordinary greenbacks which carry no interest; but he can fund his interest-bearing notes, and it is not improbable, according to our present information from Washington, he may soon propose to the public to do so. Meanwhile, all the gold-paying stocks of the United States are on the advance, and are quoted ¾ to 1 per cent. higher on the 5-20s than last week. The price of gold, after recovering to 144¼, has returned to 143¾ per cent.

Another partial meeting of bank officers was held last Tuesday on the assorting plan for the National country bank currency, but no result was arrived at, except the naming of a committee who favor the plan, to canvass privately the views of the banks not represented at the meeting, and to report on Tuesday next.

Money tends to higher rates on merchants' paper, which is more freely offered to the discount brokers. The terms are 7 to 9 per cent. per annum, while call loans to the stock-brokers continue easy at 5 to 6 per cent.

The internal revenue taxes continue to be paid into the Treasury at Washington at the rate of $1,000,000 to $1,250,000 per day. These, with the proceeds of the auction sales of army and navy property dispensed with since the war, afford $8,000,000 per week, exclusive of customs.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The demand is brisk for the original 5-20s for transmission to Europe, at 108⅛ to 108¼, and for the new issue at 106¼ to 106⅜ per cent., the last being taken freely for home employment. The 6 per cents of 1881, which are really the cheapest of the gold-bearing bonds as a long 6 per cent. investment, irredeemable for 16 years, are selling at 108, including gold interest since July 1. The 10-40s, 5 per cent. bonds, are in request at 94¼ to 94⅜ per cent. The 7-30 currency loans have been rather pressed on sale at 99⅛ to 99⅜ per cent. Treasury indebtedness certificates of 1865 are wanted at 98¾ to 99 and interest. The compound legal tenders, 6 per cents of 1864, are also in demand at 105½ for June, and 104 to 102 for the later dates of that year. There is also a premium being paid for the 5 per cent. legal tenders of 1863 and 1864, all in view of the probable funding process.

STATE SECURITIES.

The Border State stocks continue in demand, and a further advance to 80 per cent. made on North Carolinas. There is a pause in the rise on Tennessees and Missouris, which are now selling at same figures as quoted last Saturday: 82½ to 83 for Tennessees, 76 for Missouris.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The New York and Western shares and the Philadelphia and Reading are nearly all on the advance within a day or two past, although the early part of the week was quite dull. Erie has risen from 87 to 88½; New York Central, 93 to 93½; Reading, 106⅝ to 109½; Michigan Southern, 67¾ to 68½; Michigan Central, 109½ to 111; Pittsburg, 71 to 72; Rock Island, 112¼ to 112½; North-West, 27½ to 28; North-West Preferred, 61¼ to 62—market firm at close of the week.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

These are also upward. The Panama Company 300 bid, on account of an extra scrip dividend of 40 per cent. from the sinking fund of the past five or six years, and a quarterly cash dividend of 6 per cent., instead of 5 per cent. quarterly as heretofore. The scrip shares of the Pacific Company have advanced from 145 to 210 per cent., and the full shares to 240 to 250, on the purchase of the property and good-will of the Atlantic Mail hence to Aspinwall. Cumberland Coal shares have gone up to 46½; Canton Land Company to 41. The Mariposa, Quicksilver, and Atlantic Mail about the same as last week.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Exchange on London, after going up to 109⅞ to 110, has suddenly receded to 109½ to 109¾. Gold is 143⅝, as against 142⅝ last Saturday.

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A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

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The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

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A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

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VOL. I.—NO. 14. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1865. { SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM / SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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The Week.

WHEN the publication of THE NATION was commenced, there was naturally a good deal of doubt felt and expressed in many quarters as to the existence of any demand on the part of the public for such a paper as THE NATION aimed to be. We are glad to say that the experience of the last three months has satisfied us that this doubt was not well founded. We believe we are justified in asserting that no such reception has ever in this country been accorded to any weekly paper, not pictorial, as this journal has received. We find, both in the number of our subscribers and the expressions of opinion which reach us from all parts of the country, abundant proof that such a paper as we seek to supply is sure both of wide circulation and hearty appreciation. The most sanguine anticipations we ventured to form on this point have been realized. In other words—and we trust we may say this without being held guilty of undue self-laudation—the American public has shown that its literary taste is higher than it has been commonly assumed to be.

We felt at the outset of our enterprise that in order to test thoroughly the popular opinion of our work, it was desirable to make the price so low as to submit the paper at once to the judgment of as large a circle of readers as possible. The experiment has been so successful that we now feel that it is no longer necessary to continue it, and propose with and after this number to raise the price to *Six Dollars* a year; a sum which will prove, we trust, amply remunerative. And as efforts have been made in some quarters to create the impression that THE NATION, as well as other periodicals called into existence by the return of peace, is destined to be short-lived, we may be pardoned for stating that the amount of our paid-up capital is such as to relieve us of all uneasiness on that score.

THE Massachusetts Democratic Convention met at Worcester on Thursday last. A Mr. Avery, of Braintree, was chosen president. He asserted that through all the late troubles the Democratic party has nobly done its whole duty. It would never admit that any State had ever been out of the Union, for its motto was: "Once a State always a State." On this Democratic doctrine Andrew Johnson now stood, and would have the unequivocal support of the followers of Andrew Jackson. Gen. Darius N. Couch, of Taunton, was the convention's nominee for Governor. Its fourth resolution acknowledged the obligation to pay the national debt, but in such a way as to remove the burden of taxation from the shoulders of the producing classes. The eighth was as follows:

"That we not only recognize any attempt on the part of the working classes to better their condition, but we heartily approve any movement having for its aim their elevation, comfort, and well-being, physical and mental, and cordially sympathize with any measure by which the true interests of the employer and employed can be promoted and secured."

The eleventh favored a judicious license system, which would harmonize with the internal revenue laws of the Union, but, upon debate, was expunged. Having thus discharged its patriotic duty, the convention adjourned. Next year its successor will probably observe the same formalities, with as little hope of affecting in any considerable degree the political complexion and management of the State.

THE extracts from Southern correspondence forwarded us by "E. A." make some very discreditable revelations with regard to the conduct of the negro troops at the South, which do much to confirm the charges recently brought against these corps by Governor Perry, as well as to justify the action of the Government in removing them to the coast. When soldiers, whether white or black, behave in this way, it is hardly ever the fault of the men. The discipline is in the hands of the officers, and when men are allowed to fire muskets at unarmed civilians it is on the officers the responsibility must fall. It is right to add that we are informed on excellent authority that General Gillmore maintains that these charges against the colored troops are exaggerations, and that their discipline is on the whole as good as that of the white troops.

A LETTER from the Prince de Joinville to a gentleman in Washington, dated April 28, containing what he himself calls "a chat on gunnery," has been printed, and is chiefly noteworthy because it foreshadows his recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with the signature "Victor de Mars." In both he admits the superiority of the American navy to the French and English in *personnel*, construction, and armament. He looks to the United States for the production of a large rifled gun for sea service, as soon as our workmen undertake the built-up guns of steel or wrought-iron.

THE first case we have noticed of the prosecution of those contumacious clergymen of Missouri who refuse to take the oath of loyalty required of them by the new constitution, is that of the Rev. J. A. Cummings, a Catholic priest of Louisiana, in Pike County. He refused to give bail when arrested, and being presently brought before a court, at first pleaded guilty, but afterwards, by the advice of his counsel, returned the usual plea. He was, of course, convicted, for the facts in the indictment were not disputed, and was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, and meanwhile stand committed. After several days of incarceration Mr. Cummings appealed from the verdict, gave the necessary bonds, and on being set at liberty returned to his parish to resume his functions.

AFTER the almost interminable war of words between Mr. Dickerson and the Navy Department, the contest between the *Algonquin* and the *Winooski* was fairly inaugurated in this city at 4 P.M. of Friday, the 22d. According to the terms agreed upon, a run of ninety-six hours was to have been made, the boats fast at the wharf, coal weighed, and revo-

lutions noted. At 11 P.M. of Sunday the boiler feed-pipe of the *Algonquin* burst, and Mr. Dickerson was obliged to stop his engine abruptly. The incomplete report of the board appointed to superintend the experiment shows the performance of the two vessels to have been as nearly equal as possible, and will incline the public to make a still greater allowance for Mr. Dickerson's magnificent promises. His machinery is unquestionably more complex than that of his rival, and its working vastly noisier, besides being attended by other accidents than that which brought it to a stand-still. Of the much-vaunted superiority, only one particular seems well established: the celerity with which the furnace can be made to get up steam—an advantage of special consequence in the blockading service.

A PRIVATE letter from Abraham Lincoln to Gen. Wadsworth, which fell into the hands of the enemy on the death of the latter, has appeared in the *Southern Advocate* of North Carolina. Anticipating the complete success of the Federal arms, "followed by a loyal and cheerful submission on the part of the South," the President had foreseen the probability of a universal amnesty. If this be granted, he says, "I cannot see how, under the circumstances, *I can avoid exacting in return* universal suffrage, or, at least, suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service." This language is remarkable, because it shows that our late Chief Magistrate had a broader conception of his own powers than his successor. His mode of reasoning is obvious: As the military head of the nation he possessed the rights of a conqueror, with the liberty of exercising them. If he chose to forgive instead of to punish, he could impose conditions upon the recipients of his clemency; and, perceiving the perils of unexceptional amnesty, he was loth to leave the freedmen in part or wholly defenceless. Mr. Lincoln continues, with an emotion worthy of his great fame:

"How to better the condition of the colored race has long been a study which has attracted my serious and careful attention; hence I think I am clear and decided as to what course I shall pursue in the premises, regarding it a religious duty, as the nation's guardian of these people, who have so heroically vindicated their manhood on the battle-field, where, in assisting to save the life of the Republic, they have demonstrated in blood their right to the ballot, which is but the humane protection of the flag they have so fearlessly defended."

THE South Carolina Convention adjourned on Thursday last after a session of fifteen days. On the 19th, slavery was for ever prohibited by a vote of 98 to 8. The ordinance of secession was subsequently repealed. On the 22d, a proposition to make the basis of representation of the State rest upon the whole population, irrespective of color, was rejected by a large majority, and the clause stands as reported, making the whites the basis. The representation of the Senate, and taxation throughout the State, were equalized. The election of Governor and Presidential electors was committed to the people. Voting in the Legislature was ordered to be *viva voce*. A commission was instructed to submit a code to that body for the protection of the colored population. Judge Wardlaw, Alfred Huger, and Col. Dewkins were appointed to visit the President on behalf of Jefferson Davis, Gov. Magrath, and Mr. Trenholm. James L. Orr has been nominated for Governor, and "it is understood that Gov. Perry will be sent to the United States Senate." The despatch that contains this intelligence concludes with the cheerful announcement that "all are loyal and in good spirits." We are not advised of the fate of the following resolutions presented by the member from Edgefield, a son of the late Senator Hammond:

"Inasmuch as a fundamental difference of opinion in reference to the character, powers, and policy of the Government of the United States and of the State governments, existed in the convention which framed the Constitution, and, after more than three-quarters of a century of political contests, resulted in a bloody and exhausting war; and, whereas, when a people draw the sword, appealing to the last and highest tribunal known to man, they should abide by its decisions in good faith; and, whereas, it is neither wise nor politic in the people of the South to continue any longer a contest in which they have been twice defeated—once by political majorities, and once by the sword;—therefore we, the people of South Carolina, in convention assembled, accept, as the results of the war, the principles embraced in the following resolutions, and will sustain them fully and faithfully as a national policy:

"*Resolved*, That the Union is the first and paramount consideration of the American people.

"*Resolved*, That sovereignty, a unit absolute and indivisible, which in all nations must exist somewhere, resides in the American people, and its authorized representative within the limits of the organic law—the Constitution—is the Federal Government."

Gov. Perry, relying on the example of Gov. Sharkey, and also at the suggestion of Gen. Ames, commanding the north-western portion of the State, has issued a proclamation ordering each judicial district to organize one or more militia companies for a home police, to report to the respective brigadier-generals commanding in South Carolina, and to the provost-marshals. All persons arrested will be turned over to the civil authorities, according to the terms agreed upon with Gen. Gillmore. By this means it is hoped that the disorder and lawlessness now prevalent may be suppressed. The Alabama Convention, in repealing the ordinance of secession on the 25th, pronounced it wholly unauthorized, and though this declaration excited a protracted debate, the final vote was unanimous. In contradiction of its former action, the convention, by a vote of 60 to 19, renounced all obligations to pay the debts contracted by the State in aid of the late war, and forbade the General Assembly to ratify them or assume to provide for their payment in whole or in part, as also "for the payment of any portion of the debts contracted or incurred, directly or indirectly, by the Confedate States, its agents or its authority." By a vote of 61 to 25, it was decided to submit the amendments of the constitution to the people. The convention adjourned on Saturday.

A CINCINNATI paper publishes a letter from John Stuart Mill to Judge Dickson, of that city, in response to a request for his opinion of Gen. Cox's colonization scheme. He has little to say of this except that he regards it as a chimerical project, and not to be entertained seriously by President or Congress. On the general subject of reconstruction, he is positive that if the freedman is to be protected in his rights at all, he must either be allowed a vote in self-defence, or else the restored governments of the Southern States must be only nominal, and subject to the constant surveillance and overruling of the national Government. For if the Union is renewed without the condition of equal suffrage, the power to interfere with any State is gone; and without the aid of fresh legislation, or even with the old black laws repealed, partiality and prejudice would suffice in the courts to work the oppression of the colored citizen. Mr. Mill pronounces a military dictatorship to be contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and he is at a loss to understand the scruples of the President as to his power in the premises. Against the theory that the rebel States have never been out of the Union, "reason would say that by declaring themselves independent of the Union they could not, indeed, divest themselves of its obligations, but certainly forfeited its privileges." "It would be," he concludes, "on the part of the free States, a generosity partaking of silliness, were they to give back to their bitter enemies not only power to govern themselves and the negroes within their limits, but (through representatives in Congress) to govern the free States too, without first exacting such changes in the structure of Southern society as will render such a relation between them and the free States rational and safe. If you have not a right to do this, you had not a right to impose the abolition of slavery." Mr. Mill has no objection to an impartial requirement of education up to a certain point as a qualification of suffrage.

SENATOR SUMNER has written to the New York *Evening Post*, maintaining that a quorum of the States, for the purpose of ratifying a constitutional amendment, is founded on the States having legislatures and actually participating in the Government. Where a State has no legislature, it may still be a State, but it cannot be counted in the organization of Congress, and therefore cannot be counted in the ratification of a constitutional amendment. "If," he says, "you insist upon counting a rebel State having no legislature, you make a concession to the rebellion, and you concede to a mutinous State the power to arrest, it may be the organization of Congress, or it may be amendments to the Constitution important to the public welfare." This rule he deduces from the analogy furnished by Congress. The Constitutional Amendment was adopted in both houses organized on this rule, and the national debt was sanctioned in the same way. Therefore

slavery has been abolished, not simply by the President's proclamation which, strictly speaking, only liberated slaves, and did not touch the power to enslave, but also by the Constitutional Amendment. The *World* has attempted a reply to this, which begs the whole question. It says that Mr. Sumner ought to have sought his analogy in the twelfth amendment to the Constitution, which provides that "a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice" in the election of the President where the electoral college has failed to elect. But, in counting up all the States, are States without legislatures to be considered States for this purpose?

FROM the complete election returns of Colorado there appears a very large majority in favor of adopting the State constitution. The clause which authorized negro suffrage was, however, defeated. We are sorry that at this day any free community exhibits such subjection to the prejudices of the past; yet, as the issue has been made, we hope it will not be dodged by Congress, and that the territory will remain as it is until it is ready to execute justice among all its citizens. The admission of Colorado now becomes analogous to that of any of the rebel States; and however desirable it may be for her prosperity, or for the balance of loyal power in the United States Senate, that she should be received into the Union, it is of infinitely greater consequence for the nation to determine its political creed and rule of action. Especially ought that miserable pretence to be frowned upon, that the wrong is slight because the victims are few. This is the very forfeiture of all excuse.

MR. G. JULIAN HARNEY writes us that of the Polish immigrants for whom the public have for some time been looking, between seventy and eighty have already arrived, and more may be expected before the setting in of winter. These pioneers are mostly in this city, but some are in Philadelphia, and others in Washington. They came last from Germany, and received some trifling aid from the Bavarian Government, which constrained them to leave the country. Among them are officers of rank in the late Polish national army, a few who were landed proprietors, some twelve or fourteen students, an ex-professor, a doctor, and several ladies. A part have been kept in Austrian prisons, and all are now in indigence and distress. Mr. Harney asks for immediate pecuniary assistance to provide food, clothing, and shelter, for these unfortunate strangers, and employment by the benevolent. Probably only a minority have a knowledge of special trades, and their ignorance of our language will be a temporary drawback; but only temporary, since the linguistic capacity of their race is notorious. Our correspondent suggests the formation of committees in the principal cities to attain the objects of his appeal, and he will be happy to answer any communication which may be addressed to him at No. 5 Van Rensselaer Place, Boston.

MR. SEWARD has called upon all persons having claims not founded on contracts against foreign governments to forward them with proper proof to the State Department. This will bring out all the sufferers by the various rebel cruisers, as well as by the St. Alban's raid, and promises to make the coming winter diplomatically a stormy one, as the bill will doubtless be presented to England forthwith. Dr. Lieber has written him a long letter, recommending the reference of all these international disputes to the arbitration of distinguished jurists. The ordinary mode of arbitration is to refer them to a third government, which simply adopts the opinion of one of its own lawyers, who, as he works behind the scenes, is not subject to the proper amount of responsibility, and does not even stake his reputation on his judgment. Why not, therefore, refer them at once and openly to the men who would in any case be the real, though not ostensible arbitrators? There is something almost absurd in talking of that as law which derives its chief sanction, as international law does at present, from the superiority of force of one of the two parties to a quarrel.

THREE topics engrossed the State Trades' Assembly which assembled in Albany on the 25th and adjourned on the 27th. The most important was the eight-hour labor reform, which has begun to be agitated of late, and to which the assembly gave its unequivocal approval, promising both to discuss it till fully appreciated by the public, and in due time to ask for a legislative enactment conformably to it. It was also agreed to petition the Legislature for a change in the law of apprenticeship, which now imposes no further penalty on a master who violates his share of the contract than the release of the apprentice. The system of paying convicts in our State prisons for their overwork was complained of as an unjust competition with honest toil outside. It was stated that some prisoners had been enabled to earn by carpentry $600 a year, where one of the same trade working in Auburn city could earn only $450, at $1 50 a day.

A STATEMENT made by the New York *Times*, in its issue of the 26th of September, may be worth correcting. This was that Brazil and Chili are the only South American countries in which religious liberty exists. It is true that it exists in Brazil by proclamation of the Emperor, but only nominally, for the bishops are still able to repress it in a great degree, as they enjoy the imperial patronage, and know how to use the influence which they retain. In some of their frequent public processions and other forms of captivating the populace, the Emperor takes a personal part, and readers of Mr. Ewbank's admirable work, "Brazil and the Brazilians," will be astounded at the superstitious nonsense which his majesty openly sanctions and recommends to his subjects by his example. As for Chili, it has scarcely a spark of religious liberty, as was manifested by the bill which the Senate passed in July, and which was violently opposed in the House, although it permitted worship by non-Romanists only in private houses. But the constitutions and laws of New Granada and Venezuela have for years guaranteed entire and universal religious liberty, and public opinion and custom are now quite in keeping with them. It may be added, if not quite pertinently, that the liberal government of Mexico, after proclaiming religious liberty in 1857, and fully establishing it in 1861, enjoyed it up to the time of the French invasion. The same constitution and laws which secured freedom of worship, reduced the clergy to the level of common citizens, confiscated their immense mortmain estates, and subjected them to the oath of allegiance. It was the refusal of their leaders to submit and their consequent banishment that invited the invasion. The Reformed Church of Mexico is synonymous with patriotism and liberalism.

A DASTARDLY attempt at the destruction of Gen. Grant was made on the night of Tuesday the 26th. The general had been spending the day at Indianapolis by special request of the citizens, and as he was anxious to return that night to Cincinnati, a special car was provided for him. At Guilford, just before reaching a bridge, the hind truck of the car was thrown from the track and dragged across the bridge at a speed fortunately diminished in consequence of a curve at that point. Investigation showed that the "accident" was designed by some miscreant who had broken the lock of a switch and meant to displace the rails. He was a bungler at his work, and the lieutenant-general is alive and uninjured. Almost at the very same hour a train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad which had left St. Louis for the East, had its two sleeping-cars thrown from the track and upset, but with no loss of life. Gen. Sherman was in one of them, but was quite unharmed. There was no malice in this disaster.

THERE is to be a trial of our city officials after all. Mayor Gunther, Comptroller Brennan, and others, are to answer before Governor Fenton for the malfeasance in office with which they are charged. The governor, after hearing the arguments in denial of his jurisdiction in the premises, has failed to be convinced, and the examination will be conducted for convenience' sake here instead of at Albany. The delicacy of the affair consists in the power of the governor to remove the parties if their guilt shall have been established, and he will naturally require much stronger evidence to satisfy him of this than if he were merely seeking to form a personal judgment, or even to make out a case before the public. At all events, ventilation must precede the abatement of any nuisance.

THERE is something refreshing in the pleasantry of Kentucky when she undertakes, as she has done, to indict Federal generals for abducting slaves and otherwise interfering with her slave laws. It is like the

last effort of a decayed gentleman to appear in his former respectability. It is a sublime instance of short-sightedness in the presence of an accomplished fact—of that grossest of all blindness that does not see because it won't. We believe that Generals Palmer and Brisbinare are not above enjoying the joke, and that as for the likelihood of anything coming of their indictment, it might as well have been framed against the spirit of the nineteenth century, the Declaration of Independence, or any other arch offender against the dignity of Kentucky. It remains, indeed, to be seen whether the hares will be caught before they are cooked.

Gen. Howard reached Richmond on Wednesday, the 20th ult. He called at once on Gen. Terry, to consult with him in regard to the freedmen, knowing his hearty co-operation with the agents of the Bureau, and his efforts, through his district commanders, to ameliorate the condition of the colored people. On Thursday, Gen. Howard, in company with Col. Brown, visited the plantations about the city and conversed with many of the planters. There is a great scarcity of hands among them, although they offer six dollars a month and rations. In general they express a desire to have their old hands back, and often this desire is reciprocated. Plantations that used to employ fifteen or twenty hands can now only muster three or four. On Friday, the party proceeded to Danville, accompanied by Gen. Hawley, chief-of-staff to Gen. Terry. Along the way Gen. Howard conversed freely with citizens in the cars, among them prominent planters from various sections of the State, and explained to them the objects of the Bureau. Returning to Burkesville, where the agent of the Bureau had collected a number of the chief citizens of Nottaway, Gen. Howard held a similar conversation with them. On Sunday evening he addressed the colored people of Lynchburg and vicinity, in the colored church, which was quite unable to contain the throng that gathered there. He instructed them in their new relations to their former masters, and told them what was predicted of them by their enemies, and expected of them by their friends. Monday was spent in riding about the various plantations. On that of Dr. Morris a difficulty had arisen between him and his employees. By the terms of their contract, the latter were to work till the close of the present year for one half the crops, and to pay the expenses of the farm. The result was that they had received only their board from the doctor, and were twenty-five hundred dollars in debt! The ration, too, was insufficient for laborers, being only one pound of bacon, three mackerel, and a peck of meal a week to each able-bodied man, a little less for the women, and nothing at all for the children. The day previous the doctor had told his hands that they were entitled to no pay, but, on the contrary, were owing him; yet, fearing trouble, he had given five dollars a piece to the men and two to the boys. Gen. Howard enlightened him as to his duty, pacified the negroes by assuring them that justice should be done them, and left the matter in the hands of Capt. Lacy, the agent of the Bureau. On Tuesday the general addressed the citizens and planters of Charlottesville. The latter expressed a desire to deal fairly with the freedmen, and to have some form of contract established, promising to aid the operations of the Bureau. They were told that it would be well if two good men could be found, one acceptable to the blacks and the other to the whites, who would work in connection with the agent in drawing up and witnessing contracts, and in adjudicating cases of minor importance. Col. Brown has acted upon this suggestion, and issued an order to his agents in Virginia. The citizens of Orange and Louisa counties were afterwards addressed by appointment at Gordonsville, briefly, and Gen. Howard returned to Richmond the same evening (Tuesday). The trip has thus far been very satisfactory, and it has been ascertained that the condition of the freed people is much better than reports have indicated. Through the counties of Appomattox, Amherst, Nelson, Albemarle, Louisa, and Orange they are at work, although in some cases getting but four or five dollars a month. In many places, however, ten dollars are freely given for able-bodied men. There will be little or no suffering among the blacks during the coming winter in the districts enumerated, but more or less along the line of the Danville Railroad. No able-bodied men or women are supported by the Government, and orphans are bound out to persons approved by the agents of the Bureau sa loyal and responsible. Only the old and indigent are fed, and their support will be thrown upon the able-bodied as soon as possible.

Col. Thomas reports from Vicksburg that the records of that part of the State have been destroyed, and the citizens are reluctant to tell the truth about the property held by the Bureau. There are 115 plantations leased in Mississippi—57 by whites and 58 by blacks; 136 in Louisiana—113 by whites, 23 by blacks. These embrace in Mississippi 31,000 acres for the whites, 9,000 for the blacks; in Louisiana, 21,500 for the whites, 4,500 for the blacks. About one half of the lands leased to the whites were abandoned because of the overflow of the Mississippi, and the number of acres under cultivation cannot now be learned. The amount mentioned is what was turned over by the leasing agent of the Treasury Department, plus the land which the blacks are cultivating under the charge of the Bureau. No property has been libelled for confiscation in Mississippi, and the uncertain policy of the Government renders the occupation of confiscable lands uncomfortable and hazardous. During August, 4,278 freedmen received Government rations, of whom 600 will pay for what they receive. Only 407 refugees are reported as receiving rations, but the whole number is probably 2,000. The September returns are not expected to vary much from these. But little trouble is reported between freedmen and their employers. Contracts have been generally made, and for the most part faithfully observed. Col. Thomas declares that the organization of the militia has created a greater panic among the freedmen than any action of the Federal or late Confederate authorities. He confidently anticipates collisions and a thorough unsettling of the labor system. The prospect for the blacks is compulsory labor as soon as the Federal troops are withdrawn and the white people properly armed.

Gen. Swayne reports from Montgomery, Sept. 18, that much trouble is experienced from cases of freedwomen with large families of small children. Some of them are widows, others had their husbands sold from them, and others still were deserted by their husbands. The difficulty is most seriously felt where the planter's crop is small. Some interest is perceivable in the education of the freedmen, with here and there a practical effort in this direction. A company of ex-United States officers, with Gen. McArthur at their head, have rented 6,000 acres of land near Selma for raising cotton. Each plantation will have a school. A leading planter of Montgomery County has contracted with his employees to open a school, he to furnish the materials and they to put up the house and pay the teacher. Negotiations are now on foot with members of the State convention for the selection of citizens as agents of the Bureau. Of the freedmen 2,924 received Government rations in August, and of white refugees 3,712. Some cases have become known of persons with numbers of freedmen on their places between whom and themselves there is a mutual attachment, but who are out of food and destitute of money. Help will be extended to them.

Fenianism is still the British topic of the day. In Dublin the authorities have suppressed the *Irish People*, from which the Fenians are at liberty to draw what omen they please. The military, the police, and the telegraph are kept on the alert, and there is everything but a demonstration. Individual arrests have been made till "the number of prisoners is very large," but only "documents and a uniform" appear to have been found. The populace cheered but did not attempt to rescue the arrested offenders on their way to court. Mr. Judah P. Benjamin has undertaken through the *Times* to whitewash the Confederate ex-President in the matter of the ill-treatment of the Federal prisoners. The bulk of his letter consists of an unsuccessful attempt to shed some light upon the causes of the disagreement concerning the exchanges. The rest revives the falsehood about the "instructions" of Col. Dahlgren, in order to contrast Mr. Davis's clemency with the merciless disposition of his Cabinet towards the captured comrades of that unfortunate chief. Capt. Wise, of the United States Navy, exposed in the next issue of the *Times* the forgery by which it was sought to fasten the original calumny on Col. Dahlgren, and to cover the indefensible atrocities in which his fate was involved. A reported plot to assassinate the Emperor on his recent visit to the Queen of Spain, the death of Gen. Lamoricière, and a panic at Marseilles because of the spread of the cholera in that city, are the chief items of interest from France. The elections have been held in Florence, and it is thought that while the Government party has triumphed, the clerical has obtained no small advantages by the admirable drill and punctuality of its voters.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

"THE DEVIL AN ASS."

THE devil is quite as much of an ass now as he was in Ben Jonson's time. In fact, he never was anything else. His children show no more sense than their father, and are all the time worsting themselves in vain attempts to outwit the All-Wise and outmatch the Almighty. The newspapers record such every day. Perhaps we may not be ready to go the lengths of the enthusiastic dietetic reformer, who, at a physiological convention, offered the famous resolution—"Resolved, that all disease is crime!"—but it is safe to say that every crime is a blunder. How many ingenious gentlemen are sent to do the state some service at Sing Sing, or Wethersfield, or Charlestown, because they will persist in believing that it is a better business to engrave bad notes than good ones! And how many skilful artificers go after them, because they think it a more profitable investment of their time and talents to break into houses than to help build them! We have, indeed, lately seen recorded the demise of a lamented pickpocket who left behind him a comfortable estate of sixty thousand dollars as the fruits of his prestigiatory industry. But he must have been a man out of the common. Perhaps he resembled in piety the admirable Hardy Vaux, who boasts with a laudable pride, in his memoirs, that "he never picked pockets on the Sabbath day!" And it will be observed that this artist had the discretion, at this culminating point of his career, *to die*—as lovely woman who has stooped to folly should do, according to Dr. Goldsmith—or there is no knowing what his last end might have been, had it been deferred. So we cannot, conscientiously, advise any of our readers, on the strength of this exceptional example, to enter upon that line of business. Stock-jobbing is safer and not much more discreditable.

"Our misguided Southern brethren" have certainly afforded a quite as asinine example in the wicked war they have waged against themselves even more than against their country, as the far lesser criminals who, in parti-colored raiment, are laboring for their country's good in penal durance. There is no need of arguing that point. As "there is nothing so successful as success," so there is nothing so unsuccessful as defeat, and few are so blind now as to refuse to see the mad folly of that attempt. But we must admit, to give the devil his due, that it was not only at the South that he showed himself an ass. He made the North, too, exhibit itself as no miracle of wisdom in the times that went before the rebellion and prepared the way for it. A brief dozen of years ago nearly all the business world and too large a proportion of the religious world, almost every powerful newspaper and too many powerful pulpits, seemed to think that Mr. Mason, of Virginia, had succeeded in obtaining the recognition of slavery from the Court of Heaven which he has failed to get from those of France and England, and that a quantity of profligate politicians at Washington had superseded the Gospel by the fugitive slave law, and repealed the moral laws of the universe. If they did not in their secret souls fully believe this, they did believe that the deluge which must needs come at some time, was at least thus put off until after their day. In the unwisdom of blind self-interest they did not perceive that they were, on the contrary, opening the sluices that were to bring it all the sooner and all the more overwhelmingly on their heads. But we have faith to believe that these ante-diluvian sinners have seen the error of their ways, and learnt that neither Congress nor even Wall Street is sufficient to defy God effectually and for ever. We believe the business world and the religious world see that they are not withal wholly innocent of bringing this cataclysm on themselves and their country, in their very endeavors to delay it. If, now that the great waters which have flowed over the nation have subsided, they will but help in building the dikes that shall for ever prevent another outbreak, they will do the next best thing to not making a blunder at all—amending it and making it impossible in the future. And we think they have learnt enough by experience to attempt this in their own defence.

We wish we could entertain as well-grounded a hope of the common sense of the more robust malefactors in the land of Dixie. For if they had had a moderate portion of the wisdom that is profitable to direct, they never would have quarrelled with the hand that protected them even in the weakness of their wickedness, and placed itself between civilization and Christendom and their barbarism. And, to go a step further back, had they had a reasonable share of true worldly wisdom, they would have of themselves reformed that barbarism fifty years ago; and so removed the only object that hindered them, with their splendid natural advantages, from standing in the forefront instead of lagging far in the rearward of the march of the nineteenth century. Suffering so long and so much under this judicial blindness to their own interests, it is not surprising that they should now be found insanely bent on damaging themselves to the best of their abilities in the hope of disappointing and grieving us—as a naughty boy bumps his head against the floor to spite his nurse. Had they but enlightened common sense, they would discern that the abolition of slavery, which has been bestowed upon them, in their own despite, as the reward of their rebellion, if rightly improved would be an ample compensation for all the material losses they have brought upon themselves by it. The prosperity of all communities rests on the labor which extorts treasures from the soil or shapes them usefully afterwards. And its degree depends on the intelligence and willingness of the laborious class in doing its work. The fatal drawback on the prosperity of the South has ever been the state of warfare which has always existed between the employers and the laborers. For slavery is war. Now, as fire puts fire out, this servile war has been extinguished by the war of the rebellion. It depends on the old masters greatly whether the foundations of their new state shall be laid on the rock of intelligent, cheerful, prosperous free labor, or on the sands of an ignorant, discontented, hopeless proletariat. They seem but too much disposed to try and make the new freedom as much like the old slavery as they can, producing a *tertium quid* which will possess all the disadvantages of the latter with very few of the benefits of the former. If permitted to do this, they may punish the negroes for having been set free through their own folly; but they will punish themselves much more severely. They will diminish their crops, deter the best class of emigrants, keep away capital, lower the value of their lands, and produce a state of chronic poverty. The devil may gratify his malignity, perhaps, but it will be at the cost of demonstrating himself to be doubly an ass.

Fortunately this matter does not rest entirely in the hands of men who, drunk with the fumes of slavery, ran a muck against their best friends in its service, and awake in impotent rage to find that they have lost it. The nation has a word, and a most potential one, to say on the subject. Though the devil be an incorrigible ass, it is no reason why he should make us the butt of his malevolence or his folly, nor yet the innocent negroes, to whom we have pledged our word to save them from his claws. We have the power to protect ourselves as yet, and our black clients as well. We can refuse to receive back the revolted States until they have given us and the blacks ample security for their good behavior. We can require that equality before the law, in the courts, and at the polls, for black men and white, which is the only logical foundation of the republican form of government we are bound to guarantee to them. And we can hold the rebel territory by the military arm until its white inhabitants have learned that it is their interest as well as their doom to treat their black fellow-citizens like human beings, or be summarily chastised by martial justice. For this justice to the blacks is the highest and truest benevolence to the whites. The best friends the ex-slaveholders have are the bugbear radicals their copperhead allies try to scare them withal. As the abolitionists always were the slaveholder's best friends, so their heirs and administrators, the radicals, are his best friends now that he is a slaveholder no longer. If the nation will but follow their lead (and we rather think it will), the South will be rewarded for its rebellion by a degree of wealth, peace, security, and happiness, such as it never dreamed of in the days of its blackest prosperity. But if the nation be content to leave the blacks at the mercy of their old taskmasters, and to admit a solid phalanx of impenitents, willing to add perjury to treason, into Congress, to

embarrass, and possibly to control, its action, the South, indeed, will be punished by a deeper barbarism and more sordid poverty than broods over it now; but all the disgrace and a share of the calamity will be justly the portion of the North, which might have hindered them both. The breach of faith of the nation to the freedmen will encourage its intestine enemies to attempt to compel a breach of faith to the public creditors. The most mischievous and malignant factions the country has yet known will make the honor and the prosperity of the country their sport, if the country be cajoled or bullied into the surrender demanded of it. The devil may exult in the ruin of the South and the disgrace of the North, but his utter failure to gain the ends proposed by it will write him down most irrefragably an ass.

JORDAN ON DAVIS.

General Jordan's military paper in the last number of "Harper's Monthly," bringing Mr. Jefferson Davis to book for so bearing himself in the late civil war as to make the conquest of the United States impossible, is very suggestive reading. It shows that the profuse bloodshed of the war is to be followed by as profuse inkshed in peace. No great contest ever came to an end without leaving the vanquished as full of ill blood toward one another as at starting they had been toward their common enemy; and they sit down to show how and why it was that they failed, blaming each other, and pointing out that if this thing had been done at that time, or if the other thing had been done in that way, the result would have been altogether different, and Richard have beaten Richmond on Bosworth Field, and Charles Edward have defeated Cumberland on Culloden Moor. In this way many very lively, acrimonious, and interesting books and chapters have been added to that most captivating of all the forms of history, the history of the things that might have been; which is quite as true history, we suspect, as the dullest matters-of-fact that ever were recorded by the stupidest of chroniclers. Had we the talk of Hannibal's camp, or the military literature of Carthage for the years that immediately followed the second Punic war, questionless we should learn that Maharbal and his friends laid the failure of the Carthaginians even to the account of "Rome's relentless foe" himself. Maharbal would tell that, after Cannæ, he had said to the victor, "Let me advance instantly with the horse, and do thou follow to support me; in four days from this time thou shalt sup in the Capitol,"—and then he would have added, that the statue of Victory in the Capitol trembled in every limb on that day, and dropped her wings; but that Hannibal would not give the order, and so all was lost. After Pharsalia, the very men who forced Pompeius to fight against his military and political convictions, bitterly reproached his conduct, and attributed to him that dismal business which had proceeded from his surrender to them, his fall before his own party being preliminary to his fall before Cæsar.

It is fifty years since the French began to discuss the causes of their defeat at Waterloo, and they are no nearer to a settlement of the question than they were in 1815. Grouchy, in the opinion of most Frenchmen, is as blamable for that defeat as Mr. Davis is blamable for the failure of the Confederacy, in the opinion of Gen. Jordan and his associates. Plain men are of opinion that Grouchy was not at all to blame, and that Napoleon was beaten, first, because he undertook a grand movement with too few men, and secondly, because of the slowness of his operations. So was it with Mr. Davis, so far as numbers were concerned. He undertook a great business with revenues inadequate to the end at which he aimed; and our only wonder is, not that he went down in 1865, but that he did not fall in 1863, as he would have done had the war been purely military in its character, and had it been waged with reference only to military considerations. But political matters complicated our affairs, and quite doubled the power of the enemy for the first half of the contest. Whether he did the best for the rebel cause that he could, with such means as he possessed or controlled, is a question that is fairly open for discussion, and it will be discussed, at the South at least, long after the youngest actor in the war shall have gone to join the heroes of all preceding contests, precisely as it is discussed in England at this day whether Sir Henry Clinton did all that was in his power to do for the relief of Lord Cornwallis. Gen. Jordan argues that he did not, and lays before the world many plausible statements, which, if not refuted, will show that the rebels made an extraordinary blunder in placing Mr. Davis at their head. Before judgment can be rendered, the world will demand that the other side shall be heard. Mr. Davis is thought highly of in Europe, and there it will be difficult to convince men that he is the weak, obstinate, prejudiced, selfish personage he is drawn by a respectable Southern military hand; but we Americans, who know him better, have to admit that this portrait of the ex-Confederate chief has a very strong resemblance to the man, though we reserve our judgment as to details until we shall have heard from him who is now, in his hour of misfortune, so bitterly assailed by one of his former supporters.

Gen. Jordan's attack on Mr. Davis is not half so severe as Col. Mitchell's attack on Napoleon I., whom he represents as having been a very inferior man, about equal in military capacity to the last Duke of York, and in all other respects beneath contempt. How happens it, then, that the whole world, with the exception of half-a-dozen eccentric characters, have united to call him a great man, and as greatest among the great? Because, says the colonel, he defeated, one after another, the armies of every nation of continental Europe, and the peoples and governments of all those nations have to proclaim him a prodigy, or admit that they were beaten by a pigmy. Their very self-love is enlisted in the business of elevating their conqueror, in making it appear that he is a great man. But how happened it that a pigmy was able to accomplish things so wonderful? Were the men of continental Europe in those days all cowards and imbeciles, that they could be overcome by one of the most inferior of mankind, one who had not even the merit of being born in the purple, as Frederick of Prussia had been? To most men it will seem that the English critic has only got rid of one difficulty by bringing forward a greater one. So we may say of Mr. Davis: it is easier to account for what he did by supposing him to be a man of more than ordinary talent, than it is to believe that he is a good-for-nothing person as a public character, considered intellectually. We, at least, against whom he so long contended, though the odds were ever largely in our favor, cannot think him a little man. It would not be a very flattering view of the war to us to assume that Mr. Davis is a fool; for, if he be a fool, what are we, whom he compelled to wage a four years' war before we could get rid of him?

General Jordan is of opinion that the Confederacy would have triumphed, notwithstanding our superior numbers and resources, had it been wisely headed; and he points to the history of Frederick of Prussia, who came out of the Seven Years' War victoriously, though he had to contend against Austria, Russia, France, and a number of lesser nations. The citation seems plausible at first, but examination shows that it amounts to nothing. Frederick had a powerful combination opposed to him, and his affairs were apparently desperate at times; but then he had things in his favor that went far to equalize him with that combination. If Austria had France on her side, and sometimes Russia, Prussia was supported by England, and supported with both men and money. The English purse was freely opened to Frederick by Mr. Pitt, who never thought of looking at a war bill; and the armies that Pitt employed in Germany, and which won brilliant victories, operated greatly to relieve the pressure that had been brought to bear upon the Prussian monarch. Then the Russians, on the death of the Czarina Elizabeth, were withdrawn from the war, Peter III. being a fanatical admirer of Frederick, who, had he lived, would have placed all his means at the Prussian king's command, and his successor, Catherine II., adopted the part of a neutral. The enemies of Frederick were seldom well led, while he was not only a great soldier himself, but many of his lieutenants were superior to any commander on the side of the allies. Even Marshal Daun proved unequal to the requirements of his post. Had he been equal to them, Kolin, which was fought on the 18th of June, 1757, would have proved as fatal to Frederick as the 18th of June, 1815, proved to Napoleon; but Daun failed to follow up his splendid victory, and therefore nothing came from it. The Viennese said that their general should have a night-cap, and sent him one. The great victories of Leuthen and Rosbach were won over generals so inferior that it was almost a shame to whip them. The Prince de Soubise, who commanded the French at Rosbach, had no military talent whatever, and had he changed places with his own cook his army would have

been gainers. There never was a great war in which the leading talent was more pronouncedly on one side than in the Seven Years' War.

Quite the reverse of this was the state of things in our war. We do not question the military skill of some of the Southern commanders, but it never was so much superior to the skill of our commanders as to have enabled the rebels to "organize victory," had their "president" been as powerful a man as General Jordan asserts him to have been weak. In the last half of the war, the superiority was as clearly on our side in the matters of leading as it was in material matters. With the exceptions of Lee and Longstreet, what generals were there on the Confederate side who could even be compared with Grant, Sherman, and Thomas? And behind these three Union leaders were a dozen of their lieutenants whose conduct showed them to be possessed of rare military merit, such men as Sheridan, Logan, Howard, Hancock, Warren, Schofield, Hooker, Slocum, Stanley, and others. The rebels had no such list of commanders, and, therefore, if Mr. Davis had been a Frederick, victory would not have been gained for his banner. If it be true, as Moreau said, and as Bonaparte admitted, the big battalions always carry the day, it is quite as true that the greater amount of intellect always beats the lesser. Even if we were to admit that Lee is superior to any one of our commanders, which we are far from doing, we should still be able to find a very heavy preponderance of military ability on the Federal side in the late war.

General Jordan appears to make no allowance for our overwhelming naval superiority, which told on the war from the very beginning, and through which we made something more of the "exhaustion theory" than a mere theory. Could the enemy have kept one of their ports open, they might have carried on the war for years, for then they could have got everything that they needed, as they had to sell things which all the world stood ready to buy, and to pay highly for. Cotton and tobacco would have fed the war through a decade, could they have been sent abroad in large quantities; but that was exactly what could not be done, and it was the navy that prevented its being done. Blockade did as much as battle for us. When Lee and Johnston, against Mr. Davis's wishes, gave up the contest, they did so because they knew that in a few weeks they would have nothing but a starving rabble at their backs; and though it is possible to win a battle with little raiment and no food, it is not possible to enter on a single campaign, much less a long contest, under circumstances of entire destitution. It is admitted by members of the rebel government that even had their armies succeeded in holding the ground on which they stood in the last day of last winter, they must have gone to pieces by the present autumn. They would have had neither hats to their heads nor shoes to their feet, and another campaign with soldiers thus situated would have been out of the question; and that such was the condition of the Confederates was due to the skill, the bravery, and the general efficiency of our naval forces.

THE NAVAL POWER OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

The cordial understanding between France and England, of which we have heard so much since 1830, when the success of the revolution of July changed the foreign policy of the French Government, has received a striking illustration in the visits that have been made to French ports by British ships, which were immediately returned by the French, who sent a fleet to Portsmouth on a very different mission from that which Admiral Villeneuve wished to undertake just sixty years since. A man need not be quite worn out and yet remember Trafalgar; and the French fleet which was destroyed in that memorable action was intended to aid in covering the landing of a French army in England. The men who may be said to have succeeded to Villeneuve and Gantheaume now go to England, and are there fêted; and they receive English admirals at Cherbourg and Brest in a fashion somewhat different from that which was awarded to Nelson when he sought to destroy the flotilla at Boulogne. This change, which may not impress young people very strongly, strikes the mind of the older generation very forcibly, so great is the contrast between what is and what has been done within living memory. The causes of the change are not far to seek. Napoleon III. wishes to establish his dynasty, and to have foreign support for his son when that son shall become Emperor; and he knows that so long as England shall be on his side, there can be nothing to fear for his house from external attack. England's object is peace—to get along with as little fighting as possible—and she knows that so long as she and France can agree, she will have either peace or such support in war as would place her beyond all danger of being made a loser. That both parties are selfish in their friendship is very true, but as all alliances are founded on selfishness—more or less enlightened—no objection can be made to their conduct on that score. Peoples and their rulers do not live in Arcadia—and into Arcadia selfishness, like death, probably found its way long ago.

But the best founded and best arranged alliances will sometimes break down and fall into fragments. The world saw at the time of the Orsini affair that the Anglo-French alliance might go to pieces at any moment, under some sudden occurrence. Had the French Emperor been as hot and impulsive as the French colonels, there would have been war between France and England just a year before the Italian contest began. The colonels desired that an assassin hunt might be undertaken in England, by way of balancing that eagle hunt which took place in Belgium in 1815; but Napoleon III. had other work in view for them, and so he brought matters round with England and restored the cordial understanding, which had been sadly soured by the thunder of Orsini's bombs. The affair, however, had brought to men's attention the weak places in the alliance; and for years England has been waging a sort of war against France, in which not a drop of blood is shed, but the expenditure in which is so large that in former times it would have been thought intolerable at a period of the hottest hostilities. The British navy has been built and rebuilt, and England is compelled to be in a state of constant preparation lest circumstances should convert her "good ally" into a bitter enemy. The French Emperor is to be depended upon, it being so obviously for his interest to be on good terms with England that it is absurd to doubt his sincerity—the sincerity of selfishness, but not the less likely to be depended upon on that account. But the Emperor is, after all, only the chief of an excitable people, who may take the bits in their teeth some fine morning and run away with him, charging right into the English line. The long hate between the two countries is by no means at an end in the estimation of the French—and there are many Englishmen who are of the same opinion. Hence England must be prepared for any emergency that can possibly arise. She can cultivate the best understanding with France, but she feels that it is the part of wisdom to be prepared for the occurrence of a misunderstanding. And hence it is, too, that the naval visits mentioned attract much attention, as enabling men to estimate the relative maritime strength of the two countries.

Mr. Hawthorne, in his last work, observes: "In the next naval war, as between England and France, I would bet, methinks, upon the Frenchman's head!" This is, we believe, the common American opinion—the American unprofessional opinion, we mean, for we have heard that our naval men are of a different opinion. This opinion is founded on the belief that naval warfare has become essentially scientific in its character, and that in science the French are superior to the English. Without denying that a considerable change has been wrought in naval warfare by the introduction of steam power into all navies, we are of opinion that sea-fights will be decided hereafter pretty much as they have always been decided, that is, by the capacity of those engaged in them for maritime warfare. If this be the sound view of the subject, as we think it is, England's naval superiority as against France can admit of no doubt. England is a great maritime nation in every respect. She is naturally so, and the strength of her national marine proceeds from the greatness of her commerce, and from the habits and pursuits of large classes of her population. France is a great maritime power only in the sense that she has a fine navy, which contains some of the finest vessels that ever were built, which are manned by good seamen and officered by well-trained gentlemen. But she is not a great commercial country in the sense that England and the United States are great commercial countries. Her maritime commerce makes something very like a beggarly show when compared with that of England. She has but few real seamen, and the habits and pursuits of her people are essentially non-maritime. Leaving the people of Brittany aside, it would be difficult to find a French community that has any adaptabili-

ty for sea service. Individual Frenchmen are as much at home on the ocean as English or Americans; but, as a nation, the French are averse to the sea, on which they have seldom accomplished anything brilliant, and where they have sustained defeats such as rarely have been known to any other people. While France has produced many of the greatest soldiers whose names belong to history, she has not produced one really great seaman, though some of her naval commanders have been respectable, but nothing more. "What a pity," says an English nautical writer, "that the French, who excel all other nations in the theory of seamanship and in practical naval architecture, cannot find men to fight at sea. They are like flying-fish, a prey for every fish that swims and for every bird that flies. From the oldest records we trace that all other nations, powerful enough to organize a naval force, have produced men able and worthy to command it with honor and glory. The naval annals of barbarians, then of Greece, Rome, and Carthage, down to the modern history of Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and England, have severally teemed with naval heroes who shed a bright lustre on the countries which gave them birth. France exhibits a solitary exception, a dull obscurity unenlightened by a single bright page; a blotted chapter in history, a waste log-book; the eye in vain seeks for one spot to rest on, a single star, as a beacon or sea-mark to guide the lonely pilot or stimulate to emulation the aspiring sailor-boy!"

What France has been in the past, that she is to-day, and that she will be in the future. There is nothing in the last fifty years of her history to create the belief that she is likely to make a great figure on the ocean. Her present great navy is the result of a forcing process that has been pursued for half a century of peace with all naval nations, not even the Russian war forming an exception to the assertion, as the union of the French and English fleets in that contest did not render it possible for the Russian fleets to venture out to sea, which they would have done had they had only the French for antagonists. This forcing process has been steadily pursued under all kinds of French governments—by that of the Restoration, by the Orleans monarchy, by the brief Republic, and by the Empire. It would be strange if something of a high character had not followed from exertions so persistently continued, and on which so much money has been expended. Accordingly, we see that France has a brilliant navy; but what would there be left of it after two years of war with a real naval power? Not much, we incline to think. There would be no replacing its losses, as the maritime population of France is not large, and it is slow work to build such ships as are now built. On the other hand, England could build vessels much faster than France, and her maritime population is large, and her people generally, like Americans, take naturally and easily to salt water. National character would tell in such warfare—and it would tell much in favor of England in a contest for naval supremacy between the two countries.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAYS.

During the last year, it is said, some fifteen hundred persons have been killed and as many seriously injured on railroads in our country. If this be true, it is a sad and disgraceful story. Probably two-thirds of these accidents might have been avoided by proper care. At all hours of the day and night many thousands of our people are travelling on railroads. That these should be safe, so far as skill and care can make them safe, is a matter of great and universal interest. The problem presented to us is, how to reduce to its minimum the element of danger which belongs to the nature of the railroad.

Roads, rails, cars, and engines of the best construction, kept always in perfect order and worked by competent men under wise regulations, would seem to be the conditions on which the highest degree of safety depends. How to get these conditions fulfilled is the question. It can be done only by the directors of the railroad company. Can they be relied on for the purpose? If they cannot, then the public must appeal to some power strong enough to control the directors, or the evil must continue.

Three thousand persons killed or wounded annually sufficiently proves what *a priori* reasoning would teach, that railroad companies cannot be trusted with the power of life and death over all who travel. No men, however respectable, are fit to wield such power, more especially if it be granted without restraint or responsibility, and with strong temptations to abuse it. The directors and officers of our railroad companies are almost universally persons of high character and usefulness, intelligent, well informed, forcible, practical men, who conduct in its various departments the great business of the country. They are the leaders of enterprise, the chiefs and guides in the manifold fields of effort which produce our rich harvests of prosperity. Their influence, social, industrial, and political, is beneficial to society. Nevertheless, as directors and officers of railroads, they ought not to be trusted with absolute power over the safety of travellers, for two reasons: first, because railroad companies are monopolies; and second, because they are corporations.

They are a monopoly, considered collectively, because they do the work of transportation over land for the whole country. The advantages they offer are so great that no one can afford to travel in any other manner. Whatever the distance or the object, whether an excursion to Newport or Saratoga for pleasure, a journey to New Orleans or Chicago on business, or the daily passage of a merchant between his villa and the city, every one who travels, with exceptions too few to affect the result, must, or actually does, first purchase permission to do so in the shape of a ticket from a railroad company. Not only is the whole business of carrying travellers over the length and breadth of the country monopolized by the railroads, but, for the most part, each particular road absorbs all the travel between its termini, because either the amount of business is not sufficient to support more than one road, or the one in possession, as soon as other enterprises are started, buys them off. It is needless to argue what all experience proves, that a monopoly leads directly to abuse of power, to extortion, to neglect, to rapacity, to reckless disregard of the rights of others. The transportation of merchandize and passengers is a business. Competition is necessary to render business fair and advantageous to both parties. When one alone possesses what the other must have, the former can demand his own terms, part of which may be the inferiority of the thing sold. The only check on this rapacity is the fear of diminishing the demand. Three thousand a year killed or wounded, and the manifold needless annoyances of travelling, together with the large profits made by railroads, prove that this check operates but feebly on the companies, who sell danger and discomfort to the public at a high price.

The railroad companies are also corporations. Lord Coke's saying, that a corporation had no soul, has become a proverb. It is an artificial being, the creature of the law. It has no heart, no conscience, no humanity, no moral responsibility, and exists only for the purpose for which it was chartered. It cannot be guilty of a crime in its corporate capacity, nor be punished, nor is it sensitive to public censure. Why are railway companies created? To benefit the public by carrying freight and passengers. That is the purpose of Government in granting them a charter. The purpose of the stockholders in seeking it and in spending capital on the work is private gain. This universal and eager desire for gain is the great fact whence the science of political economy and all the principles of business are deduced. The Government uses this desire when it grants power to banks, insurance companies, railroad companies, and other corporations. It says to them: "Go to work and make money; the more you make, the better for the community." Associated capital is thus enabled to execute enterprises to which individual wealth is inadequate.

In this arrangement each party has its own special object to attain. That of the Government is the public good, and its duty is to attach such conditions to granted powers that not injury, but good only, shall be produced by them. The object of the corporation is profit. It is permitted to seek this as its exclusive object. Wilful injury, of course, a corporation cannot commit without subjecting its property to claims for damages and its members to punishment. But there are injuries which are not wilful, the result of indifference, cupidity, or neglect. No director of a railroad ever intended to kill or maim its passengers. But to employ the best men in sufficient number to work a road and to keep it and its machinery in perfect order, is expensive. To employ an inadequate force of inferior men and to put off repairs as long as possible, saves money and increases profit. A catastrophe may, indeed, result from this economy, but the chances are that it will not.

All went safely to-day—why not to-morrow? This chance weakens the sense of duty, and discourages prompt action involving expense. Moral responsibility, by which men are governed in their private affairs, does not reach the directors personally. As Jeremy Bentham said, "Boards make fences, and fences make screens," and it is notorious that men will, as members of a board of directors, sanction acts which they would consider disgraceful if done by themselves for their own private interests. When an accident occurs, causing a horrible scene of splintered cars heaped together, and men, women, and children mangled and torn, dead and dying—who is to blame and who is responsible, morally or criminally, to the law or to public opinion? Not the corporation. It has no character, no conscience, no soul. Not the directors. They had no malice against the sufferers, did not intend to injure them, did not foresee the accident, regret it for the sake of the company, whose property has been destroyed, and personally deplore the loss of life and the suffering that has been the result.

Clearly, therefore, our railroad companies, which are both monopolies and corporations, ought not to be trusted with power over the safety of travellers, without supervision, restraint, or penalty. Yet this power, unlimited as to time and unrestricted as to the manner in which it may be exercised, has been granted to these corporations by the legislatures of the States.

As the corporations will not perform any other duty than that of making money for the stockholders, shall we appeal to the State legislatures to protect us? What can the public expect from them in the present condition of the railroad companies and of our politics? These companies are great corporations, using millions of capital, employing thousands of laborers, enlisting on their side prominent men and influential journals. They control, therefore, votes and money, things all-powerful with State legislatures, and with the politicians, demagogues, and secret powers by whom State legislatures are governed. We can expect nothing from these, therefore, unless a public opinion, so loud, so strong, and so general as to command the elections, shall require reform, of which there is little hope, or, should such be created, it is more likely to take the shape of blind, unreasoning, and passionate popular clamor than of sober and well-founded judgment. It is not a pleasant thing to say—but every one knows the fact—the railroad companies are too strong for the State governments, control them, and dictate every law that concerns their own interests. It is fair to say, also, that these interests are, for the most part, the interests of the community, and, so low have our public affairs fallen, the railroad companies are the wiser and more honest government of the two. What power commands at Trenton? Is it not the Camden and Amboy? What at Harrisburg? Is it not the Pennsylvania Central? What at Albany? Is it not the New York Central? And so we might go through the list, and find that the railroad companies, in all that concerns themselves, rule the State governments, and nowhere so entirely as in those States whose wealth and population increase travel, rendering therefore some measures to secure its safety the more important.

If the State governments cannot help us, what can? Are we delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the power of soulless corporations? The nature of our railway system suggests the answer. The highways of the nation should be regulated by the national Government.

Correspondence.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: I enclose further extracts from the letters of our correspondent, who is taking the census of the cotton bales. You will notice that he finds the negro in a much better position where negro troops are absent. In all his letters he has explained this by stating that the negro troops are not well officered, and, consequently, not well disciplined.

Yours truly, E. A.

QUITMAN, GEORGIA, Aug. 25, 1865.

It is a fact not to be disputed by any candid and intelligent eye-witness of the condition of affairs in this section of the country at this present time, that the freedmen, whatever may be their capacity or willingness for labor, are not working to any considerable extent. I repeat that this is a fact which cannot be disputed by any one who is well informed upon the subject. Not but that instances abound where the freedmen have done and are doing all that could have been expected of them, and in some cases, perhaps, even more, but these are exceptions.

There is no use in denying that there is an antagonism existing between the blacks and whites which threatens grave results if it is not checked immediately. When I first landed, I heard these reports, and paid no attention to them, believing them to be but the results of an unfounded prejudice on the part of the planters. At first I laughed at the idea, but recent and new experiences have led me to believe that there is some foundation to the statement. Thus I find the impression general among the blacks upon the plantations that next Christmas the lands are to be divided among them. This idea they say they heard first from our soldiers. General Sherman's course in setting aside the Sea Islands for the freedmen may have suggested the idea, but, however it came, it is prevalent to a great extent, and amounts almost to a conviction with some. The breach between the blacks deepens and widens day by day; on no account should the military control be withdrawn from this country. Wherever our troops, *white*, have been taken away, the people would be glad to have them back again. Among all law-abiding citizens the desire is that the white troops shall be permitted to remain until the complete and perfect re-establishment of civil government, for which, by the way, the bulk of the people seem noways anxious, at least in Georgia. I am convinced that they would be content to remain under military rule for an indefinite period, if the black troops could but be withdrawn.

There is a class of hungry politicians and office-seekers down here who are clamorous for the restoration of civil government, merely that they may resume power and office, but the best part of the community only appear to desire the restoration of law and order, and appear to think that it is soonest possible under our military officers. For instance, in the town of Quitman, Georgia, there was stationed for a time a command of U. S. white troops, and I am informed that they were as well behaved as any could expect. Under their supervision the town was orderly and quiet, and no violations of order took place. In consequence of the peaceable behavior of the inhabitants the troops were withdrawn. Within two weeks upwards of two hundred bales of cotton were stolen, houses broken into, robberies committed—in fact, a perfect reign of terror inaugurated, while the inhabitants, though perfectly satisfied as to who were to blame, yet dared not proceed against them. The inhabitants petitioned the general commanding to send back the troops to Quitman to preserve social order. If our troops were withdrawn, I am satisfied that this would be the case over the whole country. The planter places no confidence in the negro, and offers him inadequate wages. Five to seven dollars a month, the negro to clothe and feed himself, is the general rule in the interior of the State. Ten dollars a month, and the negro to board and clothe himself, is considered extremely liberal by the planters. Frequently they offer nothing in money, but only the board, clothing, and medical attendance, the latter two being scarcely more than nominal, and then at the end of the season they offer a certain number of bushels of corn, sorghum, etc. Of course no sensible man will blame the negro for not working for such wages; but then, on the other hand, the freedman is not inclined to work, even for better and reasonable wages, except in the most desultory and indifferent manner. I will say more on this subject hereafter.

SAVANNAH, GA., September 2, 1865.

As the immediate future of the Southern country appears to hinge upon the relations that existed between the late slaves and their former masters, public opinion is fastened upon the subject, and for the present at least nothing else is talked of. Even the reconstruction question has sunk into insignificance beside it, as the planter slowly awakens to the fact that slavery is really gone, as well in fact as in name. Many profess to hope that by the enactment of a rigid system of vagrant laws the negro may be compelled to work on the planter's terms, but most of the people recognize the fact that slavery is dead beyond all hope of resurrection. The feeling of the planter towards the negro seems to vary according to position and surroundings. Thus in Florida I found a vague and indefinite fear prevalent as to the course of events. An excessive timidity appeared to take the place of the late haughty character of the planter towards his once slaves; if the latter did not live up to their contracts, as was generally the case, the planter, instead of attempting to stem the tide, of remonstrating with his hands and arguing them into a proper state of mind, usually went whining to the provost-marshals. The consequence appeared to be that the negro observed his employer's evident timidity, and learned to despise the planter and refuse obedience. In fact, in some cases the planter was obliged to call in the aid of the military authorities, in order to maintain possession of his own house. At Jacksonville it was painful to witness the fear on the part of the whites towards the blacks. This is not confined to Southern men. Thus, at Jacksonville, a Northern man related to me repeated instances of insult at the hands of negroes in the city, as, for instance, being knocked off the sidewalk when walking with ladies. He assured me that he had always been a warm and earnest friend of the negro, and had come down South with the kindest of feelings towards him, but he added that he had been much disappointed. I could scarcely credit some of the stories he told me. At Macon I found much the same state of affairs. I was there introduced to a number of gentlemen, all Northern men, by the way, who had been grossly insulted, fired upon without provocation, their lives endangered, etc., by the negro troops stationed there.

I was shown a bullet which hit a child in bed the night before; splinters from a door hit close beside a man sitting at the window reading; the morning's paper contained three instances of narrow escapes the night I passed in the city; and, finally, I was witness to the careless and wanton and unsol-

dierlike firing of the black soldiers, whose bullets went whistling through the streets all night long. All this is wrong, and should be corrected. As ar as my observation extends, those regiments of blacks, formerly slaves, are in a very poor state of discipline, not to say insubordination. They drill well, and may do the other duties required of them well, but they are, one and all, disposed to shoot down any white man on the least excuse, and eager to have the opportunity. I have been witness to so many instances myself, that I must say I had rather face any band of guerrillas in the country than meet a body of black troops unaccompanied by United States officers. As regards the relations existing between the planters and freedmen, there is wrong on both sides. In many cases the planter has overreached and deceived the freedmen in his contract, and he replies to their demands for satisfaction with threats of violence. But too often the freedman himself is all to blame. He will sign a fair and liberal contract to-day, and break it to-morrow, or ignore it entirely. When the planter has taken advantage or imposed upon the negro, the latter finds his redress at the office of the provost-marshal or the Freedmen's Bureau. But the planter is left with his crop in the grass at the slightest whimsy or vagary of the freedman, and has no redress. Thus it has frequently happened here that a planter, who has had a respectable crop planted this spring, has given up all attempts at cultivation, and turned his hands loose, sometimes paying them to go away. What is needed is a law to prevent the negroes from flocking to the towns, and obliging them to fulfil their contracts when just and right. But the blacks are disinclined to work cotton and rice at any price whenever they can find other work to do.

"If ole massa want to grow cotton, let him plant it himself. I 'se work for him dese twenty year, and done got nothin' but food and clothes, and dem mighty mean; now I 'se freedman, and I tell you I ain't going to work cotton *no*how."

This is, as nearly as I can remember, the exact language I had from a freedman in reply to a remark in relation to his raising cotton next year, and his audience, all blacks except myself, judging from their expressions of approval, perfectly coincided with him. I cannot resist the conviction that it will be years again before we see such large crops of cotton as before the war. I have not the least idea that affairs will settle down at once, as some believe; everything is in a transition state, and it will take years to get accustomed to the new order of things. In your letter of the 7th of August, which I found at Savannah on my return, you state that some of the gentlemen who are interested in my mission have an impression that I am prejudiced against the negroes. I can honestly say that impression is erroneous. Indeed, that man who can observe their condition to-day, and not pity them and sympathize with them, must be heartless indeed. However, I must let you judge from my letters. I shall write nothing but what I sincerely believe. I shall faithfully attempt to indicate their exact present condition, opinions, and desires. But I must request you to bear in mind that there is a wide difference between the blacks under the ministrations of the Freedmen's Bureau and those who have never come under its influence—by far the larger part. I had commenced to send you a separate sheet before the receipt of your letter, and will write you as frequently as I obtain new facts bearing upon this subject.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 4, 1865.

It is to be regretted that people can be found mean enough to impose upon the credulity of the poor blacks. Thus I have known them to come in large numbers, from distances in some cases exceeding a hundred miles, and all the way on foot, "to get the barrel of flour the Queen has sent us," "for a free ride to Washington to see the President," and on all sorts or kinds of errands which the returning Confederates or Union soldiers have made them believe to be possible. Those who have thus been deceived are, of course, suspicious of all stories. I fancy the idea they have of sharing the lands among them is deep and wide-spread; at least, those among the freedmen who will not own that they believe it are willing enough to assert that it ought to be so. I have a theory, formed since my arrival, that if the planter could be induced to go into the field himself and overlook the labor of his hands, they would work well, but this the planter will not consent to do; he still clings to that remnant of the past, the overseer, and will not be persuaded that he is better off without him. Now the negroes, not having any very pleasant recollections of the system of overseeing, utterly refuse to have one over them, and in almost every case have succeeded in driving him from the place; they are not slow to say that they will kill any man who undertakes the job. I think, however, that where an intelligent and capable negro-driver can be found, such as I had in Mississippi, for instance, the blacks might be induced to labor under his supervision. He must not be called an overseer, however—they object to that term. Northern men having no objections to oversee the freedmen themselves, will get along and have a great advantage in this respect over the Southerners. The blacks, from their numerical preponderance in the large plantation districts, amounting in some parts of the country to more than ten to one, are fast reversing the state of things existing before the war. They are very insolent and saucy where there are no white troops, and I should not be in the least surprised if the next novelty should be the Southern people demanding protection against them. Northern people must come down here and regenerate this country, or it is hopelessly ruined for this generation. Society is turned completely topsy-turvy. New men with new ideas are in great demand just now; the Southern people have lost all confidence in their own leaders. There is no more chance of an outbreak against the Federal Government now than there is in Boston. I hear as bitter denunciations of the leaders in the rebellion down here as I ever heard at the North, and I am persuaded that they are sincere. They pet their returned soldiers, and consider them heroes; they all respect and admire their military leaders who were at all successful. Thus I have heard no word spoken of Gen. Lee but in his favor. But against Jeff. Davis, Toombs, Yancey, and the like, there is an intense feeling, amounting almost to hatred. The first thing to be done is to educate the negro. At present, his ideas of freedom are based on his observation of his master's habits before the war. As the Southern gentleman did not work, and employed his time in travelling about, so the freedman does no more work than will suffice for his immediate wants, and occupies his time in travelling from one place to another. I meet them on all the roads in crowds, like packs of gipsies, some going to one place and some to another, and with no idea of how they are going to exist when they get there. This remark applies more particularly to the young men and women. The older ones have more sense, and many of them remain on the plantations. The military authorities are sending them back to their old homes now, but sometimes the planters refuse to receive them.

I arrived here yesterday, and leave again to-morrow for the West *via* Augusta and Atlanta. I was six days in getting from Savannah to Augusta last time, and took this route as well to save time as in order to get through a section of the country I had not before visited.

Travelling here is still very difficult and tedious. As a general rule, the cars only run every other day, and then at a very low rate of speed. Fifteen miles an hour is very quick travelling here by rail. From Quitman to Doctortown, in Georgia, on the Savannah, Albany, and Gulf Railroad, the distance is a hundred and twenty-five miles; the running-time is upwards of nine hours, making the rate of speed less than 14 miles an hour. The fare charged is $10, or eight cents a mile. At the North, the distance would be made in about half the time, and considerably less than half the price. The hacks usually run only by night, in order to make connection with the railroads, and make only about four miles an hour. Prices on either conveyance are simply exorbitant. Parties of three or four are carried distances of fifty miles for twenty-five dollars each in the hacks which run between the breaks in the railway. The work of repairs goes on but slowly on these railroads. The steamboats are about as bad: the rivers are at their lowest. I find I could easily devote my whole time to two or three States, and not half go over them at that; so I am obliged to visit only the larger towns, where there is the most cotton in store. I have ridden myself sore in the saddle, and begin to appreciate the fact that I have heard so often dwelt upon, viz., that this is a great country. I take every opportunity of getting at the opinions of persons who are generally supposed to have the best information as to cotton, and frequently am able to make some arrangements to have information forwarded to me from such points as are too far away from my route for me to spare the time to visit. Here, as in Georgia and Florida, the all-engrossing topic, overshadowing everything else, is the future relations of the blacks and whites. The negroes have always been very quick to learn and to assume the privileges and liberties pertaining to freedom, but they are, as a class, perfectly ignorant, and not at all inclined to learn of the responsibilities they assume with their privileges. Depend upon it, you will have more trouble at the North than at the South in relation to negro suffrage. I do n't believe the Southerners will object to their voting as soon as they are educated; indeed, many are perfectly willing they should vote now, believing they can control their vote. But the most of the thinking men I meet are anxious to get them out of the country. No Southern man appears to have the slightest belief in the free labor system with the blacks. Emigration societies are forming all over the country to induce free white labor to come down here.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 15, 1865.

Except for the disinclination to make contracts for the next year, or to keep those entered into for this year, in fact, to do work on plantations, the blacks are acting admirably *wherever there are no negro soldiers stationed.* They seem not only willing but anxious to obtain labor of any kind except that on plantations. They desire to learn mechanical employments—any number can be hired for such purposes; but they won't work on plantations. I hear a great deal said about their stealing propensities, but I feel quite certain they do n't steal half so much as the whites, and to my mind it is clear that half the villany charged on the poor blacks is perpetrated by the whites, who find it convenient to make a scape-goat of the negro. Every one who owns cotton here is agreed as to one fact, the necessity of keeping a guard over it day and night, to protect it from the white thieves, and if they will steal cotton, as it is notorious they do, I can't see why they won't steal anything else.

The latest "dodge" is for the white women to harness up their wagons and go on a cotton "raid;" then, if the cotton is found on the man's premises, he knows nothing about it. What can you expect from a race who set their wives and daughters to steal for their support? The white man is more afraid of the negro than the negro of the white man; withdraw your support, and the negro will stand firmly enough by himself. All the producing labor that is done is done by him, and this will continue to be the case. The white man down here has learned to lean on the negro for support, and they can't do without him, and the negro knows it. It is all working right enough. The large plantations must be subdivided; this will come about of itself in time. Already every one is clamoring to sell at any sacrifice. Then small crops from small freeholders will in time be more than equal to large crops on large plantations. Depend upon it, it is all working for the best. As for the re-enslavement of the negro—as well talk of recalling yesterday. The nearest approach that any one down here hopes for is the establishment of such laws regulating labor as would constitute a sort of serfdom. The Banks system would be accepted in an instant by the white man. As regards negro suffrage, many of the planters will not oppose it, thinking that they can secure the negroes' votes, but they dare not openly advocate it, as the middle and poorer classes will not hear of it. They will not consent to discuss it, saying it is simply impossible. The power and prestige and influence of the old planters have in a great measure departed for ever. I go from here to Selma, and shall then try to get up in the northern part of the State.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XII.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Sept. 20, 1865.

JUST before leaving Salisbury I attended a political meeting, at which two of the aspirants to a seat in the State Convention addressed their fellow-citizens. One had been a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army; the other during the war was known as a Unionist, and the Salisbury *Union Banner*, which supports his antagonist, even styles him "the radical candidate." His radicalism, however, goes no further, I believe, than to declare it right and expedient to admit the evidence of negroes as witnesses in the courts of law. The meeting was held in the court-house, during the adjournment of a military commission, which on that day was trying a planter from one of the adjacent counties for the killing of a negro. While a small audience of two hundred or more persons was assembling, I talked with an officer of the court, who gave me the particulars of the case so far as the testimony had then disclosed them. The planter, it seems, being away from home, the negro, who was one of his laborers, packed up his clothes and other property, and, going to his mistress, made known his intention of leaving the plantation. Being asked to give his reasons, he said he was not so well treated as the rest of the hands, particularly that the food given his family was inferior to that received by his fellow-servants, and that he thought he could better his condition by seeking work elsewhere. These assertions the planter's wife denied; but the man persisted in them, and it is alleged that in contradicting the lady his language and manner became insolent, so that the planter, returning soon afterwards, found the women of his family indignant and in tears. He shot the man, wounding him fatally.

This is one of the four instances of negro shooting which, in a previous letter, I mentioned as having occurred in the vicinity of Salisbury. Another is that of a young lady of Davie County, who, having shot and killed a colored woman for forcibly rescuing her child from her mistress, the young lady's mother, who was beating it, has recently been tried for murder. She was found guilty of manslaughter, and, in accordance with a provision of North Carolina statute law, was fined in the sum of one thousand dollars. While I was learning these facts one of the candidates began to speak, and, having delivered an address of half an hour in length, he was followed by his opponent. Each gentleman seemed to spend most of his strength in fiercely attacking the "record" of the other; and obviously the sympathies of the assembly were with the soldier, whose supporters are in a majority in the town, though it is admitted that his opponent will carry the election in the country precincts, and return the Unionist. Both of the candidates, however, professed to be sincere Unionists; both were opposed to armed intervention in Mexican affairs, and they united in pronouncing slavery dead. They were at variance only upon the question of repudiation. All the State debt incurred during the war the colonel would have paid as soon as possible, and in good money, while the doctor advocated the repudiation of all that portion of it incurred for the purpose of prosecuting a rebellious war.

I should say that the interest felt in the result of this election is not universally pervading, nor very intense, and that the vote will not be a heavy one. To-day, at noon, stopping at a house about fourteen miles from Salisbury, I found that the farmer supposed the second day of October, at which time the convention assembles in Raleigh, to be the day appointed for choosing the delegates. He had voted to take North Carolina out of the Union, he said, merely because it was plainly impossible that she should remain neutral while South Carolina on the one side of her and Virginia on the other were carrying on hostilities. Still, aside from that, his preference had been for a Southern Confederacy; he was sorry that the Union was to be restored, and as things stood now he should never again, he thought, take any part in politics. What this man said was confirmation of the statements of a gentleman in the town, an eager canvasser for the colonel above mentioned, who expressed his belief that his favorite candidate would be defeated because a large class of voters who ought to support him, displeased at the ruin of the Confederacy, and reluctant to take the oath of allegiance to the Union, would cast no ballots in this election. The same farmer thought that a nigger was constituted pretty much like a mule, and was most serviceable and best contented when he had plenty of feed, plenty of work, and a little licking. They were getting part of the crop for their labor, he said, in his neighborhood, but some of the farmers hired transient laborers for ten cents a day and a dram. He laughed as he told me that he had heard that, a little to the eastward, it was a common thing when the seines were dropped into the ponds for dead niggers to be fished out. I have seen no one else who had heard anything of such a story, and my informant said he did not believe it was true. It is true, however, that he laughed as he told it.

The nights have now grown cool, though, as yet, there have been no frosts, and the sun is still very hot for many hours of the day; but the leaves are beginning to change, and autumn is evidently here. The gathering of the sorghum has commenced, and I have seen few more pleasing phases of out-of-doors labor than that just now presented on these farms. In almost every house-yard the mill, often a rude one, with cylinders shaped by the axe and with cogs irregularly cut, is in slow motion, and its creaking can be heard a long way off. The horse as he jogs round brushes against huge piles of cane in the whole of his circuit. Women are boiling the syrup under a little shed near by. The crushed canes are mighty good, the negroes say, to lay in the field furrows and prevent the wash. Much of the hilly land has lost almost all its soil by the action of the rain-water torrents, and the hard clay beneath is scantily covered by thin grass, or stands out bare and barren, refusing to support vegetable life. Still the farmers find it profitable to keep these abandoned fields enclosed. I see small flocks of sheep everywhere, and sometimes fifty or a hundred acres seem to be given up to a herd of half a dozen cattle. Since leaving Lynchburg, I have never got so far from houses as not to find pigs in the woods and by the roadside picking up persimmons, digging for roots, and eating the white oak mast which now begins to fall. The good land of this region is used mainly for the production of cotton, and I saw some small fields white with the opening bolls as I rode along; but the crop was in bad order, the plants often being less than two feet high, and the quantity raised this year will be quite insignificant. These counties were never overrun by either army, and there seems to be a good deal of old cotton still in the hands of the producers. It may be seen, sometimes as many as fifty bales, piled in barns or in open sheds, and I met wagons on the road loaded with it. In Concord, a little village, the capital of Cabarrus County, a factory was in operation where white goods are made and cotton yarn is spun to be sold unmanufactured.

Just before reaching Concord, where I passed the night, I met a middle-aged negro plodding along, staff in hand, and apparently very footsore and tired. He had walked more than six hundred miles, he said, having set out from a plantation in Georgia, near the Alabama line, and had consumed almost two months in making the journey. He had been sold and sent South four years before, and, as soon as he learned he was free, determined to return to North Carolina and try to find his wife and children. "His own color," he said, "was friendly to him all the way." In Georgia negroes were doing very well; but in South Carolina "a many does n't dar to own they is got their liberty." He had no fears but that he would find work to do in Salisbury.

Riding out of Concord this morning I overtook a gentleman who was going out a few miles into the country to visit his plantation, and as long as our roads lay together we travelled in company. The conversation turned upon negroes as laborers, and he declared that since their emancipation they were nearly useless, and the only hope of the Southern agriculturist was in getting white farm-hands. Most of his acquaintances, in making their plans for next season, had decided to do as much as possible themselves, and to employ only as many colored people as were absolutely indispensable. The worst class of all were the young people of both sexes, who made twice as much noise about their freedom as their fathers and mothers did; but none were good. In his opinion, the first duty to be performed by the Legislature, when North Carolina should be fortunate enough to get a legislature, would be to pass an apprenticeship act, to be applied to all persons of color under twenty-one years of age, who, so far as was practicable, ought to be bound out to their former masters. Enactments with reference to the older negroes would also be necessary; they were unfit to make contracts or transact any business for themselves; some of them had got money within the last two or three months, and nine times in ten they laid it out in the most inconsiderate manner, spent it for some little notion or other. They had no ideas of economy, and were as destitute of foresight as a child. "Here 's a case in point," he said. "A friend of mine owned twenty-five or thirty, who have all been working on for him in the same way in which they have always worked. But last week one old nigger came to him and said he wished to be hired. 'Very well, I 'll hire you. How much do you want? Will ten dollars a month do?' The nigger thought it would. 'Then there 's your wife; what 's she worth?' They agreed that eight dollars a month would be enough for her. 'Well, there 's Tom '—that was the oldest child—'I 'm willing to give him his victuals and clothes.' Yes, that was fair. 'But you 've got four too small to do anything; I can't keep them unless you 'll give me something for doing it; I can't undertake to keep them for less than five dollars a month.' The nigger thought that was

no more than right, and appeared to be in high glee over his bargain. 'But look here,' said my friend; 'you and your wife I'm to pay eighteen dollars a month, and you are to pay me twenty dollars a month for your four children. Now, where will you be at the end of the year?' The darkey began to consider the subject, and finally concluded that his best way was to go on as he had before."

"But," said I, "is n't five dollars a month a good deal to pay for the board and clothing of four children too small to do any work?"

I had seen boys of not more than thirteen or fourteen years old at the plough, and am told that it is not unusual for boys and even girls of that age to plough quite well.

"No," he answered; "their clothes do n't cost much, to be sure; but a child will eat as much as a man—eat and waste."

The usual allowance of food to an adult on these plantations is a bushel of corn a month, and three pounds of bacon a week, though sometimes the ration of meat is omitted. Estimating the cost of these articles at a rate somewhat higher than what I believe to be the average price, the monthly expense of feeding an adult is not far from three dollars and a half. The average monthly cost of feeding children under twelve years of age may probably be two dollars and a half. Clothes, as this gentleman said, doubtless cost little; very many of the negro boys whom I have seen in Virginia and in this State had on but a single garment, a coarse shirt, flowing nearly to the heels, and the girl's frock, though different in shape, was of similar material. It seems to me, therefore, that the expense of boarding and clothing children whose ages range from infancy to twelve years must be very much less than sixty dollars a piece per annum.

After answering some questions which the gentleman put to me in reference to the political sentiments of the North, I asked in turn if the State Convention would probably declare the evidence of negroes admissible in courts of justice.

"The right to testify for and against each other in cases where no white man is concerned," he replied, "they have always had, and of course it will be continued to them; but I do n't think the Southern people are prepared to admit nigger testimony against a white man. What would be the good of putting niggers in the witness-box? You must have niggers in the jury-box, too, or nigger evidence will not be believed. I do n't think you could find twelve men in the whole State who would attach any weight to the testimony of ninety-nine niggers in a hundred."

He was willing that the colored population should be educated, but not without making a proviso which, he thought, would be displeasing to Northern radicals—that white and black children should be taught in separate schools. Nothing should be done that looked towards the social equality of negroes and whites. The only result of that would be a horrible one—miscegenation and the worst forms of immorality, and, eventually, the driving out of the white race by a wretched population made up of half-castes and mixed breeds. His opinions on these subjects are such as seem to be generally prevalent in this part of the State. The publishers of the *Carolina Times*, in their prospectus of a daily edition of that journal, say:

"We trust to see fully inaugurated a generous and humane policy towards the freedmen, and all proper means used to educate them up to the point that will make them intelligent and useful free laborers—beyond *that* the law of nature forbids us to go. . . . . To ameliorate their condition, and to make them useful and self-supporting, should be the care of the approaching Legislature. That much may be done by that body by the enactment of a compulsory code of enforced labor we do not doubt. Experience in the emancipated colonies proves that that is the only course to keep the negro from dying out or relapsing into barbarism."

One is led to reflect on the propriety of allowing negroes to testify in courts by the not infrequent occurrence, even in a community generally well disposed towards the colored people, of scenes like this. A negro called Amaziah, formerly owned by a man residing near Charlotte, left the plantation some months ago, because he found it impossible to live peaceably with his employer, a man of a violent temper and addicted to drinking. There was no open outbreak, however. It being desirable to despatch some mowing speedily, and Amaziah being a very good hand, the gentleman sent his overseer, and the negro was induced to return and work for a few days. One day last week Mr. W. and his son came into Charlotte, and both went home intoxicated. As they drove into the yard the negro was sharpening a scythe, for the day was wet and field-work impossible. He was ordered to leave the place, and come back when the sun shone. Not a damned free nigger should stay there when he was n't wanted. The man was on his way out of the yard when he was attacked by Mr. W. for moving too slowly—for not running, the other negroes say. He resisted, and his antagonist, being hardly in a fit condition for making a good fight, was being overpowered, when the son, getting a gun from the house, came out to his father's assistance. The gun was snapped twice, but without effect, and then the negro was beaten with it over the head till it was broken into three pieces. The elder W. has since crossed the State line, and is for the present in South Carolina. The evidence of which I have given a digest was offered at the son's trial, or rather at a preliminary investigation of the case by the Superintendent of Freedmen.

I see that two schools for colored children are in operation at this point, which are attended by about one hundred and twenty-five pupils. In both of them the teachers are negroes, but I am informed that larger schools will be opened as soon as buildings can be had, and white teachers are to be sent from Philadelphia by the Society of Friends.

CASTE FEELING IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 16, 1865.

THE domestic servant controversy, to which I alluded in my last week's letter, still rages with unabated vigor. And curiously enough at this very moment a case has occurred in real life, which illustrates the true character of domestic service in England far more accurately than all the discussions in the world. The other day, a Mr. Crosse, vicar of Ockham, gave his former groom into custody on a charge of having abducted his daughter, not being of age, from her home. The story, as it came out before the Wandsworth Police Court, was a simple one enough. Miss Crosse, being a self-willed young woman of twenty, had formed an attachment for a good-looking lad, two years her junior, who was employed in the vicarage in the double capacity of footman and groom, and who used to attend his young mistress when she went out riding. The attachment was discovered, and the groom, who rejoiced in the plebeian name of George Smith, was sent about his business. The lady, however, who had set her affections on him, was constant to her love. She made an appointment to meet him at midnight, let herself down out of her window, and carried off her lover in triumph, rather, as it seemed, to his own surprise and perplexity. The course of true love—I need not say—was not destined to run smooth. As both parties were under age, they could not obtain a special license from the Registrar; so they had to reside in a village near London for a fortnight till their banns could be read in church for three successive Sundays. Before the allotted period expired, their whereabouts was discovered by the angry father, and the lad, who had been living with Miss Crosse, ostensibly as man and wife, was handed over to the police. The charge, however, broke down on examination; the matter was taken up vigorously by popular papers terribly in want of topics, and the whole affair became so notorious that when the groom was released there was no option left except to marry the youthful couple as fast as might be—an attorney having previously been employed to state in court that throughout the pre-marital period the conduct of the groom had been worthy of Joseph himself.

So all, according to the adage, ended as happily as a marriage bell. The only reason I dwell upon the scandal at all is to point out the intensity of the caste feeling which it illustrates. There was not a tittle of legal evidence to incriminate the prisoner. Years ago—after the elopement, I think, of Gibbon Wakefield with a ward in Chancery—it was made a penal offence to abduct, by fraud or violence, from her home any lady not of age who had an interest in property; and under this statute alone could George Smith, by any possibility, have been arraigned. But, as his part in the elopement was rather that of abductee than abductor, this plea could not be sustained for a moment. Moreover, the moral guilt of the runaway match, whatever it was, attached to the lady rather than the gentleman. She had made the advances and combated the scruples of her somewhat timid swain; and the utmost that can be said against him is that he, a mere boy with no education, had not the resolution to resist the enticements of a pretty woman older than himself in years and ten times older in education and knowledge of the world. His one unpardonable offence was that he was a servant and she was a lady; and this offence was so heinous that the magistrate refused to dismiss the charge at once, though it was utterly unsupported, even on the *ex parte* statement of the prosecutor; and the father actually pleaded, as an excuse for bringing his daughter's name before the public, that if he had not prosecuted the lad he should not have been able to hold up his head amongst his parishioners.

The truth is, that throughout the whole of English society, down to a very low grade indeed, a marriage between a lady and her servant is felt to be a disgrace. If any of Miss Crosse's male relations had fallen upon George Smith and thrashed him, I doubt if any jury would have convicted them of an assault. The case, naturally enough, made a great deal of talk, and I have frequently heard the topic discussed in the presence of servants; yet, even under these circumstances, everybody treated the marriage as a

disgrace which Mr. Crosse and his family had a right to resent. My opinion would be, judging from observation, that marriages between gentlemen and ladies and servants are as rare in this country as marriages between black and white folks are with you, and are viewed with not very dissimilar feelings. Of course, as usual, we make a great difference between the sexes. If a gentleman marries his housemaid, his friends are very angry at first; but society forgives him after a time, and receives his wife after a fashion, if she is presentable, and, above all, rich. But for a lady who marries her manservant there is no social forgiveness. Even wealth could not raise a foot man whose wife was a lady, and had money, into society. Some few years ago the wife of an English member of Parliament ran off with her groom. The lady was a great heiress; and after she had obtained a divorce from her first husband, married her lover. The newly-married couple settled themselves in a part of the country where they were unknown, and lived in great style. But the moment the fact of their history came out, the husband found himself excluded from all society. This was not because he was married to a divorced woman; for this sin *he*, as a rule, would not have been visited with any social ostracism. Nor was it because he was a self-raised man; his fortune would have made this defect pardonable. It was simply and solely because he, being a groom, had sinned against the laws of caste by becoming the lover of his master's wife. A similar feeling would not apply, or at any rate would only apply in a very modified degree, if the husband, instead of being a servant, had been a laborer or a mechanic. A man who wears powder and plush may be usually as noble a being as the man in corduroys and fustian; but society does not think so. As far as I can explain the extreme aversion with which matches like that made by Miss Crosse are regarded, I should say it was due to an instinct of social self-preservation. Our household life would be impossible if matrimonial relations between the ladies of the house and the serving-men, with whom they are in constant communication, were not almost unknown. Be the explanation what it may, the fact, at any rate, is as I have stated it; and while it remains so, it is clear that what Mr. Ruskin calls "the true nobility of servitude" is not recognized in England.

If you will allow me to wander a little from my subject, I would add that I have often wondered whether the antipathy, so often expressed amongst you, to any intermarriage between blacks and whites is not due quite as much to our Anglo-Saxon feeling that service is degrading as to any innate antipathy to black skins and woolly hair. The natural instincts of Englishmen and Americans are, I think, for the most part, identical; and I see while we have a strong feeling about the degrading character of domestic service, especially for men, we do not seem to me to have any dislike to a black man as black. This subject, I should say, has been lately brought to my attention by a letter from the well-known American correspondent of the *Spectator*, which has created considerable notice over here. In this letter the writer puts forward, in the strongest manner, the theory that there is an insuperable aversion between the Caucasian and the African races, and repudiates the idea that regard for the negro had anything to do with the war I am sure, if the writer had known the use made of his letter, he would have modified its terms. It has been quoted and commented on by all the newspapers which were most bitter in their advocacy of the South as a justification of their views with regard to the question between Federals and Confederates. Here, they argue, we have unimpeachable testimony from the most ardent of Northerners and pro-Union men that sympathy for the slave had no bearing on the civil war, and that the pretended anti-slavery feeling of the North was a mere imposture. I am quite certain the inference is not consonant with the writer's views, nor is it one that can fairly be drawn from his letter, taken as a whole. But there are passages in it which give too much color to the old pro-slavery advocates; and I think it well to mention the fact, to show how very much harm may be done by inconsiderate writing.

But to come back to my own sheep—which, by the way, are few in number and scant of wool—I have to record that the speaking season has begun in earnest, in defiance of the heat, which still remains unmitigated. The annual extra-Parliamentary gatherings have been delayed as long as possible in the hopes of cooler weather. But the autumn is fast passing away, and newly-elected members cannot venture to decline a meeting with their constituents. Of late years it has become an acknowledged part of a member's duty to deliver an address or read a lecture at the local Athenæum or Mechanics' Institute. To a great many representatives the meeting is, I believe, a real gratification. They are certain to be listened to, reported, and cheered—pieces of good fortune they cannot reckon on in Parliament. There are men who are capital hustings orators, but who have never caught the ear of the House of Commons; and thus being nobodies at Westminster, they are celebrities in the borough for which they sit. Still there are others to whom this annual appearance before their constituents is the most grievous of burdens. Unable to speak a dozen consecutive sentences, they can hold their tongues in the House of Commons, and do so sedulously. But in the local lecture hall they must speak, whether they can or not. Indeed, there are men whose presence in Parliament is a mystery to me and everybody else. I have a friend who has been a member for many years for one constituency. He loves the country, where he has the most charming of seats; he hates London, where he lives in lodgings; and yet he stops half the year in town to attend Parliament. He has not, to my knowledge, ever spoken since he took his seat, except to present a petition. He has bad health, goes to bed at nine, and eschews heated rooms. Yet he will sit till the small hours of the morning waiting wearily, night after night, to record his vote on some subject for which he cares nothing. He has no strong political ideas of any kind—no question with which his name is identified—no personal interest to promote. He is too rich to care about the pecuniary advantages which may be obtained by the fact of membership. And when he goes home to his own country seat he is perpetually pestered with having to deliver addresses, or support resolutions, or take the chair at local meetings, tasks which he dislikes even more than dozing on the benches of St. Stephen's. But somehow the title of M.P. atones for all discomforts.

As yet, there has been nothing in any of the addresses delivered by members out of Parliament to call for especial notice or to indicate the course of political movement in the approaching session. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, none of the ministers have yet made their autumnal appearance. Lord Palmerston was to have been present at a meeting in Bristol this week; but the meeting was adjourned in consequence of the premier's indisposition. Considerable anxiety is again felt about his health, as he has not rallied during the holidays to the extent that was expected; and rumors are again current that he will not meet the new Parliament as premier. But my own conviction is that he will hold out to the last, and die in harness sooner than resign the power he loves so dearly. Meanwhile, the absence of all political personages from town is clear proof that no immediate apprehension is felt about Lord Palmerston. The Queen has gone back to the Highlands, having passed through England in perfect privacy. It was expected that the Coburg demonstration would bring to a close the system of seclusion adopted since the death of the Prince Consort. However, this seems not to be the case. Tickets had been issued by the authorities of Woolwich for a certain number of ladies and gentlemen to witness the Queen's disembarcation; but when this fact came to the knowledge of the court, orders were issued to call in the tickets and to keep the workmen in the Government dockyards confined to their sheds while the Queen was passing from the landing-place to the train. The stations along the line of travel were kept empty while the royal train passed; and the Queen accomplished her object of reaching Balmoral without being stared at by anybody. The *Saturday Review*, which owes a good deal of its success to a habit of saying things people like to hear said but do not like saying, has spoken out very freely on the subject, and has said the plain truth, that the country is becoming weary of this exaggerated demonstration of respect for the late Prince Consort. It may seem to you very absurd that grown-up men and women should care whether the Queen shows herself in public or not; and so, abstractly, it is. But, practically, the stability of monarchical institutions in our days depends very much on the personal popularity of the sovereign; and vulgar people have a feeling that, as one of the chief duties of the sovereign is to be the show head of the state, the royal duty is not performed while the monarch hides herself from her subjects. A more reasonable objection to this prolonged privacy is, that the Queen has considerable power in political issues, and that, while she thus shuts herself from the world, she inevitably loses the knowledge of public feeling or derives it from biassed sources. Amongst other rumors current on the subject, it is said that the Queen, of late, has interested herself in spiritualism.

Perhaps you may be surprised that I have made no mention before in this letter of Fenianism. Last night the organ of the Fenians, the *Irish People*, was seized by the police. The type and machinery were removed, and several persons connected with the paper have been arrested. In no country on the continent would any paper have been allowed to preach open treason and insurrection for so long a time without being suppressed. Still, I cannot but think the confiscation of the *Irish People* gives an importance to the Fenian movement it did not deserve. However, the loyal classes in Ireland were so indignant at no notice being taken of Fenianism, that it was difficult for the Government to do nothing. As I have before told you, I believe firmly in the existence of very general and deep discontent in Ireland; and I cannot but fear we shall have trouble there before long. But, as far as I can learn, Fenianism itself is more talk than business.

A DAY IN POMPEII.

I.

On the morning after our arrival in Naples, last November, we took the seven o'clock train, which leaves the Nineteenth Century for the first cycle of the Christian Era, and, skirting the waters of the Neapolitan bay almost the whole length of our journey, reached the railway station of Pompeii in an hour. As we rode along by that bluest sea, we saw the fishing-boats go out, and the foamy waves (which it would be an insolent violence to call breakers) come in; we saw the mountains slope their tawny and golden manes caressingly downward to the waters, where the islands were dozing yet; and landward, on the left, we saw Vesuvius, with his brown mantle of ashes drawn close about his throat, reclining on the plain, and smoking a bland and thoughtful morning pipe, of which the silver fumes curled lightly, lightly upward in the sunrise.

We dismounted at the station, walked a few rods eastward through a little cotton-field, and found ourselves at the door of Hotel Diomed, where we took breakfast for a number of sesterces which I am sure it would have made an ancient Pompeian stir up a dust in his urn to think of paying. But in Italy one learns the chief Italian virtue, patience, and we paid our account with the utmost sweetness and good-nature. There was compensation in store for us, and the guide whom we found at the gate leading up the little hill to Pompeii inclined the disturbed balance in favor of our happiness. He was a Roman, spoke Italian that Beatrice might have addressed to Dante, and was numbered Twenty-six. I suppose it is known that the present Italian Government forbids people to be pillaged in any way on its premises, and that the property of the state is no longer the traffic of *custodes* and their pitiless race. At Pompeii each person pays two francs for admission, and is rigorously forbidden by recurrent sign-boards to offer money to the guides. Ventisei (as we shall call him) himself pointed out one of these notices in English, and did his duty faithfully without asking or receiving fees in money. He was a soldier, like all the other guides, and was a most intelligent, obliging fellow, with a self-respect and dignity worthy of one of our own volunteer soldiers.

Ventisei took us up the winding slope, and led us out of this living world through the Sea-gate of Pompeii back into the dead past—the past which, with all its sensuous beauty and grace, and all its intellectual power, I am not sorry to have dead and, for the most part, buried. Our feet had hardly trodden the lava flagging of the narrow streets when we came in sight of the laborers who were exhuming the inanimate city. They were few in number, not perhaps a score, and they worked tediously, with baskets to carry away the earth from the excavation, boys and girls carrying the baskets, and several athletic old women plying picks, while an overseer sat in a chair near by, and smoked, and directed their exertions. They dig down about eight or ten feet, uncovering the walls and pillars of the houses, and the mason, who is at hand, places little iron rivets in the stucco to prevent its fall where it is weak, while an artist attends to wash and clean the frescoes as fast as they are exposed. The soil through which the excavation first passes is not of great depth; the ashes which fell damp with scalding rain, in the second eruption, are perhaps five feet thick; the rest of the depth is of that porous stone which fell in small fragments in the first eruption. At least two feet of this stone are always left untouched by the laborers till the day when the chief superintendent of the work comes out from Naples to see the last thickness removed; for it is here that the interesting and valuable objects are nearly always found, and it is then that the beautiful mosaic pavements of the houses are uncovered. The wonder was, seeing how slowly the work proceeded, not that two-thirds of Pompeii were yet buried, but that one-third had been exhumed. We left these hopeless toilers, and went down town into the Forum, stepping aside on the way to look into one of the Pompeian Courts of Common Pleas.

II.

Now Pompeii is, in truth, so full of marvel and surprise, that it would be unreasonable to express disappointment with Pompeii in fiction. And yet I cannot help it. An exuberant carelessness of phrase in most writers and talkers who describe it had led me to expect much more than it was possible to find there. In my Pompeii I confess that the houses had no roofs—in fact, the rafters which sustained the tiles being burnt, how could the roofs help falling in? But otherwise my Pompeii was a very complete affair: the walls all rose to their full height; doorways and arches were perfect; the columns were all unbroken and upright; putting roofs on my Pompeii, you might have lived in it very comfortably. The real Pompeii is different. It is seldom that any wall is unbroken; most columns are fragmentary; and though the ground plans are always distinct, very few rooms in the city are perfect in form, and the whole is much more ruinous than I thought.

But this ruin once granted, and the idle disappointment at its greatnes overcome, there is endless material for study, instruction, and delight. It is the revelation of another life, and the utterance of the past is here more perfect than anywhere else in the world. Indeed, I think that the true friend of Pompeii should make it a matter of conscience, on entering the enchanted city, to cast out of his knowledge all the rubbish that has fallen into it from novels and travels, and to keep in his thought merely the facts of the town's luxurious life and agonizing death, with such incidents of the eruption as he can remember from the description of Pliny. These are the spells to which the sorcery yields, and with these in your thought you can rehabilitate the city until Ventisei seems to be a *valet de place* of the first century, and yourselves a set of blond barbarians to whom he is showing off the splendors of one of the most brilliant towns of the empire of Titus. Those sad furrows in the pavement become vocal with the joyous rattle of chariot-wheels on a sudden, and you prudently step up on the narrow sidewalks and rub along by the little shops of wine, and grain, and oil, with which the thrifty voluptaries of Pompeii flanked their street-doors. The counters of these shops run across their fronts, and are pierced with round holes on the top, through which you see dark depths of oil in the jars below, and not sullen lumps of ashes; those stately *amphoræ* behind are full of wine, and in the corners are bags of wheat.

"This house, with a shop on either side, whose is it, XXVI.?"

"It is the house of the great Sallust, my masters. Would you like his autograph? I know one of his slaves who would sell it."

You are a good deal stared at, naturally, as you pass by, for people in Pompeii have not much to do, and, besides, a Briton is not an every-day sight there, as he will be one of these centuries. The skins of wild beasts are little worn in Pompeii; and those bold-eyed Roman women think it rather odd that we should like to powder our shaggy heads with brick-dust. However, these are matters of taste. We, for our part, cannot repress a feeling of disgust at all these loungers in the street, who, XXVI. tells us, are going to soak themselves half the day in the baths yonder; for, if there is in Pompeii one thing more offensive than another to our savage sense of propriety, it is the personal cleanliness of the inhabitants. We little know what a change for the better will be wrought in these people with the lapse of time, and that they will yet come to wash themselves but once a year, as we do.

(The reader may go on doing this sort of thing at some length for himself; and may imagine, if he pleases, a boastful conversation among the Pompeians at the baths, in which the barbarians hear how Agricola has broken the backbone of a rebellion in Britain; and in which all the speakers begin their observations with "Ho! my Lepidus!" and "Ha! my Diomed!" In the meantime we return to the present day, and step down the Street of Plenty along with Ventisei.)

III.

It is proper, after seeing the sites of some of the principal temples in Pompeii (such as those of Jupiter and Venus), to cross the fields that cover a great breadth of the buried city, and look into the amphitheatre, where, as everybody knows, the lions had no stomach for Glaucus on the morning of the fatal eruption. These fields are now planted with cotton, and of course we thought those commonplaces about the wonder the Pompeians would feel could they come back to see that New World plant growing above their buried homes. We might have told them, last November, that this cruel plant, so long watered with the tears of slaves, and fed with the blood of men, was now an exile from its native fields, where war was ploughing with sword and shot the guilty land, and rooting up the subtlest fibres of the oppression in which cotton had grown king. And the ghosts of wicked old Pompeii, remembering the manifold sins that called the fires of hell to devour her, and thinking on this exiled plant, the latest witness of God's unforgetting justice, might well have shuddered, through all their shadow, to feel how terribly He destroys the enemies of nature and man.

But the only Pompeian presences which haunted our passage of the cotton-field were certain small

"Phantoms of delight,"

with soft black eyes, and graceful ways, who ran before us and plucked the bolls of the cotton and sold them to us. Embassies bearing red and white grapes were also sent out of the cottages to our excellencies; and there was some doubt of the currency of the coin which we gave these poor children in return.

There are now but few peasants living on the land over the head of Pompeii, and the Government allows no sales of real estate to be made except to itself. The people who still dwell here can hardly be said to own their possessions, for they are merely allowed to cultivate the soil. A guard stationed night and day prevents them from making excavations, and they

are severely restricted from entering the unburied quarters of the city alone.

The cotton whitens over two-thirds of Pompeii yet interred: happy the generation that lives to learn the wondrous secrets of that sepulchre! For, when you have once been at Pompeii, this phantasm of the past takes deeper hold on your imagination than any living city, and becomes and is the metropolis of your dreamland for ever. O marvelous city! who shall reveal the cunning of your spell? Something not death, something not life—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other. What is it comes to me at this distance of that which I saw in Pompeii? The narrow and curving, but not crooked streets, with the blazing sun of that Neapolitan November falling into them, or clouding their wheel-worn lava with the black, black shadows of the many-tinted walls; the houses, gay columns of white, yellow, and red; the delicate pavements of mosaic; the skeletons of dusty cisterns and dead fountains; inanimate garden spaces with pigmy statues suited to their littleness; suites of fairy bed-chambers, painted with exquisite frescoes; tiny dining halls with joyous scenes of hunt and banquet on their walls; the ruinous sites of temples; the melancholy emptiness of booths and shops and jolly drinking houses; the lonesome tragic-theatre, with a modern Pompeian drawing water from a well there; the baths with their roofs perfect yet, and the stucco bas-reliefs all but unharmed; around the whole, the wall crowned with slender poplars; outside the gates, the long avenue of tombs, and the Appian Way stretching on to Stabiæ; and, in the distance, Vesuvius, brown and bare, with his fiery breath scarce visible against the cloudless heaven;—these are the things that float before my fancy as I turn back to look at myself walking those enchanted streets, and to wonder if I could have been so blest.

For there is nothing on the earth, or under it, like Pompeii.

The amphitheatre, to which we came now, after our stroll across the cotton-fields, was small, like the vastest things in Pompeii, and had nothing of the stately magnificence of the Arena at Verona, nor anything of the Roman Coliseum's melancholy and ruinous grandeur. But its littleness made it all the more comfortable and social, and, seated upon its benches under a cool awning, one could have almost chatted across the arena with one's friends; could have witnessed the spectacle on the sands without losing a movement of the quick gladiators or an agony of the victim given to the beasts—which must have been very delightful to a Pompeian of companionable habits and fine feelings. It is quite impossible, however, that the bouts described by Bulwer as taking place all at the same time on the arena should really have done so; the combatants would have rolled and tumbled and trampled over each other an hundred times in the narrow space.

Of all the voices with which it once rang the poor little amphitheatre has kept only an echo. But this echo is one of the most perfect ever heard: prompt, clear, startling, it blew back the light chaff we threw to it with amazing vehemence, and almost made us doubt if it were not a direct human utterance. But how was Ventisei to know our names? And there was no one else to call them but ourselves. Our "*dolce duca*" gathered a nosegay from the crumbling ledges, and sat down in the cool of the once-cruel cells beneath, and put it prettily together for the ladies. When we had wearied ourselves with the echo he arose and led us back into Pompeii.

IV.

The plans of nearly all the houses in the city are alike: the entrance-room next the door; the parlor or drawing-room next that; then the *impluvium*, or unroofed space in the middle of the house, where the rains were caught and drained into the cistern, and where the household used to come to wash itself, primitively, as at a pump; the little garden, with its painted columns, behind the *impluvium*, and, at last, the dining-room. There are minute bed-chambers on either side, and, as I said, a shop at one side in front, for the sale of the master's grain, wine, and oil. The pavements of all the houses are of mosaic, which, in the better sort, is very delicate and beautiful, and is found sometimes perfectly uninjured. An exquisite pattern, often repeated, is a ground of tiny cubes of white marble with dots of black dropped regularly into it. Of course there were many picturesque and fanciful designs, of which the best have been removed to the Museum in Naples; but several of these are still left, and (like that of the Wild Boar, in one) give names to the houses in which they are found.

But, after all, the great wonder, the glory, of these Pompeian houses is in their frescoes. If I tried to give an idea of the luxury of color in Pompeii, the most gorgeous adjectives would be as poorly able to reproduce a vivid and glowing sense of those hues as the photography which now copies the drawing of the decorations; so I do not try.

I know it is a cheap and feeble thought, and yet, will the reader please to consider: A workman nearly two thousand years laying upon the walls those soft lines that went to make up fauns and satyrs, nymphs and naiads heroes and gods and goddesses; and getting weary and lying down to sleep, and dreaming of an eruption of the mountain; of the city buried under a fiery hail, and slumbering in its bed of ashes seventeen centuries; then of its being slowly exhumed again, and, after another lapse of years, of some one coming to gather the shadow of that dreamer's work upon a plate of glass, that he might infinitely reproduce it and sell it to tourists at from five francs to fifty centissimi a copy. I say, consider such a dream, dreamed in the hot heart of the day, after certain cups of Vesuvian wine! what a piece of *Katzenjämmer* (I can use no milder term) would that workman think it when he woke again! Alas! what is history and the progress of the arts and sciences but one long *Katzenjämmer?*

Photography cannot give, any more than I, the colors of the frescoes, but it can do the drawing better, and, I suspect, the spirit also. I used the word workman, and not artist, in speaking of the decoration of the walls, for in most cases the painter was only an artisan, and did his work probably by the yard, as the artisan who paints walls and ceilings in Italy does at this day. But the old workman did his work much more skilfully and tastefully than the modern—threw on expanses of mellow color, delicately panelled off the places for the scenes, and pencilled in the figures and draperies (there are usually more of the one than the other) with a deft hand. Of course, the houses of the rich were adorned by men of genius; but it is surprising to see the community of thought and feeling in all this work, whether it be from cunninger or clumsier hands. The subjects are nearly always chosen from the fables of the gods, though they are sometimes in illustration of the poets, Homer and the rest. To suit that soft, luxurious life which people led in Pompeii, the themes are commonly amorous and sometimes not too chaste; there is much of Bacchus and Ariadne, much of Venus and Adonis, and Diana bathes a good deal with her nymphs, not to mention frequent representations of the toilet of that beautiful monster which the lascivious art of the time loved to depict. One of the most pleasing of all the scenes is that in one of the houses of the Judgment of Paris, in which the shepherd sits upon a bank in an attitude of ineffable and flattered consequence, with one leg carelessly crossing the other, and both hands resting lightly on his shepherd's crook, while the goddesses before him await his sentence. Naturally the painter has done his best for the vincitrice in this rivalry, and you see

"Idalian Aphrodite beautiful"

as she should be, but with a warm and piquant spice of girlish resentment in her attitude, that Paris should pause for an instant, which is altogether delicious.

"And I beheld great Here's angry eyes."

Awful eyes! How did the painter make them? The wonder of all these pagan frescoes is the mystery of the eyes—still, beautiful, unhuman. You cannot feel that it is wrong for those tranquil-eyed men and women to do evil, they look so calm and so abstracted in it all; and in the presence of the celestials, as they bend upon you those eternal orbs, in whose regard you are but a part of space, you feel that here art has achieved the unearthly. I know of no words in literature which give a *sense* (nothing gives the idea) of the *stare* of these gods, except that magnificent line of Kingsley's, describing the advance over the sea toward Andromeda of the oblivious and unsympathizing Nereids. They floated slowly up, and their eyes

"Stared on her, silent and still, like the eyes in the house of the idols."

A false art, in the corrupt ages following the apotheosis of painting in Raphael, would have flattered the badness of its time with the reproduction of the pagan spirit; but one has only to look into those awful eyes of the frescoes at Pompeii, and there recall the expression in the faces of the heroes and gods which Giulio Romano, say, has painted in the Palazzo del T, at Mantua, to see how utterly and signally that apostate art has failed. Thank God! since the old creeds perished, it is not in the heart of man to conceive of sin without consequent suffering and shame.

The colors of this fresco of the Judgment of Paris are still so fresh and bright, that it photographs very well, but there are other frescoes wherein there is more visible perfection of line, but in which the colors are so dim that they can only be reproduced by drawings. One of these is the Wounded Adonis cared for by Venus and the Loves: in which the story is treated with a playful pathos wonderfully charming. The fair boy leans in the languor of his hurt toward Venus, who sits utterly disconsolate beside him, while the Cupids busy themselves with such slight surgical offices as Cupids may render: one prepares a linen bandage for the wound, another wraps it round the leg of Adonis, another supports one of his heavy arms, another finds his own emotions too much for him and pauses to weep. It is a pity that the colors of this beautiful fresco are grown so dim, and a greater pity that most of the other frescoes in Pompeii must share its fate, and fade away. The hues are vivid when the walls are first uncovered, and the ashes washed from the

pictures, but then the malice of the elements begins anew, and rain and sun draw the life out of tints which the volcano failed to obliterate. In nearly all cases they could be preserved by throwing a roof above the walls, and it is a wonder that the Government does not take this slight trouble to save them.

Amongst the frescoes which told no story but their own, we were most pleased with one in a delicately painted little bed-chamber. This represented an alarmed and furtive man, whom we at once pronounced The Belated Husband, opening a door with a night-latch. Nothing could have been better than this miserable wretch's cowardly haste and cautious noiselessness in applying his key; apprehension sat upon his brow, confusion dwelt in his guilty eye. He had been out till two o'clock in the morning, electioneering for Pansa, the friend of the people ("Pansa, and Roman gladiators," "Pansa, and Christians to the beasts," was the platform), and he had left his *placens uxor* at home alone with the children, and now within this door that *placens uxor* awaited him!

V.

You have read, no doubt, of their discovering, a year or two since, in making an excavation in a Pompeian street, the moulds of four human bodies, three women and a man, who fell down, blind and writhing, in the storm of fire eighteen hundred years ago; whose shape the settling and hardening ashes took; whose flesh wasted away, and whose bones lay there in the hollow of the matrix till the cunning of this time found them, and, pouring liquid plaster round the skeletons, clothed them with human form again, and drew them forth into the world once more. There are many things in Pompeii which bring back the gay life of the city, but nothing which so vividly reports the terrible manner of her death as these effigies of the creatures that actually shared it. The man in the last struggle has thrown himself upon his back, and taken his doom sturdily—there is a sublime calm in his rigid figure. The women lie upon their faces, their limbs tossed and distorted, their drapery tangled and heaped about them, and in every fibre you see how hard they die. One presses her face into her handkerchief to draw one last breath unmixed with scalding steam; another's arms are wildly thrown abroad to clutch at help; another's hand is appealingly raised, and on her slight fingers you see the silver hoops with which her poor dead vanity adorned them.

The guide takes you aside from the street into the house where they lie, and a dreadful shadow drops upon your heart as you enter their presence. Without, the hell-storm seems to fall again, and the whole sunny plain to be darkened with its ruin, and the city to send up the tumult of despair.

What is there left in Pompeii to speak of after this? The long street of tombs outside the walls? Those that died before the city's burial seem to have scarcely a claim to the solemnity of death. Shall we go see Diomed's Villa, and walk through the freedman's long underground vaults, where his friends thought to be safe, and were smothered in heaps? The garden-ground grows wild among its broken columns with weeds and poplar saplings; in one of the corridors they sell photographs, on which, if you please, Ventisei has his bottle, or drink-money. So we escape from the doom of the calamity, and so, at last, the severely forbidden *buona-mano* is paid. A dog may die many deaths besides choking with butter.

We return slowly through the city, where we have spent the whole day, from nine till four o'clock. We linger on the way, imploring Ventisei if there is not something to be seen in this or that house; we make our weariness an excuse for sitting down, and cannot rend ourselves from the bliss of being in Pompeii.

At last we leave its gates, and swear each other to come again many times while in Naples, and never go again.

Perhaps it was as well. You cannot repeat great happiness.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THERE is fine reading for those who love the twilight territory between fact and fiction, haunted by dim shapes and weird imagery, in a book just published in London, "The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams." It has no pretensions to be considered a scientific work, like Dr. MacNish's "Philosophy of Sleep," but is rather, as described in the title, "A Commonplace Book of Speculations concerning the Mystery of Dreams and Visions, Records of Curious and Well-authenticated Dreams, and Notes on the Various Modes of Interpretation adopted in Ancient and Modern Times." The name given as that of the author, "Frank Seafield, M.A.," has rather a fictitious look. But whoever it may be, he has well ransacked the bye-paths of literature that contain anything relating to the subject, and his list of authorities ranges from Artemidorus and Zoroaster to Dr. Dunglison and Mrs. Sigourney. In the large collection of relations of "Dreams, Ancient and Modern," it is curious to see how their shadowy testimony has been brought to bear upon important questions of human interest in all the professions—law, medicine, and divinity—and how many names of men remarkable for anything rather than an excess of credulity are connected with these speculations. The work forms two volumes, post octavo but is too dear in its English dress for general circulation. The interest of the topic would probably carry off a reprint.

—The Photo-zincographic process, by which photographic copies of any description are susceptible of being printed from like engraved plates, is now being applied very extensively in England for the popularization of records, autographs, etc., where actual identity, and not merely resemblance, between the original and the duplicate is desirable. It was first made use of in connection with the drawings and details of the Ordnance Survey, and was so successful that it is now extended to most cases where copies of papers are required, instead of having them done by hand. A fac-simile of the whole of the great national territorial record, the "Doomsday Book" of William the Conqueror, has been completed, and is sold in separate counties at a moderate price. It has been followed by a volume of "National Documents from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne," selected from the originals at the Public Record Office, of the very first rank in point of historical interest. Here will be found, accompanied by literal translations, etc., autographs of each sovereign, the original "Magna Charta" from the most perfect copy known, the famous "Ragman Roll," or roll of homage done to Edward I. by the Scots, the letter from Richard III. to his Chancellor, vowing the destruction of Buckingham, and other curious illustrations of English history and the English historical drama. The private instructions of the envoys sent by Henry VII. to gain information of his intended bride, the young Queen of Naples,

are especially singular; the shortest one we can find which will give a sample of the rest is: "Item—to note the clerenesse of hir skynne, As to thys article, the saide Quyn ys verry fayre and clere of skynne, as farre as that we coude persayve by hir vysage, necke and hands, the whiche we saw and well persayved." The "colour of hir here"—"hir ies browes, tethe and lippes," and a vast number of other details, are among the matters that the royal bridegroom expectant desired full information on, and the answers given are as naïve as the questions.

—We hear unexpectedly of a new association for the study of American antiquities, which seem to occupy the learned world as fully as the recent affairs of this continent have engaged the attention of statesmen and politicians. It is entitled "Le Comité d'Archéologie Américaine de France." The names of its founders, etc., are not given, but it is stated that a deputation of its members recently visited London for the twofold purpose of conferring with the students of American history and antiquities residing in that capital, and "of searching in the public and private collections of that metropolis for documents relating to the history of America before its discovery by Columbus." What kind of "documents" the deputation expected to find that had escaped previous scrutiny is not stated, and the whole account would seem rather to be founded on some private crotchet than on the proceedings of a learned society, except that the respectable names of Mr. N. Trübner and Mr. W. Bollaert (both known for their writings on America) are mentioned as representatives of England on the committee. A meeting was held in London on August 17, when papers were read on the studies of the society by M. de Labarthe, and by M. Leon de Rosny on the late progress of American archæological research. We wait for further particulars respecting this new learned organization.

—One of the treasures of Lord Charlemont's library, lately dispersed at auction in London, was a copy of the "Orlando Furioso" of Ariosto, the first complete edition of the whole forty-six cantos, printed at Ferrara in 1532. It was printed on vellum, one of the five copies known to be executed on that material, and it was stated in a contemporary handwriting to be the gift of the author himself to the Signora Veronica Gambera, a lady mentioned by Ariosto in the last canto of the poem. The Italian bibliographer Count Melzi mentions that Lord Spencer had offered in vain one hundred guineas for a similar copy of this edition, but being unable to procure one on vellum, was obliged to put up with one on large and thick paper. On the 10th of last month the copy above mentioned brought £135. The editions of Ariosto's romantic poem in Italy are just equal in number to the various impressions of Shakespeare's works in England, about 400 different impressions being recorded of each, only with this remarkable dissimilarity: in the sixteenth century, within seventy years of its first publication, the number of editions of the "Orlando" was 166, while in the same space of time after the appearance of the collected edition of Shakespeare's plays four editions only were needed. It is one of the peculiarities of the bibliomania, that while the early editions of Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto are among the choicest, dearest, and most sought-for of books, and volumes have been written on the peculiarities of each, those of Tasso have never been in any demand, and remain perhaps "rare," but not at all *recherché*. It requires that these two elements of value should meet in a book to make it of high value, and the concurrence of two or three amateurs and collectors of the "Jerusalem Delivered" would soon (according to Burnet) place Tasso on the same bibliographical eminence occupied by his older poetical brethren.

—A question of some importance respecting the law of copyright has been well examined by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, whose report, based on the common-sense view of the subject, rather than on technicalities, is a good specimen of what we all imagine law should be. It arose from the fact that Messrs. Bunce & Huntington, of New York, had included in a small volume of selections entitled "Home Ballads by our Home Poets" several poems by Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, J. G. Saxe, etc., all of which were either owned by or farmed out to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. The proceedings were not taken vindictively, but simply to ascertain the state of the law. Mr. Curtis's opinion is well worth reading; it may be found in the "American Publishers' Circular" for Sept. 15. He disposes satisfactorily of the various pleas offered in justification therefor—that the pieces had passed into the common literature of the country, that the license of fair quotation or liberty of criticism allowed a certain freedom of appropriation, etc., and proves that a book, when original in its contents, and duly entered for copyright, is, *the whole* and *every part of it*, under protection of the statute, and that when a portion of a work is taken, not for the purpose of commenting on or illustrating it, but for the purpose of making it the subject-matter of sale in itself, the copyright law is unquestionably violated, and may be applied to for redress, in proportion to the damage and injury sustained by the real owner of the property.

—Among other publishers of England and Scotland who are seeking a market in the United States is the house of Alexander Strahan, which has been raised to sudden eminence by the immense success of the two periodicals, "Good Words" and the "Sunday Magazine," established by them a few years since. The circulation of the former is now about 180,000 of the weekly and monthly numbers, and of the latter 100,000. They began with merely a local circulation in Scotland, but the excellence of the literary matter, and the eminence of the authors engaged, has carried them wherever the English language is spoken. Among their contributors are Drs. Guthrie and McLeod, Dean Alford, Dr. Stanley, Alexander Smith, and many others of equal renown, whose appearance in periodical literature was an unusual phenomenon. The number of subscribers in this country has been hitherto limited, by the war and other circumstances, to about 1,500 copies of each magazine, but through an agency that he has just established the publisher hopes, by making them more easily accessible, to give them a currency here more in proportion to the merit and cheapness of the publications, which admirably fit them for a wide circulation.

—The autumn announcements of the new and active house of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of Broadway, indicate nearly forty separate publications, all intended to appear before Christmas, and many of them, by their character, specially adapted for that season and the offices of kindly beneficence called forth annually by its time-honored associations. Among them are a new and elegant edition of that charming story, "Picciola," by Xaintine, translated from the author's revised edition, with illustrations on wood by Leopold Flammeng, and ornamental head and tail pieces; "The Twenty-third Psalm," illuminated and printed in oil colors; "Alice Cary's Poems," illustrated by the first artists of the day; a fine edition of that classic for all time, "The Fables of Æsop," illustrated with one hundred and eleven engravings from original designs by Herrick; "The Three Kings of Orient," a Christmas carol by Rev. J. H. Hopkins, illuminated in colors; and Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns for Children," beautifully embellished with engravings on wood by English artists, an edition published in London by John Murray, and in New York by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. The more general literary announcements include "Rejected Addresses, and other Poems," by James and Horace Smith, edited by Epes Sargent; "Canterbury Tales," by Harriet and Sophia Lee (the book from which Lord Byron borrowed his drama of "Werner"), in three vols. crown 8vo; "Letters of Mozart," translated by Lady Wallace; a "Brief Biographical Dictionary," on a new plan, which forms in England one of the popular "Golden Treasury Series;" "The Life and Character of J. A. Van der Palm, D.D., Professor in the University of Leyden," translated by Dr. Westerveldt; and "The Dutch Pilgrim Fathers, and other Poems," by Edward Hopper. It is principally, however, in juvenile literature that Messrs. Hurd & Houghton put out their full strength. In this branch their forthcoming books are far too numerous to mention, and we must content ourselves with particularizing "The Children in the Wood," told in verse by R. H. Stoddard, splendidly illustrated and printed in colors, with illuminated cover, like the highly popular "Little Red Riding Hood," which was the "gem of the season" for young folks last year.

—Mr. J. Heneage Jesse, whose pleasant volumes relating to the Stuart and Hanoverian courts of England are the best specimens we have that answer to the popular French semi-historical and biographical memoirs, has in press a new book, "Memoirs of George the Third and his Times." It is said to be enriched with many curious anecdotes from unpublished documents of the noble families of the time, and, in connection with his former works, will bring down the thread of narrative from James I. to the days of our fathers and the early remembrances of those yet flourishing among us. The "Memoirs" will form three volumes 8vo, and will be published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

—One of the late volumes issued by the Anthropological Society of London is a collection of the treatises by the famous anatomist and naturalist, Blumenbach, on the scientific study of man. Though his work on the "Natural Varieties of Man" was published ninety years ago, and has in many particulars been superseded, it will always be a landmark in the progress of the knowledge of the race, and therefore well deserved to be put in an English dress more generally acceptable than the original Latin form. To him is due the classification or division of mankind into races now usually followed, and his collection of skulls (or "Golgotha," as he called it) was the first ever formed with a view to the physical illustration of the varieties of intellectual development and natural affinities of the various families of man. A memoir by his friend and pupil, Dr. Marx, relates how early his favorite

pursuits began to engross him; how his native town of Gotha possessed only one skeleton, in the possession of a doctor; how young Blumenbach found it impossible to resist its fascination, and secretly began a collection of bones of animals to compose a copy, until his hoard was accidentally discovered, to the intense discomposure of the surprised household. A story testifying to the pre-occupation in his studies that usually characterizes great discoverers is told of him during his visit to England. Being entertained in London by all the English professors, on one evening they went to the theatre to see John Kemble in "Othello." Some days after the actor met the anatomist at a party, and said, "M. Blumenbach, how did you think I succeeded in representing the character of a negro?" "Well enough," said the naturalist, "for the morale; but" (he added) "all the illusion was destroyed for me the moment you opened your hand, for you had on black gloves, and the inside of the negro's hand is of a flesh color." Every one laughed except Blumenbach; he had spoken quite seriously. By this it seems that Mr. Crummles' famous typical example of earnestness—the man "who blacked himself *all over* when he played 'Othello'"—exhibited more zeal than knowledge in his devotion to the *couleur locale*. Blumenbach was born in 1752, and was among us enjoying an honored old age so recently as 1840.

—It is a significant instance of the vitality of a real work of genius, in spite of all the encumbrances of antiquated form and obsolete manner, that Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" should appear in the collection of light reading (the Tauchnitz series of English novels recently mentioned) alongside of Miss Braddon, G. A. Sala, Anthony Trollope, and the latest followers of the last "sweet thing," not in millinery, but in the literature of fiction. Such is the case, however, and the book that has not met with an edition in its own country for half a century past re-appears in four of the well-known straw-colored volumes that slip so readily into the corners of the trunk of the European continental traveller.

—The search by an author for an available subject, rather than any peculiar fitness for the task, has apparently led to a "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Sir Richard Steele" by H. R. Montgomery, a man of no known status in contemporary literature. Steele undoubtedly well deserved a biographer—it is, in fact, an opprobrium to English literature that no collected edition of his writings has appeared, though most of the heavy work necessary for its accomplishment has been done by the indefatigable John Nichols—but the author of his life should, by original research, be able to increase our existing stock of information respecting the man and his times. Such, by account of the critics, does not seem to be within the achievement of Mr. Montgomery, and his two large octavos are pieced out with well-worn fragments of the general history and biography of the eighteenth century. For a long period Sir Richard Steele was so completely eclipsed by the more courtly graces and faultless moral demeanor of his friend Addison, that no one thought of examining into the real character of one of the most genial of English writers. Latterly, however, there has been a disposition to bring him forward—like Macaulay for a foil, or like Thackeray for a rival and a counterpoise—to the indisputable classic, with whom it was the highest pride of his true and loyal nature to be associated in life and in death. The accidental publication of his Private Correspondence with his wife gives us, in the words of Thackeray, "some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man's biography; they have all the genuineness of conversation, are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain lecture." Altogether, though this last attempt to do him justice does not seem perfectly satisfactory, Steele may be considered as a recovered figure in the English literary Pantheon, and tardy justice is being done to both the man and the author.

—The courage that deserves success, if not the merit that commands it, is unquestionably the attribute of Mr. M. F. Tupper. A serious five-act play, by the "Proverbial Philosopher," to be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, was the "coming event" of the last week's dramatic annals in London, and, with singular absence of reticence, it was stated to have been originally produced in Manchester a few years since without success. If, in spite of such a forewarning, Mr. Tupper gains a favorable verdict from the public, he will be a fortunate man; but the author whose books have been bought by some two hundred thousand purchasers, must enjoy a solid sense of satisfaction proof against many trifling annoyances. His play is entitled "Alfred." We notice by the book lists that he has changed his publisher, and has joined in the "nest of singing birds" whose notes echo from Messrs. Moxon's establishment, instead of continuing with Messrs. Hatchard, of "serious" fame, by whom his books were first given to the world.

—The Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Languages offers two prizes, to be given next year, for the best paper on the following theses—both rather singularly relating to one subject—the inexhaustible dramatist: First, The influence of Shakespeare on the development of the English language, giving an account of the state of poetic language in England during the literary period immediately preceding that of Shakespeare—proofs of the development in his poetry—a philological comparison between him and his contemporaries and subsequent writers. Second, History of the criticism of Shakespearian dramas by the German and Romanic nations. The competing theses may be in German, English, or French, and must be sent in by the 1st of next July. The prize of the first is 500 thalers in gold, of the second 200.

—Though late in the field, the Spanish Government is contributing its quota to the knowledge of the early history of America. Whatever has been done in that direction by Navarette, Pascal de Gayangos, and other scholars, has been effected through private enterprise; but the work to be mentioned has been declared by royal order to be of public utility, and it appears under the sanction of the court. It is a "Collection of Inedited Documents on the Discovery, Conquest, and Colonization of the Spanish Possessions beyond the Sea, drawn from the Royal Archives of the Indies." The editor is Duc Luis Torrez di Mendoza, and it is proposed to issue two volumes annually.

—Dr. Pusey, whose "Lectures on the Prophet Daniel" have been received by all parties and denominations of Christians as a noble vindication of revealed truth, quits temporarily the paths of Scriptural exegesis for the more exciting themes of polemic warfare. He has now in press a "Reply" to the letter recently addressed to him by Archbishop Manning on behalf of Anglo Romanism. It is expected to form a work as remarkable as Dr. Newman's "Apology" for his own life, and will vindicate and defend the catholicity of the English Church while explaining the position and policy of the writer, whose influence on a numerous and devoted band of followers more resembles what we read of in the ages of faith than the ordinary relations of a modern Protestant clergyman to the community. To avoid the appearance of personal controversy with the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Pusey's letter will be addressed formally to Rev. J. Keble.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.*

No one will question the truth of the first sentence of Mr. Merivale's book. He says: "The conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity is a very comprehensive subject of enquiry." Most comprehensive! and, let us add, very difficult adequately to know and to describe. A most remarkable transformation in the religious beliefs and habits of the civilized world took place at least fifteen hundred years ago. Old creeds were repudiated, old deities were dethroned; a new creed, not of Roman origin, was accepted; a new worship was established, and the law by which men thenceforth understood their relations to God, and God's relations to them, was drawn from the sacred Scriptures and creed of the Catholic Church.

To show, at least in part, how this immense revolution was effected, what preparations for it had been going on for centuries previous, what processes the mind of the world went through, how it emerged from its old heathen cultus into the broad catholic truth, is the purpose of Mr. Merivale's book. We propose here to give some account of it—to inform our readers what the author has said, rather than what he might have said, or what we should have said.

Before we do this, however, we ask permission to consider for a moment the fragmentary character of the written histories of the "Eternal City." There is something wonderful in them—they are in a measure the reflex not only of the greatness, but of the manifold, huge life of the power whose ghost still walks upon the seven hills. No one man has been able to write the history of Rome; no one man has been able to know it more than in part. It is too great to pass in full, complete review before any single life. The parts gathered by many hands remain yet to be constructed into one living, organic whole. Gibbon's work must for ever remain what Niebuhr called it—"a noble masterpiece;" yet Gibbon's work begins at a period long after the "mightiest Julius" had inaugurated a new era for the Roman people and commonwealth. Niebuhr himself, though he had all knowledge, has not *portrayed* Rome. Arnold, following the leadership of the great German, has written, as far as it goes, a charming piece of history—but still incomplete. Mr. Merivale has given us another period of Roman history—only a period; and in this new work, upon the great subject of the conversion of the empire to Christianity, has written with more breadth and depth than any one who has written of it in English. Each book, and the same is true of

* "The Conversion of the Roman Empire. The Boyle Lectures for the year 1864, delivered at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, by Charles Merivale, B.D., Rector of Lawford, Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, author of a 'History of the Romans under the Empire.'" New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. 1865.

German and French works which treat of laws, manners, customs, though it may be complete in itself, yet, viewed in relation to the history of Rome, is a fragment, a contribution to the great sum total not yet in hand. Perhaps that complete history will never be accomplished until Rome herself shall have finished her course, and lie buried in her own grave by the Tiber.

The form of Mr. Merivale's book is not, we confess, to our taste. The foundation lectureships in England, such as the Boyle, the Bampton, and the Hulsean, have created a peculiar kind of literature to be found nowhere else. These lectures have been written and preached by clergymen of the Church of England, and they embrace now, in the aggregate, hundreds of volumes, and discuss all topics which bear nearly or remotely upon religion. In some respects, and for some classes of subjects, such as ethics, this form of composition does very well, but it is clumsy and ill-suited to critical subjects and to histories. Much that is of real value is collected in notes at the end of the volume, because it cannot be used in the text, while the text itself has not the merit belonging to the best style of pulpit composition, nor the dramatic power of free historic composition, nor the incisive vigor of the review article. For such purposes, then, these lectures are apt to be too learned to be popular, and not learned or exact enough to meet the demands of the scientific reader.

These observations, in a measure, must be applied to Mr. Merivale's work, which is the Boyle Lecture for the year 1864. It is a series of sermons *preached* in the Chapel Royal—each lecture having its text, which is used as a sort of motto, and partaking somewhat of the character of a "pulpit performance." Mr. Merivale himself evidently felt the awkwardness of the undertaking, as may be seen from a paragraph in the first lecture, p. 22.

The preface is an integral part of the work, and must be read if we wish to know the author's view of the way in which Christianity triumphed over the old religions of the world. Gibbon's famous fifteenth chapter, which brought down upon him a storm of indignation, is at once suggested to the reader. Gibbon, it will be recollected, named *five causes* which, in his judgment, accounted for the success of the Christian religion; he called them, with an ill-concealed sarcasm, "the secondary causes," and they are as follows: 1. The inflexible and, if we may use the expression, the intolerant zeal of the Christians, derived, it is true, from the Jewish religion, but purified from the narrow and unsocial spirit which, instead of inviting, had deterred the Gentiles from embracing the law of Moses. 2. The doctrine of a future life, improved by every additional circumstance which could give weight and efficacy to that important truth. 3. The miraculous powers ascribed to the primitive Church. 4. The pure and austere morals of the Christians. 5. The union and discipline of the Christian republic. Mr. Merivale names "four *ways*" in which the conversion of the empire was effected: 1. "By the force of the external evidence to the truth of Christianity, by the apparent fulfilment of recorded prophecy, and by the historical testimony to the miracles," etc. He declares, however, that this argument, as conducted, had but little intrinsic force, its power, in fact, being the result of "the great proneness of the age to accept the claims of miracles." 2. "Internal evidence," from the sense of spiritual destitution, the consciousness of sin, and the acknowledged need of a sanctifier and redeemer. 3. "The godly examples of the Christians throughout the trials of life, and especially in the crowning trial of martyrdom, were, as we may be assured from history, productive of thousands, nay, of millions, of conversions." 4. "But among the multitude there was probably after all no argument so effectual, no testimony to the divine authority of the Gospel so convincing, as that from the temporal success with which Christianity was crowned."

These are Mr. Merivale's four points, briefly stated but not fully argued, nor elaborately unfolded, as Gibbon's five causes. Undoubtedly, it is well to weigh Merivale's as it is well to weigh Gibbon's estimate. We shall find much truth in both, though not the whole truth in either. Mr. Merivale has touched the matter rather daintily, as if he had no time to enter into any possible controversy upon the subject. He sketches the great fact, he points to the sources of the power which secured for the Gospel its triumphs and victories, but he does not carry the reader back into the world when it was, to human eyes at least, a matter of doubt whether the new religion would be crushed, or whether it would lead captive the governing spirit of mankind. We do not see the conflict; we behold here and everywhere in Mr. Merivale's pages striking contrasts, results, and the unconscious preparation for those results, in the forms which the later civilization assumed in its laws and ideas, both religious and social.

In fact, we find here what is most characteristic, as well as excellent and interesting, in this book. In the first lecture we see all the strong points in our author's treatment of his subject. The topic itself is extremely interesting to a modern man, and it is well handled by Mr. Merivale. He is strong in contrasts. In order to show the immense difference between the ideas prevalent in the heathen world before the Gospel, and the ideas brought in with its triumphs, he draws two pictures—first, of a *séance* of the old Roman Senate; and, secondly, of the first general council of the Christian Church. It will not be out of place to dwell upon this contrast.

"On the fifth of December, B.C. 63, the Roman Senate was assembled at the Temple of Concord to discuss, amid profound public agitation, the punishment to be inflicted upon the Catilinian conspirators. Men distinguished in the arts of war and of peace, warriors and legislators, patriots and demagogues, leaders and partizans, orators and mere dumb but faithful voters, well-educated men, trained in the philosophies of the day and accustomed to weigh grave problems of life and of death, were gathered together to deliberate upon matters of the greatest moment to the fortunes of the republic. Before that audience, Caius Julius Cæsar gave utterance to the following opinion: 'In pain and misery death is the release from all suffering, not suffering itself; death dissolves all the ills of mortality; beyond it is no place either for pain or pleasure. Wherefore, keep these criminals alive, to suffer a fitting penalty; after death there is no more punishment for sin, neither is there any reward for virtue.' Cæsar was supreme pontiff, 'the chosen interpreter of divine things to the national conscience,' and yet he makes deliberate denial, publicly, of immortality—and, what is equally noticeable, this denial occasioned no special comment, met with no rebuke, laid Cæsar open to no charge—did not, as far as we know, disturb the mind of any person who heard it; and amongst the men who heard it was Cato himself, the very embodiment of the noblest type of Roman morality. It gave him no shock, for the question of immortality was a question for the schools—a problematical question. The belief in it did not enter into the motives and conduct of every-day life. A person might believe, he might disbelieve it; but neither belief nor disbelief entered into the composition of his morality. In a word, religion, such as it was at Rome then, had nothing to do with the question of the immortality of the soul."

Now, by way of contrast, in order to show the magnitude of the revolution involved in the conversion of the empire, Mr. Merivale introduces us to a new scene—places before us the first general council of the Catholic Church. The Roman Senate in the days of Julius Cæsar, and the first council of the Catholic Church in the days of Constantine! In time, measured by years, not quite four centuries had gone; in reality, the change is most difficult to compute. The Roman Senate still existed in form, but the power to control the minds and actions of man was then in the process of transfer to the Catholic Church, under the patronage and by the aid of the emperor. "The matter of debate," says Mr. Merivale, "in the assembly to which the gravest affair of state is now committed is not a question of political emergency, of foreign levy, or domestic treason, but of the deepest spiritual significance,—the Council of Nice is met together to fix the creed of Christendom on a point of religious dogma, to close up an intellectual schism, and settle the faith of men on an everlasting foundation." And who composed this extraordinary council? "One sacred oratory," says Eusebius, "enlarged as it were by God himself, enclosed within its walls both Syrians and Cilicians, Phœnicians and Arabians, Palestinians and Egyptians; also, Thebæans and Libyans, and those that came forth of Mesopotamia. There was present, also, at this synod a Persian bishop; neither was the Scythian absent from the quire. Moreover, there appeared here Thracians and Macedonians, Achaians and Epirotes, and such as dwelt far beyond these met, nevertheless, together." It is not necessary to state *how much* faith in the immortality of the soul had to do with the religion of these men, how it affected their hopes, their fears, their whole conception of the moral duties of life. The sphere of ideas in which they lived was unknown to the Cæsars, the Catos, and the Ciceros of a past age.

Here is the grand fact, a religion which makes the utmost practical use of faith in the soul's immortality—the church, once so poor, so despised, so persecuted, has become the religion of the world and wears the imperial purple. How this change was brought about requires a long story, which Mr. Merivale does not tell. He tells us how the story may be learned. He goes back, and indicates here and there the path of enquiry to be followed, and the line of development which actually was followed by the world before it became Christian. He develops very admirably several important facts, which touch the heart of the matter, and so brings to light the preparation which the world had been undergoing for centuries for the final reception of a Catholic truth and a Catholic religion. He finds the preparation, which was, in fact, an "education of the world," in the following particulars: In the gradual change which took place in the heathen conception of religion; in the later religious efforts of the leaders of opinion; in the influence of the Macedonian Empire upon the civilization of the world; and also in the character and breadth of Roman jurisprudence. We cannot, of course, here undertake to follow our author in the details of his treatment of the subject.

He displays critical acumen and a philosophic temper, while his style is very clear and occasionally is beautiful.

There are two topics, however, to which we must refer, on account of their intrinsic interest, and because they exhibit fairly the spirit in which Mr. Merivale has pursued his inquiries and studies. These are the growth of religious sentiment in the world, and the influence of the Macedonian Empire upon the world's civilization.

Mr. Merivale then dwells with considerable emphasis upon the fact that religion to a Roman at the time of Julius Cæsar, and for some time subsequently, meant a sort of devotion to the genius of the city—to the Fortune of Rome. It did not mean a power in the heart affecting the life from anything like allegiance to or fear of an invisible Lord. It was a sort of political obligation to the state; it was part of the duty of a true citizen. The well-being of the state was the hinge upon which religious rites and usages turned. Religion in this view was a national, not a personal, covenant with God. "The piety of the Romans looked backward; its ideal lay behind it, not before it. It aspired to present safety or enjoyment by a faithful imitation of an imaginary past, but it had no standard of future excellence or future blessedness to attain unto, no rising star to follow, no expansion, no development to anticipate." But such a view of religion was essentially weak, and could not withstand the revolutions which slowly but surely take place in society or in the conduct of a great state. It was found by experience to be weak, and the minds of men yearned for a broader truth and for personal fellowship with God. Mr. Merivale has pointed out the steps by which a great change was effected, by which men strove to approach the Deity, to know Him, and to keep in their hearts a sense of his presence. Clearly this was an unconscious move or change of base by which the world became educated to listen to the teachings of the Christians. At this point the Christian teachers alone, with their positive objective faith, could go forward and onward, and carry the world with them. How touching, how despairing, how tragic life and death seemed to men at this juncture, is finely exhibited by Mr. Merivale in his fifth and sixth lectures, and to them we must refer our readers.

But the influence of the Macedonian Empire in giving greater breadth to the world's civilization is a fact which the modern mind is learning gradually. Alexander, before history became a truly critical study, was looked upon as a sort of royal raider, who, followed by his steel-clad phalanxes, went through Asia like a line of fire. He is, however, now no longer considered a rollicking king, fighting for his own amusement. Even Dr. Pusey, in his late learned book on the Prophet Daniel, speaks of him as "perhaps the most intellectually-minded conqueror the world ever saw." He was, we think, the most far-sighted man ever devoted to the art and excitement of war. We wish Mr. Merivale had written a line in genuine appreciation of his talent and political sagacity. Modern criticism will recognize his claim to the title by which he has so long been known. He must for ever remain in history—Alexander the Great.

He founded, really, the Macedonian Empire. This empire carried Grecian literature, philosophy, and manners over into Asia and Egypt. Grecian life became incorporated into the life of races which Greek philosophers had named barbarian. The Greek language was disseminated, and with it the type of civilization to which Greece had given birth. We may say it became universal; it was to the world at the incoming of the Gospel what the French tongue was to Europe at the beginning of this present century. Men everywhere were familiar with it. Common ideas were generated by means of a common speech. While national life was declining, the intercourse of men and of races with each other increased constantly under the imperial dominion of Rome. Asia and Europe were made one in the sphere of ideas and culture, and thus, where the Gospel was preached, it found in the Greek language an instrument which could be employed from Jerusalem itself to the pillars of Hercules. The Macedonian Empire, in this view, may be fairly considered as one step in the education of the world, fitting it finally for the reception of Christianity. This subject is well treated by our author, though not amply. He draws the outline. He shows, too, how the broad civilization carried away the speculations of Aristotle respecting the relations of superior to inferior races. It is odd, in passing, to consider that the more subtle advocates of African slavery upon this continent never could rise above the formulas of Aristotle. They always reasoned like heathens upon the subject, never apparently being able to comprehend the new law and the new commandment taught mankind in the New Testament. For this, however, and for the influence of Roman jurisprudence in preparing the way for the conversion of the empire, our readers must turn to Mr. Merivale's pages. He will suggest to thoughtful men much which it becomes them to weigh in these days of revolution. Changes come in due time—the race moves onward; but its march cannot be hastened beyond the ordinance of Him who governs now, as he governed two thousand, three thousand, yes, as He has governed during the years past which are beyond our computation.

Mr. Merivale would have done well had he shown in his charming book how heathenism in its lingering death influenced Christianity. In the conflict between the new and old, if the new conquer, the old in some of its forms and phases will live in the new. The old philosophies and the old religious rites were not without their strength in influencing the Church—how, in how far, and in what style, may be gathered from the ordinary church histories, and particularly from Tzschirner's "Fall des Heidenthums" ("Fall of Heathenism"). And the curious reader may see how a modern, who hates the church, has treated its grand triumph over the old religions of the world by consulting Froude's "Nemesis of Faith."

DANTE IN 1865.*

THE scene of the celebration of Dante's birthday, last summer, was redolent of his life. There was the very stone where, according to tradition, he stood and watched the building of the Duomo—the beautiful gates of the baptistry whose relievos he praised, the old civic palace where he acted as prior, the hospital endowed by the father of his life-long love, the street where he first saw her, the familiar architecture whence he drew his imagery. Here he studied art with Cimabue and Giotto; hence he went forth an honored ambassador to popes and princes; and hither turned his eager eyes during nineteen years of exile. The thrall of ideal love, the lessons of philosophy, the haven of domestic life, the strife of the partizan and the studies of the poet, are all associated with Florence. Here he espoused Gemma de' Donati; here seven children were born to him; here his wife rescued the early cantos of his immortal poem when his dwelling became a prey to the flames; and here it attained that fame whereby he was incited to its elaborate and gradual completion. The memorable characters, the most personal local apostrophe, the political tone, and many of the striking metaphors thereof, are identified with the Tuscan capital; above all, the mediæval atmosphere, ideas, and picturesqueness of the whole composition were derived from the sights, the social traits, and the intimate history of his native place. On the wall of the old Bargello the most authentic portrait of him was discovered; in the academies the earliest lectureship to illustrate his great work was founded; near by is the battle-field of Campaldino, where he fought. Elsewhere we are pointed to the rock where he rested, to the tower he immortalized, to the convent where he sojourned; but here he was disciplined in classical and church lore; here his muse first tried her wings; and to this beloved but repudiated home he scorned to return on conditions which militated against his pride of citizenship and his lofty self-respect. "Cannot I everywhere behold the sun," he wrote, "and stars, and speculate on sweetest truths, under any sky, without giving myself ingloriously, nay ignominiously, to the populace and city of Florence?"

Born in 1265, exiled in 1302, and dying in 1321, the last interval was spent in wandering from court to court—now the guest of Faggiuola at Sienna, now of the Scaligeri at Verona; two years at Pisa and Lucca, and, at last, with Guido da Polenta at Ravenna. Pleading with emperors and people, his bread salt with the tears of exiles, his feet weary with mounting alien stairs, persecuted by the church, ridiculed by courtiers, honored by patriots, neglected by his country, idolized by posterity, Dante's life was a solitary warfare, a patient aspiration. Studious of all lore, accomplished in all arts, deeply cognizant of nature, profoundly reverent of God, self-reliant, heroic, tender, stoical, intense, ideal—a philosopher, a statesman, a patriot, a martyr—his age, his faith, his country, were photographed by his genius. And yet, with all these claims to admiration, when we consider how science has emerged from the wearisome subtleties of the Middle Ages—how adverse is the direct and human interest of modern poetry to the abstract and allegorical—how the material faith of the early church has become spiritualized—how the dogmas of the past are lost in the discoveries of the present, and the metaphysical theories once prevalent have been superseded by the mechanical triumphs and the positive philosophy of the nineteenth century—it is a marvellous fact that a poet, who wrote six hundred years ago, should retain his hold, not upon the scholar and the antiquarian only, but upon the popular heart and mind of to-day. This is the memorable fact; this the crowning grace of the wonderful festival of last May in Florence. It is true, indeed, that criticism has indicated in the "Divina Commedia" the precursors of many of the pregnant truths which nourish the

* "Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By Vincenzo Botta." New York: Charles Scribner. 865.

modern mind: we are told how Dante anticipated Bacon in the inductive philosophy, Columbus in his theory of a western continent, Newton in his discovery of the law of gravitation, Goethe in that of the metamorphosis of plants, and Luther as a reformer. The process of generation, the phenomena of rain, the chemical secrets of vinous fermentation, facts in astronomy, meteorology, and other spheres of natural science, attributed exclusively to a later era, are found hinted at or fully expounded by the Tuscan bard. But these are not the traits which beguile the multitude; neither are they won by the array of historic names, philosophy symbolized in Beatrice, arguments on free-will and foreknowledge, Platonism, ecclesiasticism, Greek mythology, Roman literature, the remote legends, the mystic speculations, and emblematic machinery of the poem. It is the deep and pure touches of nature that make the "whole world akin;" it is the naïve and vivid comparisons drawn from universal experience; it is such infinitely suggestive episodes as those of Francesca Pia and Ugolino; it is the reference to the vesper-bell, whose echoes draw tears from the wanderer; above all, it is the intense emphasis of a style born in a heart full of concentrated emotion, such as moulds expression into adamantine force and beauty, that enables Dante to grasp, with sympathetic intelligence, the mind of all time, and make his plea, his protest, and his patriotism vitally significant for ever. Even proverbial philosophy has adopted his allegorical and poetic idea of retribution—that "the rivers of hell are formed by the tears of humanity"—that on earth, as well as in the "Inferno," "the wretched souls of those who live without or praise or blame" are unworthy consideration—"speak not of them, but look and pass them by"—that "the greatest of sorrows is to recall happiness in days of misery"—and that they who enter into any diabolical career, as well as the gates of hell, "leave all hope behind."

The motive and scope of Professor Botta's work is characteristic of the influence of our institutions and social atmosphere upon foreign scholars. They soon become purveyors of knowledge when familiarized with the needs and customs of this country. At home they may have studied and taught with quite as much earnestness, but their sphere has been more limited and their impulse more personal. Such men as Lyell, Guyot, Agassiz, and Solger are irresistibly led to popularize science in America, and bring the fruits of researches, confined to the few at home, to the knowledge of the many here; less profound and exclusive, they become more adaptive and general. The object of the work before us is to convey such a knowledge of Dante's great poem and his relation to his country and literary history as will enable those who have neither the time nor taste to devote themselves to study, to understand the character and realize the special merits of the poet and his work. Such a book was a desideratum, and it appears to us that the author has well accomplished his object. He begins with describing the age of Dante, then gives a memoir of his life, and discusses his genius as a naturalist, a statesman, a lover, and a bard. This essay includes, of course, an account of his education, his relation to the Papacy, his exile, and his philosophy of life and humanity; finally, we have an analysis of the "Divina Commedia," with copious illustrative extracts from Cary's translation, interspersed with judicious selections from the best German, French, English, and Italian critics. However students of the original may differ or agree as to his interpretation of the more recondite parts of the poem, every candid reader must admit that in this handsome volume the author has brought together a large amount of desirable historical information, much curious speculation, and a luminous exposition of the whole subject; and that this is done with sympathy, tact, method, and a remarkable command of our vernacular.

By a singular coincidence the mortal remains of Dante came to light just as the altered political condition of his country had renewed his fame. To guard the sacred relics from a cardinal who proposed to decorate the chapel where the Franciscans of Ravenna had buried them at a time when their possession was eagerly coveted by all the Italian cities, but especially by his native Florence, the friars transferred them with the most careful registration to a cavity in the wall. Their discovery was thus announced by a journal of the day:

"Whilst some workmen were employed in clearing the chapel which contains Dante's monument from the outbuildings surrounding it, a peculiar noise in striking the outer wall suggested to them that some hollow might be found within. Accordingly, on using some violence on that portion of the wall where the hollow sound was produced, a wooden coffin was discovered, from which several bones fell out in the confusion of the first discovery. On a scroll within the coffin was found written, 'Dantis ossa a me Frate Antonio Santi hic posita 1677, die 18 Octobris,' and inside the lid of the coffin the following inscription was placed: 'Dantis ossa denuper revisa 3 Junii, 1677.' The coffin had been stowed away with its precious deposit within this mural sepulchre at that date, and had remained there till now. The Italian deputy Monzani, Colonel Malenchini, and Otto Vannucci were in 'Dante's chapel' at the moment of the interesting discovery.

"The prefect and mayor of Ravenna were forthwith called to the spot. The skeleton head and bones of Dante were examined carefully in their presence. Save a fragment of the cranium, the whole of the lower jaw, and three joints of the right hand, which were missing, all the bones were found to be intact. The head was moderately large, broad at the temples, whilst the base of the skull bears token of an equally large development. The archives of the Franciscan convent of Ravenna were forthwith searched by the party, and amongst the *atti* of the Franciscan brethren, at the date indicated by the inscription on the lid of Dante's coffin, were found the various acts relating to the subject; all were signed by the same Frate Santi, whose name is on the scroll, and who styles himself moreover 'Cancelliere' of the convent."

This preservation of Dante's remains, and their timely discovery, is the more remarkable from the fact that when Cardinal Pogetto ordered the poet's treatise, "De Monarchia," to be burned, he intended the same fate for his bones. Escaping this sacrilegious destruction, they were long exposed to surreptitious removal. Byron's reproach,

> "Ungrateful Florence, Dante sleeps afar,
> Like Scipio buried by the upbraiding shore,"

was not due to negligence; for, when the beautiful monument in Santa Croce was finished, and long as well as often before, his remorseful countrymen begged for his ashes; but Leo X. refused to have them disturbed, and, within a year or two, Ravenna has reiterated her proud refusal to yield the relics of the poet, whose last asylum was her ancient court and whose tomb is her most precious trophy.

For months prior to the natal celebrations, local journals were issued all over Italy, wherein anecdotes, criticisms, and historical details in regard to Dante and his great poem were published to enlighten the masses and educate the public mind to enter intelligently into the spirit of the occasion. This is a striking and benign illustration of the intellectual revival of the land; and the unanimity and zeal of the people in rallying to a festival, at once literary and national, quenched the mean intrigues of demagogues who sought to turn the disappointment of rival cities at the removal of the capital to Florence into mischievous political discontent; as the birth-place of their illustrious poet, that city became "a Mecca of the mind" to all patriotic Italians. As the river their poet loved, the Arno was a welcome goal. But the knowledge so requisite to the appreciation of the "Divina Commedia" is inevitably confined to the few and cultivated. In popular estimation it is the exquisite or solemn touches of poetry and not the mediæval theology, the patriotism and not the politics, the humanity and not the philosophy, of the bard that seizes the imagination and thrills the heart. That stern distribution of rewards and punishments—the leaden cloaks of the hypocrites—the wallowing agony of the sensualists—the downward gaze of the avaricious, more horribly vivid from the tender gleams of compassion and the familiar and endeared images drawn from common nature and ordinary life—impress and haunt the minds of a people equally, by nature, sensitive and fanciful. They may not wholly follow the poet in his historical allusions to Virgil, Justinian, Charlemagne, and Cato; they cannot reach the "height of his great argument," when the highest problems of religion and philosophy are discussed in Paradise; his angels and demons, his symbolic eagle, and inspired Beatrice, may be vague and baffling revelations; for it has been truly said that "the Italians call him divine, but his is a hidden divinity;"—not so, however, those traits and triumphs of expression, so frequent and memorable, which deal with the affections and experiences of our common nature; wherein, as in Shakespeare, the vision is so true, the feeling so profound and real, the utterance so keen and comprehensive, that her poet reaches the universal soul of humanity.

Longfellow, in a graceful sonnet, has aptly compared the employment of Dante's translator to entering a cathedral. He confines the parallel to the solemn influences thus encountered, contrasted with the immediate absorption of the senses in the sounds and sights of common life—the sublimity of the temple with the vulgar cares of the street; but it is susceptible of yet more detailed comparison, for the infinite variety of impressions derivable from the "Divina Commedia," from those of simple awe and beauty to those of knowledge and reflection, find their counterparts in the complex influences embodied in these venerable temples of religion. To the thoughtful scholar there is deep meaning in every phase and form of the architecture, in the quaint mediæval carvings, in the worn Latin inscriptions of the pavement. History whispers to him from the sepulchral effigies of prelate, civic ruler, and knight, in the Christianized relics of paganism, in the radiant figures of apostles, and the escutcheon of a renowned family; while in the wail of the newly-born infant offered for baptism, and the catafalque of the aged dead, or the tomb of the maiden, there is a world of

suggestive teaching in the mysteries of life and mortality. The faded banners are associated with old wars, and the majestic pillars are trophies of Grecian civilization. The kneeling peasant is too ignorant to take in these abstract hints of time and truth; but his senses are rapt in reverent devotion as he reads the saintly legend emblazoned on the stained glass of the vast window, inhales the odor of incense, beholds the jewel-studded crucifix or listens to the deeply-musical vibrations of choir and organ; and so is it, with the grand poem as interpreted by the imaginative and uninformed and the thinker and scholar.

Yet it is the influence of Dante upon select intelligences, and upon the historical development of literature, which, perhaps, brings home to us most clearly a true sense of his permanence and power. The "Divina Commedia" is the connecting link between ancient and modern thought, the harbinger of that great change which substituted a living for a dead language, and, by the force and beauty imparted thereto, revealed its unappreciated richness of expression. Thus embalmed—the lore and legends, the dogmas and conflicts, the grandeur and gloom, of the Middle Ages were conserved in vital unity for succeeding time. Add to this the fact that Dante was "the sincerest of all poets," and his influence on such minds in literature as Petrarch, Macchiavelli, Alfieri, Milton, Byron, Foscolo, Leopardi, and Pellico, and in art as Giotto, Orcagna, Michael Angelo, Doré, Schaeffer, Fuseli, and Blomberg, seems as natural as that he inspired the pious soul of Lammenais and the patriotic heart of Rienzi. The obsolete feuds of Neri and Bianchi have no interest for the practical mind of the nineteenth century; Enid Cavalcanti's friendship and Can Grande's patronage are too remote in their personal associations to win the earnest sympathy of many modern readers; but the remorseful effigies of men who ruled the world centuries ago, moulded from the lava-like overflow of an intrepid, indignant, but tender soul—the fond and patient recognition of truth, whether natural or spiritual—the artistic picturesqueness, wherewith the panorama of the past in church and state is delineated—the mortal anguish and the celestial aspiration which form at once the crown and cross of life—these are elements which greet us over the abyss of time in the immortal epic of the Tuscan.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, lately published (for 1863), contains articles on several subjects, interesting to intelligent readers generally. It has long been thought desirable, that some of the many facts collected by that institution should be more widely circulated than their occasional volumes can ever be; and short notices of such as are best adapted to be understood and appreciated by the mass of the people may in some degree supply the defect of a small and cheap periodical publication, in simple language, until one shall be issued from the proper source. We may, perhaps, hereafter notice some of the papers most likely to interest our readers.

The Repeal of Mortmain in Colombia. Informe del Ajente General de Bienes Desamortizados. 1865. *Bogota.*—This is a folio pamphlet of above fifty pages, many of them filled with tables in small types, giving the details of the numerous mortmain estates in New Granada (now called the United States of Colombia), that Spanish-American republic which occupies the northwestern corner of South America, including the Isthmus of Panama, and the territory above it to the southern boundary of Central America. It is strange to see here a renewal of such a period as that in English history which we are accustomed to regard as belonging to a long-past age, when the Romish Church was deprived of its immense estates by a sweeping act of confiscation; and the exposure made of the immense wealth which still remained to the clergy of our neighbor republic, even after the important curtailments to which they had previously been subjected. The obstacles placed in the way of carrying into effect the laws passed for that end, indicate something of the magnitude of the task which the Liberal party have had to perform, and increase our estimate of their energy and perseverance in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Among the difficulties of which the general agent complains, is the unwillingness in many persons to afford necessary information, by which the settlement of estates is delayed.

Instructions Relative to the Ethnology and Philology of America. Appendix A. By George Gibbs, Esq.—This is a small pamphlet noting the peculiarities observed in the physical conformations, constitutions, complexions, languages, food, etc., of various nations and tribes of Indians, with indications of interesting objects of enquiry and record, together with tables for numerals. Particular attention is invited to the principles on which numeral systems are founded; and interesting facts are given relating to the use of several series of numerals, used by certain savage tribes, varying according to the nature of objects enumerated. In some languages counting is done by fives, instead of by tens; and in others both by fives and tens. These and other curious peculiarities need explanation, and the facts should be ascertained and published.

Speech of the Honorable Charles Sumner at the Republican State Convention at Worcester, Sept. 14, 1865.—Mr. Sumner's speech has been already in great part reported in the daily papers, but in their columns it received only half the attention it deserved. We are glad to see it issued in a pamphlet form. It is the fullest declaration of the Radical faith which has appeared, supplying, too, an excellent commentary on that admirable piece of political writing—in our judgment the most skilful and finished piece of literary work produced by the war—the Massachusetts "Letter to the President." Mr. Sumner's fertility in illustration, always the fruit of wide and various reading, has seldom been better displayed than in the pamphlet before us; and the appeal to the President and Cabinet with which it closes is unusually forcible and impressive.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Golden Leaves from the British and American Dramatic Poets. Collected and arranged by John W. S. Hows. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

Expository Thoughts on the Gospels. For Family and Private Use. By Rev. J. C. Ryle, B.A. Vol. I., St. John. Robert Carter and Bros., New York.

Hesperus. From the German of Jean Paul Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. 2 vols.—Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. [Companion Poets for the People.] Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Reply to Bishop Hopkins' View of Slavery. By John R. Bolles. J. W. Daughaday, Philadelphia.

Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. By George W. Carleton.—Artemus Ward: His Travels. Miscellaneous; Among the Mormons. Carleton, New York.

Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. With a Biographical Introduction by Frank Moore. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The Hole in the Pocket. By Aunt Hattie. [Brookside Series.]—Sidney de Grey; or, The Rival Schoolboys. By Lawrence Lancewood, Esq. [Lindendale Stories.] Graves & Young, Boston.

Liberal Education. An address by Samuel P. Bates, A.M. Henry Barnard, Hartford.

An Address to the Colored People of Wilmington, Del. By Alfred M. Waddell. Office of the *Herald*, Wilmington.

The Works of Epictetus. A translation from the Greek, based on that of Elizabeth Carter, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.—Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnètt. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Speech of the Hon. Charles Sumner: At the Republican State Convention at Worcester, Sept. 14, 1865. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New York: B. H. Ticknor.

Fine Arts.

ART NOTES.

A large exhibition of the fine arts, as applied to industry, opened at the new building in the Champs Elysées, in Paris, on the 12th of August. It comprises several departments: first, a collection of manufactured objects of all kinds which can be included under the name of fine arts—bronzes, porcelain, jewelry, engravings, statuary, furniture, etc.; second, a collection of drawings and models made by the students in the various schools of Paris and the departments, intended as a specimen of the kind of teaching given and of the progress made; third, a loan collection of mediæval art, somewhat similar to the loan collections exhibited every year at the South Kensington Museum. Here are most exquisite specimens of Faenza ware, of Palissy pottery, of Limoges and other enamels, of ivory and wood carvings, of Venetian and other glass, of arms, accoutrements, embroidery, jewelry, book-binding, etc. This collection abounds in splendid things. One of the most beautiful objects is a Byzantine enamel figure of St. George and the Dragon, of the eleventh or twelfth century. Another remarkable thing is a carved wood tryptych of German workmanship: in the centre, within an aureole, is the Virgin, holding the child and standing on a crescent moon; in each wing are figures of saints in low relief; at the foot the Saviour, crowned with thorns, St. John, and the Virgin. The collection of carved ivories is of great value in helping to form an historical idea of French art. There are some remarkably fine examples of Henri II. ware, of which only fifty-two pieces are known to exist—twenty-six of these being in England. The real history and origin of this ware has but lately been discovered. The Government did not exhibit in this collection, and all the pieces were loaned by private owners; among them, however, the Empress. Other contributors were MM. Rothschild, Chevalier, Basilewsky, Charpentier, Jermaul, and Gatteaux. Mr. James Jackson Jarves contributed several very fine specimens from his growing and already very valuable collection of Majolica and Palissy ware; no less than sixteen pieces of Majolica alone appear in the catalogue as loaned by him. Mr. Jarves, while adding to his precious collection of pictures, is also getting together such works of decorative art as these for America, and all Americans owe him sincere thanks.

—The magnificent kind of pottery known as Henri II. ware has for years been one of the puzzles of archæologists. Nothing has been known of its maker or makers, of the place or of the exact date of its manufacture. Fifty-two pieces are known to exist, twenty-six in England, twenty-five in

France, and one in Russia. Of these, no two are alike, and most of them differ very widely each from the other in decoration, even where their forms somewhat approximate. Almost every piece is of elaborate design and richly ornamental; almost every piece bears the monogram or the arms of some royal or noble house. Of the twenty-six pieces in England five belong to the national collection at South Kensington, and these five have cost the nation one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight pounds sterling (£1,788); the most expensive of these is a candlestick, which cost £750. There is a "biberon" in the possession of a private gentleman in London which cost even more than the English Government paid for their candlestick; eleven hundred pounds were paid for it at the sale of the famous Pourtales collection in Paris. This most precious of ceramic ware at last has a history. M. Benjamin Fillon, of Poictiers, an antiquary of renown—the same gentleman who found that manuscript of Bernard Palissy's at Rochelle which threw light on the recent discovery in the Tuileries grounds, mentioned in THE NATION, No. 9—has brought to light family documents which account for and explain all the peculiarities of make, design, armorial bearings, and initials and monograms which have been remarked and studied in this curious ware. It was made at Oiron, in the department of Deux Sèvres, in the former half of the sixteenth century, and at the orders or at least under the patronage of the wealthy and noble family Gouffier. The arms of William Gouffier are on one piece of this pottery, and his initials on another.

—A new building, to contain the National Gallery at London, so long needed, is likely to be built. The subject was introduced into the last Parliament, and an appropriation is hoped for from the present one. Members of Parliament want to build cheaply, and think that £100,000 will be enough for the purpose. The present inadequate building cost £96,000, and it would seem that a worthy receptacle ought to be found, even at a much greater cost, for the Veronese that cost £14,000 and the Raffaelle that cost £9,000. Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton sets forth, in No. 7 of the "Fortnightly Review," his idea of what a great gallery should be. He would have one large, low building of one story high, divided by partition walls into long corridors, and perfectly fire-proof. In these corridors every picture should be hung on what is called the line—that is, with the horizon line about five feet from the floor. Each picture should be surrounded by a broad margin of wall, equivalent to about half the breadth of the picture. The walls should be covered with flock paper of a rich dark maroon color, with a scarcely perceptible pattern of the same tint. Special pictures should be specially considered as to their surroundings, and the fittings of the whole gallery, floors, and ceilings, should be exquisite and perfect and varied. For greater effect there should be a stately building in connection with the great one-story shed, and fronting on Trafalgar Square, containing rooms for the display of collections of ceramic ware, or *fevrine*, etc. Through this building should be the grand entrance to the gallery.

—The Philadelphia Sketch Club have undertaken an enterprise of some importance, to which we are glad to call attention. A circular, signed by the president of the club, and dated June 8, sets forth that a prize of two thousand dollars is offered for the "finest work of art illustrative of the great American Rebellion," under these conditions: First—All contributors must be residents of the United States. Second—Contributions must be sent in by December 1, 1866. Third—"Statuary must be presented in a finished condition, whether bronze or marble" (what that means we can only guess). Fourth—All persons intending to compete must notify the president by October 1. (Presumably October 1, 1866.) And three conditions more. Another circular of same date offers the following prizes: Two hundred dollars for the finest painting in oil, and one hundred dollars for the second best; one hundred dollars for the finest work of sculpture, and fifty dollars for the second best; seventy-five dollars for the finest water-color drawing, and fifty for the second best; the same amounts for the finest and for the second best drawing in crayon, lead-pencil, pen-and-ink, sepia, or India ink, and also for "the finest specimen of illumination or fancy designing of any description." These prizes are offered under several conditions, among others these: The works of art must be sent in by December 1, 1865; the oil paintings and works of sculpture remain the property of the artists, but the other works of art which take prizes become the property of the club; no works of art will be received which have previously been exhibited. Under date of September 8 comes another circular, urging those who have received the former circulars to answer at once, and signify their intention of competing or not. The works of art offered will be exhibited in Philadelphia, the exhibition to begin on the 5th of December next, and to remain open a month. If the exhibition is a creditable one it will be held in New York as well, and will open on the 9th of January, 1866, and remain open a month. The circulars are signed by the president of the Philadelphia Sketch Club, Mr. Charles F Hazeltine, whose address is No. 240 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

—An architectural composition of a somewhat novel nature has been completed in Paris, under the direction of M. Eugène Lacroix. It is the interior of the chapel of the Palais de l'Elysée. Some originality of treatment was needed, for the conditions were peculiar. The space allowed for the chapel was less than fifty feet long, and low and narrow in proportion to its length, and was lighted from one side only. Great richness of material and abundant decoration have been employed to make the chapel, in spite of the narrow limits to which it was confined, worthy of its connection with an imperial residence. The general character of the architecture is what is called, in France and in Germany, Byzantine, a round-arched style of mediæval character, requiring rich decorations in mosaic and painting to show its strength. Such have been freely given, and a very splendid marble pavement is added. But the chief interest is in the pictures which are painted on the walls. They have been executed, under the direction of the architect, by M. Sébastien Cornu. In twelve arched compartments on three sides of the chapel are painted figure-subjects illustrating the establishment of Christianity in France. Instead, therefore, of the more usual series of the twelve apostles with their attributes, twelve persons eminent in the ecclesiastical history and legend of France are represented. A splendid opportunity was thus afforded for the ambition of a painter at once learned, imaginative, and religious, for among the twelve heroes and heroines of the Church in France are Charlemagne and St. Louis, St. Genevieve of Paris and St. Clotilde, mythical St. Denis and scarcely less mythical St. Martin of Tours, St. Rêmi and St. Cloud. The series of paintings, in connection with the building of which they form an essential part, may be reckoned in every respect among the two or three most important works of art of modern times in France.

—Professor John A. Nichols, who is head of the department of applied mathematics in the New York Free Academy, delivered a short address before the University Convocation at Albany, in July, 1864. His remarks have recently been printed in a small pamphlet. His subject was "Drawing as a Branch of College Education." He treated principally of mathematical drawing, as was natural, but had a good word to say for artistic drawing as well. The study of drawing in both these branches has always formed an important part of the educational course of the Free Academy. The collection of casts from antique statuary, though small, is very valuable; the casts were made in Europe, most of them *at first hand*, under the direction of a man whom many New Yorkers remember with love, Paul Peter Duggan, who was the first professor of drawing and the arts of design at the Academy, and who still held that post when he died at Paris in 1861.

Science.

—THE thirteenth anniversary of the Royal Geographical Society was held on the 22d of May. The President, Sir Roderick L. Murchison, in his address, remarked that he had occupied the chair at eleven annual meetings in the thirty-five years of the society's existence. Eight months ago, the celebrated explorer of inner Africa, John Hanning Speke, lost his life on the day that he had attended the meeting of the geographical branch of the British Association. Dr. Grant and Dr. Livingstone attended his funeral with Sir Roderick. He was born in 1827, of an eminent Saxon family. The death of the Duke of Northumberland was noticed, with an account of his services to science; also Dr. Hugh Falconer, the Duke of Newcastle, the Hon. Edward Everett, Dr. Baikie, Mr. Hudson Gurney, Rear-Admiral H. A. Murray, Mr. Joshua Bates, Samuel Cartwright, Benjamin Silliman, Thomas Young, John G. Phillimore, Henry Christy, George Dodd, Vice-Admiral Robert Fitz Roy. The names of many other deceased members are added. The Admiralty hydrographical examination of the shores of the United Kingdom is nearly completed. A more comprehensive system is to be adopted to meet the changes taking place from the operations of nature. Two small steamers, the boats of the Channel Islands survey, and a small establishment near Plymouth, will constitute the home surveying force. The foreign surveys are now to be conducted by having one of the small ships of war on each station as an auxiliary surveying vessel; and China will first be placed under this system. A third vessel has been sent thither. The estuary of the Thames in Suffolk has been examined, and the shoals and channels between Lowescroft and Yarmouth are to be examined, and the Downs are under a new survey. Deep-sea soundings off Cornwall and Devon, and the south shore of the British Channel, and the surveys of Portsmouth harbor and Scotch islands of Coll and Tyree and Loch Sunart have

been made; and the off-shore soundings, sixty miles out between Ireland and the Hebrides, embracing 3,600 square miles, where several large and valuable fishing-banks were discovered. The Mediterranean survey has been carried on on the coast west of Greece, and examinations made in the Gulf of Patras, some of the Ionian Islands, etc., with plans of several harbors. The Malta channel and the coast of Tunis have been surveyed. Captain Orlebar has been employed thirty years on the survey of the St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, and has resigned, and been succeeded by Mr. J. H. Kero. Captain Shortland is expected to complete the survey of Nova Scotia this year, an area of 4,000 miles. But the dangerous banks are yet to be more closely examined. Tobago is under survey, and the coral reefs of the Bermudas, to remove obstructions for large ships. British Columbia, Vancouver's Island, Australia, South Africa, Japan, and the Chinese Sea, are all receiving attention.

Particular mention was made in the address of geographical explorations in Australia. Without dwelling on the discovery of that continent by the Portuguese, the examination of its coasts by the famous Dutch navigator Tasman, the voyages of Cook, or the founding of the only great colony, New South Wales, which, in 1830, had about 50,000 inhabitants sctatered over 34,500 square miles, the president remarked that the interior was believed to be an inland sea, although Flinders had given pretty accurate knowledge of the eastern and southern coasts and parts of the northern. Capt. Sturt, however, reached and sailed down the Murray River, more than 2,000 miles, to Encounter Bay, on the south coast; and South Australia was found in 1834. Eyre, in 1837, discovered the vast plains north of the present colony of Victoria, and afterwards travelled along the southern coast between South and West Australia, suffering almost unexampled privations, the country being a saline desert without rivers. He is now Governor of Jamaica. In 1837, Lieutenants Grey and Lushington entered from the north-west, and discovered several rivers, the Glenelg and Murchison. Victoria had been occupied by a few squatters in 1803, but did not begin to flourish until the discovery of the gold mines. Count Strzelecki prosecuted surveys at his own cost five years of nearly the entire hilly region of Eastern Australia, from Mount Kosciusko, 6,510 feet above the sea, to the northern tracts now forming part of the new colony of Queensland. Having promised Governor Sir G. Gipps not to reveal the existence of gold, he did not make it known. In 1844, Dr. Leichhardt left Moreton Bay (now Queensland) on an exploring journey, and after thirteen months reached Port Essington, and reported many districts favorable to sheep pasturage, to which they are now devoted. The year previous Sturt had planned a general survey of Victoria from north to south, and from east to west, and, with Macdonald Stuart, he crossed the lower parts of Murray and Darling Rivers on his way northward, and reached a sterile desert of clay in east longitude 138°, suffering for a time from heat at 132° Fahrenheit in the shade, falling afterwards to 24°. It was long before the erroneous opinion was dispelled that the northern interior was entirely an unprofitable desert; but it is now estimated that, whatever amount of such territory may exist in the heart of the continent, north of 27° south latitude is different, and tropical Australia is, on the whole, rich and fertile. The fate of Leichhardt in his second journey, commenced in 1848, is unknown, though Mr. McIntyre, recently from the interior, thinks his route may yet be discovered, and the ladies of Melbourne have commenced a subscription for that purpose. In 1853, an expedition well fitted out left New South Wales, under Mr. Augustus Gregory, to explore North Australia, and landed east of Cambridge Gulf, at the mouth of North Victoria River. Finding an arid country south-southwest, he turned southeast, discovered vast rich lands (now fast settling), and reached Moreton Bay. He afterwards passed from the east to South Australia through much poor land. Macdonald Stuart, after three independent but unsuccessful expeditions, started north in 1860 from South Australia, and discovered in the centre of the continent a well watered, grassy region. At length, after two returns to Adelaide, he reached Van Dieman's Gulf. Sheep, it is now decided, will thrive in the heated intertropical regions. Arrowsmith's maps have kept pace with these discoveries. Two-thirds of Australia are now settled, and the population is near one and a half millions, and a brisk intercourse is soon to be expected with the East Indies, China, and Japan.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY A.M.

THE business of the week has been generally active. The dry goods trade, which showed signs of halting about a fortnight since, is again improving, especially in foreign goods. The demand for woollen fabrics and ready-made winter clothing is quite large, and prices dear. It is remarked that nearly all descriptions of clothing are higher with gold at 144, than this time last year with gold at 244 to 250. The same remark, indeed, applies to goods and household commodities generally. Thus, plain domestic cotton goods, like shirtings and sheetings, are selling higher with the raw material worth only 45 cents than when it commanded 150 or 160 cents the pound. The foreign dry goods import this week is in value $3,129,000, nearly the whole going directly into the market, only $226,000 of the amount into bonded warehouse. The gold customs received into the Treasury for the week will reach about two and a half millions. The prepayments at New York on the November gold interest amount to $1,325,000 since last Monday, when they began under the order of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The receipts of cotton at New York for the week amount to 23,107 bales. The large stocks here and at New Orleans, Mobile, Galveston, etc., show but little diminution. They must now aggregate at least 275,000 bales. The export movement of cotton is slow. Scarcely 20 per cent. of the New York receipts go forward to England, the price here being yet too high to let in free export orders. Some of the heaviest receivers and holders are borrowing money on their own paper, with pledge of warehouse receipts, rather than yield in price, thought it is not difficult to see that this expensive and questionable operation must soon come to an end, unless a further considerable advance should take place in Liverpool.

Although exports are thus kept back, and amount altogether to less than one-half in gold value of the current imports of the past few weeks, there is no inclination indulged to advance exchange to the full rates at which it would be profitable to ship gold coin. The rate for both mail days this week has not been over 109⅝ on actual free sales, a leading banking house drawing at this figure, partly against some parcels of gold bars received by the last packet from California. The transmissions of U. S. 5–20s this week have not been large, though this operation goes on steadily through certain Continental houses by every steamer. The supply of the old bonds on this market is about equal to the demand from abroad, while the 5–20s have become suddenly scarce, and have advanced to a point within 1⅜ to 1½ of the old. The usual stock-jobbing rumors of "new loans" by the Treasury are repeated from day to day on and around the Stock Exchange, but have become so "fishy" and absurd, in the face of the large balances in the New York Sub-Treasury, as to have no influence whatever on Government stocks, and only involve the railway speculators who give them credence in *short* sales which they are unable to cover without loss. Even the funding of compound interest legal tenders, so confidently under discussion—and which has some ground of probability—is delayed, although these notes are in demand, both in prospect of funding and in the belief that they are a good investment at present rates for the compound interest, 6 per cent. a year, which they carry until 1867, if not previously exchanged for gold-bearing bonds. The notes dated June, 1864, are worth 105½ to 106 (the actual accrued interest would make them 107½ to 108); the July and August, 104 to 105; October and December, 102¼ to 103½ per cent.

The gold-check forgeries in August unsettled confidence in the Bank of New York plan of conducting business for the bullion brokers, and although they had each paid their $1,000 to the bank for keeping their gold accounts for the year, the line of deposits in gold soon fell from $9,800,000 to about $2,500,000, at which it now stands. The occurrence induced a number of influential parties to bring to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury the authority and public usefulness and great convenience of making the Treasury Office a depository for gold, under the act of March, 1863, and, after due consideration, we believe he has determined to issue gold certificates of denominations from $5,000 down to $50 or $20, under the following authority in the act referred to:

"SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to receive deposits of gold coin and bullion with the Treasurer or any Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in sums not less than twenty dollars, and to issue certificates therefor, in denominations of not less than twenty dollars each, corresponding with the denominations of the United States notes. The coin and bullion deposited for or representing the certificates of deposit shall be retained in the Treasury for the payment of the same on demand. And certificates representing coin in the Treasury may be issued in payment of interest on the public debt, which certificates, together with those issued for coin and bullion deposited, shall not at any time exceed twenty per centum beyond the amount of coin and bullion in the Treasury, and the certificates for coin or bullion in the Treasury shall be received at par in payment for duties on imports."

The third meeting of bank officers, last Tuesday, on the subject of discrimination in the national currency, resulted in no practical action. A new committee was ordered and the old committee discharged, and their plans adjourned over. About one half of the banks in the city were represented. The necessity, if any should ever arise, for agitating the subject, is so remote that the movement will probably be dropped, as it was once before in Boston and Philadelphia, as well as New York.

The rates for money are 5 to 6 per cent. a year to the stock-brokers, on call, and 6½ to 8 per cent. to the discount brokers on prime paper. The price of gold shows only slight variations from day to day, and speculation in it is very dull, thanks to the business-like management of the Secretary of the Treasury, in so disposing his heavy customs receipts as to avoid all pretext to advance the price, because of his large accumulations. We believe his Assistant Treasurer in New York continues his daily sales in the open market, besides prepaying the November interest.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The old 5-20s have receded from 108⅛ to 108¼ to 107⅞ to 107⅞, the new advanced to 106⅝, but are now 106⅝ to 106¼. The 10-40s, same as last Saturday, 94¼, and 6s of 1881, 108 per cent. The 7.30 currency loans are quiet at 99⅛ to 99¼, and Treasury certificates of indebtedness are from 98⅞ to 99 per cent. We have already quoted the demand and prices for compound legal tenders.

STATE SECURITIES.

New York 7 per cent. bounty scrip is 98¼ to 98¾ and interest. As the transfers for the quarterly (October) interest are now closed, the scrip is sold flat. There is a further rise to 77½ in Missouri bonds, and to 80 to 82 in North Carolina. Virginias have taken a start from 60 up to 65 per cent. Tennessees, as last week, 82 to 83 per cent. The Louisiana bonds are liberally bid for, but they are not in the market.

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

There is nothing new to report in railway mortgages, but we revise the bidding rates at the Stock Exchange:

N. Y. Cen. 6s, 1883	93½	Tol. & Wab., 1st M.	90
do 1887	90	do 1st Ex'd	90⅛
do R. Est	85	do 2d M	79
do 7s, 1876	100	do Equip. Bds	65
do 7s, con. 1876	101	Mil. & P. Du C., 1st M	100
Erie 1st M., ex div., 1868	103	Galena & Chi. Ext	99
Erie 7s, 2d mort. 1879	101	Chi. & R. I., 1st mort	101
Erie 7s, 4th mort., 1880	96½	Clev. & Tol. S. Fund	96
Hud. Riv. 7s, 1st M., 1869	102¾	N. J. Cen., 1st mort	100⅛
do 2d S. F., 1885	102	do 2d mort	105
Harlem, 1st M., 1869-72	103	Pitts., Ft. W. & C., 2ds	93
Chi. B. & Q. 8 pr c. 1sts	112	do 3d M	83
N. Ind. Gosh. Line, 1868	90	Clev. & P., 3d M. con	82
Mich. & N. I. S. F., 7 pr ct	97	do 4th mort	72
Ill. Cen., 7 pr ct., 1876	111	Miss. & Mo. L. G., 1st M	40
Alton & T. H., 2ds pref	81	Chi. & Alton, 1st mort	97
Chi. & N. W. Int. Bds	81⅛	do Income	87
Chi. & N. W., 1st M	81	Ohio & Miss., 1st mort	75
Han. & St. Jos. L. G.	95	Mil. & St. Paul, 1st mort	84
Lack. & West. Bds	109	Marietta & C., 1st M	85
Del., L. & W., 1st mort	105		

Erie shares have varied from 88½ to 87½ since last Saturday—they are now quoted 88; New York Central has advanced from 93½ to 95; Reading, under a very large demand from strong and wealthy buyers, 109½ to 115 per cent.; Michigan Southern, 68½ to 69⅜; Michigan Central, 111 to 117 rapidly, on a small supply of stock to answer a demand from Boston; Pittsburg, 72 to 73¾ to 73; Rock Island, 112½ down to 111 per cent.—this includes October dividend of 5 per cent.; North-west, 28 to 28¼; North-west Preferred, 62 to 62½. Market firm at close, and excited on Reading shares, the demand for which is from parties connected with the coal trade.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Cumberland Coal, Central Coal, and Canton Company are, as on Saturday last, firm and active. Quicksilver Company advanced to 49¼ per cent. There is less firmness in Pacific Mail and Atlantic Mail shares; Pacific scrip, 203; Atlantic, 144.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Gold, 144⅛; bills on London, 109⅝ for gold; Paris, 5 francs 16¼ centimes to the dollar in gold.

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The Week.

THE public debt, on the 31st of August, stood at $2,757,689,571; on the 30th of September, at $2,744,947,726; showing a comforting decrease of more than twelve and a half millions in a single month. We have reached apparently the financial limit between peace and war, and if the rate of retrogression from the latter is contained in the first backward step, we shall have extinguished a hundred and fifty millions in a twelvemonth. The reduction of interest in these thirty days was more than $500,000.

THE Democratic party in this State evidently made a great mistake when, looking about for a general for the governorship, they made their platform so easy to swallow. For they might have had General Slocum on much easier terms than they have offered. He is not only, he says, opposed to negro suffrage, but he is opposed to all interference on the part of the Government between the freedmen and their late masters. He wants the Freedmen's Bureau abolished, General Howard and his agents recalled, the troops now at the South withdrawn, and the whites left to deal with the blacks as they please, provided always that they abolish slavery. This is more than the platform called for. He adds that it is entirely untrue that he was "annoyed" when the President overruled his order breaking up the standing militia. He was delighted with it. He thought the calling of it out a good thing, but was under the impression that the Government would not allow it. It is true that, in his order prohibiting it, he declared that most of the outrages which occurred in the State "were committed on Northern men, Government couriers, and colored people, and not on Southerners, and that the militia were filled with prejudice against the colored troops, against the execution of the orders relative to the freedmen, and even against our Government itself." It is also true that "he now heartily approves of the removal of the troops from Mississippi, and most earnestly hopes that within thirty days every soldier now on duty there will be mustered out of the service, and that all attempts to interfere in her local affairs will cease." Some evil-minded persons will doubtless find some difficulty in reconciling all these statements. But the explanation of the contradictions which they contain is perfectly simple. When General Slocum was in Mississippi, he was General Slocum; now he is the Democratic candidate for the governorship of New York, and goes about in company with that well-known patriot, Horatio Seymour. Some unscrupulous wag at the recent meeting at Syracuse presented Mr. Seymour with a bouquet made up to represent the national colors—red, white, and blue.

THE Congress of Berne has found an echo in Boston, where, on Wednesday of last week, a society for the promotion of social science was formed at the State House, with Gov. Andrew in the chair. Not only is this movement a sign of the return of peace, but the names of many of those who were prominent in it remind us that they were unjustly charged before the war with being men of one idea, who could neither think nor talk of anything but slavery. We believe that they were sincere when they replied that they wished for nothing more devoutly than an end of "agitation." Happily the association was made national and not local. Its object is "to guide the public mind to the best practical means of promoting the amendments to the laws, the advancement of education, the prevention and repression of crime, the reformation of criminals, the adoption of sanitary regulations, and the diffusion of sound principles on questions of economy, trade, and finance, with special attention to pauperism and the topics relating thereto." The division of topics is contained in the following list of officers:

President: Professor Wm. B. Rogers.

Vice-Presidents: For Department of Education, Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill; Sanitary Reform, Dr. Samuel G. Howe; Social Economy, Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey of New Haven; Jurisprudence, Professor Francis Lieber of New York.

Directors: Education, Rev. Erastus O. Haven of Michigan; Sanitary Reform, Mrs. Samuel Parkman, Jr., of Boston; Social Economy, Edward Atkinson of Boston; Jurisprudence, Hon. Emory Washburn of Cambridge; Library, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall.

Treasurer: Charles H. Dalton.

Corresponding Secretary: Samuel Eliot.

Recording Secretary: Frank P. Sanborn of Concord.

Special Secretaries: For Department of Education, Hon. Joseph White of Massachusetts; Sanitary Reform, Dr. James C. White of Boston; Social Economy, George Walker; Jurisprudence, Prof. Theodore W. Dwight of New York.

The annual fee of membership was fixed at three dollars, after signing the constitution; life-membership, at fifty. At the afternoon session Mr. W. P. Atkinson presented his views on education, and the Hon. Amasa Walker discussed the national finances. The date of the next meeting was left to the discretion of the executive committee.

THE Count Joannes has offered his professional services to General Robert E. Lee, to defend him in case he is tried for treason, and the general has written "gratefully accepting them." This incident will lead the public to desire more than ever to have the great rebel brought to justice, in order to enjoy the Count's forensic exertions in his behalf. The most illustrious of modern traitors, defended by the most notorious of "common barrators," would form a spectacle unequalled since the trial of Warren Hastings. If Jefferson Davis doesn't retain the Count also, before the Government buys him up, he must be tired of life.

GENERAL BANKS has returned to Massachusetts, and by special invitation he addressed the citizens of the great manufacturing town of Lawrence on the important question of reconstruction, last week. He spoke at length, and took ground in support of "radical" doctrines. Respecting negro suffrage, he said: "The question was, whether it was possible to prevent the negro from voting. And he had no hesitation in saying that it was not in the power of man to prevent the extension of the franchise to the black laborers of the South. We must accept this result as one of the inevitable events of the future, and prepare the emancipated for the exercise of the powers which they are eventually to have. This preparation could be made only by those who had fought for the Union and sustained the Government, and to them the negro would look for it." He said, too, that if political power at the South were given to the rebels, the result would be the destruction of

free institutions and principles. If given to the masses of the people, with such support as Government could extend to them, the result would be the security and perpetuation of free institutions and the maintenance of the rights of all classes of our citizens. In speaking of military matters, he alluded to the taking of Port Hudson, and declared that but for the colored troops the Union army would not have been successful at that place. General Banks, it is supposed, will be a candidate for the office of representative from the Sixth Congressional District of Massachusetts, a vacancy having been made there in consequence of the appointment of Mr. Gooch, who was chosen last year to the place of Naval Officer of the port of Boston.

Union College, which is situated at Schenectady, has heeded the very profitable discussion concerning classical and scientific education to which Mr. Atkinson's pamphlet gave so vigorous an impulse. It has recently established two baccalaureate courses for the election of students, equal in length and designed to be fully so in amount of study and value of discipline. The classical course replaces the ancient with the modern languages, with an enlargement of mathematical and English studies. We believe that the college will be sustained in its liberal experiment, and that it only needs to produce good fruit to effect the desired revolution in all similar institutions. It is a curious fact that the late Dr. Wayland, who died at Providence on the last day of September, and who, a graduate of Union College in 1813, returned to it as a professor in 1826, and was for twenty-eight years president of Brown University, advocated this elective system as early as 1842, in a work entitled "Thoughts on the Collegiate System of the United States."

One of the final acts of the Alabama Convention was to approve, provisionally, the arrangement which Gen. Swayne and Gov. Parsons had made in regard to negro testimony in civil courts, of which the justices serve as agents of the Freedmen's Bureau. Gov. Sharkey has proclaimed his acceptance of Col. Thomas's proposition, by which the civil authorities relieve the Bureau of cases involving the rights of freedmen, on condition that the mode of procedure shall be according to the laws now in force, except where they make distinctions of color. The blacks are to be protected in person and property, can be sued and have the right to sue, and may be competent witnesses conformably to the rules of evidence. Gov. Marvin, in a recent speech at Quincy, Florida, boldly asserts that the new constitution "must declare that persons of color shall be admitted as witnesses in all the courts of civil jurisprudence. The law, in this respect, must have no distinction of color." This has not been exceeded, even by Gov. Hamilton of Texas. But Gov. Marvin takes pains to deny that the negro is constitutionally a liar, and refers to his experience of thirty years at the South, part of which were spent upon the bench, and in which he had been satisfied that the slave had often told the truth while the master had lied. He had often deplored the cheating of justice by the exclusion of negro testimony. "Keep the negro out of court, and what chance has he for justice?" he asks, and answers: "Just none at all." If the constitution fails to incorporate this reform, the governor holds that it would not provide a republican form of government, and he would be content to see it rejected, on that account, by Congress. Gov. Brownlow, in his message to the General Assembly of Tennessee, on the 2d, recommends that body to revise the entire State code, and adapt it to the requirements of freedom. Especially does he urge the propriety and necessity of admitting the freedmen to the courts, contending that much of the repugnance to their admission is the result of education and habit. "In short," he says, "let us demand for this long oppressed race the protection and enjoyment of their liberty." The governor's remarks on negro suffrage are distinguished by great candor, outgrowth from old prejudices, and undoubted sincerity. We should like to reproduce them entire, but can only give their substance. He argues the case for Tennessee alone, and concludes that Congress has no authority to determine the qualifications of suffrage for that State. He thinks that one of the great results of the rebellion will be the bestowal of the franchise upon the freedmen, but the time has not come when this ignorant population can safely be entrusted with the ballot. Nevertheless, there is a class of them whom he would be willing to see vote at once. Furthermore:

"I am free to confess that if it become necessary to enfranchise the blacks in order to keep the control of the country out of the hands of the rebels and traitors, I am for the measure. And when the nation finds that all its liberality and offers of pardon to rebels are in vain, it will take steps to give suffrage to the blacks, and I shall cordially approve the act."

The governor shows the absurdity of that unchangeable hostility to the measure which is so often avowed, by recalling the practices of various States, North and South, in times within easy memory. We commend this sentence to "A Yankee" correspondent of the London *Spectator*:

"All this outcry against a negro voting in any contingency comes from a lingering sentiment of disloyalty in the South, added to ancient prejudices, and to the savage instincts inspired by this institution in connection with the rebellion."

Colonization is alluded to, and a scheme similar to Gen. Cox's suggested. Gov. Brownlow would either avenge the boast of Texas, that slavery could never be abolished, by confiscating her rebel lands, buying out the loyal, and planting the freedmen upon them; or have the Government "clean out" Mexico for the same purpose, since "the advent of Maximilian into Mexico was a part of the rebellion."

"But if the colored man, after looking over the whole ground, shall still ask to stay in the land of his birth, to till the soil and labor in the workshop, and to fill positions of usefulness under the bright sky that smiled on his infancy, I say, in all conscience, let him remain."

Let us notice, as pertaining to the message rather than to the theme with which we started, the governor's appeal to the Assembly to stay the great flood of intemperance which has swollen with the war until it now threatens to swamp the morality of the State, and which daily imperils the lives of its citizens, and of all who travel in its public conveyances.

We read somewhere, a few weeks since, of the introduction on a Western railway of a contrivance for taking up and depositing the mail without checking the speed of the train. If we remember rightly, the invention was said to be of English origin. On the ninth of last month, this apparatus, which is ascribed to the ingenuity of the post-office in Wigan, Lancashire, failed lamentably to work in the case of a bag containing the northern mail, which was torn apart, and discharged its letters not quite as contemplated, for most of them were so mutilated that neither contents nor address was legible.

Without approving of strikes in general, one might be pardoned for rejoicing at the combination of theatrical managers who have withdrawn their patronage from the *Herald*. Mr. Maretzek found his controversy and separation a very decided gain; and when the editor, still ruffled, doubtless, by the impresario's attacks, turned Mr. Barnum out of his columns from private spite, he found that he dismissed at the same time a number of managers who made common cause with the showman. To which demonstrations the *Herald* replies as usual that it makes enough money to snap its fingers at public opinion.

Bishop Wilmer, of Georgia, being unable to pray for the President and all in civil authority, so long as the Federal troops remained in the State, and having advised the clergy of his diocese to join him in omitting this prayer, he and they have been suspended from their functions until they come to their senses. They are forbidden, by an order from Major-Gen. Woods, to preach or perform divine service, and their churches are closed till they manifest symptoms of repentance, and a sincere return to their allegiance.

Mr. Blair has replied to Mr. Holt's defence, but fails to weaken it materially, even by repeating the charges of his Clarksville speech. He dwells longest, and, as he imagines, most damagingly, on the private letter to a clergyman in the crisis betwixt secession and the outbreak of the war. It is safe to affirm that Mr. Holt would never be guilty of such folly again, but it is now clear it was only folly, and not complicity with the rebellion. Good and loyal men, who were under the spell of slavery, were made to act very ridiculously and (let us confess to Mr. Blair) very dangerously from nervous excitement and dread

of the impending conflict. Mr. Holt did desire, in order to avert war, the repeal of the personal liberty laws, and such concessions to slavery as would practically have nullified the voice of the dominant party at the polls. But a man could do this honestly and ignorantly without treasonable intent. His characterizing the abolition agitation as "infernal," together with the demands upon the North just mentioned, were familiar to the thoughts and lips of every Southerner, of high or low degree, including those whose champion Mr. Blair assumes to be against the radicals—the loyal majority who were dragooned into rebellion. Yet their undeniable sentiments in regard to the Republican party, its platform, its chosen candidate, its legislation against the spread of slavery, might as well be quoted against their natural fidelity to the Union as against Mr. Holt's. Where, too, shall we stop if we rake up the records of even four years ago? What confidence could we have in the President, whose speeches on the floor of Congress in the midst of the secession excitement cannot safely be quoted now for the vanquisher of slavery and the doctrine of State supremacy, or for the successor of Abraham Lincoln? We would not say that these reminiscences ought not to temper our judgment of the character of our public men, and make us cautious in trusting them. But it is ill to taunt those who have made indubitable advances towards the right with the mire they have left, rather than to welcome their arrival on *terra firma.*

The Louisiana Democratic Convention met in New Orleans on the 3d. They approved of the President's policy, a white man's government, compensation for losses by emancipation, a general amnesty and restoration of property, and organized opposition to the radical Republican party. They also renominated J. M. Wells, the present governor. On the same day the State election took place in Mississippi, quietly. Gen. Humphreys was chosen governor over Judge Fisher, though he is really ineligible to office, because he never was pardoned. A Union representative was returned for the Fourth District. The North Carolina Convention assembled on the 2d. It did nothing till Friday, when it declared that the secession ordinance of May 20, 1861, "is now, and at all times ever hath been, null and void." On Saturday it abolished and prohibited slavery.

Thucydides tells us that one effect of the Greek seditions and intestine wars was to change the accustomed value of words and give them arbitrary significations. Thus, blind fury was called good partisanship; prudence, specious cowardice; and so on. Such transformations may have been a novelty in the days of the ancient historian, but they are common enough now. Sometimes they give rise to queer mistakes in the interpretation of literature not so very far removed from our own generation. A slight change in the force of one little word ("rake") has induced superficial critics to charge Pope with a malignant libel on all womankind. Sometimes we see the alteration taking place, as here in New York the term *alderman*, once a title of respect, is now rapidly becoming synonymous with *thief* or *scoundrel*. Perhaps the most striking metamorphoses take place (for obvious reasons) in words denoting political differences and social distinctions. The latter especially are apt to be modified in passing from England to America, from a country where the lines of social demarcation are rigidly drawn to one in which they are somewhat confused. By the next century certain English words expressing class distinctions may very possibly reverse and interchange their meanings altogether in popular and conversational American, as they have already done partially. *Gentleman* may come to mean a rude, dirty, and illiterate individual; *perfect gentleman*, a ruffian or alderman; *man* or *fellow*, a respectable and well-informed person; *snob*, a highly refined and accomplished man. Such change would, of course, be hastened if Great Britain were meantime annihilated by the Fenians, the Panama Canal, or other agency. And should this seem to any one a farcical exaggeration, let him reflect on the changes, equally fundamental, which we have undergone in our political vocabulary. Can there be a more complete revolution in meaning than that by which, in forty years, the word *democrat* came to mean on this side of the Atlantic an upholder of oligarchy and slavery? In Europe it still retains its original meaning, because no European democrats ever tasted the sweets of power long enough to substitute organization for principle. The moral of all which is, that the study of words, which some educational reformers affect to despise, often becomes a matter of much practical importance.

Our account of Gen. Howard's tour of inspection in Virginia left him in Richmond, on his return from Gordonsville. He immediately visited Petersburg, to meet the Mayor, Common Council, and prominent gentlemen of the city; afterwards met at Norfolk the local authorities and those of Portsmouth; and in both instances explained the objects of his Bureau, asked for co-operation, and expressed his peaceful desires for the people of the South. Crossing over to Fortress Monroe, he visited Hampton, in company with Gen. Miles, riding about the town to the various negro localities, and ascertaining their condition and needs. In this vicinity are several thousand negroes, mostly the wives and families of soldiers now serving in Texas. Gen. Howard returned to Washington on Saturday, Sept. 30.

Major Miller, of Gen. Swayne's staff, was sent, it will be remembered, on a tour of inspection through the western part of Alabama, the scene of reported outrages on the freedmen. He left Mobile on the 8th of September, with one company of mounted infantry. The next day he arrived at Mount Vernon, a neighborhood in which the freedmen were doing well: they were remaining at home, and were generally contented. They mostly work for a portion of the crop, varying from a tenth to a fourth, besides food, clothing, and quarters. At a meeting of the principal planters, Major Miller made known the object of his mission. Near McIntosh's Bluff, he saw by the roadside a new-made grave, and learned that it contained the body of Dr. Grierson, a Union man, and a leading citizen of Washington County, who had been basely murdered a few days before. Efforts had been made by his neighbors to arrest the murderer, but without success. The northern part of the same county is in a deplorable condition. Crops are worthless, and lawless bands of men go about robbing and taking life. Within fifteen miles of St. Stephens, a fortnight before, a negro, formerly the slave of a Mr. Fletcher, returned to the plantation to get his wife. He was resisted by his late master, who shot him, and afterwards cut off his head. A military force sought to arrest the barbarian, but he eluded their pursuit. Affairs in Choctaw County were also found in an unsatisfactory state. Few are willing to accept the issue of the contest. "I should exaggerate little," remarks the major, "were I to say I met many who hardly knew the war was ended." In Clark County, the negroes were for the most part prospering and contented. At Grove Hill, the capital, he received promises of aid from several gentlemen of standing, among whom Judge Beltes, of the Probate Court, was particularly hearty. Here the civil government is running very smoothly; all of the officers are qualified, and profess a desire to second the efforts of the general Government in reconstruction. At Claiborne, the exhibitions of disloyalty were so open and aggravating that the major with great difficulty prevented an outbreak between his escort and the citizens. Some fifteen miles further on, his wagon-master was shot dead by two ruffians on horseback, at a house to which he had gone for a drink of water. His wagons were scarcely out of sight when the murder was committed. The perpetrators could not be traced. Major Miller says that the returned Confederate soldiers are the best men he found in the district traversed; they are generally supporters of the Government.

Gen. Howard is so well satisfied with the condition of the freedmen and refugees in Missouri that he has given orders for the withdrawal of the officers of the Bureau who are now in that State. Gen. Sprague will leave St. Louis for Little Rock, Arkansas, where he will make his headquarters.

Gen. Fullerton, of the office in Washington, and Brevet Brig.-Gen. Strong, the Inspector-General, have started for New Orleans, to investigate the freedmen's affairs in that city. Gen. Howard has undertaken another tour of inspection, which will embrace most of the Southern States, and will last a month or six weeks.

Gov. Parsons' opinion of the Assistant Commissioner for Alabama is given in these words:

"I take pleasure in assuring you that the administration of Gen. Swayne has been eminently satisfactory. In the execution of his orders, and in the solution of the many perplexing questions which are constantly presented to him, he has exhibited a wisdom, a consideration,

and a delicacy which have obtained, to a remarkable extent, the confidence of the people."

It may not be generally known that the Government has established in Washington an intelligence office for freed people. It is in charge of Capt. W. F. Spurgeon, and has already done much good in getting employment for the idle. For the ten days ending Sept. 30, he had one hundred and twenty-nine applications for employment, of which sixty-seven were filled. A similar office was opened in Alexandria on the 2d, and had business the first day.

Circular No. 16, issued from the Bureau Sept. 20, does not concern the general public, as it consists of directions for the keeping of accounts by assistant commissioners and their subordinates.

A circular letter of Oct. 4, from the same source, is as follows:

"State laws with regard to apprenticeship will be recognized by this Bureau, provided they make no distinction of color, or, in case they do so, the said laws applying to white children will be extended to the colored.

"Officers of this Bureau are regarded as guardians of orphan minors of freedmen within their respective districts.

"The principle to be adhered to with regard to paupers is, that each county, parish, township, or city shall care for and provide for its own poor.

"Vagrant laws made for free people, and now in force in the statute-books of the States embraced in the operations of this Bureau, will be recognized and extended to the freedmen.

"Assistant commissioners will draw up specific instructions applicable to their respective States, in accordance with the foregoing principles."

The Emperor of Austria, in a manifesto dated Vienna, Sept. 20, admits the ill-success of his endeavors to unify his realm by his diploma of Oct. 20, 1860, and his patent of the following February. The lesser Reichsrath has not been attended by certain provinces, and therefore has failed to accomplish its constitutional design. The Emperor now suspends this body altogether. in order that he may lay before the Hungarian and Croatian Diet the diploma and patent for their acceptance, it being, as he observes, "judicially impossible to have one and the same definition a subject of debate in one part of the empire, while in other parts it is treated as an imperial law, binding upon all." The French press continues to make the convention of Gastein its chief topic of discussion. Circular dispatches, addressed by Earl Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys to the diplomatic agents of England and France respectively, have been published. They are of the same tenor, and were evidently concerted. They pronounce the partition of the duchies to be simply an act of violence and conquest, in defiance of all law and in defence of none, unmindful both of the interests of Germany and of the duchies, whose wishes were either not consulted or arbitrarily disregarded, and altogether a proceeding "that finds a precedent only in the most deplorable ages in history." The feeling excited by the death of the servant Otto, who was killed quite wantonly by the Count d'Eulenburg, at Bonn, Rhenish Prussia, about the middle of August, still prevails. The Mayor of Strasburg, to which city Otto, who was a French subject, belonged, addressed a note to M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the 5th of September, setting forth the local indignation at the manslaughter, and the subsequent liberty accorded to the count by the Prussian Government and courts, apparently because he was the nephew of the secretary of state. The French minister replies that he had already instructed his ambassador at Berlin that the Emperor would not suffer this crime to go unpunished, and that he has written again to be informed of what is being done in the case. The official excuse is that both parties were intoxicated at the time, and exchanged blows with the admitted effect. The Russian Government has taken an important step towards centralization or the homogeneousness of its diverse parts. By an imperial ukase, the locality now occupied by the Cossacks of Orenburg is transformed into a simple "government," or, as we should say, county, like those into which Central Russia is subdivided. The political significance of this change lies in the fact that the Cossacks have hitherto been indulged in their republican, communistic autonomy, in return for their devotion to the empire and their prompt furnishing of contingents for the grand army. The Cossacks of Orenburg have been least independent, or have fewer traditions of independence, and the Government therefore makes the exporiment with them, with the view, not concealed, of extending it to their brethren of the Don and the Black Sea if it proves successful The law which mitigates the censorship of the press in Russia has two provisions which detract greatly from its seeming liberality. The minister of the interior is empowered, of his own authority and without assigning a reason, to forbid a newspaper to insert announcements, and to withdraw from it the right of receiving its exchanges from abroad without censure.

M. Rogeard, who improved the holiday granted by despotism to letters to indite the "Discourse of Labienus," and was obliged to quit France for Belgium, has been disturbed even in that retreat. His new offence consisted of a satire, "Pauvre France," which seems to have piqued the Belgian Government as much as it rasped its neighbor. Here is a passage from its preface:

"I detest the French Empire, because, like all monarchies, and more than any, it leans upon the seven institutions, the seven scourges of modern society, which cause populations to live and die, the seven cursed columns of the accursed edifice, and which are the permanent army, salaried clergy, irremovable magistracy, centralized administration, the police, prostitution, and organized pauperism."

When the order to leave the country within twenty-four hours was communicated to Rogeard, he published this declaration:

"I have defended liberty of conscience in France; I have defended it in Belgium; I shall defend it everywhere and to the end, to the extent of my power. I received this morning a royal decree, deliberated upon by the Council of Ministers, by which I am arbitrarily expelled from Belgium. I declare that I shall remain in Belgium, in my dwelling. I declare that I shall protest against this arbitrary conduct by all the means that shall be at my command; that I shall await the employment of public force; that I shall not leave, save at my own time; and that I shall only yield to violence. I consider that I have a duty to fulfil toward the Belgian people, and I shall fulfil it. I have a debt of gratitude to discharge toward Belgian public opinion. I desire to declare this publicly, and if I cannot hope to pay it, I wish at least not to be considered ungrateful. I shall, therefore, do what I ought for the cause of liberty in all countries, and what I owe to hospitality in Belgium. I shall resist arbitrary proceedings, and shall protest in all form, and shall not leave until I am arrested."

On the evening of the 14th ult., a popular gathering in sympathy and protest took place before his residence, and was addressed by the courageous pamphleteer. Nevertheless, at five the next morning, the police had conveyed him to the station and packed him off to Germany.

French mechanics have given their English fellow-craftsmen a second "Gladiator" defeat. The Government of the grand duchy of Baden issued proposals for forty-six locomotives. An English offer was received to build them at 70,720 francs a piece; another, from Baden itself, at 55,720; and a third, from the works at Graffenstaden, in Alsace, at 45,000. The job was divided between the two latter, and the English competitor got nothing.

The serious theatrical disturbances at Lyons have been somewhat epidemical. Even in Paris, a mob was inclined to be boisterous and disorderly because Thérèse, the ill-favored, unmusical pet of the pot-house and the *salon*, did not answer promptly their summons: "*A la porte!*" A sergeant of gendarmes restored their humor by vociferating "All those who want to hiss *here* will please go elsewhere!" At Avignon, the municipal authorities have regulated demonstrations in the theatre in a truly novel way. During the performance, applause alone is permitted. At the close, the audience will be "invited" to express their opinion. The manager, list in hand, will pronounce the names of the actors, and await the verdict of the spectators, which must be confined to hissing, if unfavorable, and last no longer than five minutes.

The proprietor of a publication in the West writes to us that "he would like to be able to use a notice of his paper from The Nation," and enquires "whether we cannot give him a lift." This is an excellent expression of the current notions of the functions of a critic. Flattering as the request may be, we are compelled to refuse compliance. We do n't pretend to be able to give anybody "a lift" in The Nation. When we see authors and editors "lifting" themselves, we call the attention of the public to the fact; and in like manner, when we see them floundering in the mud, we feel it our duty to mention it, even at the risk of hurting their feelings.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CONNECTICUT VOTE.

As it was only by the most extraordinary exertions on the part of the Republicans that Connecticut was prevented from throwing its weight into the scale on the side of the rebellion during the war, the result of the vote on the amendment to the Constitution need not surprise anybody, and has, we think, surprised nobody very much. In fact, the interest with which the result was looked for was due mainly to the fact that her notorious weakness on the whole Southern question, and the bad eminence she has won in times past by her devotion to Southern ideas, would have given any testimony that she might render on behalf of justice and right an unusual value. If she, who was the first to imitate South Carolina in her repudiation of democratic principles, had, on Monday last, frankly acknowledged her error, of course it would have done more than any other event which is now likely to occur to strengthen the hands of those who seek to reconstruct Southern society on the basis of human equality. But her failure to do so has certainly been no great disappointment to those who are familiar with her antecedents. Why it is that Connecticut, with all her advantages, historical, mental, moral, and material—furnishing, as she has done, so many distinguished names to the roll of American worthies—should as a State have displayed so much tenderness for most forms of legalized rascality, and should have so large a proportion of her population bitterly hostile to liberal ideas, is a question we have never yet heard satisfactorily answered, and is one of the most inscrutable problems of American politics. Her action last week will unquestionably strengthen the hands of those who desire to see the South back in the Union on any terms, and who care not what form of polity Union covers. It will help to confirm the President in his determination, if he has really formed one, to carry out his present plan, and will throw into the ranks of the party of caste that large horde of political "bummers," whose great object is, in every contest, to be on the winning side, and who would clamor as loudly for including horses in the basis of suffrage as they now do for the exclusion of negroes from the polls, if they thought that measure likely to secure a majority. But for all that, Connecticut has not done half as much mischief by voting nay as she might have done good by voting yea. In other words, she is not half as formidable as an enemy as she might have proved valuable as a friend.

The Connecticut majority may congratulate themselves, too, on having furnished the enemies of the country abroad with that very ammunition of which, since the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation, they have stood so sorely in need. Some tangible, formal evidence of the hypocrisy of Northern professions of respect for human rights is the very thing they have been seeking in vain, and in the Connecticut vote they will certainly flatter themselves that they have found it. The delight with which the declaration of the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, that the best people at the North held the negro in "unutterable loathing," has been received by the Tory press in England, may help to furnish an idea of the joy with which they will hear of the declaration of a New England State that a man is not fit to vote in our model republic, no matter what his mental or moral qualities may be, if his skin be dark. The "effete and bloated aristocrat," whom we are so much in the habit of lecturing upon his pride, prejudice, and selfishness, may certainly take courage and hold up his head, when he finds that so large a body of good New Englanders are ready to retain in their polity a distinction a thousand times more odious and absurd than any which European aristocracy has yet ventured to establish. The motives which actuate a "gentleman" in withholding a share in the government from a laborer may be defended by arguments; but when Connecticut democrats bestow the citizenship on the stupidest and dirtiest and most ignorant white men that come in their way, while withholding it from the most respectable and intelligent black, they are able to boast that they have hit upon a form of injustice so utterly absurd as to save them the trouble of defending it.

For the wrong done to the Connecticut negroes, in this matter, we care very little. Their number is small, and many of them, doubtless, feel themselves to be amply compensated by their exemption from taxation for their exclusion from the honor of citizenship. The positive loss and damage to individuals that would have resulted from the collection of the ship-money, the enforcement of the stamp act, or the legalization of general warrants, would have been very trifling. And yet there has never been a generation of our race who would not have died to the last man sooner than submit to any one of them. For the objections, too, of those who shrink from negro suffrage on account of negro ignorance, there is much to be said. And it is, therefore, not as the advocates of negro rights that we deplore what has just occurred; it is as the advocates of democratic principles. Our political system can, in our opinion, stand foreign war, domestic treason, the march of time, almost every agency, in fact, under which other empires have crumbled; but it cannot and will not resist the open repudiation of its vital principles by those who live under it. The deliberate adoption by the people of the United States, we repeat, of the doctrine that an accident of birth, or appearance, ought to exclude a man from civil rights, is a virtual surrender of the democratic idea itself.

This unpleasant fact is now glossed over or hidden altogether by the general contempt for the negro; but the negro has in reality, *quoad* negro, very little to do with the matter. The important point in it is that, in shutting him out for a physical peculiarity, and refusing to allow him by any exertion or acquirement to cure this defect, if defect it be, we broadly deny that all men are equal, or fit for self-government, or entitled to it, even under the most favorable circumstances; we assert that the government ought not in all cases to rest on the consent of the governed; that it may be seized and held by a class of the community, and that this class may be distinguished from the rest simply by birth, or complexion, or social position. Now this is the English, Prussian, or Austrian idea of government; it is certainly not the idea we have been preaching with such tremendous power of lungs for the last half century, which we have been abusing old Europe for not adopting, and of which we have been lustily proclaiming ourselves the champions for the last four years. We are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that the Earl of Derby or Herr von Bismarck might state his argument against the extension of the suffrage to the lower classes in England and Prussia in the same terms, *mutatis mutandis*, in which an able American conservative now states them against negro suffrage.

There is one consolation, however, of which no majority by which any form of wrong may be supported can in this age of the world ever deprive those who love principles—and who believe, as we believe, that it is only by faithfully seeking and firmly grasping them that salvation can ever come either to men or nations. It is, that in our day neither custom, nor privilege, nor oppression, no matter what shape they may assume, can take up any position impregnable to free speech. Against this neither legislation, nor majorities, nor armies, nor fleets will avail. We have at last got it in America. Now, for the first time in our history, there is no corner of the Union in which a man may not speak the thing he wills. If we can but keep this weapon in our hands, we shall as assuredly break down aristocracy at the South, and break down class feeling here, as we broke down slavery; and even if it were wrested from us there, we still should never despair as long as we retained it at the North. Our triumph may be more distant than we imagined it to be, but it is sure. The President, and Congress, and State conventions, and "leading statesmen" can do much, but they cannot put the conscience of the nation to sleep. Christianity has not yet done for the modern world all it ought to have done, but it has at least conferred on it a moral sensibility to which the ancient world was a stranger, and which, amongst us, renders long protracted injustice impossible if justice can raise its voice.

DECREASE IN THE PUBLIC DEBT.

SECRETARY MCCULLOCH'S official schedule of the public debt of the United States to 30th September exhibits the first positive decrease in the grand total since the beginning of the troubles of 1861-65. The amount is now twelve and a half millions less than at the close of August, and $255,000,000 less than the three thousand millions which was generally esteemed a few months ago the minimum total on the settlement of the war. The figures were:

On August 31, 1865, - - - - -	$2,757,689,571
On September 30, 1865, - - - - -	2,744,947,726
Decrease, - - - - - -	$12,741,845

On the present settlement, the unpaid requisitions on the Treasury amount to only $1,220,000. On the conclusion of the war in May they were $40,150,000. The balances then in the Treasury were $25,148,702; they are now $88,977,230.

The actual decrease in the public debt in September, in the face of continued heavy payments in settlement of the closing expenses of the war and the disbanding of the army, is mainly due to the large internal revenues of the month and the receipts in gold from imports; the latter being so far in excess of the wants of the gold interest charge on the public debt that they were converted into currency by the sale of $12,000,000 or $15,000,000 gold in the open market. We should not make haste to congratulate the country on the arrest of the public debt in August, and its first evidence of decrease in September, if we had reason to suppose that any considerable claims against the Government had been postponed, or their audit at Washington purposely delayed; but the evidences of the promptness, and even anxiety, of the Secretary on these points are all against any such suspicion. Nor should we rejoice so soon at these results, if we had reason to believe that the October receipts from taxes and customs would fall off so materially as to render it impracticable for the Secretary to make an equally good exhibit at the end of the present month. The evidences of the first week in the month are in the opposite direction. The internal revenues continue to pour into the Treasury at the rate of $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 per day, and the gold customs of the first week are over three millions of dollars, equal to nearly $4,500,000 in currency. The November interest on the public debt being already anticipated, the Secretary will, no doubt, continue his sales of gold until the close approach of the first of January, when the next instalment of gold interest falls due. And altogether we regard it as quite certain that another moderate reduction on the total of the debt, *and a very considerable curtailment of legal tender paper*, will appear on the succeeding schedule.

The Secretary has wisely, we think, initiated a policy of funding, and thus directly contracting the compound and other interest-bearing notes, authorized as legal tender currency; the sum total assigned to the present month being *fifty millions*, of which ten millions have already been deposited for exchange or funding into gold-bearing 6 per cent. U. S. 5-20s at the rate of 103 per cent. In addition to this process, the sum of five millions in ordinary greenbacks was withdrawn from circulation in September, and a like sum is probably contemplated in the present month. These beginnings of curtailment in Government paper, together with the gradual withdrawal of the old local bank paper-money, will, it is believed, soon more than qualify the growth of the national bank currency, which was designed to supersede all local bank paper, as well as to facilitate the ultimate withdrawal of Government greenbacks, after the necessities which gave rise to legal tender shall have been altogether removed by the near approach to the nominal specie standard of the country.

On this last point, we believe the purpose of the Secretary is to move with deliberation as well as on sound conservative views. There must be a large amount of funding into permanent public stocks before his action can be made wholly free by the removal of his temporary obligations in the shape of circulation, certificates of indebtedness and deposit, and to this end he must have the assistance and support of Congress in the institution of an ample and comprehensive system of finance and taxation, looking to and fully authorizing a consolidated public debt, bearing no higher uniform rate of interest in gold than *five per cent.* There is only one class of United States 6 per cent. stocks now outstanding which will not authorize such a consolidation in from two to eight years from the present time, and this class is of the 6 per cents of 1881, amounting to about one-tenth of the present total of the public debt, or $282,746,000. Of the other 6 per cents, $514,780,500 original 5-20s can be redeemed in gold, or reduced to 5 per cents, at any time after May 1, 1867. And of the 7.30 per cent. Treasury notes convertible into 5-20s, $300,000,000 will be redeemable after August 15, 1872; $300,000,000 after June 15, 1873; and the remainder, $230,000,000, after July 15, 1873.

PRUSSIA.

POLITICAL events in Prussia have lately attracted public attention. Their importance is ordinarily either undervalued or overrated, owing to the limited interest taken in the historical antecedents out of which they have grown, and by which alone they can be justly appreciated.

The war of 1813 to 1815 raised all the issues now occupying the political mind of Prussia. The people learned to feel their power. They had risen to expel the invader in answer to an earnest appeal dictated to the stolid king by his energetic counsellors. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, a second appeal called forth another effort, equally successful. Prompted either by policy or by gratitude, he issued, on the 22d of May, 1815, a formal promise of a constitution, in acknowledgment of the services of his subjects.

This promise he failed to perform, alleging, first, that the people who had bled to uphold his throne were not ripe for constitutional liberty, and, afterwards, that they had done their simple duty, and merited no reward. But, incautiously or unavoidably, he gave a mortgage to secure the ultimate execution of his contract. In funding the national debt, in the year 1820, he laid it down as an article of compact with the fundholders that new loans should not be made, nor the annual budget increased beyond the sum of fifty-five millions of thalers, without the consent of the popular representatives. For years the limit was not exceeded; but subsequently the greater development of the national resources, especially since the adoption of the Zollverein (1833), swept over the ancient landmarks; at the king's decease the annual expense of government exceeded by twenty per cent. the maximum fixed by his own edict; but he preferred suppressing the budget to making good his word.

This strait-laced, spiritless drill-sergeant, the roughness of whose manner had given him a sort of popularity in spite of the palpable obliquity of his moral sense, was succeeded, in 1840, by his son Frederic William IV., a product of the perverted intellectual tendencies of the nineteenth century, a scheming Puseyite in religion as well as in politics, filled with admiration of Gothic architecture and pre-Raphaelite paintings, bent upon the restoration of the mediæval estates of the realm, and progressive only in his aversion to the humdrum of the absolutistic bureaucracy. A man of some humor and wit, and of erudition almost beyond his powers of intellectual digestion, good at an after-dinner speech, and covetous of personal applause, he would have made his mark as a private citizen. Vain, effeminate, uncertain of purpose, feeble of will even to cowardice, artful, faithless to his ministers, and inexhaustible in projects, which always failed, he received from his brother-in-law, the Emperor Nicholas, the sobriquet of "Widow Cliquot"—felicitous not only because he loved the wine, but because he was lacking in manhood and manliness. His efforts to embellish his capital, to restore the fortunes of impoverished families, to complete cathedral churches, and to rebuild the castles of the Rhine, involved expenditures which his bankers at length prosaically refused to defray. As a last resource for raising money, he issued the patent of February 3, 1847, uniting the "estates" or feudal representative assemblies of the separate provinces into a single diet, which he affected to regard as not only competent, under the edict of 1820, to authorize new loans, but also as qualified to disarm the political opposition which could no longer be safely disregarded.

The new king's own coronation oratory had done much to draw off the attention of aspiring Germans from the problems of Hegelian speculation to the political issues of the day. The celebrated "Four Questions" of Dr. Jacoby, of Koenigsberg, a noble champion of popular

rights, who is at this present writing imprisoned for having advised his constituents to refuse the payment of taxes unconstitutionally imposed, fell like a bomb-shell into the still life of Prussian office-holders. They asked why the constitution, to which the people had acquired a vested right by virtue of a solemn compact made in the hour of danger, was not accorded in the hour of security. The cry was eagerly taken up by the liberal press; the ranks of the opposition were swelled from day to day; and, in a few years after 1840, a great liberal party assembled around its standard the great majority of the industrial and working classes, of the civil functionaries, and of the aspiring talent of the country. In the view of these men, it was a grave question whether the patent of 1847 ought to be accepted in fulfilment of the royal pledge or repudiated as an evasion of it. Henry Simon, a judge of very high standing, passed judgment upon the measure in saying, "If a child ask his father for bread, will he give him a stone?"

No sooner was the diet organized than the king discovered that he had sowed the wind, and was reaping the whirlwind. Though composed of country gentlemen, farmers, crown ministers, and public functionaries, the majority asserted a right to grant or withhold taxes, and to adopt or reject the budget. While the crown was struggling to extricate itself from this new dilemma, the revolution of 1848 swept over the continent. After a battle of two days in the streets of Berlin, the king succumbed to the popular demands, which, however, were confused and ill-digested. A legislative assembly was convoked; but the new ministers, selected from the industrial classes and the gentry, feared the popular passions and the socialistic vagaries naturally promulgated on all hands, more than the absolutistic tendencies of the king and the reactionary hankerings of the aristocracy. Thus their influence became subservient to the design of the latter, and offered no resistance to the *coup d'état* by which the king dispersed the assembly and forestalled the adoption of the new constitution. The dissensions between the middle classes and the working-men prostrated them at the feet of absolute power. The reaction spread over all Europe. The election of Louis Napoleon and the overthrow of the Hungarians restored the equanimity of the European cabinets, and once more arrayed them in solid phalanx against the progress of liberty.

Even the constitution violently imposed by Frederic William in December, 1848, was found to be too liberal for the times, and was supplanted by another proclaimed in January, 1850, which is nominally still in force, and is worthy of its origin. Administered for a number of years by a ministry headed by Baron Mannteufel, it ushered in one of the most ignominious periods of Prussian history. Chained to the car of Russia, and degraded to the rank of a third-rate power, the government expended its energies in endeavoring to eradicate the self-government of the towns and communes, the freedom of the press and of public assemblage, and every vestige of the revolutionary era. State sophists and schoolmen, some of them, like Stahel, being converted Jews, labored to explain away the remnants of constitutional rights, and to inculcate an unquestioning obedience which knows no personal responsibility, and reposes implicit confidence in the superior wisdom of those in authority. Thus the pretence of constitutional government became a mere farce. The democratic party, by refusing to vote, on the ground that the constitution was a mere arbitrary edict, binding on no one, unwisely played into the hands of the government, and enabled the latter to pack with its dependents the popular assembly, which thus received the appellation of the "Landrathskammer" ("Chamber of Prefects"). The political degradation was aggravated, or at least made the more apparent, by unprecedented prosperity in all commercial and industrial pursuits; absorbed in the pursuit of gain, the middle classes were callous to the humiliation of Prussia during the Crimean war. The reaction was at its height when, in the fall of 1857, a softening of the brain extinguished the erratic genius of the Prussian king. Was it a physical process or a physiological development? Was it remorse, or was it simply the running to seed of a diseased organization? Frederic William, himself averse to military life, was yet so far entangled in the military traditions of his family, that he imagined himself to be Sergeant Lehman of the Guards, unsuccessful in the effort to pass an examination for a lieutenancy, and wandered about the garden of Sanssouci muttering: "Lehman, Lehman, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." He died on New Year's day of 1860, three years after the government had passed into the hands of his brother William, as regent. Of the career of the latter we shall speak hereafter.

LEGAL FICTIONS.

Nothing has been more remarkable during the war than the rapidity with which "legal fictions" sprang up as the strife progressed. Generally the sword tears all the lawyer's fine-spun webs to pieces, and lays the naked facts of the case before the world, but our war has furnished an exception to the rule. When it broke out, there was a vague desire at the North to strike the enemy in some way or other through slavery; but everybody was afraid for a long time to say so. In 1861, he who talked either of taking away the slaves of the rebels, or even of not returning them if they ran away, incurred imminent risk of being considered a fool or a "vandal." In the midst of the general perplexity came General Butler, and covered himself with glory, and diffused general comfort through the community, by pronouncing the negro "contraband of war." To have retained a runaway as a man would have shocked everybody; but to retain him as "matériel" satisfied all consciences. Everybody knew it was a fiction, the humbug of the thing was transparent; but if the general had discovered the art of shooting round a corner, he could not have filled the public with greater envy and admiration than that excited by the invention of this potent phrase.

When the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, it gave a prodigious impetus to fiction-mongering. To have said openly and frankly that it was desirable to abolish slavery because slavery was a sin and a curse to the community—a constant source of danger and corruption—would have thrown thousands into convulsions. So, long and elaborate pamphlets were written to show that the Southern negroes stood in the position of mules and oxen, and that when Mr. Lincoln sought to take them away from their masters, far from being guilty of using his power to give freedom to slaves, he was simply depriving the enemy of so many head of cattle, which, as a general, he had a right to do.

A little later, it became necessary to try a number of great scoundrels for frauds and other offences calculated to diminish the efficiency of the army. For some reason or other, it was found disagreeable to say that the country was under martial law, so it was pretended that all contractors, and even all persons who sold anything to the Government, newspaper correspondents, and such like, were in the naval or military service of the United States, and therefore subject to trial by court martial, no matter where they exercised their vocation. We remember last winter hearing "a rising young lawyer" produce before a large audience a little fiction, which for rare and curious workmanship could hardly be matched out of China. In order to make the would-be assassin of Mr. Seward liable to trial by court martial, he laid it down that anybody who attacked a military officer of the United States in time of war became, *ipso facto*, amenable to military jurisdiction. Mr. Seward was a military officer of the United States, inasmuch as he countersigned "orders" of the President, who was commander-in-chief, *ergo*, etc.

Mr. Seward himself, with the lawyer's habit of mind still strong upon him, occasionally turns out a fiction himself which may compare favorably with the best efforts of the profession; as when, the other day, he denied that the Confederate Government had ever been a *de facto* government, because the United States had always refused to "recognize it" as such. Now, a fact is a fact, whether it be recognized or not; and if the rebels were able to raise armies, and fight battles, and collect taxes, they were *de facto* a government, though the whole of the rest of Christendom were to swear they were not. This may be unpleasant, but it was still a fact. If a man meets a drunken vagabond of a relation in the street, he may "ignore" him, but the rascal still remains in the flesh, and preserves his consciousness.

The latest and perhaps the best of all the fictions is the doctrine that the President is, in all his doings at the South, acting strictly in accordance with the law as laid down by the Constitution. This was invented by the conservatives for the purpose of bringing the radicals to confusion, by holding them up to the world as law-breakers or coun-

sellors of law-breaking. The proposition that the Southern States should for any purpose be treated as conquered territory has accordingly been denounced as monstrous, the fact being that President Johnson's whole plan of reconstruction is based on the assumption that they are conquered territory. The real difference between him and his opponents is not as to the nature of his power, but as to the use he makes of it. There is no such officer as a "provisional governor" known to the Constitution of the United States. There is no machinery provided by the Constitution for imposing upon States "that have never been out of the Union" conditions of their re-admission to it. The notion that Mr. Johnson cannot interfere with the suffrage in the revolted States is pure double-refined fiction. "Fines and recoveries" were nothing to it. He is interfering with it for every purpose he pleases.

Correspondence.

A CORRECTION FROM GERRIT SMITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In your number of 21st instant, I see that you suppose me to be one of those who formerly held that "Congress could interfere with slavery in the States." I do not recollect that I ever so held. My doctrine was that slavery, the superlative piracy of earth, is not, and cannot be, LAW; that every Federal judge should, as occasion called for it, say so; and that the Federal Executive should sustain him in saying so.

There were but few with me in this doctrine. There are more now; and I shall yet be in the majority. Mankind will yet scout the idea that LAW—the most sacred of all sacred things—can give shelter to the greatest of all crimes. LAW, in whose presence all should reverently kneel, is now, alas! but little better than contemptible. Thus it will continue to be as long as slavery, which is worse than murder, shall be held to be capable of legalization. LAW will be a curse so long as the mass of men shall look upon it as the possible protector and upholder of the hugest lie and the intensest wickedness. It will be a priceless blessing when they shall see that, from its very nature, it must be, in all times and in all places, nothing else than the shrine and defence of truth and justice. GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, Sept. 29, 1865.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XIII.

CONCORD, N. C., Sept. 22, 1865.

HAVING determined to ride across from Charlotte to Raleigh by the country roads, it became necessary to retrace my steps for twenty miles, and pass again through Concord. An hour before I reached the village it was dark, and most of the houses were closed; but the stillness of the night, as I turned into the main street, was broken by sounds of loud singing that proceeded from the county jail. The words were those of a hymn, and the singers were evidently negroes. Going on to the hotel, I found two or three Federal soldiers in the office, who were regarded with no very friendly eyes by some citizen loungers, and I at once surmised that election day in Cabarrus County had not passed in perfect quiet. "Any disturbance here on Thursday, sir?" I asked the landlord. "No," he replied; "seen as much fifty times before. Always some whiskey out election times." In the dining room, eating a late supper, was a citizen of the town whose acquaintance I had made when here before, and of him I made the same enquiry. He said there had n't been no great trouble; not as he knew; some o' the black ones made a difficulty, but nobody was hurt. There war n't nothin' like what they 'd hed in Charlotte, and up here in Salisbury. Forenoon, election day, they run all the black ones out o' Salisbury. He 'd heerd the Yankees jined in, and they made a reg'lar cleanin'. I told him he must be mistaken so far as concerned Charlotte, that the election had been conducted very peaceably; and a soldier who had entered the room remarked that he had come from Salisbury on the evening of Thursday, and that no riot had occurred up to the time of his departure. This contradiction was not very well received, and I afterwards heard him repeating his story of riots in other counties to listeners who appeared not ill pleased at the information.

"How did the trouble begin, sir?"

"The commencement of it? I do n't know much about it anyhow; I did n't see it all myself, but I 've been told that the black ones was crowdin' down round the well, and a young man here in town told 'em to leave that and they would n't go, so he threw some water on one fellow, and that was what commenced it. The niggers was stubborn and sassy; come up, some o' 'em, with sticks; looked like they was ready prepared."

"Was there any shooting?"

"There was one man by the name o' Smith, he 's a Yankee too, I see him shoot once; yes, I believe he shot off two barrels, in the squar', but his pistol war n't loaded with ball, nothin' in it but blank cartridge. I see the sheriff start for him, and I run along too, so 's if the sheriff wanted any assistance, but before I got out thar whar he war at, I see as many as eight or ten or a dozen o' the niggers comin' over with rocks and sticks. I turned round to them, and told 'em to drap the rocks. They did n't do it, though they stood, so I drawed my pistol and told 'em agin, 'Boys, drap them rocks,' I said, 'or I 'll blow out your damn brains, some o' you;' and then they put 'em down. Well, a crowd came up by that time, and the niggers was run out o' town, and made a scatterment. That 's all the shootin' I see."

"I suppose the negroes carried the news to Charlotte?" "No, up to Salisbury. They went up that same evenin', and I heerd they told the Yankees that we 'd killed two niggers and wounded seven, and the fight was still going on when they left. But both of 'em 's known, and if they told any such story as I heerd say they told, they 'd better look, out. That 's the great trouble with the niggers, they tell too many lies to the Yankees, and the Yankees believe 'em. Let a nigger tell a lie on me; tell lies, and get me up before the Yankees. First nigger does it, I allow to shoot him. Yes, I do; I 'd hate to git into trouble on account of a nigger, nor I do n't want to make no trouble with 'em nuther, no more 'n with a white man, but they must n't lie on me. Their freedom 's made 'em so sassy there 's no livin' with 'em. I heerd that some of 'em 's been sayin' the niggers 'll rule the day here within two months' time. I just want one to say that to me. The niggers that talk like that 'll git killed certain; the people won't stan' that kind o' talk."

A little negro boy, a servant in the house, gives quite another account of the riot. He says that Mr. Worden, an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, was expected to address the colored people at Concord on Thursday, and that a great many had come in to hear him, but that always on election day it has been customary for the negroes to have a holiday, and to watch the voting. He seems to have been too much frightened to observe the events of the riot with accuracy, and was inclined to "allow that all the black ones the sheriff put into the jail would ha' been done hung if the Yankees had n't come down." He is quite positive that the white men began the fray, and that the knocking down of an old negro was the signal for a general assault by about thirty men on all the negroes present. He speaks of one negro whose arm was broken by a pistol bullet, and of several who were badly beaten.

GOLD HILL, N. C., Sept. 23, 1865.

This morning I found the provost-marshal of the district in Concord collecting evidence relating to the riots, and preparing to make arrests. Captain Littler was aided in his investigations by Captain Freeman, of the 128th Indiana Vols., who had been for some years a detective officer in his native State—and I was amused to observe the zest with which he resumed the pursuits of his old profession; his keen enjoyment of the chase being tempered only by some natural regrets that he could not work up the thing in a citizen's dress, but was obliged to show himself in uniform. From these gentlemen I learned that the news of the fight, if it can be so called, was first taken to Salisbury by one of the county officers, who, several days previously, had been charged with the duty of laying before the military commander a petition of the magistrates of Cabarrus that a Federal garrison should be permanently maintained in the county. The provost-marshal had already obtained sufficient evidence to justify the arrest of some seven or eight citizens, and while I was with him he listened to the complaints of several men who desired the arrest of two or three other parties. Of one of these latter cases I took notes.

A young man, with one hand bandaged, came into the office, and said that if the captain was examining into the difficulty on election day, he had a charge to prefer against some niggers. He was requested to tell who they were, and gave the names of two, but that of another he did not know. "We got him into the jail, though," said he; "and he 's in thar now, I expect; and that 's the one I 'm most anxious about, for he 's the very man that hurt my thumb; and he 's the same man that demanded me to give up my pistol."

"Demanded your pistol, did he? What, to fight with? Let us hear the whole story."

"Yes, sir; I reckon he thought he 'd get it, and then he 'd make use of it

You see, I was n't out much that day. There was niggers everywhere, blockin' up all the stores, so a man could n't go in to buy anything, and fillin' the street up and down till the difficulty began. I reckon it was about four o'clock in the evenin', I was standin' in the squar', front o' the court-house, you know, and a man came up to me and says, 'Yonder goes a nigger, down by the depot, with rocks in his pocket; le 's go down and lick him.'"

"What was that man's name?"

"Well, he 's a man I do n't know. I know him by sight, but I do n't know as I ever spoke to the man till that day; but since then I 've heerd 'em say his name is Fur. Fur says, 'Yonder 's a nigger, and he 's got a pocket full of rocks; le 's go and take 'em away from him, and lick him.' 'All right,' I said; 'I 'm going down that way; come on.' We walked on to the depot. Sometimes we could see him, and then agin, when he went over a hill, we 'd lose sight; and it so happened we never did git to see him after he went over the next hill beyond the depot. But right thar, side o' the road, was these three niggers—Adam, and his son, and this nigger that 's in jail. 'Boys,' says I, 'what you doin' here?'—spoke jest in that manner. This nigger he made answer that they would n't let 'em stay in town, and they 'd run 'em out to that place. 'But never mind,' says he, 'the niggers 'll rule the day here yet, and you 'll see it in less 'n two months.' P'raps he mout ha' said twelve months, but I think it was two months he said. 'You d——n black son, etc.,' says I, 'what d' ye mean by that?' I expect he thought I was goin' to draw my pistol. I hed my hand in my pocket, but I did n't have my pistol in that pocket at all. The niggers began to pick rocks, and I believe Fur said, 'Shoot the black son, etc.' Fur was ahead o' me, and he did n't have any pistol. Then this nigger he says, 'Do n't you draw a pistol on me; do n't you draw a pistol. Give up that pistol,' demanding me to give up the pistol to him. The other niggers had begun to pitch for Fur, and he came back to me, and then the rocks flew pretty thick."

"Had Fur been throwing any rocks?"

"Well, Fur mout ha' throwed; expect Fur did throw some, but I could n't see all was done, for this nigger kept demandin' me to give up the pistol, and I was lookin' towards him. I snapped at him twice, but the pistol missed fire, and about that time they 'd run in on us with sticks, and this nigger hit me and knocked my thumb out o' place. Well, we had to retreat, and I reckon we fell back all o' thirty paces, and the niggers stood. I got my thumb back agin, and Fur and me went on towards 'em agin, and then the niggers fell back p'raps twenty steps. I do n't think it *was* twenty steps. We was goin' to arrest 'em, you see. But they commenced to throw rocks agin, and then I fired. I think I fired twice, but I missed him. I fired at this same nigger. By this time, some o' them up in the squar' see we was in a contention, and five or six went round a-horseback, and come in the rear o' the niggers, and then we arrested 'em."

"You arrested them, and handed them over to the sheriff?"

"Yes, sir. That is, we put 'em into the jail. I was in favor o' putting 'em thar. Some wanted to hang 'em. I might ha' killed that nigger very easy, but I'm a peaceable man. Some of 'em wanted to know why I did n't shoot 'em, but I said, 'No, put 'em in jail;' and when I heerd you 'd come to look into it, I thought I 'd come and make a complaint."

Capt. Littler appeared to think this man's course had not been so peaceable as it might have been, and, after hearing his complaint, ordered him to be taken into custody. Incidentally, his examination showed that the riot began at about eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued, with intermissions, till three o'clock in the afternoon. Several negroes were beaten severely, and for no better reason, so far as I could learn, than that they were "too sassy and stubborn," and, when the attack was made upon them, waited to be run out of the town, and in some cases even offered resistance, instead of running out of their own accord. Capt. Freeman afterwards informed me that the man who came so unsuspectingly to make the accusation had, before leaving the square, pre-arranged the rear attack of the mounted men whom he described as having so opportunely come to his assistance. This, I dare say, he himself would have admitted; he seemed to have no notion that any of his efforts to repress negro impudence had been marked by irregularity, and repeatedly expressed very great astonishment that "this nigger demanded me to give up my pistol."

I came to this village to-day, after seventeen miles' riding over the worst of rocky winding roads. "You see when they laid it out," said the landlord, "they did n't want to offend anybody by driving it right through his land, so they carried it round every farm between here and Concord." The village is the most poverty-stricken place in appearance that I have yet seen, with small, poor, unpainted houses, immense piles of slates, disused machinery under weather-beaten sheds, and shafts and mines filled with water, but the inhabitants, destitute of mails and news, give a ready welcome to the traveller, and he fares better than in better towns. They are now awaiting, I had almost said impatiently, but the ideas of Gold Hill and eagerness seem incongruous, the arrival of the president of the mining company from the North, whither he escaped after war had broken out, and who is expected on his return to recover the property from the possession of the Southern stockholders and recommence operations. The people profess to be Unionists, and I was told that many of them were perfectly satisfied with the results of the war, or would be so "when the Government hung Jeff., and made all the niggers settle in South Carolina. The name of South Carolina ought to be taken away, and it ought not to be called a State any more."

RANDOLPH Co., N. C., September 24, 1865.

To-day I have again been travelling through a country always poor and dry, and now drier than usual in consequence of the long drouth, which has seriously affected all the crops, and lowered the streams so much that many of the mills have ceased running. I have seen but a few houses, and only those of small farmers, and it was with difficulty that I found a lodging for the night. The farmer with whom I am staying says the people have so little to eat that they are ashamed to take in a stranger. He is a man of about fifty years of age, of average intelligence, and, like a majority of his neighbors, of his own free will would never have been a rebel, having no cause of complaint against the national Government or the Northern people, and, latterly, having learned to dislike the Confederate authorities for their exactions. He had owned five negroes, a woman with her four children, and expressed his acquiescence in their emancipation. The mother was anxious to stay with him, but he could afford to give her no wages, as the children were all small, and he wished to know if he was violating any law by taking her work for the family's board and clothing. I re-assured him upon this point, and he stated another perplexity under which he was laboring: a negro man, with a wife and several children, had left his employer because he could get no wages, no clothes, and not enough to eat, and had come to him begging with tears that he might be permitted to work on the farm. At first he had refused, for he had no money and only a little meat; but the man pleaded so hard, and it seemed so likely that the family would suffer, that he finally gave the desired permission. Since then he had been told several times that he was liable to be prosecuted for harboring another person's runaway servants, and would get into trouble if he persisted in keeping the family. His wife was frightened somewhat; he himself reckoned the black ones were free to go and come where they chose, but he would like me to give my opinion. I was able to quote some decisions of the neighboring Superintendents of Freedmen which covered this case also. He went on to say that many people of his acquaintance thought that the black ones would be re-enslaved, that they were not at present, and probably might never be, legally free. He had been compelled to serve in the home guard last winter, he said, and had been on duty at Salisbury; so, after supper, he lit a pipe and his wife another, and we sat before a light wood fire talking of the prison. The woman said her brother had been captured by the Yankees, and they treated him fine. She would have been glad to have fed her family on bread and water if them rebels would have let her carry what provisions she could spare to the poor prisoners. Certain sure they were dreadfully worsted, and a heap of people round Salisbury were grieved to see it, but they could do nothing to help them. If one of the guards threw in a piece of tobacco, and they caught him, he was tied up. The farmer's duty had compelled his attendance at the grave-yard on one or two occasions, and the recollection of what he saw there seemed to affect him much. His voice lowered as he told of the earth's being thrown in upon the naked bodies, and of one man thus buried whose face was still wet with the tears he had shed when dying. "I do n't say it to flatter you, mister, because you 're a Yankee, for I 've often said it to my wife before the surrender, and she 'll say so; but you would n't handle a mutton so careless as them poor men was handled in the carts and them ar trenches."

Not long after crossing the Yadkin, I fell in with an old man who almost insisted on my stopping to talk with him when he learned that I was from the North. He war n't a high larnt fellow, he said, none of 'em *was* round thar, but he was good Union, and it made him mighty glad to come across a man from the Northern States. "And you can't git hurt, stranger," he said, "not in this county, nor no other man that 's of a good Union principle. No you can't, stranger. I can tell you what we 's done with them ar secessioners that brought this thing on, and they a' n't a-goin to git the upper hands agin. One on 'em could n't git to oversee that ar dirt road you 's stan'in' on, not by vote, not in this county. Expect the road was mighty bad like, war n't it? We ha' n't worked 'em for a good while, but we 's goin' to turn to arter the corn 's got in, and I 'm thinkin' I 'll oversee it myself. We ha' n't no use for secessioners, not for nothin', and they begin

to know it. Thar was one on 'em found that out this last week up yer at Jackson's Hill, for he was nigh about killed, and they would ha' killed him or beat him to death if he had n't got on to his mule and they was a-foot. Ye see in the war he was allus a mighty hunter for outlayers and sich, gittin' em into the army, and when he come to the 'lection one o' the boys, a namesake o' mine, see him, and says to him, 'R——, be ye done huntin' deserters?' I do n't know what answer he made, but L—— knocked him flat on his face. Then he got up and run, and the boys tuck arter him; but he ran past his mule, and as he run he got a holt o' the bridle and broke it, and made off as fast as ever he could. Oh, them ar hunters has got to keep quiet; they can 't bear the sway like they did. I told that same R—— how it would be. He was one of a parcel that was goin' to hang me one day about two years ago. Ye see, mister, I 'm a man I allus let my principle be known, and one day I come by the mill, and thar was R—— and his crowd, five or six on 'em, and they 'd been drinkin'. R—— he run into the mill and got a rope, and they tied it round my neck: they was for hangin' me right away. Says I, 'R——, ye mout as well make sure work o' this, for 'less ye do ye 'll pay fur it. Ye know me, William L——, and I tell ye ye 'll pay fur this some day if I git out o' your hands alive."

He asked many questions about the national debt, about Northern schools and railroads, about the wages of "hirelin's," the size of farms, the methods of cultivating corn and wheat, and especially about the feelings of the Northern people towards the rebellious States.

"I've heerd ye all reverence General Lee to be a great man. Ye do, do n't ye?"

I gave him the popular estimate of Lee's abilities.

"Yes, I 've heerd so; the Yankee soldiers with the wagon-train told me so. I tell our boys jest to look at that. 'Thar 's the Yankees,' I tell 'em, 'has give us a most etarnal lickin' as ever a parcel o' people did git, I reckon, and see how they hev compassion. Why, if our nasty secession heads had licked your people like they bragged, they 'd ha' been crowin',' I tell 'em, 'wuss 'n ever roosters. Yes,' I tell 'em, 'the Yankees is a marciful people, and willin' to make friendship with us.' "

PITTSBORO, N. C., September 26, 1865.

Yesterday and to-day I have ridden sixty miles over roads as bad and a country as lean and poor as those I found on Saturday and Sunday. The people in this county of Chatham are richer than their neighbors in Randolph, and there are more secessionists among them; but every man with whom I have talked in the course of the two days until I met my host of this evening, has avowed himself a Unionist; and both counties have sent up anti-secession delegates to the State Convention. My landlord says, however, that the result of this election is not a good criterion of the sentiment of the people; that the solid men of the State have not voted, and the convention will be the weakest body that ever assembled in North Carolina. The two classes seem to entertain and cherish feelings of bitter hostility towards each other, and I everywhere hear stories of assaults made upon persons who were formerly in the service of the Confederate government, and especially upon such as were engaged in picking up deserters. Quite generally these men discreetly absent themselves from election gatherings and other assemblages, and in many instances where they have appeared as voters or as candidates have been forced to fly for their lives. Since leaving Salisbury, I believe I have been in no county where such disturbances were not spoken of as having recently occurred, and offences against property are perhaps more numerous. My landlord tells me that his mother has been obliged to leave her home in Randolph County by a mob who threatened to destroy the house if she stayed in it; and he mentioned several houses, which he said I must have seen as I passed along the road, which are standing empty for similar reasons. I readily believed him, for a man in Ashboro, who was a county magistrate and also an officer of the police, told me that he could count more than a hundred houses owned by secessionists which had been broken into and robbed within the past few months. "Them outlayin' boys had learned a little bushwhackin'," he said, "when the secessioners learn'd 'em to live in the woods." The anti-secession men seem to be having everything their own way at present, in this part of the State at any rate. "Wait two years," my landlord says, "and then you 'll see." He openly says, "We 've got to get back into the Union, and we 'll have to do many things repugnant to our feelings, but we must first of all get back and get our own State into our own hands."

This afternoon I had an amusing interview with a woman whom I found gathering sticks and rotten wood by the roadside. A little girl was with her, and both seemed the poorest of whites, dirty and wretched to the last degree, but yet not so sunk in sulkiness and apathy as most of their class, for the woman talked almost incessantly and laughed a great deal. I asked my way to Pittsboro, and, looking hard at me all the time, she gave me some bewildering directions about the roads to be crossed and the forks to be left on the right hand and the left, and at the end she said:

"Mister, whar be ye frum?"

"I'm from the North."

"The North!" she said, dropping the armful of sticks and coming nearer to me. "Be you a —— one o' them —— what they call Yankees? Do n't be offended, gentleman, that 's what they calls 'em; be you a Yankee?"

"I suppose I must be."

"Excuse me, gentleman, but I must look at you, fur I heerd so much about the Yankees and I niver seed one yit. Lord! Lord! A ra'al Yankee! Maria, he looks most like our folks, do n't he? He sartin do. Lord, and him to be one on 'em! Well, I must praise the Yankees if they looks like you. Maria, do n't they look right nice?"

This compliment she soon afterwards completely spoiled. She went on:

"I see you come ridin' along, and I says to my gal Maria, yer's your cousin comin', I do believe. Do n't he look like John, Maria? Indeed you do, gentleman, you r'e built like him and you 're like him in the face. John, he 's my sister Bet's son. I wish Bet could see you, and daddy, he 'd be proud to see you."

She urged me to ride down a mile from the road and visit her daddy, who was eighty-two years old, and would be very much pleased to see a Yankee, but I was obliged to refuse, for I had still more than twelve miles to ride before reaching Pittsboro, and the afternoon was wearing away. She did n't know what would become of her and her children, now the black ones was free. She said: "We poor folks was about ekil to the niggers, about bein' hard put to it to live, I mean, and now they 's free they do n't do nothin' but steal, and how we 'll live I do n't know. They say it 's the Yankees rules everything now, and I wish you 'd tell me how poor folks is to live among these niggers. I never was married, and daddy 's eighty-two years old, and me and my children 's afraid to go out when we hear 'em in the corn-field." It would have been useless, I suppose, to counsel her to cleanliness or industry or decency of manners and morals, and I had to decline the difficult post of her adviser.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, September 23, 1865.

TO-DAY the first public examination of the Fenian prisoners is to take place in Dublin; and then, I suppose, we shall know at least something about the matter. It is said, however, that when the case comes on, the counsel for the Crown will ask for a further adjournment, in order to complete their case; and I think the report will probably prove true. If I were writing a sensation letter to you, after the style in which the late lamented, though not respected, "Manhattan" of the *Standard* was a proficient, I might make a good deal out of what the Irish newspapers, with their usual love of exaggeration, call the Dublin "*coup d'état*." But, if I am to tell you the honest truth, this Fenian outbreak has excited almost no attention in England, less even than I think it deserves—and that is saying a good deal. As yet, Englishmen cannot take the matter seriously. There is something so absolutely ludicrous, according to our feelings, in a score or two of retired policemen, local penny-a-liners, and mechanics out of work, like the prisoners who have been arrested in Ireland, conspiring to upset the Government of the United Kingdom, that our chief feeling is one of irritation at the importance these busybodies will attain from the notoriety of a state prosecution. It would take so many years of successful revolt, so many disastrous campaigns, before Englishmen could even realize the possibility of the union being dissolved by force, that I attach comparatively little value to our utter indifference to the movement as an evidence of its insignificance. Whether right or wrong, we could scarcely have received the news of an insurrection in Thibet or Timbuctoo with more absolute unconcern. Our papers have written but little on the subject, and as yet not a single journal of importance has thought it worth while to send a special correspondent to the scene of—what shall I say?—agitation. Even in Ireland itself the Fenian movement appears to have created singularly little excitement. Somehow or other it did not appeal to the popular Irish instinct, as similar movements have done in bygone years. Whether this was because the nation is more contented with our rule, or because the tide of emigration has depleted the strength of the country, or because the priests refused to sanction the enterprise, the fact is certain that the Fenian leaders have not met with the support accorded even to Mitchell and Meagher and Smith O'Brien in the days of the cabbage-garden conspiracy. The Celtic race, in my opinion, belong to that department of the army of humanity which I once heard a poor woman describe her husband as belonging to, namely, "God's own unaccountables;" and, therefore, I am not sanguine enough to assume that

Fenianism may not have deep ramifications amongst the Irish peasantry, because they act exactly as if they cared nothing about the matter. They do not act, however, as if they felt any sympathy for the Fenian prisoners, and, indeed, evince great willingness to give them up to justice. This fact alone seems to me almost conclusive. Swift, who said more cruel things about his countrymen than any hundred Anglo-Saxon writers, declared that whenever an Irishman was to be roasted alive, there would always be found another Irishmen ready to turn the spit; and the want of loyalty of Celts towards each other has been a favorite theme of satire ever since. But I believe the experience of our Irish police would not confirm this theory. In all cases of agrarian murder, where a landlord has fallen a victim in consequence of some sin against the unwritten popular code, it is found impossible to obtain evidence. Hundreds of poor peasants know the name and whereabouts of the murderer. But no threat or bribe will induce them to give him up to justice. Thus, if the Fenian movement was, in truth, a popular one, I do not believe the police would find any assistance from the native Irish in detecting the conspirators. It is, however, notorious that every meeting, movement, and project of the Fenians has been regularly reported to the authorities at the Castle by amateur spies. As far as can be discovered, no single person of position or even respectability has mixed himself up with the plot; and it is commonly asserted that a great number of the alleged Fenian demonstrations have been got up by zealous Orange partizans who desired to frighten the Government into action.

If this view is correct, you will probably ask how it is the Ministry have thought it advisable to adopt such energetic measures of repression, and have even gone to the length of arresting supposed conspirators in Liverpool and Manchester? All I can tell you positively is that we are all asking the same question ourselves, without being able to give any satisfactory answer to it. When Parliament meets, the conduct of the Government will be doubtless severely criticized by the opposition; and Mr. Disraeli will find full exercise for his sarcastic powers in describing how the Premier was frightened out of his propriety by a plot between a pedlar and a policeman. I suspect the Ministry will find it difficult to make a good case, chiefly because they will not feel at liberty to explain their real motives. If the whole truth could be told—which it certainly will not—it would, I think, be found that the true motive for this decided and prompt action lay in communications received from America. It is supposed that intimations were forwarded to the following effect: if the Fenians should succeed in organizing anything resembling an insurrection—no matter how contemptible in itself—the Irish in the States would aid them by subscriptions, by the dispatch of arms, possibly of recruits. In the present excited state of American feeling toward England, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for the United States Government to put a stop to such demonstrations; and, therefore, any outbreak of insurrection, unimportant as it might be in itself, would most probably lead to grave complications between England and America. How far this view is a correct one, you are in a far better position to judge than I can be; but I have reason to suspect it has been laid before our Government and has influenced their action. We may possibly be the victims of a bugbear. Conscience, as we all know, "doth make cowards of us all;" and I think most candid Englishmen have an uncomfortable conviction in their own hearts that the precedents we established during the civil war in the West might be turned against ourselves with fatal retaliation. On such a subject as this, an honest man ought to speak the truth; and therefore I tell you cordially, that in the utterly improbable event of a real insurrection, any aid to the insurgents of the kind which, I own with deep regret, was furnished by Englishmen to the Confederates, would involve immediate war. Your Government might frame its despatches in the "ipsissima verba" of Earl Russell's lucubrations, and show that it was not, and could not, be responsible for the acts of individual citizens. But no Ministry could stand against the popular outcry for war which would rage here, in case an American Alabama were to sail under an Irish flag. I think most Americans will confess that the reason why war between our two countries was happily avoided during the late struggle, was not because you were convinced of the justice of our representations, but because you had too much upon your hands at home to undertake a foreign war. Of course, if the suppression of an Irish rebellion tested our energies to the utmost, we should, like wise men, put up with what we could not help. But it is to me utterly inconceivable that under any circumstances Ireland could get up an insurrection which England could not suppress in a month.

I have dwelt on this Fenian matter more at length than I should otherwise, out of an impression that its importance may be exaggerated across the Atlantic. As a simple chronicler of subjects of passing interest in England, I should dismiss it with a couple of lines. The apprehension that it might possibly cause trouble with America has not been as yet realized by the public, and apart from this danger it is utterly insignificant. No doubt it has one aspect of a more lasting interest, and that is the want of sympathy for our rule in Ireland manifested by the very fact of its existence. We have had possession of the sister kingdom for centuries, and for the last thirty years and more—in fact, ever since the passage of the Catholic Emancipation bill—we have given her the same rights, privileges, and freedom as we enjoy ourselves. And yet, the awkward truth remains incontrovertible that we have not made her prosperous, or contented, or loyal. Hitherto, we have believed that her disaffection was due solely to the evil effects of unjust legislation in years gone by. But gradually we are beginning to doubt whether the root of disaffection does not lie deeper still, in an innate divergence between the Celtic and Saxon natures. As I mentioned to you in a former letter, many of our most thoughtful statesmen are inclined to believe that Ireland ought to be legislated for on principles distinct from those which govern our administration of England. And the circumstance that a rebellion should be deemed possible in Ireland at the present day will assuredly strengthen this conviction, which Mr. Gladstone, amongst others, is said to entertain strongly. There are already indications that the status of the Established Church in Ireland will be brought under discussion next session. Threatened men live long; and the Irish Establishment has survived so many attacks that it would be dangerous to prophesy its early decease. It is, however, symptomatic that the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, both, in the true sense of the word, Conservative organs, have of late been assailing the expediency of maintaining a national church which does not comprise one-eighth of the population.

At last we have had a *quasi* revival of political life. The other day a demonstration in favor of an extension of the franchise took place at Glasgow, at which Mr. Bright was asked to be present. The member for Birmingham declined to accept the invitation on two grounds; the first was, that if he went to one meeting he must go to others, and that his health was not in a state to allow him to undertake a political agitation; the second and more important was, that so long as Lord Palmerston lived, he thought it inadvisable to commence an agitation for reform. The second reason I believe to be the real one. Mr. Bright suffers very much from a sort of bronchial affection, and, unless I am much mistaken in my judgment, no consideration of personal inconvenience would induce him to spare himself if he could forward the cause he has so much at heart. As a matter of prudence, I believe Mr. Bright acts wisely in suspending the idea of reform so long as Lord Palmerston lives or holds the confidence of the public. But when he lays the blame of the failure of the previous reform agitation at the door of the Premier, as "the only man connected with the Liberal party able and willing to betray it," I think he puts the saddle on the wrong horse. The minister, to do him justice, never seemed to feel any enthusiasm in the cause of reform; he declared his readiness to pass a reform bill if the country required it; but that was all. The agitation broke down because the country manifested no eagerness to have the suffrage extended, not because the Premier, or the Ministry, or the Parliament was averse to change. This is the truth; and, like all truths, pleasant or unpleasant, it had better be recognized. As I have before told you, Lord Palmerston is the minister of a transition era; and even if he was not verging on extreme old age, he would never be retained in office if ever the country took up reform in earnest. His presence in the premiership is a proof that, for the time, the nation is not ripe for change; and therefore sincere reformers are perhaps well advised in not undertaking a hopeless enterprise. No doubt, the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston tends to prolong the public apathy on the subject of reform; but this apathy is the cause rather than the result of his official reign. Meanwhile, in political circles, the rumor that he will not be able to meet Parliament next session is again recovering strength. I know that his friends are much disappointed at the comparatively little progress he has made in regaining his normal vigor during the recess. Last year he was constantly before the public throughout the whole of the holidays; this year, he has scarcely appeared in public since the elections. Lord Derby, too, is much out of health, and it seems as if before long new men, and with them new ideas, will come to the front in English politics. I am sure that both are needed.

I have, let me say here, received a copy of THE NATION, with some comments you were kind enough to make on what you termed my plea for Jefferson Davis. I am afraid that, as your correspondent, I did not make my meaning sufficiently clear to you. Personally, I can assure you that I, and many English friends of America who, I know, think with me, have as little respect or esteem of any kind for the ex-President as you can have. Our wish that his life may be spared is due to no regard for him, but to our respect for the American nation. All history teaches us that the execution of the leaders of an unsuccessful rebellion has

been ultimately regretted by the nation or dynasty which inflicted the penalty, and we suspect the lessons of history are equally true on one side of the Atlantic as the other. If, as you urge, the crime of secession is an utterly exceptional one, then I should reply that your position as a nation is also an exceptional one, and that therefore you are able—and, if able, obliged—to act by a higher standard than our Old World one. However, the question is one which you happily have both the power and the right to decide for yourselves. My only object in again alluding to it is to make my own position clear.

THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN ORDER OF THOUGHT.

INTELLECTUAL timidity is the infirmity of cultivated men. Property is essentially conservative, and as a general rule, therefore, they who claim a present distinction are willingly sceptical and indifferent to the promise of the future. Such is human nature, and nobody is to blame for it short of the original Adam. *A bird in the hand,* says the proverbial wisdom of the world, *is worth two in the bush.* Sure present possession outweighs any amount of contingent future acquisition. You would not expect a physician in good practice to be foremost in denouncing his own therapeutics, and advocating a better. You would not expect a successful lawyer whose fame and revenues are dependent on the existing methods of his profession to be over-zealous for the reform of those methods. Neither would you expect a clergyman of conspicuous standing in his church to take the lead there in inaugurating a dogmatic or ritual revolution. Any particular lawyer, doctor, or divine might, it is true, disconcert your expectation; but the expectation is nevertheless perfectly reasonable, because it is based upon general experience, or deduced from the principles which regulate human nature itself, and which must, therefore, justify themselves in the long run. The past, in so far as it overlaps the present, does so in purely fossil form, and hence resists decay. And the present, in so far as it has got itself formulated in institutions, or identified with living interests, fights tooth and nail against the future. In a word, conflict is the law of progress; and a very benignant law it is, no doubt, since we seem incapable of greatly estimating any blessing which is lightly won. We have no complaint to make of the fact. We only adduce it by way of hinting a probable explanation of the serious misconception into which European, and especially English, conservatism has been betrayed in respect to American character and tendencies.

What makes the peculiarity of the era in which we live is, that it is the consummation of a long conflict between two civilizations—one artificial and provisional, as built on force; the other natural and final, as built on freedom, or the spontaneous tendencies of the mind; one, consequently, moribund, as referring its true vigor to the past; the other nascent, as finding its sure promise in the future. The political life of Europe universally, and that of England in an eminent degree, amounts only to a temporary compromise or truce, not to a permanent reconciliation, of this great warfare. European, and especially English, culture aims to endow man with civil freedom or citizenship, and contemplates no higher destiny as within the range of his earthly possibilities. The European theory of human life is that it is primarily civil and only derivatively social, so that the persons who are identified with the civil administration have a legitimate title also to an exceptional social position; and its ideal of individual manhood is that it is moral, not æsthetic—voluntary, not spontaneous. Now, the American idea, on both these points, is strikingly opposed to the European one. You have only to observe the popular instincts, as reflected in the general tenor of our legislation, to perceive very plainly that our theory of human life is that it is primarily social and only derivatively civil; and hence makes delight rather than duty, spontaneity rather than will, the law of our individual development. It is this fundamental yet wholly involuntary divergence on our part from the traditions of the Old World which exposes us to European, and especially English, obloquy and intolerance. It is not evolution they see in us, for that they could easily reconcile themselves to; it is revolution, and revolution in the most inward and conventionally sacred realm of life. Practically, in fact, our institutions are an exact inversion of theirs, what is first and last in our estimation being severally last and first in theirs, so that their judgments of us necessarily undergo the same dislocation with respect to the actual facts of the case that our view of the landscape undergoes when we look at it through an inverted telescope. Their contempt of us is not voluntary or conscious; it is wholly instinctual and unconscious, growing out of a sheer diversity of natural temperament or providential direction between us, and arguing no wilful perverseness on their part. It is the difference between the conventionally righteous and the conventionally reprobate man of the gospels, the former of whom cannot help saying, with all his heart, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as this publican," etc. And it would be just as unreasonable in us to demand a favorable European or English judgment of us as it would be to ask a New York millionaire to renounce his wealth and trot about the streets in the insignia of a voluntary or ostentatious poverty.

We emphasize the Englishman in all this matter, because there is no bosom extant in which the social principle, the principle of a wholly spontaneous equity among men, is so weak as in the English, and the civic or moral principle, the principle of voluntary or legal rectitude, so strong There is no one, consequently, so eminently disqualified as the Englishman is by original genius (and, indeed, acquired culture also) to do us justice, in whose development the social sentiment grows ever more absolute, and the moral sentiment ever more impotent. It is this supremacy of will to spontaneity, of moral to æsthetic force, of civic to social aspiration, of outward letter, in short, to inward spirit, which constitutes the strength of European conservatism, and which renders the Englishman specifically so unsocial, or averse to all change which looks towards the eventual brotherhood or fellowship of man. Our political and ecclesiastical heritage cannot help striking him as painfully squalid, because it disavows all sanctity underived from the popular heart. The supremacy of the distinctively social conscience among us both to the civic and ecclesiastic conscience, makes him pat his own old paunch of privilege with infinite complacency, and ensures us his boundless reprobation. Every look at us is sure to inflame his helpless arrogance, and harden him inwardly against those tides of fellowship or equality which are here flowing unchecked—at all events by institutions—into the human mind, and so preparing, let us hope, an immaculate divine edifice in human nature. In short, belief in England and in the permanence of English institutions and culture is a religious obligation upon the average Englishman's conscience; and his contempt of you accordingly is not wilful or flippant, but is a slow, dumpy, adipose product of his defective spiritual respiration, of his still immature manhood. It is an honest excrescence of natural genius or temperament in him—astonishing you, no doubt, by its magnitude, benumbing you for the most part by its contact, reducing you to impotence before it; but you respect it in its place, just as you respect a goitre in Switzerland or a blue-nose in Nova Scotia, and never dream of making the unaffected individual subject of it responsible.

There is, however, a spurious Englishman—a cheap modern edition of this ancient stately original—the Scotch, Canadian, or West Indian Englishman, who is full, oftentimes, of wilful impertinence, and fidgets you like fleas, poisoning your honest human flesh by his venomous intention past all scratching to relieve, and making you long to get well hold of him once between finger and thumb, in order to do the wholesome world a service. These parasitic English stand in the same unhandsome relation to the true John Bull as the retainers of a great house stand in towards its lord. The heir of the house is incapable of parading his dignity, but all they who wear his livery either under or above their clothes—namely, his poor relations and his paid servants—turn up their futile, consequential noses in a manner so aggressive and violent as greatly to invite pulling on the part of the embarrassed head of the family, and dispose him oftentimes to renounce a conventional dignity so fatal to all who underpin it or even believe in it. There can be no doubt that this provincial and colonial flunkeyism provokes the same disgust in the manly English bosom that it does in ours. However limited the Englishman may be in point of social sympathy, he has none of this fretful, mischievous, suspicious consciousness which you observe in the Canadian, Scotch, or other poor relation. And we must say we seldom meet in a respectable English periodical the same shameless rage of insult and defamation which is habitual to the Scotch "Blackwood." The editorial temper of this snuffy, unventilated magazine, both moral and intellectual, is morbid enough to be the effect of a repelled eruption—looks like a cuticular irritation driven in to prey at leisure upon heart and brain. It is the temper of a vixenish old family nurse, with arms always akimbo, who feels so sure of her darling provoking everybody's distrust or dislike as to be for ever railing at the rest of the parish by anticipation on his behalf. And we apprehend that you may always, when you encounter anything very dirty or unscrupulous in English periodicals, safely ascribe it, not to any Englishman who is socially enfranchised, or entitled to the dignity of a man in his own country, but to some underbred member of that large herd who live by the pecuniary patronage or the social tolerance of the aristocracy.

We have been indulging in no *personal* comparisons between the European and the American, to the latter's advantage. Our purpose has been simply to contrast the spirit which animates European *institutions* with that which animates ours; and to show that while the one contemplates and provides for the highest individual distinction among men, at the risk if not at the actual cost of a permanent debasement of all the rest, the

other provides for and tolerates no such distinction which does not grow out of the gradual elevation of the masses. We have no doubt that so far as the personal attitude of the European and the American is concerned, with reference to the reigning temper of their respective institutions, the advantage is very apt to be with the European; for he is oftentimes individually very much in advance of his institutions, while the American is almost never quite up to his. A European, and especially an English, democrat is now the foremost style of man; while an American aristocrat is really or spiritually no man at all, but a wretched ape who disguises his inward inhumanity under a patchwork of outward or moral fair-seeming, and so secures the privilege of chattering and biting at discretion. But you may know him by one infallible token: he is for ever hunting up vermin on the body of his kind.

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS.

THE subjoined letters, written by distinguished men of a former generation, are submitted to the public by the writer of the article printed in this journal entitled "A Connecticut Village." They were selected from a large mass of interesting correspondence which can only be published in full when the life has been written of the very able and eminent man to whom they were addressed. The first is from Benjamin Franklin, and exhibits him as a printer and interested in a scheme for the education and improvement of his fellow-men:

PHILADA., July 2, 1752.

REVD. SIR: I have sent you via New York twenty-four of your books, bound as those I sent you by post. The remainder of the fifty are binding in a plainer manner, and shall be sent as soon as done, and left at Mr. Stuvesant's as you order.

Our academy, which you so kindly enquire after, goes on well. Since Mr. Martin's death the Latin and Greek school has been under the care of Mr. Allison, a Dissenting minister, well skilled in those languages, and long practiced in teaching; but he refused the rectorship, or to have anything to do with the government of the other schools. So that remains vacant, and obliges the trustees to more frequent visits. We have now several young gentlemen desirous of entering on the study of philosophy, and lectures are to be opened this week. Mr. Allison undertakes logic and ethics, making your work his text, to comment and lecture upon. Mr. Peters and some other gentlemen undertake the other branches till we shall be provided with a rector capable of the whole, who may attend wholly to the instruction of youth in those higher parts of learning, as they come out fitted from the lower schools.

Our proprietors have lately wrote that they are extremely well pleased with the design, will take our seminary under their patronage, give us a charter, and, as an earnest of their benevolence, five hundred pounds sterling. And by our opening a charity school, in which over one hundred poor children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetick, with the rudiments of religion, we have gained the general good-will of all sorts of people, from whence donations and bequests may be reasonably expected to accrue from time to time. This is our present situation, and we think it a promising one, especially as the reputation of our schools increases, the masters being all very capable and diligent, and giving great satisfaction to all concerned.

I have heard of no exceptions yet made to your work, nor do I expect any, unless to those parts that savor of what is called *Berkleyanism*, which is not well understood here. When any occur I shall communicate them.

With great esteem and respect,
I am, D'r Sir,
Your obliged humble servant,
B. FRANKLIN.

The next letter will be read with interest by the lovers of astronomy, and gives us a most agreeable impression of the character of one of the fathers of New York, Cadwallader Colden:

COLDENSHAM, March 20, 1753.

SIR: Some time in the winter I sent you a small treatise, which I published in England, in hopes of obtaining your remarks, with that freedom which ought always to subsist in philosophical enquiries, on some parts of it which fall within the sphere of your speculations. I still hope to receive them when your leisure will permit.

The design of the present letter is, by your assistance, to excite some of the gentlemen at New Haven to observe the transit of Mercury on the sun, which will happen the 6th of May next. Mr. Franklin has published directions from the French Academy for observing it, which, I make no doubt, he has sent to you and to some gentlemen in New Haven. I think it needless therefore to trouble you with anything on that head, except it be to observe to you, that as the observing the time accurately is the principal thing to be taken care of in this observation, that I think this can be done with the greatest certainty by observing the sun's passing a meridian line, and thereby correcting your clock, for some days before the transit, and the day after, or as soon after as can be done. This is accurately done by observing the time when the sun's proceeding limb touches the meridian, and at what time by the clock the subsequent limb touches the needle between the two in the exact time of noon apparent time. If your radius be large enough, it may be determined to a second of time. If you have a good Sesson's theodolite, the meridian may be found by it to one minute, which does not produce an error of above four seconds in time. Or the meridian may be found perhaps more accurately by Mr. Derham's method, in the abridgment of the Philos. Transactions, vol. 4, page 465. The methods of finding apparent time by the altitude of the sun or stars are subject to more errors, as more data are requisite, viz., the latitude of the place, and declination of the sun or stars, and an error may slip in the calculations, which are not necessary in case a meridian line be used for finding the time. The inner contact of Mercury with the sun's limb may, with a good telescope, be observed to the trembling of the eye, and as it is hoped that this instantaneous phenomenon may be observed at Boston, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, and other parts of North America, we may expect that the longitude with respect to each other will be determined to great accuracy, which otherwise we may not have an opportunity of doing by actual observation in many years. This may be of particular advantage to us, besides the general advantage proposed by the astronomers in Europe of determining the distance of the earth from the sun, by making this observation at places far distant from each other on the globe. If any further directions be desired, I shall very cheerfully give my assistance so far as I am capable. You will oblige me exceedingly if by your means I can have any observation made, communicated to me, together with the methods taken in observing and of determining the time.

Please, sir, to remember me affectionately to my grandchildren. Tell them I hope they will not neglect the opportunity they now have for instruction, and of imbibing maxims for the conduct of life which they 'll find of the greatest use as long as they live, in whatever sphere Providence may place them in this world. If they neglect the advantages they have with you, they may repent when it is too late. It gives me the greatest pleasure to see what advances their sisters make in every kind of improvement proper for women. They not only excel others of their age in needle-work, but in reading and writing. They not only spell better than women at any age commonly do, but form their sentences and join their words with a propriety that really surprises me. If they had more assistance, I make no doubt of their being distinguished by their proficiency in the Belles Lettres.

I am with great esteem,
Sir, your most
Humble and obedient servant,
CADWALLADER COLDEN.

REV. DR. JOHNSON.

The following letter was written a month after the birth of Harrison Gray Otis, who was the nephew of James Otis; and though brief, we can discern the fire in the nature of that great lawyer, who always desired to die by a stroke of lightning, and did die in that manner:

BOSTON, Novr. 12, 1765.

DR. SIR: I rec'd yours and am very glad to find your assembly so far approving of the measures taken at ye Congress. I could have wished they had sent an agent from among them. I had ye pleasure, as I came through the colony, to hear you named as a candidate. The assembly here have done us ye honor fully to approve of our proceedings, and have voted ye thanks of the House to their committee. There was a motion to except ye Brigadr., our Notable President, but as he was absent I apologized for his strange conduct as well as I could, and the proposed determination subsided. The people of this province, however, will never forgive him.

We are much surprised at the violent proceedings at New York, as there has been so much time for people to cool, and the outrages on private property are so generally detected. By a vessel from So. Carolina we learn that the people were in a tumult at Charlestown, and terrible consequences apprehended. God knows what all these things will end in, and to him they must be submitted. In the meantime 't is much to be feared the Parliament will charge ye colonies with presenting petitions in one hand and a dagger in the other. Pray for ye peace of Jerusalem, as I do for your prosperity, and am much your friend and humble servant, J. OTIS.

WILLIAM SAML. JOHNSON, Esq., at Stratford.

The style and sentiments contained in the next letter, by Edward Rutledge, suggest many a sad contrast:

DEAR SIR: When Mr. Izard was on the eve of embarking for New York, I took the liberty of requesting him to make some arrangement for the education of my son; and tho' I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, yet the very excellent reputation which you sustain among all descriptions of men, and more particularly among those in whose judgment I am accustomed to repose myself, led my mind to fix itself on you as a gentleman extremely fit in all respects to undertake that charge. When I suggested to my friends that I thought you would consider me as making too bold a request, they told me I was a stranger to your character, for that you delighted in acts of benevolence; and so you certainly must, sir, if you consent to take my son under your immediate protection, a youth in a strange country, and point out to him the road to happiness thro' the paths of virtue and wisdom.

In all governments whatever, I consider it an indispensable duty in parents to attend to the education of their children; but it becomes, if possible, more particularly so in republics, whose existence depends on the integrity of its citizens, and whose citizens are equally entitled, from the very nature of their government, to a participation in all the offices of the state. Accustomed, as I have been from my earliest manhood, to take a share in the public councils of my country, I soon became impressed with the necessity of an enlarged education, and I think I afford no very slender proof of my conviction when I consent to part with my only son at his perilous age. But I am reconciled to the measure when I consider to whose care I am committing him, and that I am discharging the obligations which I owe to him and to the community. I shall not presume to point out to you the plan of his education. The great objects I have in view are to make him a good man and a valuable citizen; and to say this much, I am sure, is sufficient. I shall only add that as my family are small, and my fortune easy, I feel no repugnance

at any expense which may be occasioned by his education, and that I will cheerfully and punctually discharge every pecuniary engagement which he may incur. Those other obligations which can never be discharged, but which I trust will be lightened by his gratitude and mine. I have the honor to be, Dear Sir,

With much esteem and respect,
Yr. very oblig'd and humble servant,
EDWARD RUTLEDGE.

CHARLESTON, May 21, 1777.

DR. WILLIAM S. JOHNSON, New York.

Our next letter was written by Ralph Izard, of whom Washington once said, "No man was more honest in public life." His allusion to the two objects nearest his heart is truly noble.

CHARLESTON, 20th December, 1787.

DEAR SIR: It gives me much pleasure to hear that you have accepted of the Presidency of Columbia College, not only because I think the public in general will be much benefited by it, but I have also a private self-interested satisfaction on account of my sons being placed under your care. The calamities of the late war were extended with uncommon violence to this State. I have had my full share of them, and time has not yet entirely reconciled me to them. There are two objects very near my heart, which, if I live to see accomplished, will be an ample compensation for everything that I have suffered. I wish to see a good solid federal government established, and my sons so educated as to afford me a prospect of their being men of abilities and honor, and of their becoming useful, valuable citizens of their country. To the first of these you have contributed in the Convention; and to the latter I firmly believe you will also contribute. I have a good opinion of the capacity of my son Henry, and it will make me very happy to hear from you that his manners, conduct, and attention to his studies meet with your approbation. It is my wish that he should be a lawyer. If he arrives at eminence in his profession, it will be the certain means of his being placed in the most eligible situation in this country. He should not only be a good classical scholar, but also a good mathematician, which I think a very necessary foundation for the profession of the law. Many of the causes in our courts are occasioned by intricate questions respecting the lines and boundaries of landed estates, for which reason he will derive great advantage from being a good surveyor. My son informs me that the mornings are employed in college, and that the students are allowed to dispose of their time as they please in the evenings. This, in my opinion, is placing them in a very critical situation, as the evening hours of a young man, when left entirely to his own discretion, are not those which are most likely to be spent to the greatest advantage. I lament the necessity of my son's being absent from my family more on that account than any other, as he may be frequently at a loss how to dispose properly of that part of his time. It is, therefore, to this point that I shall take the liberty of an old friend in requesting your particular attention; and I hope it will not be thought too troublesome or inconvenient for you to admit him as part of your own family. This will give me the satisfaction of knowing that he has an asylum against the inconveniences which I have just mentioned. You will be good enough to write me fully on everything that relates to him. He has, in common with all young men, and indeed all mankind, his merits and demerits, and it is proper that I should be acquainted with both. My wife offers her compliments, and I am with great regard, Dear Sir,

Your most obt. servant,
DR. JOHNSON. RALPH IZARD.

The writer of the next letter, Richard Stockton, was the only man, we believe, ever succeeded in the United States Senate by a son and a grandson, of which one of the present Senators from New Jersey may well be proud:

MORVEN, Feby. 18, 1813.

DEAR SIR: I must ask your forgiveness, withal I have omitted writing you so long since the receipt of yours of the 13th November last. It would have been answered by the gentleman whe delivered it to me, but I was obliged the next day to set out on a journey into the province of New York, and having missed that opportunity, other business immediately necessary to be done has prevented me, like other sinners, from doing the duties of *to-day*, because I intended them *to-morrow*.

I shall pay particular attention to the case of your friend Mr. Lowther; yet nothing, I suppose, can be done till the meeting of the Council of Proprietors of East Jersey (some time in April next). As soon as I have anything worthy of communicating I shall write you on the subject, so as to enable you to state the matter to Mr. Lowther.

I congratulate you, or rather the colony of Connecticut, on your appointment to a seat on the bench of your Supreme Court, which I was informed of by the gentleman who brought me your last letter. It is not ordinarily so profitable in this country as the crawling Barr, but is more dignified; and it has the advantage of an argument much more weighty with you than either of these—the doing good.

If ever you should pass through this province, I shall hope for the pleasure of taking you by the hand at Morven, but if not, I shall always be with much esteem and respect, Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,
RICHARD STOCKTON.

THE HON. MR. JOHNSON.

The last two letters which we submit are from Jared Ingersoll, and afford us a very interesting view of London a hundred years ago:

LONDON, April 17, 1759.

WM. S. JOHNSON, ESQR.:

SIR: It is now about three months since my arrival at this place. At my first coming there was such a confusion of objects crowding on me all at once, that, while I saw everything, I saw nothing—as the proverb has it, "I could not see the trees for the woods." London is truly a small world of itself, and is continually increasing at a very good rate. I am told that the additional buildings erected within these three years almost equal any city in the kingdom, beside Bristol and two or three more. The monuments of labor and skill are prodigious, and yet, let me tell you, there is a certain gloominess and dirtiness, if I may be allowed the expression, that hangs upon the whole, which renders the view less brilliant and agreeable than that of piles of building in America. There are very few houses on which you can discover any difference between the brick and the painting of time; all is one dull brown, occasioned by that perpetual cloud of smoke arising from the immense quantity of sea-coal that is burnt in the city; and no doubt much must be attributed to what is vulgarly called the thickness and heaviness of the air. The climate is vastly moist; the vapors, therefore, and smoke, with which the air is charged, do not buoy up as in a more elastick atmosphere. This same moistness, however, makes a rich soil—'tis now good mowing in the fields about London. I know the winter has been remarkably mild; there has been nothing like snow or frost since my being here; yet I must think the soil, in general, of this old England is very rich. What a delightful country did I pass through for three hundred miles together after landing at Falmouth—all green as May; the full blade and leaf of the spire and clover grass teeming with vigorous life; the herds and flocks feeding, and the husbandmen plowing; no waste grounds, unless here and there a heath, and even that feeding thousands of young cattle and sheep—all cultivated in the neatest manner—no sunken swamps—no rocky, stony places—the hill and the vale equally covered with a rich profusion of nature's bounty—no woods to break the prospect, only where planted here and there compact together; but no more of earth.

You will naturally suppose that I have improved some of my leisure hours in looking into the several courts. 'T was term time when I came, accordingly I attended some little at the King's Bench, some at Chancery, at the Common Pleas, and at the sittings at Guildhall; have also been in the House of Commons, and have heard argued several causes on appeal before the House of Lords, and some at the Cockpit before the Council, etc. The late Lord Chancellor Hardwick, the present Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, and the Lord Keeper Henly, seem to be very much the triumvirate who decide all matters of weight at whatever board. If a committee of the Privy Council be appointed to hear any cause bro't by appeal before the King and Council, Hardwick and Mansfield are sure to be two of 'em, and to have no inconsiderable hand in the determination. In the House of Lords the Lord Keeper brings in no cause of appeal till Hardwick and Mansfield come, and truly the best of the House seem to take but little notice of the arguments, and as these gentlemen give their opinion, so the cause is determined. These three personages are great in the law, and 'tis well, no doubt, that a deference is paid to their opinion in law matters. I have heard the Attorney and Solicitor-General, Advocate-General of Scotland, and diverse others, speak at the bars of this and t' other court. *Many of 'em speak well, and yet, was I not afraid of offending your modesty, I would tell you that I think I have heard somebody in Connecticut speak as well as any of 'em.*

I have not had the happiness of hearing Mr. Pitt speak in the House. He made a pretty alarming speech one day since my arrival, but I was so unhappy to be unwell that day. I have conversed with him at his own house. His manner is agreeable, but nothing very peculiar as to oratory is collatable, I think, from his private conversation.

And now what shall I say farther? If I should undertake to tell you how his Majesty and the several branches of the Royal family look, 't would be no very valuable piece of information, besides, you know already as much of that matter as you can by hearing.

Should I tell you Mr. Garrick is a very fine actor on the stage, 't would be no news to you; and what the political world are about I know no more than you, and 't is well if they all know what they are about themselves.

May success attend his Majesty's arms in America this campaign! Oh! that peace was again restored to the earth. Pray be so good as to let me hear from you. This much same as to Mr. Walker and all the brotherhood, whom I still hold in dear remembrance. Remember me to all friends, my own little flock, and, when you go that way, to the ever agreeable house of Chenward. I am, Sr., yr. sincere friend,

And very humble servant,
JARED INGERSOLL.

P. S.—I forgot to return you my unfeigned thanks for the letter you gave me to Mr. Jackson. He has been a very useful, good friend. I have sent you a Court Kallender for ye current year. I conclude you will have heard of Father Partridge's death ere this reaches you.

Yrs., etc., J. I.

LONDONDERRY, 15th March, 1760.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 8th November came to hand the 26th ult. I take notice of the several matters you are so good as to inform me of—some of a more publick, others of a more private nature.

We have heard of the great things done in the Plains of Abraham by the brave General Wolf, of which you make mention, and you, long ere now, must have heard of the great things done in Quiberace Bay by Sir Edward Hawke, and will also be informed, probably before this reaches you, that ye gallant Capt. Elliot, with an inferior force, has lately taken Mons. Thurot, with his whole party, after they had spread terror, even during all the last summer, through Scotland and Ireland, and after having landed and done considerable damage at Callickfergus, in Ireland, Thurot himself killed, etc.

I was a good deal entertained the other day in the House of Commons with some pretty high complimenting which this same affair occasioned between Mr. Elliot, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, brother to

Capt. Elliot, above mentioned, and Mr. Charles Townsend, brother to Gen'l Townsend. Mr. Elliot made a pretty long speech, moving for leave to bring in a bill to establish a militia in Scotland as it is in England. In his speech he took notice of the good effects of the militia in England—how free the people were from apprehensions from threatened invasion last year, and what panick the people of Scotland and Ireland were under where they had no armed force, from their apprehensions of the landing of Thurot only. He also observed that the militia gentlemen and soldiery, in every instance where they had been tried, had given proofs of their valor equal to any of the king's troops, and among other things said he had ye pleasure of being able to remind the House that ye same gentleman who had signed the capitulation of Incheck was the gentleman who first laid upon the table the motion for establishing a militia in England (meaning Gen'l Townsend, who at that time sat over against Mr. Elliot, and who, it seems, has always been a great patron of the militia). When he had done, Mr. Townsend rose up, and in a few words enforced the same thing Mr. Elliot had been laboring, and then said he hoped the gentleman referred to by the honorable gentleman who spoke last, and to whom he had the honor of being nearly related, was not altogether undeserving of the honor he had done him, and that in his turn he was very happy in having it in his power to acquaint the House that it was owing to the very brave and gallant behaviour of that honorable gentleman's brother that those two kingdoms, Scotland and Ireland, were rid of those terrors and fears which Mons. Thurot had given them—that it was the brave Capt. Elliot (I speak it, says he, with an emotion which almost unmans me) who, with an inferior force, boldly attacked, twice boarded, took and destroyed this same Thurot, with his whole party, who had so long given trouble to the good people of the North, etc., etc. The House was quite thrown into an acclamation of joy and triumph. 'T was right it should be so. Praise is the first reward of military virtue. To be sure, we have done brave things lately, and seem to be, as to ourselves, almost ready to leave off as having conquered enough. But alas! tho' we are nearly out of the wood, I do n't know how long we must tarry for our friend and ally the King of Prussia. However, we will hope for the best and meet the event.

I was sensibly touched with the news of the death of that worthy good man, Dr. Wolcott. I was first informed of his death by my good friend, Mr. Rowland. Col. Fowler, too, it seems, continues unfit for publick business. I think the colony, in the loss of these two gentlemen, are deprived of two very valuable members. It might reasonably have been hoped and expected, according to the course of human things, that their publick services would have been continued much longer. However, there is no redemption from the grave. There is now no way of retrieving their loss but by some of your younger brethren taking their places, and, by frequent recollecting the agreeable patterns as much as may be, become other originals.

I am glad to find that the weapons of war are at last taken from the contending powers at New Haven and Windsor. Amen and Amen. Wallingford and the King of Prussia, it seems, must fight a little longer; I wish they may both very soon meet with a happy issue to all their disputes.

And do Jones and Cooke yet stand side by side in the docket of controversy? Methinks they fight after they are dead; I thought they, that is, their cause, had spent the very last breath before I came away. Well! if they love to fight for fighting's sake, let them fight on, I say; they have money enough, and I am quite sure that out of the much they spend, my good friend will have a little. Everybody must be about something; the great Mr. P. and Marshal Belisle are striving which shall get the most Indian land in America, and Mr. Jones and Mr. Cooke are contending which shall have most of good Mr. Croswell's old tenor.

I cannot tell you anything certainly about peace; there is much talk and much guessing about it; I have lately waged two small bets that there will not be a peace before the opening of another campaign. You must note I did not lay on that side because I had more reason to believe there would not be a peace soon than that there would, but merely because I thought it was the most comfortable side; for if I lose my wager, I am compensated by a peace, and sha' n't much mind my loss; and if I win, I have nothing to regret but the continuance of the war.

I did not intend to have wrote half so much when I sat down, having, as I thought, little or nothing to say, having lately despatched a pretty long epistle to you; but I find a pleasure in seeming to talk to you, tho' I say nothing worth hearing.

You won't omit to call on my little flock every time you go to New Haven. I expected to have been, by this time, informed of something preparative to my return home, but I find by a late letter from Gov. Fitch, that mine to the colony in which I mentioned some things relative to that matter, did not arrive before the rising of the assembly in October. I shall endeavor to make myself contented should I be obliged to tarry a little longer than at first I supposed would be needfull, but I fear if I am absent much longer, you will get your bar so crowded, that when I come you 'l think me an intruder amongst you.

I have sent you, agreeable to promise, a Court Kallender for the current year. There was two Knights of the Garter created soon after the impression, so not mentioned—they are the Earl Temple and Marquis of Rockingham, who are to be installed at Windsor next month—perhaps I may see the ceremony. I saw 'em dubb'd by the King when created, the particulars of which I may one day have the pleasure of giving you if agreeable. My compliments to all friends. When you write to me again, please, after the usual description in directing, to add New Palace Yard, being the place where I live, otherwise the letter may n't find me for a month after it arrives, for you must know most people here won't know anything but in their own way and according to their own rule and method; and if I should be present in the General Post-office when a letter should arrive directed to me in London generally, and I should tell the clerk in the office that held it in hand that I was the person to whom it was meant to go, a hundred to one but he would give it out to the carrier of the letters directed in that manner, to carry about and enquire after me a month, then to be returned, advertised, etc.; and if directed to be left at a coffee-house, they do n't always come to hand so quick as they should.

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P. S.—I find on perusal the Court Kallender is of a later impression than I imagined. J. I.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

OUR publishers are daily adopting more and more the example set them by the trade in England, by which a programme, announced in the spring and fall, gives notice of their intended operations, and the issue of the books themselves is crowded into a brief space of those two seasons. The plan must have its conveniences, because those reasons that cause its prevalence abroad do not apply to our book-buying public here. Their tastes and habits, indeed, would be better suited by a steady supply of reading matter, especially during the midsummer months, when it is most wanted, instead of being practically entirely cut off at that time. Thus Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have just put forth a list of books to be published between the present time and Christmas, consisting of more than thirty articles. It testifies forcibly to the activity of this well-known house, and may be divided into original works, English reprints, illustrated books, and collected works, second editions, etc. Among the first class are "Greece, Ancient and Modern," by President Felton of Harvard University, in two volumes 8vo, embracing four courses of Lowell lectures delivered by him; "Sea-side Studies in Natural History," by Elisabeth C. and Alexander Agassiz; "The Freedman's Book," by Lydia Maria Child; a work of great curiosity and research by Wm. A. Wheeler, "An Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction, including also Familiar Pseudonyms, Surnames bestowed on Eminent Men, etc.," in one vol. 12mo: the first sketch of this work was appended to the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, and is generally allowed to be the most amusing part of that solid and erudite quarto; "Poems," by Henry Howard Brownell, whose "Abraham Lincoln" in the October number of the "Atlantic" shows powers of no mean order; "Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures," by Edmund Kirke; "The Gulistan, or Rose Garden of Saadi, with Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson;" "Religious Poems," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; and several juvenile books by Grace Greenwood, Carleton, etc. The reprints of English books include Mr. Swinburne's famous pure classical tragedy, "Atalanta in Calydon;" "Life and Letters of Rev. Frederic Robertson, of Brighton," whose sermons have met with a general acceptance here that far outweighs their popularity in the land of their origin; Alexander Smith's prose poem, "A Summer in Skye," and the same author's "Miss Oona Macquarrie;" a sequel to "Alfred Hagart's Household;" and "Hereward, the Last of the English; a Story of the Norman Conquest," by Charles Kingsley. The illustrated books are rich in promise, and include a quarto edition of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King;" Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," with drawings by John Gilbert; "Legends and Lyrics," by Adelaide Procter, with twenty-one full-page illustrations by various artists, and a memoir by Charles Dickens; "Recreations of a Country Parson," with forty-one illustrations on wood by Joseph Swain, from original designs by R. I. Pritchett—the last three works are of English execution, but are published in this country by Ticknor & Fields; and the "Flowers of Liberty," quarto, with fifty colored illustrations. The American reprints and revised editions comprise "Humorous Poems," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, with illustrations by S. Eytinge; "Aldrich's Poems," in blue and gold; Keightley's London Elzevir edition of Shakespeare, in six volumes, in the same style; and "Atlantic Tales," a selection of the best stories from the 'Atlantic Monthly."

—A well-known statistician, Mr. Frederick Martin, illustrates the necessity for a new work he is preparing, "The Commercial Hand-book of France," by the fact that there is so little known at present about the actual state of French industry, that it created astonishment when, some weeks ago, the papers reported that the Great Eastern Railway was about to receive sixteen locomotives from the Creusot machine works in Bourgogne. To spread information respecting the trade, commerce, and general industry of France is the object of this book (to be published by Messrs. Longmans), and it is the more wanted from the immense interchange of commodities that has sprung up between the two countries since the relaxation of commercial restrictions. Many can remember when tariffs entirely separated the two countries, and the packets used to cross without the shadow of any trade being carried on between the opposite coasts within sight of each other. In fact, the trade of France—the immense empire lying at its doors—was less to England than that of some petty South American republic. In 1823 the imports and exports of the two countries did not average one million sterling. In 1863, each country imported from the other about twenty-five millions, and the trade was comparatively in its infancy. Mr. Martin's book will take the shape of a systematic practical guide to each industrial centre of French trade, manufactures, vineyards, etc., with full particulars of the railways, commercial marine, great industrial establishments, commercial statistics, etc., from the last official returns, and will embody much matter not now to be procured in English, and important to every business man.

—English art-biography, which lately receïved an important addition by Mr. Gilchrist's illustrated "Memoir of William Blake's Life and Works," will be further enriched by a forthcoming "Biography of William Hunt," the famous water-color painter, by J. G. Stephens. It will be illustrated in the only way that could convey an idea of the perfections of one whom Ruskin calls the first colorist of the day, that is, by finely executed chromo-lithographic fac-similes of his pictures, and wood-cuts. "One object of the work" (it is stated in the prospectus) "is to correct the common mistake of associating Hunt's name only with paintings of still life; the variety of his works is only less extraordinary than their beauty." We should have thought the popularity of his English rustic groups and figures was sufficient to show that this mistake could not be very general. A beautiful book may now be expected; it is to appear at Christmas, from the house of Messrs. E. Moxon & Co.

—Though not requiring notice under a literary heading, the great scientific dead of the past few weeks should not pass without commemoration in appropriate quarters. The summer has been fatal to astronomers. The list includes the name of Sir William Hamilton, astronomical professor at Trinity College, Dublin, a man often confounded with his better known namesake of Edinburgh, but who in natural powers of mind probably surpassed him, while by his discoveries in his own special branches of study, mathematics and astronomy, he was raised to an equality with the greatest extant names in science; Johann Franz Encke, the director of the Berlin Observatory, and oldest foreign member of the Royal Society, who died in the midst of his labors in his seventy-fifth year: his name is indissolubly connected with the comet whose rapid period of revolution (every three years) will never allow him to be forgotten; and Admiral William Henry Smyth, a sailor, a distinguished hydrographer, and accomplished amateur astronomer, who in each capacity performed work that deserves well of his countrymen.

—The vitality of old errors is matter of notoriety to all, especially to those who have examined the history of opinions and made themselves familiar with the speculations of theorists on the phenomena of society or science of politics. It is consolatory to know, however, that the same research which disinters the fallacy will usually find its corrective close at hand. We have lately seen paraded forth with much pretence, as an important contribution to the philosophy of history, the notion that states resemble men in their periods of youth, maturity, and decay. It would be impossible to demolish this idea, as presented in its latest phase, more effectually than has been done by Burke in the last century, when he said:

"I am not quite of the mind of those speculators who seem assured that necessarily, and by the constitution of things, all states have the same periods of infancy, manhood, and decrepitude that are found in the individuals that compose them. Parallels of this sort rather furnish similitudes to illustrate or to adorn, than supply analogies from whence to reason. The objects which are attempted to be forced into an analogy are not found in the same classes of existence. Individuals are physical beings—subject to laws universal and invariable. The immediate cause acting in these laws may be obscure; the general results are subjects of certain calculation. But commonwealths are not physical, but moral essences. They are artificial combinations, and in their proximate efficient cause the arbitrary productions of the human mind. We are not yet acquainted with the laws which necessarily influence the stability of that kind of work, made by that kind of agent."

Again touching on this subject (says his biographer Prior) in the letter to Mr. W. Elliot, he says, with a clear prescience of the practical evil of fatalistic ideas:

"I am not of opinion that the race of men and the commonwealths they create, like the bodies of individuals, grow effete and languid and bloodless, and ossify by the necessities of their own conformation and the fatal operation of longevity and time. These analogies between bodies natural and politic, though they may sometimes illustrate arguments, furnish no arguments of themselves. They are but too often used, under color of a specious philosophy, to find apologies for the despair of laziness and pusillanimity, and to excuse the want of all manly efforts when the exigencies of our country call for them more loudly."

—Mr. Richard Grant White's "Memoirs of Shakespeare's Life" meets with a carping notice in the *Athenæum*, written apparently more to ventilate certain crotchets of the writer's than to convey an accurate idea of the book reviewed. While complaining absurdly of "want of originality" (originality on such a well-worn topic!), the critic admits that "the author's enthusiasm for Shakespeare is great, his style crisp and pleasant, and his intention good." We believe Mr. White has not mentioned in his book a trifling fact that came to light a few years since, when Shakespeare's house at Stratford was being repaired on its coming into possession of the present trustees. In restoring the fire-place in the birth-room of the poet, the beam of the chimney-piece proved to be hollow, and in a carefully concealed cavity a cross and some apparently Catholic relics were found. Unimportant in itself, this incident may have some relation to the religious tendencies of the family of the great dramatist, who has himself been remarked to speak with unvarying respect of the priestly character and attributes. Criticism is so far from being exhausted on these themes that a new work by Mr. Gerald Massey is only just announced. It is entitled "Shakespeare's Sonnets, never before interpreted; with a Retouched Portrait of the man Shakespeare." It contains a new theory of the sonnets, according to which the greater portion of them—personal or dramatic—were written for the Earl of Southampton; the rest for William Herbert; and the story of Shakespeare's keeping a mistress, of whom he was robbed by his friend, vanishes into thin air. This analysis of the work is by no means clear of comprehension, but we must be satisfied with it till the book itself appears.

—Mr. Herman Merivale, who has displayed much historical acumen in his various writings, has just thrown a bomb-shell among English antiquarians by his attack on the authenticity of "The Paston Letters," contained in a late number of the "Fortnightly Review." The letters in question are well known by the continued reference made to them by modern historians, and especially by Mr. Charles Knight, for interesting facts illustrating the domestic life and relations of private persons in England that are nowhere else to be found. They purport to be the correspondence of various members of a knightly family in Norfolk that afterwards attained to the peerage (and shortly became extinct) during the time occupied by the wars of York and Lancaster. No similar series has been preserved in any part of the kingdom—a fact which, while it naturally increases the value of the letters for historical purposes, is now used as an argument against their authenticity. The entire disappearance of the originals is another circumstance that throws doubt on their claims, and Mr. Merivale endeavors to show, by an examination of numerous words and phrases of modern cast, that the language is not such as was current during the Wars of the Roses among the contemporaries of Gower, Wickliffe, and Chaucer. The question is a curious one for antiquarians and philologists; at present none have given in their adhesion to Mr. Merivale's "historic doubts." We think he scarcely allows sufficient weight to the idea that a degree of knowledge and dramatic talent necessary to create a fiction so vivid and minute of the lives, loves, and fortunes of the Pastons as these letters present, without any detected anachronisms, was very unlikely to fall to the lot of the editor by whom they were printed, a country gentleman of whom little is known. It may turn out, however, that a basis of truth existed, on which the love of mystification natural to the human mind erected the present superstructure. The original edition of the letters was in five volumes quarto (1787–1823), but they are well known in this country by a reprint, where they appear slightly abridged and modernized by Charles Knight, published in a volume uniform with "Bohn's Antiquarian Library."

—It is a noticeable fact in the progress of education in England that architecture as a study is now first introduced into a collegiate course. The programme of the lectures of Mr. T. Hayter Lewis, professor of architecture, University College, London, appears in the literary papers, and indicates a thorough teaching of his subject, both as a fine art and as a science. The first division will comprise a survey of the various national styles of art, including decoration, etc., from primeval times to the period of the Renaissance, and enters on the wide range of topics that are expected to meet in an accomplished architect. The science of construction forms the second portion of the lectures, and illustrates the requirements of the present day from the achievements of the past and the immutable laws of good sense and appropriateness. We can imagine no greater benefit to our community than a similar plan for the popularization of the same kind of knowledge among us. Almost every man of means has been, or expects to be, engaged in building of some nature, but not one in a myriad attempts to master the elements of the art that he is concerned with, and the consequence is that with the most lavish expenditure of money, exceeding anything known in other countries, the result is so unsatisfactory that we have scarcely a building to show in New York that fulfils in any decent measure the requirements of an educated taste.

—The chief of the peripatetic scientific bodies whose annual congresses now form a recognized feature of the autumn's entertainments in England—"The British Association"—has just held its thirty-fourth meeting at Birmingham, under the presidency of Prof. Phillips, the well-known geologist. Twice before had the smoky city been visited by the Association its infancy and youth (in 1839 and 1849), and the present meeting seems to have passed off to the satisfaction of all concerned. As usual, the opening address of the president is a valuable *resumé* of late discoveries in science, and maps out admirably the most active fields of philosophic energy. It was remarkable for a distinct recognition of the connection of geological phenomena with traces of the human family—"the opening of a new chapter, for archæology and palæontology to read, of the world's history, which begins in the pleistocene periods of geology, and reaches to the pre-historic ages of man." One of the most interesting papers of the meeting was sent to the Geographical section by a young gentleman, Mr. W. Chandless, a graduate of Cambridge, who has ascended the River Purus, one of the least known of the tributaries of the Amazon, and has mapped every mile of its course for 1,866 miles—the paper was illustrated by a map of the river twenty-three feet in length. In the Mathematical section the results of the recent experiments in gunnery, etc., at Shoeburyness, were embodied in a valuable communication on the "Materials used for Iron Ships," by Dr. Fairbairn and Mr. Tate; and, in short, the professors of every branch of science "put their best foot foremost" in presence of the assemblage of home and foreign savans and ladies, who were brought out by the fair weather in unusual numbers, so that the last Birmingham meeting of the Association is on record as a great success.

—Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, promise us an edition of Miss Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," descriptive of seven periods in the life of woman, intended to appear in a style of unrivalled beauty and taste. The illustrations will combine some of the best efforts of English and American artists, and include the first published portrait of Miss Ingelow, engraved on steel from a recent photograph. Mrs. Farrar, in her pleasant "Reminiscences" (just published by Ticknor & Fields), explains how it is that we possess no likeness of Maria Edgeworth by the fact that she was so absolutely plain that she never would allow a portrait of herself to be taken. It was fortunate for her resolve that she lived in the pre-daguerreotype ages, or she could scarcely have escaped the momentary glance of the camera that now perpetuates indiscriminately for us both the evanescent shapes of beauty and grace as well as their opposites.

—Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have a book in preparation that will possess an attraction for New Yorkers equal, perhaps, to any that could be got up. It is "Reminiscences of Dr. Gardiner Spring," of the Brick church, including recollections, personal, professional, and miscellaneous, of the long career during which he has occupied a position of the first eminence in the ecclesiastical and social circles of our metropolis. Though past the age of eighty, Dr. Spring flourishes in the enjoyment of all his faculties, and the composition of these reminiscences has been a cherished employment of his leisure.

A FRENCH CRITIC.*

To the first series of these literary studies, published two years ago, M. Scherer attached a preface which he doubtless intends shall serve also for this second volume. A short glance at this preface will initiate us into the author's view of the limits of his own work. "Custom exacts," says M. Scherer, "that a preface should sum up the doctrines of the book. But suppose the book has no doctrines? I find many subjects handled in these pages: philosophy, religion, literature, history, politics, morals—there is a little of all these. If, indeed, I start no ideas on these subjects, I speak of men who have done so. But in the midst of all this I look in vain for the least sign of a doctrine. Nay, what is worse, the book seems to me to be full of in-

* "Nouvelles Etudes sur la Littérature Contemporaine. Par Edmond Scherer." Paris. 1865.

consistencies, or, as some might say, of contradictions. I find myself to-day all latitude, and to-morrow all indignation; now a rigid moralist, now a disinterested critic; now tolerant as a philosopher, now strenuous as a partizan." To the critic duly reproached with these inconsistencies, pursues M. Scherer, there remains this resource: to accept the reproach, and to reduce it to its proper value. This M. Scherer proceeds to do in his own case. At bottom, he affirms, rightly understood, no serious mind ever contradicts itself. To accuse a man of so doing is simply to display covertly your own ignorance. How can we know those secret reasons, those blind instincts, those confused motives, which the subject of them himself only half suspects? We think that a man has changed when he has only pursued or achieved his natural manifestation. There are in the tyranny of circumstances and the inherent inflexibility of ideas a hundred obstacles to the complete expression of feelings. These feelings, which constitute a man's real substance, his inclinations, his affections, his aspirations, never change. The nearest approach they make to it is to develop by a strictly logical process. In default of doctrines in a work—or, as we should say, in default of a system, of a consistent argument—there is always, accordingly, a certain irrepressible moral substance. This moral substance in his own work M. Scherer declares to be the love of liberty. He loves liberty as the necessary condition of truth, of thorough examination, of impartiality. "Contention, written and spoken," says M. Scherer, "the opposition and the fusion of opinions, errors, retractions, excuses, reactions: all these things are the formation of truth." And these things are only possible under liberty. "Truth," he continues, "is for me simply improvement; and liberty is scarcely more than another name for this constant process of improvement."

M. Scherer's merits, then, as a critic, are these: that he has no doctrines, and that in default of these he is prompted by as excellent a feeling as the love of liberty. It may seem questionable at first whether the former fact is really a merit. It is not that in reading M. Scherer's volume we do not find much that is positive: many opinions, much sympathy, much dissent, much philosophy, much strong feeling; for without these the reproach of inconsistency would be impossible. We find much that we can specifically approve or condemn. We find even plenty of theories. But this touches perhaps the very point. There are plenty of theories, but no theory. We find—and this is the highest praise, it seems to us, that we can give a critic—none but a moral unity: that is, the author is a liberal. It is hard to say, in reading M. Scherer's books, which is the most pleasing phenomenon, this intellectual eclecticism or this moral consistency. The age surely presents no finer spectacle than that of a mind liberal after this fashion; not from a brutal impatience of order, but from experience, from reflection, seriously, intelligently, having known, relished, and appropriated the many virtues of conservatism; a mind inquisitive of truth and of knowledge, accessible on all sides, unprejudiced, desirous above all things to examine directly, fearless of reputed errors, but merciless to error when proved, tolerant of dissent, respectful of sincerity, content neither to reason on matters of feeling nor to sentimentalize on matters of reason, equitable, dispassionate, sympathetic. M. Scherer is a solid embodiment of Mr. Matthew Arnold's ideal critic. Those who affirmed Mr. Arnold's ideal to be impracticable may here be refuted; those who thought it undesirable may perhaps be converted. For they will see that once granted M. Scherer's seriousness, his competency to the treatment of a given subject rests entirely upon his intellectual independence or irresponsibility. Of all men who deal with ideas, the critic is essentially the least independent; it behooves him, therefore, to claim the utmost possible incidental or extrinsic freedom. His subject and his stand-point are limited beforehand. He is in the nature of his function *opposed* to his author, and his position, therefore, depends upon that which his author has taken. If, in addition to his natural and proper servitude to his subject, he is shackled with a further servitude, outside of his subject, he works at a ridiculous disadvantage. This outer servitude may either be to a principle, a theory, a doctrine, a dogma, or it may be to a party; and it is against this latter form of subordination, as most frequent in his own country, that Mr. Arnold more especially protests. But as a critic, quite as much as any other writer, must have what M. Scherer calls an inspiration of his own, must possess a *unit* of sincerity and consistency, he finds it in his conscience. It it on this basis that he preserves his individuality, or, if you like, his self-respect. It is from this moral sense, and, we may add, from their religious convictions, that writers like Scherer derive that steadfast and delicate spiritual force which animates, coordinates, and harmonizes the mass of brief opinions, of undeveloped assertions, of conjectures, of fancies, of sentiments, which are the substance of this work.

There are, of course, degrees in criticism as in everything else. There is small criticism and there is great criticism. But great criticism seems to us to touch more or less nearly on pure philosophy. Pure criticism must be of the small kind. Goethe is a great critic; M. Sainte-Beuve is a small one. Goethe has laid down general principles. M. Sainte-Beuve has laid down particular principles; and, above all, he has observed facts and stated results. Goethe frequently starts from an idea; M. Sainte-Beuve starts from a fact: Goethe from a general rule, M. Sainte-Beuve from a particular instance. When we reflect upon all the faculties and all the accomplishments needed by the literary critic in these days, we are almost tempted to say that he should unite in himself the qualities which are required for success in every other department of letters. But we may more strictly sum up his necessary character by saying that he is a compromise between the philosopher and the historian. We spoke of M. Sainte-Beuve, who, on the whole, may be called the first of living critics. He is a philosopher in so far as that he deals with ideas. He counts, weighs, measures, appraises them. But he is not a philosopher in so far as that he works with no supreme object. There results from his work no deliberate theory of life, of nature, of the universe. He is not, as the philosopher must ever be more or less, a partizan. When he pulls down, it lies in his discretion or his generosity to build up again; whereas the philosopher is for ever offering the better in exchange for the worse—that which is more true in exchange for that which is less. The philosopher's function is to compare a work with an abstract principle of truth; the critic's is to compare a work with itself, with its own concrete standard of truth. The critic deals, therefore, with parts, the philosopher with wholes. In M. Sainte-Beuve, however, it is the historian who is most generously represented. As a critic, he bears the same relation to facts that he does to ideas. As the metaphysician handles ideas with a preconceived theory, so the historian handles facts with a preconcerted plan. But with this theory or this plan, the critic has nothing to do. He works on the small scale, in detail, looking neither before him, behind him, nor on either side. Like Mr. Ruskin's model young painter with his landscape, M. Sainte-Beuve covers up all history but the small square field under his eye. On this field, however, he works with pre-Raphaelite minuteness; he exhausts it. Then he shifts his window-frame, as we may call it, and begins again. The essence of the practicability of history is in a constant obedience to proportion. M. Sainte-Beuve, like a true critic, ignores proportion. The reunion of his chapters, therefore, would make no history, any more than the reunion of the young pre-Raphaelite's studies would make a picture.

M. Scherer's place among the critics of the time is very high. If M. Sainte-Beuve has earned the highest place, M. Scherer has a claim to the next. For ourselves, we prefer M. Scherer. He has not M. Sainte-Beuve's unrivalled power of reproducing the physiognomy of a particular moment as of a particular figure of the past; he cannot pick out some obscure secondary figure of the seventeenth century—some forgotten *littérateur*, some momentary king's mistress—and in twenty pages place the person before you as a complete human being, to be for ever remembered, with a distinct personality, with a character, an expression, a face, a dress, habits, eccentricities. M. Scherer, we say, has not done this. But we prefer him because his morality is positive without being obtrusive; and because, besides the distinction of beauty and ugliness, the æsthetic distinction of right and wrong, there constantly occurs in his pages the moral distinction between good and evil; because, in short, we salute in this fact that wisdom which, after having made the journey round the whole sphere of knowledge, returns at last with a melancholy joy to morality.

If we have a complaint, indeed, to make of M. Sainte-Beuve, it is that with all his experience he is not more melancholy. On great subjects, subjects of the first order, M. Scherer is as efficient as the author of the "Causeries de Lundi." He has judged his contemporaries quite as keenly: witness his article on M. Veuillot. And in the volume under notice are two papers, one on Mme. de Sévigné, the other on Mme. Roland, which are delicate with all M. Sainte-Beuve's delicacy, and eloquent with more than his eloquence. If we were tempted to set another critic above M. Scherer, that critic would be M. Taine. But on reflection we conclude that M. Taine is not pre-eminently a critic. He is alternately a philosopher and a historian. His strong point is not to discriminate shades of difference. On the contrary, he is perpetually sacrificing shades to broad lines. He is valuable for his general views, his broad retrospects, his *résumés*. He passes indeed, incidentally, very shrewd literary judgments, as when, for instance, he says of Swift's poetry that instead of creating illusions it destroys them. But he is too passionate, too partial, too eloquent. The critic is useful in repairing the inevitable small injustices committed by other writers; in going over the ground after them and restoring the perverted balance of truth. Now in Taine's "History of English Literature," which is nominally a critical work, there is in each chapter abundant room for this supplementary process of the critic proper. In the work of M. Scherer there is room but for contradiction—which is

in fact, a forcible making of room. With him, analysis has reached its furthest limits, and it is because he is more analytic than Mr. Taine—admitting, as we do, that he has not his genius—that we place him higher as a critic. Of M. Scherer's religious character we have not explicitly spoken, because we cannot speak of it properly in these limits. We can only say that in religion, as in everything else, he is a liberal; and we can pay no higher tribute to his critical worth than by adding that he has found means to unite the keenest theological penetration and the widest theological erudition with the greatest spiritual tolerance.

HESPERUS.*

Mr. Brooks has conferred a real benefit on the public by his translations from Jean Paul—by other translations also, but particularly by these; for these are much the best he has done, and they are by far the most difficult he has attempted, if we except the "Faust" of Goethe, the difficulty of which lay not in the translation, but in the versification, in the execution of which Mr. Brooks displayed an immense amount of ingenuity, with but doubtful success. To read Jean Paul in the original at all is a task; to read one of his great books through is a serious labor; to read several of them through is a toil for more than mortal strength; but to translate the most arduous of them, and to translate them well, admirably well, all but perfectly well, as Mr. Brooks does, argues something miraculous in the way of energy.

Mr. Brooks has peculiar qualifications for such a work. He is patient, assiduous, painstaking, persevering, accurate. He is not content till he has made his version as perfect as he can make it. He is a humorist, and can do justice to the comic portions of his author; he is something, though not quite enough, of a poet, and can appreciate the highly imaginative forms with which Richter clothes his thought. If he has a defect, however, it lies in a deficiency of the poetic spirit. Richter was a gorgeous prose-poet; he deals in the language of symbols; his pages are wreaths of metaphor; and though he often uses phrases that savor slightly of vulgarity, he does so saturate the paragraphs with feeling that the coarseness does not offend. The translator's eye detects the coarseness, but his mind cannot reproduce in another language the luxury of emotion; so he is apt to spoil his version by his very fidelity. Mr. Brooks does this sometimes. An instance of it occurs on page 116, and another on page 119, of the first volume. In the first case the version runs literally, "The evening blood (*abendblut*) of the sinking sun flowed into the clouds, as into the sea sinks (flows?) the blood of its giants dying in its depths. The *porous* cloud (*lockene Gewölke*—we should prefer the word "loose" or "scattered") did not avail to hide the heavens; it swam round about the moon, and let her pale silver glisten from amidst the *slags*." The word "slags" spoils the sentence. It is a literal version of the original (*Schlacken*) to be sure, but the word *schlacken* is not so rude a word as "slags," and, besides, it is not the closing word of the sentence. The thought passes over it to the word *blicken*, and finds its way out into the moonlight. The second passage alluded to is Englished thus: "Overhead Luna fills the floating cloud-fleeces with liquid silver, and the *soaked silver wool* quivers downward, etc." "Soaked silver wool quivers downward" is a "vile phrase." In the German it is "getränkte Silberwolke zittert." Why not say, "The fleece saturated with silver radiance drops tremblingly downward?" This may seem like hyper-criticism, but it is all the criticism we have to make, unless we blame generally the eccentric literalness with which Mr. Brooks transfers the German phrase to the English. Such expressions as "rat-contradictor," "throne incumbent," "correferent," are not legitimate. "Antiquated tears" is not good. But the volumes are wonderfully well rendered into racy and varied vernacular. Richter says of himself in this very novel: "Reinhold read Kant's 'Critique' through five times before he understood it. I pledge myself to be more intelligible to him, and require to be read only half as often." In another place he says, as if in a kind of despair: "By heavens! people actually rush and leap into my work as into a passengers' room, and neither reader nor devil knows who their dogs and cats are." Very true; we doubt if anybody ever understood "Hesperus" from a single reading; and we doubt whether many have taken pains to peruse it time, times, and half a time, as its author demands.

This was one of Jean Paul's earliest works, written while he was still very poor, and trying to maintain himself and his mother by teaching—in 1794—he being then thirty-one years old. He seems to have begun it under the enthusiasm excited by the success of the "Invisible Lodge," his first serious production. In "Hesperus" he first signed his literary name, Jean Paul. The success of the book was eminent in a literary though not in a pecuniary point of view. He was paid for it but two hundred Prussian dollars. But he earned a fame outside of Germany, and the intimacy of the most famous men of letters in it. He calls it a biography. That in any intelligible sense it is not. It can hardly be called a story. The names of a few personages are conspicuous in it—Horion, Victor, Firmin, Emanuel, Matthiew, Clotilde—but the personages themselves flit vaguely about like shadows in a deep red sunsetting, crossing one another, embracing, flitting away, magnified for a moment against the background of sky, and then dissolving in dew. They are more like disembodied spirits than like men and women. Victor is the hero: Clotilde is the heroine; but of Clotilde we get no definite conception through the book, and Victor is a grand outline, filled in with gorgeous colors, laid on in confused masses, which make him look like the promise of several fine people. But Victor does not fairly come to life as an active man. He remains to the end in the condition of an immature sentimentalist. Emanuel is an enthusiast, whose being is made up of odors and flowers—a creature of ecstacies and raptures, who scarcely seems to know whether he is in the body or out of it, imagines that he can will himself out of it whenever he pleases, and is at last made aware of the reality of things by the explosion of a powder-house. Then, "his soul, like the mourning tree of Goa, let fall by day the nightly load of blossoms; to his chilled head turned no longer the meadow side of poetry, but the light side of cold reason. He confessed that he had contemplated the earth, not from the earth, but too much from Jupiter, seen from whose observatory it must needs dwindle to a fiery spark, and that he had therefore lost the earth without getting Jupiter instead."

As a work of art "Hesperus" is a failure. Its plot is improbable; its characters undefined; their relations to one another unnatural; the thread of the story is broken and taken up a thousand times; every few pages comes an episode, an essay, a rhapsody. We have "intercalary days," "stray leaves," "extra stray leaves," "extra fly leaves," "leaflets," "poor little extra syllables," "circulating libraries," "comedies," fancy names all for his delicious ramblings into disquisition. The man is too rich in ideas and imagery to tell a straightforward tale. His invention of narrative is thin; his dialogue is scanty and poor; his observation of men and manners limited. Whoever takes up this book as a story will be disappointed; but whoever takes it up as a magnificent poem will be delighted beyond measure. The pages are studded with jewels of thought, and they sparkle in the translation as brilliantly as in the original language. There is no end of the wit, the humor, the pathos, the bloom and freshness of sentiment, the swift intuitions, the keen criticisms, the tender humanities, the noble vision of the future for man and society, the flashes of intelligence thrown upon the outward and the inward life. We began to read, pencil in hand, intending to mark for quotation such short passages as were characteristic of the author's genius; but before we had read fifty pages we had noted enough to occupy all the space covered by this article. Richter was too much a sentimentalist to be a great philosopher. He did not think his way far, but he *felt* his way into almost everything; he could not discuss, but he could prophesy. He could not describe, but he could glow and rhapsodize. He had no doctrines, but he was brimming over with knowledge and with truths.

Mr. Brooks thinks he sees indications that Jean Paul is to be better and better understood and appreciated among us "in this free and forming Western world." We hope he does; but we much doubt it. Our people certainly, would be vastly the better for such a flood of warm humanities as this "Hesperus" would pour down upon them, but such humanities are not so coveted that they will patiently go through an indefinite amount of particularly hard reading to come at them. They have but a minute and a glance to spare. What they read must be written in very large letters and illustrated.

Jean Paul will never be popular in America. The few will take the trouble to know him; but all who know him will love him.

* "Hesperus. A Biography, from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Translated by Charles T. Brooks." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

THE ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA.*

This work, though very useful and well conceived, is marred by defects that would be serious in a book of any kind, and are doubly serious in a cyclopædia, which, whatever else it may want, ought to possess accuracy in the smallest as well as in the greatest things. It displays so much inaccuracy, and this of a kind that is unhappily only too prevalent in books intended for popular use, that we cannot help calling attention to it. By drawing the proofs of this assertion from a large number

* "The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1864." New York: Appleton & Co. 1865.

of the minor articles, we shall avoid the risk of fastening on a few contributors the blame of defects which are apparently the result of careless editing.

Of this general carelessness the title of the book itself affords us the first striking illustration. This title is "Annual Cyclopædia." So we find it on the title-page and in most of the numerous references to the earlier volumes, but not in all. In various articles we find "Annual Cyclopedia" (pages 168, 394, 591, 806). It is a harmless misprint, but characteristic. Similarly harmless misprints are "*Eu*cador," twice, for "Ecuador," "*Gau*temala" for "Guatemala," and "Perfirio" for "Porfirio" (Diaz), all in one short article ("America"). More strangely incorrect is "Uru*agai*an" for "Uruguayan" (page 806). Errors of this kind, of course, will mislead and perplex no reader; but there are others which will, and which cannot be charitably attributed to a slight oversight only. Thus, in the article "Dembinski," which is abridged, and in great part literally copied from the "New American Cyclopædia," the Maros, one of the great rivers of Hungary, is called "*W*aros," and the fortress of Arad "*A*vad." The Bohemian or Czech nationality is miscalled "Cze*k*" (p. 162), and the Venetian province of Treviso "Trevesa" (p. 443). The heathen satirist Lucian receives the name of the brother of Napoleon, Lucien (p. 457).

The "Annual Cyclopædia" has the laudable ambition of printing foreign words and names not in the vulgar know-nothing way in which most of the English and American publishers indulge, but as they are printed in the respective countries, with their accents and other distinctive marks. In this, having a good model, the "New American Cyclopædia," before it, it is partly successful; but the exceptions are, unfortunately, too numerous. We find "*detour*," "*Credit*," "Liege," "Ardeche," "Pages," "Gerard," "Halevy," "Cha*t*eaubriand," etc., without the necessary accents. The name of the Hungarian traveller, Vámbéry, is printed "Va*m*béry" throughout the article on "Geographical Explorations." Real ignorance of the French language is evinced by connecting in "*Union Chrétien*" (p. 21) a feminine noun with a masculine adjective. "Credit Mobile" (p. 367) stands for "Crédit Mobilier." "*Enger Reichsrath*" (p. 160) is incorrect in German, the adjective being here in the comparative degree (*engere*). A grosser error is contained in the Latin title, "Novum Testamentum Hellenicæ" (p. 417). Contrary to the rule, observed in most of the articles, of giving the titles of non-English journals in italics, we find, in the article "Roman Catholic Church," the following unitalicized: "Le Temps," "La France," "Monde," "La Paix," and "Bien Public." Other exceptions are "Estafette" and "La Cronica." On the other hand, we find the title of an English journal, the "Calcutta Englishman," in italics (p. 435).

Various languages are frequently mixed up. The names of the reigning king of Bavaria are given thus: "Ludwig Otto Frederick Wilhelm," the first and the last in German, and the two middle ones in English. "Karl Theodor*e*" (p. 593) is a similar connection. The article "Schleswig-Holstein" speaks of one German prince, "Wilhelm of Würtemberg," in German, and of others, "Frederic of Augustenburg" and "Frederic Charles of Prussia," in English, by-the-bye, also discarding throughout the form "Frederi*ck*," used everywhere else. The Christian names of Prince Couza, of Moldo-Wallachia, and of the Italian prime minister, General La Marmora, are given neither in their respective languages nor in that of the "Cyclopædia," but in French, "Alexandre" (p. 776) and "Alphonse" (p. 440). The traveller Munzinger receives, on one page (404), the French title "M." and the German "Herr." Gerlach (p. 727) and Zedlitz (p. 742), are each a "Baron de;" Egloffstein (p. 395) a "Baron Von" (capital V, to make it the *funnier*.)

The greatest inconsistency and inaccuracy prevail in rendering geographical names belonging to countries beyond the limits of the United States. Chili is always called so in the respective article and in "America," but "Chil*e*" in "Peru" and in "Geographical Explorations;" the latter article has "Chil*i*an" and "Chil*e*an." Independent Tartary is called "Tur*ki*stan" and "Toork*i*stan" in "Asia" and "Tur*ke*stan" in "Geographical Explorations" and in "Telegraph." One of its provinces is "Bal*kh*" in "Asia" and "Bal*k*" in "Telegraph." What is, correctly, "Yeddo" in "Japan" is "Jeddo" in "Telegraph," and "Yedo" in "Asia." What is the island of "Funen" in "Denmark" is "F*ühn*en" in "Schleswig-Holstein." We find "D*u*sseldorf" for "Düsseldorf;" "Ma*h*e" for "Ma*hé*;" "Sam*e*chonitis" for "Samochonitis;" "Gom*u*sh-Tépé" for "Gömüsh-Tepé;" "Nurem*b*urg" for "Nuremberg;" "Baki" for "Baku;" "Kiew" for "Kiev;" "Posnania" for "Posen;" "Eck*en*förde" for "Eckernförde;" the French names of "Kalouga" "Soudan," and "Dahomé," for "Kalooga," "Soodan," and "Dahomey;" the German "Kam*tsch*atka" for "Kamtchatka;" and both the correct and incorrect forms of "Novgorod" and "Novogorod," "Saghalien" and "Sa*kh*alin," "Herat" and "Hérât" (repeatedly in "Geographical Explorations"), "Würtemberg" and "Würtemb*u*rg," "Strasbourg" and "Strasb*u*rg" "Neumünster" and "Neu m*u*nster." "Lombardo-Venice" (p. 160) stands for "Lombardo-Venetia." The name of the well-known palace near St. Petersburg is distorted into Tsarko Celo" (p. 415).

Foreign names of persons or nations are rendered with equal carelessness. We find Russian family names terminating in *f*, side by side with others terminating in *ff*, though the original sound is the same; thus: "Pashkoff," "Zriakoff," and "Tchernaieff," but also "Babkof" and "Kisselef." "Mot*sch*ulsky" is spelled in the German way; "Bernstorff" also "Bernstorf." Ranke, the German historian, is called "Ranké;" Degérando, "Gérando;" Gen. Bosak, "Bos*sack*." "German-Slavonic" (p. 161) stands for "Germano-Slavic;" "Rasco*a*lnik*i*" (p. 728) for "Rascolniks." The "sect of Mohammedan purists," called "Wahab*is* or Wahabites" in "Geographical Explorations," are called "Wahab*ies*," and their religion "Wahab*ee*ism" in "India."

The article "Confederate Congress" shows with what little pains some of the compilations have been executed. Although no reference whatever is made to Southern documents, newspapers, or reports, which would explain the Southern stand-point occupied in the whole narrative, the debates are told by the Northern compiler in the following way:

"Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, said that it was no harm to say that *we* needed troops."

"Mr. Smith had never heard that free negroes had done anything good to *our* cause."

"Mr. Chamblin, of Virginia, . . . was quite as willing to trust free negroes in the army as slaves, however much *we* might be attached to the latter class. . . . If *our* cause failed, this Congress would be handed down to posterity with contempt." . . .

"Mr. Turner . . . did not believe that the United States Government would listen to any terms which *we* could offer."

"Mr. McMullen proceeded to urge that *our* Government should take some initial steps looking to bringing the war to a termination."

"Mr. Chambers confessed that desertions in *our* army were great, but not half so great as in the Yankee army."

In a similar way, the article "Belgium," written after an English authority, states sums in English pounds instead of in francs or dollars.

The same want of critical attention is the source of numerous errors in facts and dates. Louis Napoleon was not elected president, as the article "France" states, on "November 10," but on December 10, 1848, which caused him to be called by his partisans, as the writer ought to remember, *l'élu du Dix Décembre*. He did not assume the imperial dignity on "December 1," but on December 2, the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz and of the *coup d'état*. The latter was not executed in 1852, as stated in the life of "Mocquard," but in 1851, as given in "France." The last-named Frenchman was in that act the confidant and adviser of no "imperial master," there being no emperor as yet. There are *no* 14,000,000 persons speaking Provençal in France, as asserted in the article on that empire. Totals are not to be given, as is done in the same, under statistical tables in which marks of interrogation replace numerous unknown numbers. Austria has *not* been a constitutional monarchy "since 1849;" the passage on that empire which makes this statement itself refutes it in the subsequent lines. Turkey is not only "an empire in Eastern Europe," but also in Asia and Africa. The *ancient* name of the Syr-Daria was not Jihon (p. 402), but Jaxartes. Donetz is a river, and not a place, as "from Donetz" (p. 402) implies. The duchies of Schleswig and Holstein have not been "dependencies of the crown of Denmark," but only united with it by the ties of a personal dynastic union. Russia has *not* yet conquered Toorkistan or subjugated Khiva and Khokand, as is asserted in "Russia," on the authority of a sensation article in the "Bombay Gazette," and literally repeated in "Asia."

The distribution and arrangement of matter shows a particular want of editorial care. Upwards of 130 pages are devoted to "Congress," 118 to "Army Operations," besides what is given under "Army," "Navy," and "Navy Operations;" the article "France" tells you over again that that country is an empire in Europe, that the name of the emperor is Napoleon III., and that the same committed a *coup d'état* in 1851; the article on "Great Britain" informs you that London is its capital, but you look in vain, in this alphabetical book on the current events of both hemispheres, for a single passage on the history or statistics of Switzerland, Portugal, Sweden, Holland, or (except in connection with "Schleswig-Holstein") Prussia, or Germany! No such article is to be found. "Poland" is referred to (p. 368), but is not given. Three articles are referred to in succession at the beginning of "Obituaries," none of which is to be found: "Rogers, G. W.," "Wayland, John," and "Tappan, B." There is a superabundance of American obituaries, but only a few European ones are given as biographies. "Literature and Literary Progress," though teeming with titles, refers exclusively to America; English publications are mentioned at the end, only in statisti-

cal figures; the productions of the French, German, or Italian press are not even alluded to.

These are some of the defects or errors of the "Annual Cyclopædia," the list of which could easily be enlarged; but our readers will have observed that they are mainly defects of arrangement or revision, or impair only those parts of the work which are secondary in its plan. As a book of reference on the current history of the United States it has undeniable merits, which will make it a valuable addition to every private library.

THE BLADE AND THE EAR.*

THE human mind might conceive of circumstances of deplorable desolation, under which the young men for whom this book is written would be reduced to read it; but the imagination shrinks from conjecturing them, as from figuring those extreme cases of suffering in which starving men have stayed their hunger with broth made from old boots, or have cheated their thirst by chewing shreds of rope and chips of wood. It is so utterly empty of genuine inspiration, that Charles Lamb's desire to examine the bumps of the poor gentleman who asked Wordsworth if he did not think Milton was a great poet, was not more vehement than our own longing to know something of the life and personal presence of a man who, in this day, could write, print, and publish a book for young men, in order to tell them that the destinies of the country were in their hands; that they ought to be respectful and tender to their mothers and sisters; that the society of pure women was very good indeed, and the friendship of loose women very immoral and hurtful; that they should take care to cultivate their minds, and should be wise in their choice of reading; that the style of the Bible was fine, and that it would be well to read the Bible.

Mr. Muzzey smells the commonplace afar off, and has an infallible instinct for the dulness of others: when he has

> "Said an undisputed thing
> In such a solemn way"

of his own that it seems impossible any one else could ever have been as owlish about it, he is certain to surprise you with some quoted heaviness. He has remembered from the works and sayings of great men whatever was least fresh and valuable in their thought, and has reproduced it here with a seriousness unspeakably amusing. Perhaps we may give a fair notion of the quality of his mind when we describe him as one who sets great store by the views of the great concerning things not part of their greatness: that he values a statesman's approval of works to which the statesman could hardly have given his best thought, and prizes Byron's testimony to the beauty of virtues which he knew only by observation.

But we should be unjust to Mr. Muzzey if we did not let him speak briefly in this and other matters for himself. Concerning female influence, let us attend to his words:

"Said Napoleon the First, 'I win nothing but battles. Josephine, by her goodness, wins all hearts.' So long as he yielded to her potent sway, the lion in him was tempered by the lamb; but from the very hour he madly divorced her from his side, his fortunes began to wane; her wisdom and her love banished from him, his sun went down at noon."

This is a lesson which we should all heed. Now listen to Mr. Muzzey on the evils of society in Chili, where, as in most Latin countries, young people see very little of each other before marriage:

"And what is the effect of this course on the young men? They have little or no conversation with the young ladies; and, instead of being seen in their elevating society, may be found, if not in worse places, *resorting to the tailor's shop to discuss fashions, or the public parlor or promenade to display ultra fine garments.*"

We know that we are very wicked in this country, and that we are growing worse; but we cannot but hope it will be long before we touch the depth of shame in which we here behold the youth of Chili plunged. All of us, certainly, are not yet given over to this childish frivolity of occupation, for Mr. Muzzey, illustrating the beauty of culture, says:

"I know a young merchant of cultivated mind, who paid a large sum from his early acquired means, for a painting by Raphael; and he is none the poorer for the sacrifice, I believe, now."

But, we doubt, much poorer for the picture if he believes it authentic; though we must agree with Mr. Muzzey in the general opinion that it is "better far to adorn your room with a fine painting or statue, than expend your superfluous earnings on lusts that inflame, and appetites that degrade, the immortal mind."

The author of this book tells us that he has written it because he was a youth once himself. *Pare impossibile!* Can the man who addresses all this pitiless rubbish to the young ever have been young? Can he recall days in which he drank eagerly and hopefully of the generous wisdom in which he tasted the freshness and vitality of immortal youth, but fled in derision from the founts that threw up dry dust and ashes instead of living waters? Mr. Muzzey is mistaken: he never was a youth himself, or he would know now that he who writes a very dull book for the guidance and moral instruction of young men, is a poor friend to virtue.

* "The Blade and the Ear. Thoughts for a Young Man. By A. B. Muzzey." Boston: Wm. V. Spencer. 1865.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

COMPLETE WORKS OF THE MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK. Compiled and Edited by Lawrence Kehoe. Second Edition. 2 vols.—THE METROPOLITES; OR, KNOW THY NEIGHBOR. A Novel. By Robert St. Clair.—LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. By M. E. Braddon. American News Company, New York.

DAVID WOODBURN, THE MOUNTAIN MISSIONARY. By Curris Brandon. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

THE MARTYRS AND HEROES OF ILLINOIS IN THE GREAT REBELLION. Biographical Sketches edited by James Barnet. By the Editor, Chicago.

Fine Arts.

WORKS OF ART NOW ON EXHIBITION.

I.—PICTURES.

AT Mr. Knoedler's gallery is a small picture by J. J. Tissot. This eminent painter has become known to most Americans but very recently. Photographs from several of his pictures were to be seen and for sale two years ago in New York; last fall and winter Mr. Schaus had photographs of the whole series of illustrations from Faust and of the two larger pictures, the "Prodigal Son's Departure and Return." Two other photographs from large pictures have come since. The recently published "Ballads of Brittany," by Tom Taylor, of which a few copies have reached America, contains two illustrations engraved from designs by this painter. But, so far as we are informed, only two original pictures have ever been brought to America—"Margaret at the Fountain," which was at Mr. Avery's art agency last spring, and was still in New York a week ago; and this later arrival, "Faust and Margaret in the Garden."

In all Mr. Tissot's work the most remarkable trait is its reality of conception. The common affectation of picture-making and grouping is not only absent from his pictures, it is contradicted by every line and hue. If there were to be detected any affectation at all, it would be an affectation of naturalness. The larger, more important, more elaborate the picture, the more forcibly does the painter insist, in the disposition of his figures, on off-hand and natural-looking positions and grouping. There is the same difference between the action and expression of his figures, and the action and expression of figures in such pictures as "Washington crossing the Delaware," that there is between the bearing and tone of an accomplished actor and the gesticulations and gasps of a ranter. If any student of art, longing for a compact answer to the popular laudation of the stagy and tricky in art, should wish to see or to possess a complete specimen of naturalness of conception, he is refered to "The Prodigal's Return," where nearly twenty figures in the near foreground are all at once full of astonished or impassioned expression, and many of them in violent action as well, and where all are as unlike the ordinary models, and show as little evidence of having been made up to order, as if "instantaneously" photographed from the actual scene.

In the picture before us a wooden settle occupies the very centre of the picture, and is set so as to front the spectator squarely. Faust and Margaret sit side by side, but in no conventional lovers' attitude; Gretchen is picking off the leaves of the *Sternblume*, and Faust watching the oracle; and both are as regardless of possible lookers-on as they are of the Mephistopheles whose face is just visible through a grating in the wooden screen behind.

The truest reality in art is the work of the imagination in its greatest strength. Of penetrative imagination we find not many signs in the works of M. Tissot—of creative imagination still fewer. Their singular freedom from unreal absurdity is, we think, the result of good judgment; the marvellous reality seems to us rather reasoned out than instinctively felt. In the picture before us, the way it was done is, indeed, rather too visible. Simple and true as the thought is, it is not deep and subtle, but is rather no *illustration* of the story at all, only a re-wording of it.

It would require a careful examination of many works of the artist to enable one to determine, with tolerable certainty, his reason for representing Margaret as so uninteresting a girl. The Gretchen of Goethe's play is beautiful, if we are to believe either her brother or Faust, and if the natural

prejudice of one and the hell-draught drank by the other make their evidence on this point valueless, we still are assured that she was noble, true, and sweet. The burgher maiden, as M. Tissot has fancied her, is certainly less intelligent and less elevated in character than we have learned to believe Valentine's sister, Faust's would-be savior, the ransomed saved one of the prison scene, the rejoicing angel of the mighty close. If we are right in believing that the realism of this and other pictures is rather reasoned out than felt, it is not surprising to see an inferior type of woman chosen for Margaret.

This picture, however, is by no means a favorable specimen of the master. To speak only of what can be seen in New York, the larger "Margaret at the Fountain" is very much more valuable and of higher rank as a work of art. And the still more elaborate and larger pictures are, almost in proportion to their magnitude, artistically better. There is something painful, as we look at the accessories, in the faultless, unsurpassable painting of the wooden settle, contrasted with the very insufficient drawing and entire ignoring of local color in the fruit trees behind. These fruit trees are a blot on the picture, which would at once be better if they were away. The blossoms and the soft, tender pale-green leaves of spring are not rightly drawn, and, indeed, are not drawn at all, only suggested or hinted at, and that in the feeblest way. It is not easy to see any signs of growth whatever in these plants, large or small, for the leaves and blossoms do not spring from the branches with any sign of belonging to them, and the branches themselves ramify in a purposeless, wavy manner, without any indication of tree growth or structure. The tall buildings of the mediæval city—among them the choir of Frankfort cathedral—which are seen above the garden wall, though they do not compare in execution with the magnificent painting of the very same kind of accessories in Baron Ley's "Minstrel," which was at Knoedler's in the spring, are interesting and picturesque. The wrought iron structure supporting the wheel of the well-rope, and making a sort of canopy for the well, is delightful, a capital design, and capitally painted, in our opinion the most valuable thing in the picture. The costume is a wonder of careful painting, the drapery skilfully yet naturally arranged and elaborately studied—the pattern around Margaret's skirt is carried in and out of the folds with untiring patience and thought. The face of Faust (said, though on no authority that we can trace, to be a portrait of the artist) is admirably painted, and goes far to redeem a very ill-drawn body. The numerous faults of the picture are so mingled with its excellences as to baffle judgment of the artist's power, though the conclusion, even from this work alone, is inevitable that trees and man are not so badly drawn because the painter could do no better. We repeat, the picture is not a good specimen of the artist's work.

At the same gallery are several other pictures, each of them worthy of a more extended examination than we can give them. Riefstahl's "Sunday Afternoon in the Island of Rugen" is a delightful picture. A wide stretch of sandy barren, rolling in hillocks covered with scrubby bushes, a congregation gathered in the hollow between two hillocks, and on the slope of one of them, looking and listening to the preacher, who stands half-way up on the other; belated members of the open-air company converging to the place of meeting, and the still sea beyond. The variety of character in the weather-beaten men and women of the congregation is wonderful. It is very seldom that a picture comes to us from abroad so instructive to the unprofessional student. This is a valuable historical painting, and very nearly what we need most by way of information from abroad.

Mr. I. B. Irving's "Musical Monk" is what a number of pictures by Mr. Leutze and others pretend to be—good painting of carved cabinets and chairs, parchment-covered folios, decorated beer-mugs, chased and enamelled wine-jars, green parrots, and such worldly vanities as they. The monk himself, a very real and very rubicund Dominican, may very likely be a portrait of some old gentleman of the white frock in Bruges, or Ghent, for just such monks do yet abide in Belgium. He must be a prior or sub-abbot, at least, to have such costly surroundings. The picture is too crowded. Every possible belonging of the worldly old ecclesiastic is brought into the small canvass, and this gives the whole picture a look of the manufactured article which repels the judicious. But it is worth looking at and studying, and gives us hope of better things to come from this painter, whose name this picture first makes known to us.

Mr. Griswold's "Winter Morning" is also on exhibition at the same place. We spoke of it in reviewing the exhibition of the Academy of Design last summer. It loses nothing of its excellence on a second view.

"The Republican Court in the Time of Washington, or Mrs. Washington's Reception Day," is the title or titles of a picture by Mr. Daniel Huntington, P.N.A., which is now on exhibition in the building No. 625 Broadway. It is not, it seems, a new picture, for the engraving which is advertised, and for which subscriptions are solicited, is announced as having been "in progress of execution during the past four years."

The picture represents a large drawing-room, in which are assembled sixty-four ladies and gentlemen; an arch in the background opens into another drawing-room beyond. Each of the sixty-four figures is intended as a portrait. A pamphlet is for sale containing a numbered key to the portraits, and an account of the several personages after the fashion of a biographical dictionary. There is, therefore, no excuse for mistakes as to the meaning of the picture. Mrs. Washington stands on the left of the picture, on a platform which is raised one step above the floor, and on her right hand, also on the platform, are Mrs. Robert Morris and "Nelly Custis." President Washington is apparently about to present Miss Harriet Chew to Mrs. Washington. Behind these two persons are seen the head and shoulders of the Duke of Kent (the father of Queen Victoria), and near him the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe, king of the French). The pamphlet says, innocently, that "the Duke of Kent could not have met the Duke of Orleans in Philadelphia." Gen. Greene stands near, and the pamphlet, after calling him "one of the strong figures of the Revolution," owns that he "had died shortly before this period."

These volunteered admissions lead us to enquire what rank as a historical work this picture is entitled to; and, at the same time, relieve the enquirer from the duty of hunting up authorities as to dates and names. It seems that accuracy of historical statement was not intended at all. The rooms are not vouched for; indeed, President Washington's parlors at Philadelphia could hardly have been like these; the portraits on the walls, and the strange bust on a stranger substructure (is it a stove?), have no one to answer for them; some of the principal characters could not have been there, it seems; and there is little doubt that investigation would show that many other personages of the sixty-four are out of place in this gathering. Now, let the reader think how pleasant and instructive it would be to have as perfect a reproduction as is possible of Washington's drawing-room as it really was, or as perfect a conception as possible of what it might have been. That would be historical art. This picture, let it be confessed, does not pretend to be historical art, it pretends to be portraiture only. Says the pamphlet, "The artist's purpose was to represent in one frame the principal statesmen and belles who formed the Republican Court in Washington's second term." Very well, then, let no future advertisement of the engraving speak of it as a historical picture, for that it is not; it is a crowd of miniatures. The reader will see in print-shop windows a photographic picture which represents a crowd of heads of generals, another of statesmen, etc.; these are made by cutting out the heads of small portrait photographs, pasting them on a card, and taking a new photograph of the whole. Mr. Huntington's is, as historical art, precisely on a par with those "popular" works; as portraiture, it is necessarily of but little value as compared with them. And we must wait for our historical picture of Washington's "Court," thinking how pleasant it would be to have one. In the meantime, we think, looking at this picture and at the photographs of which we have spoken, how much better it would be to have the portraits separate, in miniatures or on cards.

When a picture is lighted by gas, it is impossible to judge of it aright as a work of color. The inference is natural that it is not intended that we should judge of it as a work of color. In the case before us the lighting is so bad—at once insufficient, flickering, and so wrongly placed that the looker cannot in any position escape a flash on some part of the canvass—that any judgment of the picture as a work of art is very difficult. A careful examination reveals to the looker who is armed with an opera-glass many curious ways of misdrawing the figure, much curious posing of people in incredible attitudes, and much gesticulation like that of the chorus at the opera. Two gentlemen are seen to be clad in dressing-gowns—Jonathan Trumbull's, at least, can be nothing else, and Charles Carroll's garment, which is faced with fur, may be a pelisse or a wrap-all. Chief-Justice Jay appears in his robe of office; Bishop White in full canonicals; the other personages are all, we believe, in evening dress, and variety is pleasant. But we must not return to the historical question—it is no matter whether Bishop White really did wear a black gown, or the Chief-Justice a red robe, to the President's receptions. Keeping to the question of the picture's merit as a work of art, we cannot doubt that the color is very bad indeed, for there is great display of bright-colored satins and velvets, with no brilliancy gained for the picture thereby. The flesh shadows, moreover, are cold and harsh. It is impossible to suspend judgment; we must believe the color bad until a daylight examination, if any be allowed, shall show it to be good.

We notice one merit in this picture, rare in American, or, indeed, in modern pictures; the architecture is really well designed. It is not faultless

in detail, but its general forms are really very good Corinthian, and graceful enough in design.

II.—SCULPTURE.

A portrait bust of the Reverend Orville Dewey, D.D., is on exhibition at Mr. Schaus' gallery. The artist is Mr. J. Q. A. Ward. The likeness seems to be excellent. It is now a year since we saw Dr. Dewey without his hat, but it is only a few weeks since we saw him in the street; moreover, the strongly-marked face is not to be easily forgotten, and the shape and setting on of the head are unusual and attract notice. Subject, then, to correction by the Doctor's family or more intimate friends, we are ready to pronounce this an exceedingly good likeness.

Expression is the delight of people who look at portraits: "just his expression" is the best praise they can give. The intimate friends of a person are acknowledged to be the best judges of portraits of him, because they are familiar with his expression. But the expression of a man in his moments of entire repose, when his face shows no sign of strong emotion of any sort, when the traces of old emotions only are there, when no one wave of thought or passion rises higher than another, this is the only expression that can be cut in marble. The absurdity of the embodiments in marble of Faith, Repentance, Resignation, and the rest, would be exceeded by the irrational attempt to give any trace of passing emotion in such a portrait as this before us. The absence, then, from this face we are considering, of any evidence of effort to represent expression, is one of the best characteristics of this very admirable bust. Expression, such as the marble can give, the enduring signs of thought and strife, are *in* the features and expressed by them in the r quietest repose. The eloquent divine is not to be disguised by any calmness of his face; the sculptor takes the features in their most perfect repose, and in them finds the man and his past life. It is a great pleasure to us to see no tricks and no devices resorted to for effect. Form only is represented, and form is truly represented. Every one knows American statues in which the eyelids are deeply undercut, for shadow,—the pupil of the eye raised in relief, for effect,—the hair defined in threads, for exciting the popular admiration of dexterity,—the surface worked down with sand-paper and pumice-stone, to get the look of flesh. It is a pleasure to see none of these things. The treatment of the hair is just what it should be, its masses shown and left in solid marble locks. The surface is as it should be, cut to its right form and filed smooth, and left so.

No better portrait in marble has been made in America, so far as we know. In the corner of Mr. Schaus' somewhat crowded little gallery it will be passed by the hundreds who do not know Doctor Dewey, nor care for portraits of people they do not know. But, rare as good portraits on canvass are, they are not more common in marble, and this one will help to give Mr. Ward a high rank among modern sculptors. We congratulate the owner, whoever he is.

THE OPERA.

THE musical season really opened with the opera, although Miss Parepa appeared a week or so in advance, in a series of concerts in which she gave the people of New York abundant proof that her European fame was by no means without foundation. Her voice is fresh, powerful, and flexible, and she executes the most brilliant *fiorituras* with great beauty. She has by far the finest voice off of the stage, and in many respects she is superior to any singer in Mr. Maretzek's troupe. She will be here again this winter, when we can judge her better, and when, we hope, we shall hear her in oratorio, where she gained her best reputation in England.

Mr. Maretzek has a stronger company than he has had for many years, though far better in male than in female voices. Irfre, Mazzoleni, Massimiliani, Marra, Bellini, and Antonucci, with the addition of Rovere, are enough to cast thoroughly any opera, and with such a force we ought to be indulged with a sufficiency of Meyerbeer's works, which always require an abundance of male voices. Irfre has an excellent, pure, sweet voice, resembling somewhat Brignoli's in quality, and he is a much better actor. He has a more delicate appreciation of the fine shadings of his parts than Mazzoleni, who is too vigorous and coarse. Marra, who made his *début* as *Charles V.* in "Ernani," has also a clear voice, with good range, but with a little hardness. He seemed to exert himself rather more than was necessary, and though by no means a bad actor, he had little of the prince about him. Antonucci is a powerful and vigorous basso, firmer and more decided than Susini, and with a good delivery. His manner inclines to the grave, and in a solemn, earnest part he is what we have hitherto wanted. He has little of the diabolic about him, and was rather out of place as *Mephistopheles*.

The ladies were all known to the public, except Bosisio. She made her first appearaece in *Ione*, to which character she is quite well suited by her youth and beauty. She suffered from stage-fright, and until late in the evening was unable to let her voice out, and do full justice to herself. The audience were, as usual, complacent and sympathizing, and before the singer had recovered her self-possession she found them quite ready to applaud her efforts. In the last act she showed that she had the capabilities of a fine singer and of a good actress. She has been trained, however, in a bad school, and needs some severe study yet to make her a true artist. If she were to abandon Petrella and Verdi altogether, and exercise herself awhile in the calm and more quiet style of the German or old Italian masters, she would really excel. She, nevertheless, will be a favorite here—for when did youth and beauty fail to be?—if her voice does not wear out from the too great strains it is likely to undergo.

Miss Philips returns to the stage, after too long an absence. Her voice does not seem as rich as it did once, and more than ever is to be perceived a certain straining in her singing, a difficulty, as it were, in the utterance of her voice, though when it is once out it is full and round.

The season opened with the justly popular and beautiful "Faust," followed by "Poliuto" and "Lucrezia." On Monday and Tuesday of last week two very large and enthusiastic audiences assembled to hear "Ione." It is difficult to analyze the reason of the popularity of this opera. The composer, Petrella, is almost unknown, and his writings are equally so. "Ione," however, has steadily gained in the favor of the opera public here since it was first produced two or three years ago. It is written in the popular Italian style, which follows Verdi as a master, and exhibits all of his defects and few of his merits. Melody, action, and expression are all overstrained, and there is nothing if not exaggeration. The passion is too passionate, the delirium too wild, the grief too hysterical, to admit of any quiet beauty or any great grace of melody. All is excitement. The voices are strained to their highest pitch; the accompaniment is managed so as almost to drown the voice; and the action is wilder than either. The opera, though poor in idea, contains some pleasing airs and many hurried snatches of melody. Of good ringing choruses there are none. The market chorus at the beginning of the third act is the best, but that is weak, insipid, and not particularly inspiriting. There is no character to the music of the various parts. There is no special reason why one air should be sung by *Ione* rather than by *Nydia* or *Glauco*, were it transposed to suit their voices. This is particularly noticeable in the dialogues, where sometimes the music is not even phrased to suit the different performers, and where there certainly are no delicate shadings of meaning. This will answer very well for a work that is written for the music simply, and is not intended to convey the story to the ear, and where the drama is only a convenient vehicle to get the music to the audience. In such an opera there would be no need of words at all, as disconnected syllables would serve the purpose, though perhaps the audience might object. But that is not the true idea of an opera, which is the highest manifestation of music and the drama combined. As such it must bring into play every art that it can, and must show every varying emotion that is susceptible of musical treatment. But "Ione" contains one really fine air, snatches and reminiscences of which are heard throughout the opera, and there are many fine dramatic situations, which are treated sometimes with considerable skill. The story is interesting, and there are abundant opportunities for fine scenery. In this respect the management of the Academy owes some sort of an apology to the public. The appointments, the other night, were shocking. There seems to be no furniture in the Academy except one or two old tables, a few chairs, and a lounge; and these are brought out on every occasion, no matter how rich furniture is called for by the play. A few drop-scenes and some worn-out flats constitute the other appurtenances. Whatever may be the case with regard to Nineveh and Early Britain, all people have some idea how Pompeii looked, and are unwilling to look at a Gothic room and imagine it an antique saloon. A Pompeian interior is so easily represented, that there is no excuse for giving *Ione's* house in the manner it has always been given at the Academy. No one, we venture to say, except the manager, supposes that the public square of Pompeii in any wise resembled a north German town of the present century, with Gothic buildings, and red-tiled steep roofs mingled with Renaissance spires and cupolas. The costumes, too, are another cause of complaint. We cannot expect to see the chorus always well equipped from, at best, a limited treasury, but we do think we should see the principal characters wear dresses that are somewhat suited to the times they are supposed to live in. They usually wear rich enough dresses, but too often very inappropriate. The cloak that Mazzoleni wore in "Ione" is neither Greek nor Roman, and we think that no one who merely saw the stage the other night would have any very definite idea of either the time or the place of the action.

On Wednesday "Ernani" was given. It is not often that an opera is per-

formed here with such an harmonious and so creditable a cast. The performers all acted well and carefully, and sang their parts better than is usual. Apart from qualities of voice, it would be difficult to give pre-eminence to any one of the four chief characters. Zucchi did her best. She sang much more clearly and evenly than before this season. Her voice held on to the notes well, and she did not trill and quaver as much as is her wont on the sustained passages. In "Ernani involami," she was not altogether good, her voice growing hard and unmusical as it strained upon the upper notes. Her next aria, "Tutto sprezzo," she delivered with great beauty of expression, although her voice was occasionally drowned by the orchestra. Her acting throughout was very spirited and quite correct. Antonucci made a very favorable impression as *Silva*. His rendering of "Infelice, e tu credevi" was the finest thing of the whole evening. Earnest, grave, and sustained, he sang with dignity and sorrow, and did not give himself up to the temptation to undue loudness or passion. Irfre and Marra both did well, though the latter fell off somewhat toward the close. With the exception of the chorus, this opera was better acted than any previous one. The men never seem to learn that it is customary to uncover before a sovereign, and that no one but grandees of the highest rank wear hats in the presence of the Spanish king.

Verdi's music is well suited to Victor Hugo's dramas, as they have many points in common. Both are sensational and exaggerated. "Ernani" belongs to Verdi's earlier manner, when he composed almost entirely in the blood-and-thunder style, and is of his best works at that period. His faults of orchestration and accompaniment, his way of massing brass and wind instruments against violins, and playing them off against each other, are very visible here. There is, however, great power of vocalization shown, and considerable wealth of melody. It is full of brief airs, with short rhythms, which are pleasing to the public because they are vigorous and ardent. The music is better in character than Petrella's, but comes far short of perfection. "Ernani" is not as good an opera as "Trovatore," "Traviata," or "Il Ballo in Maschera," but is much less hackneyed and worn out by repetition, and so we hope that it will be given oftener this winter. If we must hear Verdi, and we are always doomed to half a season of him, let us have something that is a little fresher than what we are accustomed to. It is natural that his music should be popular, for it is suited to our unrest, as it was to Italian political excitement, and those who go to hear operas are too immersed in business and pleasure to consider whether they are getting the best kind of enjoyment, or to ask themselves if the effect of the music on them is the best, as long as they enjoy the hours while they hear it.

The music of "Il Ballo in Maschera" differs in many respects from that of Verdi's previous operas. He has endeavored to change his peculiar style for one less abrupt and violent, and more sustained and with greater variety of effect. The orchestration is of a much better quality than that which marks "Ernani" or "Il Trovatore." The wind instruments do not present the same violent contrast to the strings, and the brasses are less loud and interfere less with the sentiment of the drama. They are connected together by intermediate gradations, and tell a calmer tale. The accompaniment to 'O dolcezze perdute" is an evidence of this, which is two flutes delicately combined with a harp. The trio in the second act is well conceived, where, while the soprano develops a beautiful ascending phrase, the contralto and tenor fill in the harmony, each preserving its own aim and character. Still better is the quintuor in the same act, more dramatic and better carried out than even the famous quatuor in "Rigoletto." But one of the most marked signs of a changed manner is the character of the page's music, nothing like which exists in any of Verdi's previous operas. The light gracefulness of this part attracts every one, and impresses them with its freshness and beauty. While this opera shows so much progress in the right direction, and is very beautiful in parts, it is yet not successful as a whole. All the inference that can be drawn is that Verdi can write a very good melodrama, but is unable to compose a fine tragedy. The composer was exceedingly unfortunate in his libretto. The story, which is imitated and almost translated from Auber and Scribe's "Gustave," had for its subject the assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden. The opera was destined for the theatre of San Carlos at Naples, but was forbidden by the censors, and was then taken to Rome, where it appeared in the carnival of 1859. To obtain the approval of the Roman authorities, Verdi was compelled to mutilate it by changing somewhat the incidents, and transferring the scene to Boston, and the hero to some mythical governor of that city. The plot so altered makes the story so absurd that criticism on the manner in which the opera is put upon the stage is entirely out of place.

The performance last Friday was not so good as it might have been. Carozzi Zucchi did not seem to be much interested in her part, and gave it often rather carelessly. She was not in good voice, and acted with less feeling than usual. Mazzoleni and Bellini were both hoarse, though the latter gave "O dolcezze perdute" with great tenderness of expression. By far the best feature of the evening was Bosisio's singing. This young actress, though she had to contend against the vivid recollection of Miss Hinckley, did excellently. Her rendering left nothing to be desired. She was justly encored in "volta la terra," and sang "saper vorreste" with a grace and *abandon* that won every one, and increased the extremely favorable impression that she made in *Ione*. The house was not full, and did not seem in a mood to appreciate the music. There was little applause and few *encores*. The chief singers came before the curtain at the close, apparently from habit, and without any special desire on the part of the audience.

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I can insure my life on the purely Mutual Plan, either by an Endowment, or a Life Policy, or a Ten-year Non-forfeiture Policy.

$25 secures a General Accident Policy for $5,000, with a Weekly Compensation of $25.

$10 secures a Marine Policy for $10,000 for a voyage to any European port, covering loss of life at sea from accident.

$167 35 per annum secures an Endowment Policy for $5,000, with profits payable at the age of 50, or at death to a person 25 years of age.

$96 90 per annum secures a Life Policy for $5,000, with profits, to a person 25 years of age. A Loan of one-third of the Premium, or Life, or Endowment Policy will be given, if required, without note.

POLICIES ISSUED AT ONCE.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY,

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, $885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

B. C. MORRIS, President.

WM. M. WHITNEY, Secretary.

AETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD,

INCORPORATED 1819. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Paid up Capital, - - $2,250,000 00
Assets, July 1, 1865, - - 3,850,351 78

Losses Paid in 45 Years, - $17,485,894 71

T. A. ALEXANDER, Pres't. L. J. HENDEE, Sec'y.
JONA. GOODWIN, Jr., A. Sec'y.

Insurance against loss and damage by Fire, and of Inland Navigation.

NEW YORK AGENCY, 62 WALL STREET.
JAS. A. ALEXANDER, AGENT.

THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

156 AND 158 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL AND ACCUMULATION, - - - - - - - - $2,500,000
LOSSES PAID, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - $1,000,000
DIVIDEND PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS, - - - - - - - - $750,000

From the great success of this Company they are enabled to offer superior advantages to policy-holders.

Life policies are issued, payable in annual, or in one, five, or ten annual instalments; also non-forfeiture endowment policies, payable in ten annual payments, which are paid at death, or on arriving at any particular age. Life insurance, as an investment, has no superior, as it has saved millions of dollars to the insured, and thousands of families from ruin. Dividends are paid to policy-holders, thus enabling them to continue their policies, if otherwise unable to do so.

This favorable feature has been the means of saving many policies that would have been forfeited for want of means to continue them, and, in several instances, families once wealthy have thus been saved from utter ruin.

HENRY STOKES, President.
C. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary. J. S. HALSEY, Assistant Secretary.
S. N. STEBBENS, Actuary. ABRAM DU BOIS, M.D., Medical Examiner.

Marine and Fire Insurance.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - - - $1,000,000
Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - - - 400,000

This Company insures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND NLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, 2d Vice-President.
JOHN C. GOODRIDGE, Secretary.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

35 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS, COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.

BAIRD & BRADLEY,

CHICAGO LOAN AND COLLECTION AGENCY.

Investments for a term of years made for Eastern Capitalists. Corporations and Estates amply secured by First Mortgage on Real Estate in Chicago and vicinity, with semi-annual interest payable at any point East.

Real Estate purchased, managed, and sold for Eastern parties.

Notes collected and avails promptly remitted.

FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE
ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS	$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS	198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against DISASTER BY FIRE
At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the
PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,
pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby
(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)
of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,
the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

☞ The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

VERMILYE & CO.,

BANKERS,

44 *Wall Street, N. Y.*,

GOVERNMENT LOAN AGENTS,

KEEP ON HAND, FOR

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

THE ISSUES OF

7.30 TREASURY NOTES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

We BUY and SELL all classes of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES at market rates

ORDERS from BANKS and BANKERS executed on favorable terms, and with dispatch.

Also, receive DEPOSITS, and ALLOW INTEREST on current balances.

VERMILYE & CO.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,

27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK,

Has for sale U. S. 7 3-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

B. SEAMAN, Cashier.
ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - - - - - - - - $1,000,000 00
ASSETS - - - - - - - - - - - - - 1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - - - - - - - $1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865, - - - - - - - - 275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary. JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office, 161 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - - $200,000

WILLIAM B. DIXON, President.

JOSEPH W WILDEY, Secretary.

The National Park Bank of New York.

CAPITAL - - - - **$2,000,000.** | SURPLUS - - - - **$1,200,000.**

This Bank will issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing interest, on favorable terms.

J. L. WORTH, Cashier.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21, 1865.

Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,

BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

BROWN, BROTHERS & CO.,

56 WALL STREET,

Issue, in New York, Circular Credits for Travellers, available in any part of the world.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

SATURDAY, A.M.

THE Secretary of the Treasury caused to be published, on Monday last, an official statement of the public debt of the United States, as it stood on the 30th of September. The figures gave much satisfaction to the public, as showing not only a reduced total of indebtedness, but an inclination to curtailment in the volume of legal tender paper money. It also afforded evidence that the finances of the Government, within less than five months after the close of our great and expensive war, have become *self-supporting*—that the resources of taxation and customs are found equal to the current expenditures of the Government. No such result could have been anticipated so soon after the termination of hostilities. The previous belief was general that we could not settle up the war debt, and disband and pay off our great armies, and reduce our navy, under a total figure of three thousand millions of dollars. This, indeed, was rather a minimum estimate. The maximum predicted by the peculiar class of patriots known as croakers (both since the war, and in the midst of the terrible struggle) was not less than four thousand millions.

PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES, SEPT. 30.

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 30.
5-20s original	$514,780,500	$514,780,500
5-20s new	91,789,000	100,000,000
6 per cents, 1881	282,609,000	282,746,000
10-40s, 5 per cents	172,770,100	172,770,100
Old 6 per cents	19,339,592	19,339,592
Old 5 per cents	27,022,000	27,022,000
Total gold-bearing	$1,108,310,192	$1,116,658,192
7.30 per cents	$830,000,000	$830,000,000
6 per cents, compound	217,024,160	217,012,141
5 per cents, notes	33,954,230	32,954,230
6 per cent. certificates	85,093,000	62,899,000
6 per cent. stock to Pacific Road	1,258,000	1,258,000
Deposits on interest	107,148,713	115,885,749
Total currency-bearing	$1,274,478,103	$1,260,009,120
Greenbacks	$433,160,569	$428,160,569
Fractional	26,344,742	26,487,754
Requisitions	2,111,000	1,220,000
Total free of interest	$461,616,311	$455,868,323
Less on hand	*$88,218,055	*$88,977,230
Not free of interest	$373,398,256	$366,891,093
Debt past due	1,503,020	1,389,320
Total of all debts	$2,757,689,571	$2,744,947,726
Annual Interest in Gold	$64,500,596	$65,001,570
Annual interest in Currency	73,531,037	72,527,646

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 30.
*Currency	$42,782,284	$56,236,441
Gold and Silver	45,435,771	32,740,789
Total on hand	$88,218,055	$88,977,230

The publication of the above statement of the public debt was followed, on Monday afternoon, with a proposition from the Treasury Department to withdraw from circulation $50,000,000 (fifty millions) of interest-bearing legal tender notes by an exchange for United States gold-bearing 5-20s, at the rate of 103 per cent., full interest being allowed to the 17th November on the notes so exchanged or funded. The first impression in Wall Street and on the Stock Exchange, in regard to this proposal, was that it would rather tighten the money market by tempting out of circulation and out of the legal tender reserve of the banks the fifty millions sought to be funded on such favorable terms to the holders. But, thus far, no such effect has followed, although the banks at once notified about ten millions for immediate conversion. The money market continued in the same easy and cheap condition as before until Thursday, when the rates of interest were advanced by the demands of an upward speculation in railway shares at the Stock Exchange. The brokers are now paying 6 to 7 per cent. for money lent subject to call, in place of 5 to 6 per cent. as before.

The speculation referred to has been unusually violent, accompanied with wide fluctuations in prices for several days past, but without extending to Government stocks or advancing other securities outside the regular list of railway and miscellaneous shares.

The price of gold has been advanced about 3 per cent., advantage being taken in the Gold Room of the visit of the Secretary of the Treasury to the West, and the supposed absence of discretionary authority with other officials, in the meantime, to continue the sales of gold in the open market. We doubt whether this last calculation is well based, but there is no question that the large daily receipts in gold for customs must either impose the necessity for further Government sales, or else advance the price of gold from this absorption at the Treasury. It is found that the prepayments of the November gold interest are too gradual to qualify the continued large demand to pay into the Treasury for customs, which this week amounts to $3,500,000.

The trade of the past week has been moderately active in dry goods, and large in general merchandise and in the cotton line. The latest Liverpool advices have advanced the price of cotton to 50 to 52 cents the pound, and purchases for export are understood to be on an extensive scale. The receipts at this port the present week are 25,000 bales; the stock unsold about 125,000 bales; and the stock in the Southern ports, at last mail dates, fully 175,000 bales.

The foreign trade and customs duties, for the first quarter of the current fiscal year—July 1 to September 30, inclusive—at the port of New York, two months officially reported, and September in part estimated, show that the gold value of about *seventy-two millions* foreign goods has been marketed, and *thirty-six millions* customs duties paid upon them into the United States Treasury in gold. Estimating from the proportion of last year that New York transacts 72 per cent. of the whole import business of the country, the Government must have received *fifty millions* in gold customs for the first quarter, while the consumption of foreign goods for the same term is to the value of *one hundred millions.*

The associated banks in the New York Clearing House report as follows this week, compared with Sept. 1:

	Sept. 1.	Oct. 1.
Local capital	$9,535,665	$9,478,500
National	68,847,700	70,707,700
Total in Clearing-House	$78,383,365	$80,186,200
Loans	$211,394,370	$221,818,640
Specie	14,443,827	13,643,182
Deposits	180,316,658	183,830,716
Legal Tender	57,271,730	57,665,674
Circulation	8,509,175	10,645,697

RAILWAY SECURITIES.

The New York Central Company have closed out their 7 per cent. convertible bonds (for the Albany Bridge) at 103½ per cent.

Erie shares have fluctuated violently, in common with several of the Western roads. They have varied from 87½ up to 93 and back to 89 per cent.; New York Central from 95 to par and back to 98½; Reading, 115 to 118 and back to 116¼; Michigan Southern, 69½ to 85 and back to 79; Michigan Central about same as last quoted, 115 to 117; Pittsburg, 73 to 87 and back to 81¾; Rock Island, 106 to 113 and back to 110, ex 5 per cent. dividend; Hudson River, ex 4 per cent. dividend, is selling at 107½; North-west, 28¼ to 31 and back to 30; North-west Preferred, 62¼ to 68½ and back to 65¼. Market feverish, and declining at close of the week, after great excitement in Michigan Southern and Pittsburg.

UNITED STATES SECURITIES.

The 5-20s of both classes are now sold ex dividend. The value of this dividend in currency is equal to 4½ per cent. The old 5-20s are 103½ ex div., as against 107½ last Saturday, before the dividend was taken off. The new 5-20s are 101⅞ to 102 per cent. ex div., as against 106⅜ to 106½ on our last report before the dividend. The 6s of 1881 are 107¼ to 107⅜; the 5s

(10-40s) 94. There is a further small decline in the 7.30 currency loans to 98½. Compound interest notes are selling at 105½ to 106 for June issue of 1864; 105 for July; 104½ to 102½, August to December.

STATE SECURITIES.

Tennessees have advanced to 84 to 84½; Missouris steady at 77½; North Carolinas have advanced to 85 per cent.; Virginias rather neglected again.

MISCELLANEOUS SHARES.

Cumberland Coal has advanced to 48 to 47; Quicksilver to 53 to 52; Delaware and Hudson to 151 from 145; Atlantic Mail down to 140 and back to 142.

GOLD AND EXCHANGE.

Sales of gold during the week, 144⅛ to 149 to 146½; closing at 146½. Bills on London 109⅝ to 109¾ for gold.

SEPTEMBER R. R. TRAFFIC.

North-west Road, $930,315, against $669,604 in September, 1864. Michigan Central, $460,461, against $408, 444.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

It embraces among its regular or occasional contributors the following names:

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,
JOHN G. WHITTIER,
SAMUEL ELIOT (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford),
PROFESSOR TORREY (Harvard),
DR. FRANCIS LIEBER,
PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH (Oxford),
PROFESSOR CHILD (Harvard),
HENRY JAMES,
CHARLES E. NORTON,
JUDGE BOND (Baltimore),
EDMUND QUINCY,
PROFESSOR W. D. WHITNEY (Yale),
PROFESSOR D. C. GILMAN (Yale),
JUDGE DALY,
PROFESSOR DWIGHT (Columbia College),
PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS (Schenectady),
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REV. DR. MCCLINTOCK,
REV. DR. JOS. P. THOMPSON,
REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS,
REV. DR. BELLOWS,
C. J. STILLÉ,
HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,
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C. A. BRISTED,
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TERMS:—Six Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York or Brooklyn, Fifty Cents additional.

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130 Nassau street, N. Y.

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NEW STOCK.

RIBBONS, VELVETS, PLUSHES, SILKS, and SATINS.

Also BONNET MATERIALS of all descriptions.

FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

Particular attention is invited to this Stock, consisting of all choice and newly imported goods.

THE NEW SHAPES FOR FRENCH BONNETS AND HATS,
Just received per "Saxonia."

Dress Trimmings.

A fine assortment of new and choice goods, consisting of GIMPS, BALL FRINGES, CHENILLE FRINGES, GOATS' HAIR FRINGE; ORNAMENTS in new designs for DRESSES and CLOAKS: SILK CORDS, BLACK GUIPURE LACES; THREAD VALENCIENNES BLONDS; NEEDLE-WORK TRIMMINGS—new goods.

ALSO,
HAIR NETS and HEAD-DRESSES, fine FRENCH COMBS, BUCKLES, BELTS, COLORED VELVET RIBBONS, RICH PARIS FANCY GOODS, FANS, etc.

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Between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Streets.

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SUCCESSORS TO
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Importers and Jobbers of
DRUGS,
Indigo, Corks, Sponges,
FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, ETC., ETC.,
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Lecture-Room and Sabbath-School Settees
IN EVERY STYLE,
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BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

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MANUFACTURER OF DESKS AND OFFICE FURNITURE,
107 FULTON ST., near NASSAU ST., N. Y.

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Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains, prices $60, $75, $100, $125, $150, $175, $200, and $225. Factory and Warerooms, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

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1,600 HAMILTON STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
MACHINISTS', FOUNDERS', SMITHS' and BOILER-MAKERS' TOOLS.

SHAFTING, with Ball and Socket Bearings and Double Cone Vice-Couplings, admitting of the easiest possible adjustment.

A complete assortment of PULLEY and WHEEL PATTERNS, from which Castings or finished work will be furnished.

RAILWAY EQUIPMENTS, TURNING and TRANSFER TABLES, and PIVOT BRIDGES.

Sole Manufacturers and Licensees of
GIFFARD'S INJECTOR,
For Feeding Boilers.

WILLIAM SELLERS. JOHN SELLERS, JR.

FINKLE & LYON'S
IMPROVED
LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

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BOYNTON'S FURNACES.

Boynton's Brick and Portable Furnaces, Fire-place and Parlor Heaters, Kitcheners, Ranges, Parlor and Office Stoves, are warranted to give satisfaction. Send for circular.

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234 Water Street, near Beekman, New York.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first-class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.

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EMPIRE SHUTTLE MACHINE!

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250 Washington Street, Boston.

This Machine is constructed on entirely new principles of mechanism, possessing many rare and valuable improvements, having been examined by the most profound experts, and pronounced to be SIMPLICITY and PERFECTION COMBINED.

It has a straight needle perpendicular action, makes the LOCK or SHUTTLE STITCH, which will neither RIP nor RAVEL, and is alike on both sides, performs perfect sewing on every description of material, from Leather to the finest Nansook Muslin, with cotton, linen, or silk thread, from the coarsest to the finest number.

Having neither CAM nor COG WHEEL, and the least possible friction, it runs as smooth as glass, and is

EMPHATICALLY A NOISELESS MACHINE!

AGENTS WANTED where none are established, to whom a liberal discount will be given.

T. J. McARTHUR & CO.,
Manufacturers and Proprietors,
536 Broadway, N. Y.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH

B. T. BABBITT'S

Pure Concentrated Potash,

OR READY SOAP-MAKER.

Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

B. T. BABBITT,

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UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,

WITH COG-WHEELS.

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We also WARRANT IT THE BEST and most durable Wringer made. Over 200,000 have been sold, and each family can testify to its superior merits.

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"I heartily commend it."—REV. DR. BELLOWS.

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WHOLESALE

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

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FINEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES,
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20 PER CENT. BELOW BROADWAY RATES.
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The Week.

THE tone of the week has been political chiefly. The fall elections have begun, and the results of those at the North are in every way gratifying. On Tuesday, the 10th, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa went up to the polls. The majorities are, in round numbers, 25,000, 25,000, and 20,000 respectively, with the odds all upwards instead of the other way. In Pennsylvania, at least, as could not fail to be observed, the issue was really negro suffrage, since, however much it was declined by the Union party, the Democrats affirmed it to be the only question, and made what capital they could of it. So in Philadelphia, Morton McMichael was chosen mayor, to be sure by a reduced majority, yet against a rival who took pains to announce that he considered the admission of colored people into the street cars the first step toward all the horrors of negro equality. So we hope that the city virtually decided in favor of abolishing the present disgraceful treatment of an unoffending portion of its citizens. We hope not less strongly that Newark spoke for a purified and restored New Jersey when, on the same day with these great freedom-loving States, it reversed the rule under which it has labored for half a dozen years, and discovered a Union majority that seems destined for long life and power. The Virginia election on the 12th was orderly. What are called "eligible" candidates, that is, those who will not certainly be debarred from Congress by the test oath, were returned from most of the districts. The constitutional amendment, by which those who prominently participated in the rebellion are restored to the privilege of holding office, was, of course, "adopted by an almost unanimous vote." Gen. Humphreys' majority for governor of Mississippi amounts to 10,000, and his pardon has been sent him, though his very nomination was in defiance of the professed policy of the Government to exclude the disloyal from a return to public trust and station. The successful candidate for the court of appeals is an avowed opponent of negro testimony.

THE President's address to the colored regiment of the District on the 10th relieves him of the odium of being the willing leader of the "white man's party." He told his hearers and the race which they represented that they were not alien, but to the manor born, and he hoped that the capacity of our institutions for the assimilation of every human element would not be exceeded in their case, and that they would remain "a harmonious and permanent ingredient in the population." He called them his countrymen, complimented them for their services in the war for the national existence, and exhorted them to industry and education from the text that "liberty consists in the glorious privilege of work." The suffrage was not alluded to, but was an inevitable inference from the results proposed—one of which, to the horror of his Democratic admirers, was the making white men black, and black men white, with the recipe gratis.

THE correspondence between Grant and Sherman, which made its appearance last week, does great honor to both parties, and above all to Grant. His simple and honest soul never appeared to better advantage than in the few touching and manly lines in which he expresses his obligations to his two distinguished lieutenants. His English, too, is a marvel of directness and clearness. In this he has a great advantage over Sherman, whose more erratic genius leads him sometimes, when he gets his pen in his hand, to take little rhetorical flights which do not add to his reputation, and from which he occasionally comes down with a disagreeable flop. Whenever the history of the war comes to be written, there will certainly be nothing to record more creditable, not only to the men themselves, but to the age and society in which they were bred, than the relations which prevailed from first to last between the two greatest soldiers of the struggle.

THE colored people of Raleigh, who met in convention on the 29th ult., and drew up a petition to the Constitutional Convention and the Legislature which succeeds it, cannot be accused of having asked for more than they ought reasonably to expect. They set forth in simple and touching language the fact of their great transition from servitude to freedom, and their devout acknowledgments to the Creator for his merciful interposition. They admit the inevitable helplessness of their present condition, their inability to control legislation in their behalf, and their utter dependence "upon moral appeal to the hearts and consciences of the people" of North Carolina. Anticipating the not distant removal of Government protection, they pray these representative bodies —in the face of actual hardships from the avarice, perfidy, and inhumanity of many of their employers, formerly their masters—to enable them to work with assurance of good faith and fair treatment, to educate their children, to sanctify the family relation, to reunite scattered families, and to provide for the orphan and infirm. Such are their modest demands. Their only assertion is, that, loving the land and its people more than ever before, they mean to remain there unless forcibly expatriated.

IF our notion of the state of Massachusetts politics is correct, it appears that Gen. Banks is domiciled wherever he pleases—whether now a citizen of Illinois, now of Louisiana, or now, as in the beginning, of Massachusetts. At any rate, spite of the elaborate arguments to prove his non-eligibility to office, he has been nominated by the Republicans to Congress from the Sixth District, and of course will win his seat, to the chagrin of those who argued as aforesaid. Time will show which party was the wiser. Meanwhile it is matter of congratulation that the candidate has committed himself to such sentiments as these:

"I am in favor of granting the right of suffrage to colored men. I believe this measure to be necessary to the settlement of the affairs of this country, and have full confidence that it will be adopted. I urged this upon the Constitutional Convention of Louisiana in 1864, and in an address I delivered in New Orleans the 4th of July of this year."

There is something to be augured for the cause of equal rights when it is espoused by a man who always knows on which side his bread is buttered.

In reply to the South Carolina delegation which came on to solicit the pardon of Jefferson Davis, the President said, according to a brief and perhaps imperfect report of the *Tribune*, that "sometimes the peculiar locality had much to do with pardons," that "all could not be pardoned at once;" "the thing would have to be done gradually;" that "he would rather pardon twenty men than refuse one;" that "if treason was committed there ought to be some test to determine the power of the Government to punish the crime;" that "there should be a vindication of the Government and the Constitution, even if the pardoning power were exercised thereafter," and many other things equally luminous. We must confess our inability to interpret them with anything like confidence. As well as we can make out, however, the meaning of all this is that somebody will be tried for treason; that probably it will be Jefferson Davis; that all, however, will be pardoned, but gradually, little by little, to avoid shocks to the nervous system; that pardoning is a difficult art, and needs skill; and that the President is a merciful man, and likes pardoning, and that pardons have some occult relation with localities. We give this gloss for what it is worth.

Two measures looking to the peace establishment were promulgated on the 12th—a proclamation of the President revoking that of the 5th of July, 1865, which subjected Kentucky to martial law; and an order from Gen. Grant which reveals the policy of Government in regard to its standing army. This body, as was commonly expected, will be composed exclusively of the regular troops, both white and colored. The remaining volunteer regiments are to be mustered out as soon as practicable, and the others are already being assigned to various posts and forts throughout the country. Of course, colored garrisons will be kept only at the South.

They have set about procuring an equestrian statue of Col. Shaw for the adornment of the State House yard in Boston. We object to the site. If the work be botched, it will make three bad bronzes in one enclosure; and if it were as good as it ought to be, it would be out of place. The effigy would feel as uncomfortable between Mann and Webster as the prisoner who halted on the Bridge of Sighs betwixt the palace and the prison. The Webster statue is not to be over-ridden in this fashion. So let us see the monument planted on the Common—as yet devoid of art—or on Commonwealth Avenue, if that is preferred, along with Alexander Hamilton, set up by Mr. Lee's munificence.

Gov. Andrew, whom rumor would have appointed to the head of Antioch College, has accepted a very different presidency, of which it would be idle to disparage the usefulness. He has been secured by the American Land Company and Emigration Agency, whose object will be the development of the resources of the West and South, and which, from its financial constitution, seems likely to exercise a potent influence on the regeneration of the emancipated States. Col. Frank E. Howe is the vice-president and resident general manager in this city. Gov. Andrew will continue to make his home in Boston.

The war-drain has not prevented Wisconsin from increasing in population during the last five years. On the 1st of June, 1865, she reckoned 868,847 inhabitants against 775,620 in 1860; or, a gain of 93,227. She hopes for a million by the next census. The State treasury has disbursed $2,478,792 as extra pay to volunteers with families, and the contributions to the Sanitary, Christian, and other commissions have corresponded to those of other States. But, besides these outlays, the amount raised by towns and counties for sustaining the war, or mitigating the hardships of those left at home without adequate support, has been almost eight millions.

The Tennessee Legislature is inclined to hold the President to his earlier, rather than his later, views of the enormity of treason. A resolution introduced into that body on the 10th, which praised the Executive policy of restoring by amnesty the returned Confederate soldiers "to all the rights, privileges, and immunities of full and complete citizenship," was tabled, and the following laconic substitute passed by a large majority:

"*Resolved*, That we endorse the administration of His Excellency Hon. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, especially his declaration that treason shall be made odious and traitors punished."

The prosecution of the Street Commissioners before Gov. Fenton has failed to satisfy him of the soundness of the charges on which they were arraigned, and the case has been dismissed instead of the Board. The Comptroller is next on the docket, and to-day will have his first hearing at Albany.

Certain lights of the rebellion, to wit, John A. Campbell, of Alabama, John H. Regan, of Texas, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, George A. Trenholm, of South Carolina, and Charles Clark, of Mississippi, having duly applied for pardon, have been remitted by the President from close custody to the freedom of their respective States, under a pledge that they will abide therein and surrender themselves to answer any charges that may be preferred against them. The belief has found expression in the Boston papers that the ex-Vice-President will devote himself to a popular inculcation of his new views pertaining to the corner-stone of American institutions, among which the right of the colored man to vote is openly confessed. If a like result is to follow the unlocking of the rest of these distinguished traitors, there will be little objection to their delivery, and certainly less disposition to summon them to account hereafter. We would not pretend to estimate precisely the value of their parole, after the experience the nation has had with that article, at a time when they thought that their necks were not imperilled by violating, as now they are likely to be by keeping, their word of honor. Yet theirs will be a venial offence if they avoid the hangman by quitting the country; and if they are at a loss to know whither to flee, we would suggest that for them *ubi servitudo, ibi patria*—that is, they may choose between Brazil and Cuba, for Kentucky is out of the question.

A silly forgery, contrived by the Louisville *Democrat*, has obtained sufficient circulation to justify an exposure. It purports to be a correspondence between Secretary Seward, the governor of Massachusetts, and "Wm. L. Garrison." The secretary transmits to the governor the amended constitution of Mississippi, to ascertain if it is satisfactory to the State "which was the only 'anti-slavery' State when the Union was formed." The governor turns it over to Mr. Garrison to "reject or ratify it" at his "earliest convenience." Mr. Garrison examines the document carefully, and deems it politic not to demand as much as would be consonant with his "ideas," which appear to be to "prepare the negroes for amalgamation or extermination, and thus close up the great work for ever." It is not so astonishing that this stuff should be concocted as that it should be reproduced, as it has been, with even a doubt as to its true character. Mr. Garrison, for the rest, never signs his name except in full.

The guerrillas of whom we still continue to hear in the Southern States are not to be regarded as the unconquerable residuum of the rebellion. They may experience their keenest satisfaction when attacking, as they did last week in Mississippi, a Government train, or abusing, perhaps unto death, and despoiling such solitary Federal officers as happen to become their prey. But neither fidelity to oath, nor principle, nor the exactions of honor, neither Southern independence nor the preservation of slavery, is the motive of their warfare: simply plunder. We gave last week a picture of some of the disorders in Alabama from an officer of the Freedmen's Bureau. We learn, from private sources, of gangs which infest the water-courses of the same State, watching for the shipment of cotton, with a view to making a prize of it on its way down stream, and boarding not only rafts, but, in the instance within our knowledge, a steamer even, and, when foiled, firing upon the escaping boat with a dexterity acquired during the past four years. We are disposed, however, to credit the statement that the honest-minded rank and file of the Confederate armies are not found engaged in this sort of piracy, whatever may be their prejudices

against the freedmen. These enemies of their kind represent a class which had a necessary place in Southern society, but will not be tolerated under the new régime—the desperadoes and blacklegs who were convenient as the instruments of Lynch-law, when abolitionists were obnoxious, and who often enough were themselves deemed proper subjects for its application.

THERE has been no view advanced of the powers of the Government in reconstructing the rebellious States more radical than that of Gov. Brownlow in his address to the people of Tennessee, July 14. To quote his very words:

"It had a right to present just such a particular form of free government as was most adapted to the condition of the people, and to choose the means of setting it on foot. *If it had chosen the constitution of Kentucky or of Maine*, it is difficult to see what objection could have been made on constitutional grounds; but in deference to the tastes and habits of our people, it chose our own constitution, divested only of that feature which had caused all our sufferings."

This position the President is understood to reject, though he never specifically contradicted Gov. Brownlow. Gov. Hamilton has insisted in Texas that slavery and the black code were inseparable, and ceased to exist together. Gov. Marvin is teaching the same wholesome doctrine in Florida. Who would have expected to find Gov. Sharkey training in this company? Yet on the 18th of last month he wrote to Commissioner Thomas that the State Convention, which abolished the whole system of slavery, abolished, "as a matter of course, *any measure or policy which grew out of that system.*" If distinctions of color at the polls—as well as in the courts, to which the governor's argument is directed—were not an outgrowth of slavery, we should like to be told their origin. Latest of all, a justice of the peace took away a fowling-piece from a colored citizen of Alexandria, relying upon a prohibitory statute of Virginia. The Provost-Judge and the Major-General commanding the Department of Washington have notified the mayor that neither this law nor that which forbids colored people to be found on the streets after 10 P.M., under pain of arrest, will be enforced hereafter, and that the blacks and whites are to rest upon the same footing in respect of the rights of property and the freedom of their persons. We naturally enquire why the Executive, which either directly or through its subordinates says A, is reluctant and too scrupulous to say B? what greater violence is done to the majesty of the Southern States by making men equal before the jury-box than before the ballot-box? and what is the constitutional excuse which will cover one case and not the other?

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is the kindest of public men, and as sure of winning a high character for clemency as Julius Cæsar was when he pardoned everybody—and we hope the parallel will not hold good by his fall from blows delivered by the hands of his new friends, the enemy. The latest instance of his magnanimity is that afforded by the pardon of Gen. Humphreys. The general was a stout rebel, who had not been admitted to grace, and therefore was not qualified for office; but the chivalrous Mississippians, who care little for "the world, or the world's law," nominated him for the office of governor of their State, and elected him by a large majority. The President, to "make things square all round," instantly qualified the general by pardoning him, an answer to the defiance that he had received from the gallant repudiators for which, we must confess, we were not quite prepared. Really, when they saw what was the effect of their bold action, the Mississippians must have been vexed at the thought they did not nominate that suffering saint, Mr. Jefferson Davis, for the post of chief magistrate of their State. Had they but thought so to do, that eminent personage would have been in Mississippi at this time, helping to reconstruct that State—that is, if the course pursued in the case of Humphreys indicates the line that is to govern the President; and surely, as there can be no accessories in the crime of treason, but all who offend in that way are principals, there ought to be no difference in the treatment of the leaders in the late rebellion. Any gentleman, therefore, who was so mistaken in his ideas as to take an effective part in the rebellion, will have to get a nomination to office merely, in a sure State, to secure the remission of his sins. Such persons as George Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Mr. Mann, Mr. Breckinridge, and others, who are shy of showing themselves on American soil, must be cheered by what they see has been done, for it opens up the way to the safe return of such worthies to a country which they did their utmost to ruin, and which they hope to help ruin hereafter, on the "better-luck-next-time" principle. They can also see that treason is not a punishable offence, and rejoice accordingly.

THERE is beginning to be a great demand at the North for freedmen, without at present an adequate supply. The employment office in Washington is satisfying its applicants to some extent, but last week it received a requisition from Michigan for four hundred railroad laborers, at eighty-seven cents per diem and board, another from Maryland, for twenty-five, and still another (*mirabile!*) from Connecticut for the same number. Dr. Reyburn, chief medical officer of the Bureau for the District of Columbia and a part of Virginia, reports about 6,000 freedmen in Loudon County who are entirely self-supporting. Fairfax County has 3,000, with only twenty-five dependent on the Government. There are 8,000 in Alexandria, a large number of whom are now idle on account of the reduction in the force of the employees for the various departments of the army. The hospital has a few patients. Schools are numerous and flourishing, with a large attendance of adults and children. The mayors of Washington and Alexandria have signified their willingness to take charge of all poor colored people who were residents before the war. The number of sick and destitute who received rations last month in the District was 824, in a total freed population of 34,308. Two soup-houses, at the capital, established some time since, are feeding three hundred people daily.

Gen. Swayne informs the Bureau that the Alabama authorities last winter supplied 139,000 white persons with meal and salt for their subsistence. Some provision will have to be made by the general Government for this class, in order to prevent a great deal of misery and even actual starvation. A drought which has prevailed from the middle of July up to this date has destroyed three-fourths of the entire crop of the State, which has as little money as food. The freedmen's schools at Montgomery return 285, those at Mobile 631, scholars. Among the four hundred cases requiring medical treatment about one-tenth were of small-pox.

A normal school has been opened at Charleston with several hundred colored pupils. In Gen. Saxton's district there are a hundred and twenty teachers.

Gen. Fisk has broken up all the freedmen's camps and "homes" in his district, with the exception of Camp Nelson in Kentucky, and the inmates of that asylum are being rapidly distributed over the State. Those who have been thus dispersed have been mainly established in good homes in the country. The exodus from crowded cities and towns to farms has been large. "County and municipal authorities are required to provide for their own poor, care for their own sick, and bury their own dead." On the 2d of September, 979 persons were subsisted by Government in Tennessee: not one is a burden to-day.

Gen. Gregory has arrived in Texas, and established his headquarters at Houston.

Gen. Howard addressed the members of the North Carolina convention, and a numerous assemblage of the citizens of Raleigh, at the Capitol, on the evening of Thursday the 12th. He was on his way to South Carolina, in conformity with an order from the President, to bring about an amicable arrangement, if possible, between the blacks who were planted by Gen. Sherman on the islands and river plantations and the former owners of the property thus occupied, who are "earnestly soliciting the restoration of the same, and promising to absorb the labor and care of the freedmen." Gen. Howard has plenary powers in the premises.

Circular 18 of the Freedmen's Bureau, dated Oct. 6, 1865, relates to the issuing of subsistence stores to its hospitals, which are thoroughly assimilated to those of the army.

WHATEVER may be the amount of excitement in Great Britain concerning the Fenians, the movement evidently fills a considerable place in the mind of the reporter of the associated press, to judge from the foreign news budgets for the week. Perhaps he thinks he will find appreciative readers here. Affairs have proceeded so far that the prisoners,

including the editor and proprietor of *The Irish People*, have been brought before the police magistrates of Dublin for examination. The Queen's counsel disclosed the bloody intentions of the organization, and told of the extensive manufacture of pikes, the finding of revolvers and breast-plates, the intercepting of drafts from America, etc., etc. The Paris *Constitutionnel* improved its opportunity to thrust at the imperial ally across the Channel, on account of the summary suppression of the seditious print above named—"in sudden forgetfulness of the immunities of the press, without a jury trial, and *manu militari*," but "with that eminently practical spirit which characterizes the English, so that, promptly brushing theories and principles aside, they ran to the point in distress, struck, punished—and smothered the spark to avoid the conflagration." Far be it from us, continued this journal, to taunt a great nation with inconsistency; we only desire to remark that "the same evils call for the same remedies," and that if a temporary agitation like that in Ireland justifies such rigorous measures, absolute freedom of the press is impossible in France, where agitation is permanent. That this deduction was not relished by the liberal contemporaries of the *Constitutionnel* may be readily guessed, especially when they saw the article copied into the Thursday *Moniteur*—a number regarded as a sort of oracle. The cholera continues to make headway. Marseilles presented a novel spectacle during the nights of Sept. 19 and 20. By the advice of the physicians of the city, fires were lit in all the streets in the new as well as the ancient quarters, with the primary design of purifying the atmosphere, but with the natural effect of consuming a vast quantity of rubbish which would else have served to feed the pestilence. The scenes about these bonfires were highly animated, and the sombre thoughts of the populace were for a moment dispelled. On the 22d of last month the anniversary of the fatal émeute which attended the transfer of the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence was celebrated in the former city. By previous public arrangement a funeral service was held at the church of Gran-Madre-di-Dio, after which a procession of working-men, political societies, citizens, and others proceeded with draped banners and personal badges of mourning to the graves of the victims of the tumult. Speeches were delivered, and the programme was fully carried out; but, as the Government wisely refrained from interfering, there was no disorder. The *Avanguardia*, however, whose editors were prominent in the demonstration, and the *Unita italiana*, were seized at the post-office. No enterprise is so formidable as to discourage competition. The prospectus of "Allan's Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Company" (limited) has been published in England. The line selected is from Falmouth to Halifax, via Oporto and the Azores. For the construction of the line to Portugal the capital will be £150,000, in £10 shares. The cable used will be Allan's patent, among the advantages of which are reckoned its diminished size and weight, and the consequent ease with which it can be laid, together with a saving of one-third in the first cost, and a gain of one-half in working capacity.

The present year will probably be conspicuous for its meteorological and terrestrial phenomena, accompanied by pestilence among men and beasts. The summer season has been extraordinary on both sides of the Atlantic, and the continent of Europe, in the west and centre, has been the theatre of an unusual number of destructive tornadoes. On Sunday week San Francisco experienced its heaviest earthquake, of two main shocks, lasting half a minute, and driving the tide to its extremes of fulness and ebb. Sacramento, Stockton, San José, and Santa Cruz especially, were shaken simultaneously. As there is nothing without its uses, so this visitation will furnish data for calculating with more or less certainty its probable recurrence. This is what has been done in France by M. Fournet, in regard to the tempests of which that country has borne the brunt. From more than three thousand observations of the weather in the valley of the Saône, which cover a period of more than thirty years, he has deduced the periodicity of storms with considerable accuracy. Thus, he finds that winter is apt to be ushered in by a storm about the 2d or 3d of December, followed generally by a second on the 15th. The middle of January is marked by the quantity of rain and the flooding of the streams; and the winter goes out very often with as rude a blast as it came in. June 29th is famous for the violence of its thunder-claps. The 12th to the 18th of August is a period of constant bad weather, in spite of the Emperor's fête on the 15th; so that the "Assumption storms" are proverbial. We have only mentioned some of the leading dates, but the results of M. Fournet's investigations are so detailed that an inhabitant of the region referred to might prudently regulate his husbandry and his out-door engagements for every day of the year by them—not, surely, expecting to meet with no disappointments, but trusting in the long run to be seldom surprised to his detriment.

Petroleum is not only found in Russia, but has already attained no mean development, and promises large returns in the future. It abounds on the peninsula of Apsheron, in the Caspian, and near Lake Baikal in Siberia, and has just been discovered on the left bank of the Kuban River. It is also met in the same neighborhood on the peninsulas of Taman and Kertch, which are separated by the Straits of Enikale, the outlet of the Sea of Azov. Lastly, along the Volga, in Kasan, Simbirsk, and Samara, and even in Archangel, the oil makes its appearance. Kertch, Taman, and Apsheron have the only regular works. Four wells in the two former produced, from July, 1864, to July, 1865, nearly 200,000 litres of petroleum. In Apsheron there are 220 wells of white and black naphtha, which belong to the state, but are farmed out to private parties. The deepest wells furnish most oil. The working of them dates from an early period, but hitherto they have been of little profit. Now that refining processes are improved, and petroleum has leapt to such a rank among commercial products, new vigor will doubtless be manifested in this direction.

The invasion of France by English capital is noted as among the peaceable signs of the times. An English house has obtained the contract for constructing the railroad over Mount Cenis. It was granted only after experiments which themselves cost 500,000 francs. The capital is only eight millions, but is considered ample. A parapet separating the highway from the railway is to be built the entire distance. At certain well-known points the road is to be protected against snow-slides by a strong iron roofing.

Lamartine is writing for the Paris *Constitutionnel* a life of Lord Byron. He states in his preface that he had always suspected Moore's life of containing very little of the memoirs attributed to Byron himself, for burning which his friend and biographer has incurred severe reproaches. He now knows, from the person "for whom Lord Byron had no secret in his latter years," and who saw the memoirs confided to Moore, that they did not exceed a hundred pages of manuscript; and even if the handwriting had been less sprawling and careless than usual, there could not have been matter for two or three thousand pages of print. Lamartine concludes that the document consisted of notes and memoranda merely. A similar collection he found in the possession of the lady whose testimony he cites, and whose intimate acquaintance he enjoys. Other qualifications for his task he derives from having associated for many years in Florence with Captain Medwin, the first biographer of Byron, frequent meetings with Lady Blessington, and personal researches in Greece in regard to the brief campaign in which the poet perished.

There existed formerly in Paris, when her streets were not what they now are, an industrious class called gutter scavengers, whose business was particularly brisk after a heavy rain, that left uncovered small coins or pieces of metal that had a value at the junk-shops. A revival of this class has been occasioned by the extraordinary fall of the Seine, and its shoals and banks now swarm with explorers, who find much better pickings than the streets afforded. Sometimes jewels, sometimes objects precious for their antiquity alone, reward the laborious search, which is prosecuted with the greatest vigor at the outlets of the sewers. The opening chapters of "Our Mutual Friend" are said by the London *Daily News* to have been sketched from the life. The Thames employs many low characters in fishing for drowned bodies, which afford a revenue in one of three ways—either they are rifled and returned to the water, or are restored for a satisfactory remuneration to the friends of the deceased, or at the worst are turned over to the coroner for the sake of six shillings.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WISE WAITING.

"TIME and I against any ten others," once said the crafty Mazarin. And it is a self-confidence not unworthy to inspire a wise statesman as well as a cunning politician. Delays are not always dangerous, nor is procrastination necessarily the thief of time, in spite of the copy-book. Quite the contrary. Inactivity is often more masterly than action, and to wait as essential to success as to labor. Especially is this the case in great political crises—at those cardinal moments on which turn the destinies of a nation. For such delays are not necessarily consumed by idleness and sloth. If wise, they are alive with thought, anxious with forecast, busy with preparation. It is the patience of the husbandman biding the timely germination and growth of his seed, while carefully providing for the harvest that is to crown his waiting. Crime demands haste as one of the conditions of its success. The wise and prudent regulation of human affairs requires patience to discover and apply the eternal law, obedience to which alone can make them permanently prosperous and happy. "*Scelera impetu, bona consilia morâ valescere.*" The insurgent States had to be hurried into rebellion. The nation can afford to wait and well consider the conditions on which it will be safe for itself, or best for them, to receive them back into the family circle again.

Haste is the greatest danger of this most critical hour, and, as such, it is the one to be the most carefully guarded against. It is not unnatural that the President should wish to rehabilitate the States with which he is personally identified by birth and abode, and to see them again invested with the constitutional sovereignties, duly subordinated to the imperial Union, from which they had madly cast themselves down through the temptings of a wicked ambition. It is entirely in accordance with the nature of things that Democrats of the old school, who have been hungering in the cold for more than four years after the savory meat and the fat things that their souls love, should long for the joyful reconciliation which shall restore the old affiance between themselves and the South, and give them another chance to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. And it is comprehensible that certain of the Republicans should desire to hasten the time when the republic shall enjoy the glorious revenge of showing herself to her enemies, everywhere, strengthened by her conflict with those that sought her life, established in the fulness of her sovereignty over all her broad domain, glorious in her strength, and resplendent in her beauty—the time when the little lord (whose name we have forgotten) who declared in Parliament that "the republican bubble had burst" shall be compelled to acknowledge that it has come forth unharmed, even from the cannon's mouth, and when the great lord (whose name we all remember) who averred that the republic was "fighting for empire" must admit that, if she were, at least she has won it, and means to keep it. All this can be understood, but it is all argument for wise deliberation and against headlong haste.

It is right to learn of one's enemies, and there is no safer lesson than that which teaches us to do the very opposite of what they wish. Now there is nothing that Southerners so earnestly desire, nothing that their Copperhead allies, who did all they dared to help them when in red-handed rebellion, so impudently demand, as that they should at once be restored to all the political rights of which they stripped themselves, and to their full share in the direction of the government which they had failed, after four years of murderous and treasonous struggle, to destroy. We submit that the republic would suffer no detriment from the refusal of this request on the part of those whose duty it is to see that she suffers none. We affirm, on the contrary, that she would run most danger of detriment from thus putting herself into the hands, yet red with the blood of her best and bravest, of her bitterest enemies. We are well aware that this restoration must take place some day. But that day need not be to-day, nor yet to-morrow. Some purgatorial intermediacy should surely be interposed between souls just escaped from the hell of rebellion, and the paradise of power. We hold that repentance, a repentance not to be repented of, should go before absolution and perfect pardon. We believe in the conversion of sinners, but we are slow to believe in instantaneous conversions. Let fruits meet for repentance be first brought forth, and then let the repentant prodigals be restored to the rights of sonship and brotherhood, and not before. Time is essential for this, and time every man who regards either his country's honor and prosperity, or his own, should demand at the hands of Congress, as the one essential preliminary to a final amnesty and restoration.

The condition is assuredly not a hard one. In spite of the unprovoked nature of the rebellion, of the atrocities with which it was marked, of the mourning with which it has darkened almost every hearthstone, of the mortgage it has laid on the industry of the country for long years to come, there is absolutely no demand for vengeance, and scarcely any for justice. The magnanimity of the nation towards the men who are now crouching at her feet is without example in song or story. She says to them, with a sublime clemency:

> "——Kneel not to me;
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
> And deal with others better!"

But the last condition must be made imperative. They must deal better with others, their neighbors, black and white, and the stranger that may be within their gates, than they have ever yet done, and it must be made assured that they shall not deal worse with ourselves, before we re-invest them with power for evil as well as for good. And time must be given them to furnish this price of mercy. One year's, two years' suspension of national political rights! What a penalty for the gigantic crime which has crushed and maimed a million lives, and filled the land with widows and with orphans! No torturing punishments, no drawing and quartering, no skull on the city gates, proclaiming with "its bleak and mouldered jaws" the doom of a traitor, no statutes gleaning the refuse of the sword—nothing but a brief suspension of political rights until good conduct has proved that they may be restored with safety to the nation!

Ought reasonable men to ask for more? Can the nation with safety be satisfied with less? The greatest boon that can be granted to the people of the South for a season is rest from turmoil and excitement, protection against each other, assistance in removing from their soil the blight with which war, superinduced upon slavery, has cursed it. The rehabilitation of industry should naturally precede that of political rights. We believe that, outside of a small body of noisy political adventurers, the great mass of the Southern people would prefer national supervision and protection, for some time to come, to being left to the tender mercies of the men who have brought their calamity upon them. But whether so or not, if truly penitent, or even content to submit in good faith to the arbitrament to which they appealed, they should be willing and rejoiced to purchase peace and safety at so cheap a rate. But let the masses, white as well as black, think as they will, the old demagogues, or rather oligarchs, are beforehand with them. They intend having a full complement of senators and representatives on foot in Washington next December, ready to take their places in the Capitol, if bullying, cajolery, or bribery can open its doors to them. It is to be feared that a voice potential, "as double as the duke's," may be uplifted in their behalf. It will require great firmness and resolution on the part of the Republican majority to resist the influences that will be exerted to make them consent to their own defeat and the triumphal entrance of the enemy into the Capitol. Delay is now the chief hope for a righteous settlement of our national affairs. We think it should be labored more than any other point now at issue, even than the terms of reconstruction. They can wait until the time has arrived when a reconstruction that shall not be ruin shall be possible. Indeed, after the disgrace which the Republicans of Connecticut have brought upon themselves, it may be doubted whether this Congress, at least at this time, will be found ready to insist on the only terms of reconstruction compatible with national safety. But the Republicans may be made to see that no good end can be answered by suffering themselves to be swamped by a coalition of Copperheads and rebels,

while much may be gained by waiting the teachings and the influences of time. Give the nation but time enough and all will be well, while nothing but mischief and impotent repentance can come of headlong haste.

TUNIS AND THE UNITED STATES.

That a Tunisian ambassador should come to this country for the purpose of congratulating our Government on the suppression of the rebellion, and offering condolence on the assassination of our chief magistrate, is a circumstance that has an interest of by no means a common character. It takes the mind back some sixty years, when another minister from Tunis was brought to this country in an American ship-of-war, and who treated with our Government, in the name of his master, the Bey, on a footing of perfect equality. If difference there was, it was in favor of that respectable Mussulman, who condescended to negotiate at Washington instead of insisting upon all negotiations taking place in his tight little Regency. True, our Government, though it restored the Tunisian vessels that had been captured while endeavoring to break the blockade our naval force had established before Tripoli, positively refused to pay tribute to the Bey; and let us tell the youthful reader that this refusal was no such a light matter in the year 1805 as it appears to be in the year 1865. To plunder the commerce of Christendom, and to make slaves of all Christians, was the public law—which was nobly sustained by the public opinion—of High Barbary. A law so profitable to the Barbarians was not allowed to fall into desuetude, and there were Christian captives in all the Regencies, to the number of many thousands, at the close of the last century, when our flag began to appear peacefully on the ocean. In a short time the commerce of America grew to be important—and important not only to us, but to the owners and others interested in the corsairs of Northern Africa. Our vessels that went into the Mediterranean, or to ports that lie not far from Gibraltar, though outside of the Straits, became the prey of the Mussulmans, who treated us as their ancestors had treated the people of Spain and Italy centuries before. The effect was almost as bad on our commerce as we have seen produced from the operations of Messrs. Semmes, Maffit & Co. American slaves became very common in African towns, though not quite so common as a certain description of African slaves were in many American towns. Many good men began to believe that Providence had fallen into a mistake in allowing Americans to become slaves in Africa, when it had long been settled, terrestrially at least, that only the descendants of Ham were to be enslaved, and that Americans were specially appointed to profit from that arrangement. They could n't see the propriety of the change that was coming over the ordering of the world. While American Christians were wondering at what was going on, African Mussulmans were capturing our craft, and fine dividends were declared in Barbary at our expense. The cruising business went up. There was a lively demand for shipping. Naval stores ruled high, and quotations were most encouraging. Pious Mohammedans thanked Allah for the appearance of a new nation in the West, that new Evening Land which had supplanted the ancient one. They sincerely entreated him to send them more. But those Barbarians who were of a conservative turn of mind, and cautious, thought that the business might be overdone, and that there would be a glut of Yankees. While there was joy in Africa, there was dismay in America.

Let any one who is curious on the subject turn to files of papers that were published during the twenty years that followed the close of the Revolutionary war, and he will be astonished to see how great was the effect of those African depredations. For a long time our Government submitted to pay tribute to the piratical states and degraded itself in various ways before them. In 1796 a treaty was made with that high and mighty potentate, the Dey of Algiers, in which it was set forth that "the Government of the United States of America is not *in any sense* founded on the Christian religion." At the beginning of the present century it was determined to try the virtues of force against the corsairs; and the war with Tripoli forms one of the brightest passages in the history of our noble navy. But though the Tripolitans were vigorously chastised, our Government consented to pay money for the American slaves they had in their hands. This was in 1805, and our proceedings involved us in a dispute with the Bey of Tunis, who sent a minister to this country and asked for tribute. Encouraged by our successes over Tripoli, the Tunisian demand was refused, and without evil consequences. In 1815 we had war with Algiers, the Dey having refused even to sell Americans whom he had caused to be captured. Commodore Decatur soon brought him to terms, and since that time we have had no trouble with the deys and beys. Looking back to the times when Americans figured as chattels in the slave marts of Barbary, it is difficult to believe that such things ever could have been; and yet they were, and they affected the early literature of the country almost as deeply as Spanish literature of the sixteenth century was affected by the Mussulman depredations to which Spain was then subjected, even when Philip the Second was king, and though Lepanto had been fought and won. Had there been a Cervantes among the Americans who were carried into the ports of Barbary and there sold, we might almost have been glad at what had taken place, as it would have led to something new in literature.

The Tunisian gentleman who has come to this country in 1865 visits us under circumstances so different from those which his predecessor saw here in 1805-6, that sixty years seem totally inadequate to the change that has taken place. The seven sleepers, whose slumbers had lasted for almost two centuries, saw nothing more remarkable in the way of change than would be visible to one who had visited America in the days of Jefferson and repeated his visit in the days of Johnson. Such repetition is impossible, but an intelligent Mussulman is quite equal to noting the difference that there is between now and then in America. He will be able to understand that our system of government is no longer based on slavery; and he may feel an honest pride in the recollection that his country preceded ours by many years in the noble work of abolishing slavery, which was done by Tunis, we believe, in 1846 or 1847. The Mussulman community was in advance of the Christian nation, and that is an honor of which it cannot be deprived, though we may generously envy it the possession of that honor.

VERY LIKE A MISTAKE.

Some people fail in speech-making because they have nothing to say; others fail because they have too much to say; others, again, because, whether they have too much or too little, they are unable to say it. In which of these predicaments the President found himself on the memorable occasion of his addressing the First District of Columbia Colored Regiment, in front of the White House, we find it difficult to determine. By his own emphatic declaration he had nothing to say. "My object in presenting myself before you is simply to thank you." "I repeat that I appear before you on the present occasion merely to tender you my thanks." "I repeat, I have but little to say." And the reason assigned for this poverty of ideas is the very extraordinary one that his theme is entirely new, his opportunity is fresh, the occasion has had no chance of becoming trite. "I have but little to say, it *being unusual* in this Government, and in most other governments, to have colored troops engaged in their service." The man who has nothing to say because he ought to have so much, may fairly be classed among the vacant-minded reticents. But Mr. Johnson is not one of these either, for words drop from his lips as if the fulness of his heart forbade their staying in, which hint at thoughts too big for utterance from a balcony. "This is your country as well as anybody else's country." We pardon the grammar for the sake of the syntax. "This country is founded"—we presume the President means the Government or the political system of the country—"is founded upon the principles of equality, and at the same time"—he means, probably, for this reason—"the standard by which persons are to be estimated is according to their merit and their worth." "One great question has been settled in this Government, and that is the question of slavery." "True liberty has been established on a basis more permanent and enduring than heretofore." "It is our duty to try and discover what those great laws are which are at the foundation of all things, and, having discovered what they are, conform our actions and our conduct to them." Words like those are germs of great orations, such as then and there could not be delivered. The speaker was holding himself in to the dimensions of

time and space. His task was not to say too much, and incoherence was the result of his attempting to perform it. But they who would put the President in the third category will not be without their reasons. The following passage would give color to their suspicion that he suffered from his inability to say well what was in his mind:

"The United States has lifted its strong arm in vindication of the Government, and of free government, and in lifting that arm and appealing to the God of battles, it has been decided that the institution of slavery must go down. This has been done, and the Goddess of Liberty, in bearing witness over many of our battle-fields since the struggle commenced, has made her loftiest flight, and proclaimed that true liberty has been established."

To us neither of these explanations of the Presidential harangue is quite satisfactory. It is unaffectedly honest; it is natural; it is simple; it is hearty; it is kindly, sensible, and wise. The speaker had a great deal to say; but he seems to have been laboring under some singular hallucination in regard to the class of people he was addressing. After reading the speech through, we turned back to make sure that it was a black regiment that had paid him the compliment of a salute. Every paper in which the speech has been mentioned asserts that it was delivered to the Frst Black Regiment of the District of Columbia; on1 his point there is no dissentient voice. But either the editors were misinformed, or the President was under some kind of illusion. Perhaps it was late in the afternoon, and so dark that the complexion of the men could not be distinguished. Perhaps the black visors of their military caps were taken by the speaker to be the cause of the shadow that rested on their faces. Whatever the ground of his mistake may have been, a mistake there clearly was, for it is evident that the President supposed he was addressing a regiment of whites composed of that class to which he himself at one time belonged, and from which he released himself by such incredible efforts of his manly will.

This is a matter on which our mind cannot entertain the faintest shadow of a doubt. The speech itself is conclusive on the question. We will quote a few passages to show that the orator must have presumed that the troops before him were of the Southern white variety: "You have observed, no doubt, that for him who does his duty faithfully and honestly there is always a public judgment that will appreciate and measure out to him his proper reward." If the President said that wittingly to a company of black men, he must have said it with a great deal of laughter in his sleeve or a great deal of sarcasm in his tone—neither of which we will credit; for the negro whose observation of life could teach him that, has not yet made his appearance on the planet. But it was a timely saying for white men, who certainly have discovered, without much observation either, that amnesty, pardon, and abundant restoration of estate, were ready for those who exhibited the most alacrity in returning to their old duty to the Government. This is a fact that lies patent to all observation—probably to that of the negroes also, though to them it would hardly be as consoling as the orator designed.

We pass to another point. The President urges, with some repetition, on his audience, that "upon the return of peace and the surrender of the enemies of the country, it should be the duty of every patriot and of every one who calls himself a Christian to remember that with the termination of the war his resentment should cease, that angry feelings should subside, and that every man should become calm and tranquil, and be prepared for what is before him." We have heard much of the anger that still seethes and flames at the South, of the sparks of malignity that will not die with the rebellion; but thus far these glowing embers have been discovered in white bosoms; and the objects of hate are the black people, and particularly the black soldiers, who have done such good service in putting the rebellion down. They are the persecuted party, and the wonder about them is that they bear their persecution so meekly. The President's advice is admirable. It is simply a pity that some person by did not tell him that the men before him were not the men he took them for, and that possibly his remarks might seem to them not exactly pertinent to the occasion. The speaker would of course have been glad to correct a mistake which, harmless as it was, could not fail to produce a disagreeable impression. His kindly nature must have been wounded since, on discovering the inadvertence into which he had been betrayed.

The suggestion, very pointedly reiterated, that "liberty is not a mere idea—a mere vagary;" that when his hearers "come to examine this question of liberty, they will not be mistaken in a mere idea for a reality;"—this suggestion, we submit, could have been intended for the benefit of those—of all those and of those only—who hold that liberty is "a mere idea, a mere vagary," and those are the great mass of the Southern whites. To the blacks liberty is a supreme reality, an absorbing and celestial reality. They pray with heart and hand that it may not be "a mere idea, a mere vagary," as many of them begin to fear it will be. Let liberty mean something to us! is their cry. It has been the dream of ages, let it now become a fact! We are willing to make it so if the superior race is willing. We wait their pleasure, not they ours.

We have already vindicated, we think, our theory of the President's harangue, that it was made in the understanding that a regiment of Southern whites stood before him. But the point is so interesting that we will push our illustrations a little further. "Liberty does not consist in idleness," the orator goes on to say. "Liberty does not consist in being worthless. Liberty does not consist in doing all things as we please. Liberty consists in the glorious privilege of work." Admirable doctrine! Worthy of a President of the United States, and especially fine as coming from a man who had honored work, and whom work has honored as it honors few. How his heart must have beat with satisfaction while he enforced it, as he supposed he was doing, on a company of men who had been, we cannot say educated, but reared in habits of idleness and sloth—in the idea that work was degrading, in the notion that soldiering and hunting were the only work a gentleman could perform; to whom liberty did mean precisely the privilege of doing just what they pleased, even to the buying and selling of their fellow-creatures, and who, instead of being willing to enter into the new system, which meant fair work and fair wages for all without distinction of color, were complaining that the strong necessities of labor were to be put upon them. And how sad the good man must have felt when he learned that the brave words which he intended should have stirred up his soulless fellow-citizens of Tennessee did actually fall on the ears of men who did pretty much all the work that was done in the States recently in rebellion, who were the working class there, who were then clamoring for land to work on and for tools to work with, who were maintaining themselves and their families while their white neighbors were subsisting on the Government, and who, in many cases, had laid up money for the purchase of farms and stock, and the extension of their industry.

And yet this injustice was small in comparison with another that would have been done if the President had really known that he was addressing black soldiers, for he proceeds to warn them solemnly that "liberty does not mean simply to resort to low saloons and other places of disreputable character;" that "liberty does not mean that people ought to live in licentiousness." We would not seem to intimate that black soldiers as well as white soldiers, as well as all the people for that matter, might not do wisely to heed such a lesson as this. But why the black people peculiarly? Do the black people in Tennessee support the saloons, the dance-houses, the gin-shops, the gambling-hells, and other disreputable institutions? Are intemperance and lasciviousness distinguishing vices of them? Are they above all others infamous for their disregard of the marriage bond? If they are culpable in all these points, as doubtless they are, we should ask, Who taught them? Who set them the example? Who, in multitudes of cases, are directly answerable for their iniquity by compelling them to concubinage? These are painful questions to put, and we will put no more. President Johnson is one of the kindest of men; and, in our judgment, there would have been great unkindness in deliberately charging all these enormities on poor people who had been more sinned against than sinning—who, in so far as they were degraded, were the victims of a social order which they had had no hand in creating—and who can do little or nothing for their own moral regeneration in the future until the superior class encourage them to pursue a better course of life. This superior and corrupting class consisted of the men who lay fairly open to the President's earnest admonition, and there can be no doubt that he meant to address himself to that class primarily if not exclusively. That he has missed the opportunity of doing so is a great misfortune.

THE GASTEIN CONVENTION,

by which Austria and Prussia endeavored to settle the question of the disposition that shall be made of the Duchies wrested from Denmark, has given offence to everybody but the high contracting parties. Russia avows her neutrality, which is a civil way of condemning what was done. France speaks out very plainly in condemnation of a course that is really a condemnation of her mode of settling matters when territory is to be disposed of. England, through Earl Russell, flatly rebukes the two great German powers, and upholds the right of the people of the Duchies to have something to say when their countries are disposed of—a doctrine that finds more favor in England in 1865 than it found in 1815, when the robbers and jobbers who constituted the Congress of Vienna did as they pleased with the many millions of men whom the event of war had placed in their hands. But the most bitter complaints proceed from Holstein, one of the countries so cavalierly used by the conquerors of the Danish forces that sought to hold the Duchies. Members of the Holstein Estates have addressed the Federal Diet in strong terms. After describing what their hopes had been, because of the victories of the Austro-Prussian armies, they proceed to say that they have been bitterly deceived; and they make a formidable bill of indictment against those who came to their relief, but only to substitute one tyranny for another, the second being worse than the first. They show that the deliverers have done what was not done under the Danish rule: they have not allowed the Estates to assemble, and make known the wants of the people, and express their sentiments concerning matters in the settlement of which they have the deepest interest. "Nearly a year has passed since the Vienna peace," they say, "but the Duchies are still without their legitimate sovereign, and without a representation of the country summoned to co-operate in shaping their present and future. . . . The land has not yet been heard since it passed into German hands. Its boundaries have been altered, different governments have been given it in rapid succession, violent attacks have been made upon its administration and the hitherto existing order of its institutions, and its financial means have been disposed of; but it has not been considered necessary to take the sense of its representatives." A gloomy picture enough, and a correct one; but what good is anticipated by the worthy Holsteiners from sending their complaints to the Federal Diet? That respectable body has very little more power in Germany than the Canadian Parliament has in the United States. It cannot prevent Austria and Prussia from doing as they shall think proper in disposing of the Duchies, those powers having invariably treated its suggestions with contempt, and acted with reference only to their own interests and ideas. Could the Diet do anything, it would speedily settle a matter that has troubled a large portion of the world for centuries; but the Diet is as powerless as the Duchies themselves, and for the same reason: because bayonets are at the command of the Austrians and Prussians. The dispute has been an affair of strength from the beginning of its present phase. The Germans were too strong for the Danes, the Austrians and Prussians being Germans so long as the Danes were unsubdued, but falling back into what may be called their normal state so soon as the Danes had been driven out, and the question came up, "What shall be done with this rich spoil?"

If there was anybody in Germany who supposed that Prussia acted from any other motive than the promotion of her own interests, as those interests are understood by Count Bismarck, all we can say is that there must be some very simple people in that fine country. Whether Prussian policy be commendable or condemnable, there can be no doubt as to its plainness. It has been steadily pursued for centuries, with a regard for the unities that would have charmed Mr. Curdle, had that gentleman ever directed his studies to the history of politics. There is "a sort of a general oneness" in her policy that has its merit, though persons of a moral turn of mind have sometimes found occasion to condemn some of its details. Prussia has got possession of Lauenberg, but that is merely by way of lunch. She means to dine on the Duchies, and evidently she expects that Austria will serve them up to her, after such exhibitions of coyness as may be thought necessary to save the proprieties. But what is Austria to have in return for helping Prussia to what she wants? That is the question which puzzles the observer. That she is giving her aid gratis is not to be believed. That is not the way they do business at Vienna; and least of all would they do it for the advantage of Berlin, were liberality and magnanimity their rules of action in ordering their foreign policy. Austria, like Lovegold, must have something solid, or she will never allow Prussia to grow in territory, and increase in numbers, at the expense of Germany. But in arranging that matter, which demands arrangement so pressingly, the two powers may chance to afford to Napoleon III. an opportunity to demand a rectification of the French frontier on the side of the Rhine; and this it is that gives a world-wide interest to the whole subject, and compels men to look at it, even while admitting their inability to understand its true merits. France cannot sneeze without moving the world, and German snuff may set her a-sneezing in a very alarming manner.

A NEW DANGER TO THE SOUTH.

THE *World* last week devoted two columns to an attempt to show that if the negroes get the franchise they will inevitably turn Mormons, and establish polygamy. In support of this startling prediction it cites the last census report, Malte Brun, Dr. Livingstone, and Dr. Draper. The census report asserts that there is a great deal of licentiousness amongst the blacks in America. Malte Brun says there is a good deal amongst the negro savages in Africa, and that they are addicted to fetichism. Dr. Livingstone says that, like the Greeks and Romans, they mingle debauchery with some of their religious ceremonies. Finally, Dr. Draper says that the "African ideas" are still "in the blood" of the American negroes. Ergo, if you enfranchise them, Mormons they will become.

This is startling; but there is another danger on which the writer has not treated, and that is the risk of the Southern negroes becoming Mohammedans and cannibals. We are sorry that some Democratic journal has not taken this subject up, as we are unable to devote the space to it that it deserves. The idea may seem absurd to some people, but we challenge examination for it. The arguments in support of it are numerous and powerful. Foremost amongst them is the fact that there is already a large body of colored Mussulmans whom our war has made acquainted with the suffering condition of their race in this country, and who have the usual Mohammedan enthusiasm for the propagation of their faith. That Mohammedan fanaticism has died out, nobody will pretend who recalls the Syrian massacres of 1859–60, and who is acquainted with the character of the present Sheikh-ul-Islam. The feelings of this dignitary towards the Southern whites are, we trust, too well known to our readers to need description from us; and everybody who has watched the current of events in the East is well aware that the Mohammedan virus has grown in Asia and Africa in the ratio of the decline of the Ottoman power in Europe.

We may imagine, therefore, what the effect would be of the appearance amongst the excited and mobile "hands" of the Southern plantations of a few colored Mussulmans preaching the Koran, polygamy, and death to the "giaours." The man who doubts their success must be a very strange sort of person. "What," as Dr. Draper says, "does the inexorable hand of History write?" Did not a large portion of the civilized world once succumb to these same terrible propagandists, and what is there about the negro, we may well ask, to warrant us in supposing that he would resist agencies before which the Greeks, the Macedonians, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and Persians fell? What could be more attractive, also, to a licentious race than a creed which permits each man to keep as many wives as he can afford to support, and, in the case of extravagant and unscrupulous persons, of more than they can afford to support, and which in the "dancing dervishes" and "howling dervishes" provides an institution in which the negro love of extravagant and uproarious worship can be fully gratified? And does anybody suppose that the appearance here of the ambassadors from Tunis, the most fanatical of Mussulman states, at this particular juncture has no significance?

The subject of the probable establishment of cannibalism at the South, in case the suffrage is conferred on the blacks, is one which we approach with great reluctance. Malte Brun has not touched upon it; the census report is silent about it; and it is not amongst the horrible things which Dr. Draper believes to be very likely

to occur. But if anybody supposes that we derive all our information as to negro weaknesses and tendencies from these sources, he is greatly mistaken. The disgusting nature of the subject, and the inability of most of our readers to read Greek and Latin with ease and fluency, must form our excuse for withholding the authorities on which we rely in this matter for the present. When the proper time comes we shall reveal them, and shall also produce an *à priori* argument, which we are at present preparing, which we flatter ourselves will be found to be unanswerable, that the well known love of the negro for tender meat—a vice which has been remarked by some of the most accurate philosophic travellers—is capable, under certain social and political conditions, of being developed into a craving for white babies, and that this craving he would, if once in possession of the franchise, embody in legislation in those States in which his race was in a majority, by exacting tithes of their offspring from white mothers. The horror which the very name of negro suffrage inspires in so many of our Southern brethren is doubtless due to their knowledge of the existence of this taste amongst the colored population, but which, with that dignified reserve which has always marked their language when touching upon negro frailties, they for the present refuse to reveal.

DROUYN DE LHUYS ON SPOLIATION.

Diplomatists must have bad memories, or they must suppose that all other men have them, for they write as if the most common transactions were unknown to the world at large. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in that diplomatic circular in which he cuts up the Gastein Convention, states that the arrangement made by Austria and Prussia for a division of the spoil torn immediately by their armies from Denmark, has no other foundation than force, and that its sole justification is the convenience of the spoliating parties, who have spoiled the people of the Duchies, Denmark, and Germany. "This," says the French minister, with as much gravity as if he thought he were imposing upon all the world without the least danger of being detected—"this is a practice to which Europe has now become unaccustomed." There is nothing to be said in defence of the action of the allies, but they have done nothing more than was done by France in Italy, after the conclusion of the Italian war, the governments of those countries consulting nothing but their own convenience when Savoy and Nice were annexed to the French Empire, a piece of annexation that gave as much offence in certain quarters as that which has followed from the annexation of Lauenberg to Prussia. France "realized" Savoy and Nice simply because she had several hundred thousand bayonets to establish her claim to them; and Prussia gets hold of Lauenberg in exactly the same way. Mr. Carlyle tells us that "the only real treaties are a well-trained army and your treasury full," which cynical sentence, if not true as a rule, is certainly true as of Prussian practice. Prussia has a well-trained army, and a treasury which, if not full, is respectably furnished, which is more than can be said of most European public chests. Having men and money, and opportunity to use them in the business of territorial acquisition, it is the most natural of all things for the Prussian Government to employ them as it has employed them—just as Napoleon III. made use of his soldiers and the money he borrowed of his subjects to effect something in the way of obtaining her "natural boundaries" for France. The wonder is, that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs should be so blind to the folly of reproaching Prussia for doing what has been done by France herself, Italy helping her in much the same fashion that Austria aided Prussia. At Berlin they have small pretensions to saintliness; but it does not lie in the mouths of the sinners of Paris to reproach them for their fallings away from grace.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys tells the allies, through his circular, that "violence and conquest pervert the notions of right and the consciences of nations." Not the least doubt of the truth of this piece of commonplace can be so much as hinted; but how happens it that this profound moralist—and that yet greater moralist, his Imperial master—should be engaged in organizing violence in Mexico and in striving to conquer that country? Whose notions of right and whose consciences were perverted by the French invasion of Mexico, and the waging of war against Mexicans by French soldiers, whose presence there is the sole sustaining power of Maximilian's throne? Bad as the King of Prussia's conduct may be considered, it is decent and honest when compared with what the French Emperor has done in Mexico. William I. has violently added a German duchy to a German kingdom; and though he has broken his word to do this, it does not follow that the Lauenbergers will be any the worse for his action—and it is the people's welfare that deserves most to be considered in all transactions like that in which the Prussian monarch has engaged. Napoleon III. has sent French soldiers to a land that is four thousand miles from France, and the population of which bear no resemblance to Frenchmen; and these soldiers are to be "the best of cut-throats" in the worst of causes: they are to kill, or to be killed, in order that their Emperor may establish a claim to some portion of Mexico on the man who had received it all from him, nominally, though he had no right to dispose of a Mexican acre. His career of "violence and conquest" in Aztec land, it must strike most men, is as much worse than that of William I. in Germany as accidental homicide is worse than deliberate murder. It is not impossible that the Prussian sovereign has been forced to the line he has adopted by circumstances; but we know that the French sovereign coolly attacked Mexico, and that he meant to be paid for attacking her by compelling her to cede to him a portion of her territory. His violence is perfect—his conquest is not so clear or certain.

MR. GREELEY ON THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

Rash writing often involves the writer in trouble and brings annoyance to his friend. Ill-considered printing, by reason of its greater publicity, is far more embarrassing in its consequences to the printer, and, if he be a representative man, may seriously damage the cause with which he is identified. For four years Mr. Greeley has had practical and very unpleasant experience in this. At the outset of the rebellion, before the war of words was silenced by the roar of a more dreadful artillery, Mr. Greeley amazed his old Whig associates, whose political text-book was Webster's reply to Hayne, by conceding, in the editorial columns of the *Tribune*, that the Southern States had as good a right to dissolve the Union in 1861 as the American Colonies had to sever their connection with Great Britain in 1776.

Since that unfortunate concession, neither Southern rebels, nor Northern sympathizers, nor personal enemies, have permitted Mr. Greeley to rest, and it is doubtful that he will hear the last of it during the term of his natural life. Vice-President Stephens, in his application for pardon, defended the action which made a pardon necessary by appealing to the *Tribune*. Secession editors found in its files texts for any number of leading articles. Copperheads who opposed the war were supplied with their sharpest weapons in the words of the editor. The hardest blow dealt his antagonist by Thurlow Weed was a simple reference to the opinions of the former, avowed at a time when the heresy of State rights should have been exposed and denounced by the friends of the country in the strongest language. It is perhaps not too much to say that nothing uttered by any unofficial person so hurt the cause of the Union as this concession by one whose unreserved devotion to that cause is undoubted.

As a rule, Mr. Greeley submits silently to the consequences, but has recently encumbered his otherwise admirable letter to the Wisconsin Republicans with an explanation. After quoting the declaration of "self-evident truths," he says:

"This statement—though its precise words are Jefferson's, endorsed by John Adams, Franklin, Hancock, and their compeers—is a condensation of the political faith of John Hampden, Algernon Sidney, Milton, Locke, and all the great confessors and martyrs of Anglo-Saxon liberty, as reproduced in the fervid eloquence of James Otis, Warren, Patrick Henry, and their compatriots. If it is not sound and just, then my grandfathers were both forsworn rebels and traitors, and the American Revolution a successful crime. If it *is* true, who shall say that 'ten millions of people,' inhabiting eleven States, may not invoke it, as rightfully as three millions of people inhabiting thirteen colonies?

"For my part, I stand by the faith and the fame of my ancestors. I deny that any State has a constitutional right to secede from the Union, any more than a county has to secede from a State; but I affirm the right of a people to frame and alter their political institutions according to their calm, delib-

erate judgment and collective sense of what is due to their own safety and well-being. This doctrine has been re-affirmed in our day by John Quincy Adams, Abraham Lincoln, and other discerning, conservative thinkers, no one dissenting or demurring.

"I *did* propose, in strict accordance therewith, that the Southern people, after full and fair discussion, should decide, by an open, popular vote, the question of Union or Disunion. I believed that they would, by a large majority, vote to stay in the Union; and I have now no shadow of doubt that they would have done so. Most surely, they *did* give a large majority for the Union in the elections held by them during the winter of 1860–61; as they had given, the November previous, in the Presidential contest. And the arrogant precipitancy wherewith the oligarchy of South Carolina hurled their State into secession, refusing to wait for any show of consultation or co-operation, with the kindred refusal in most States to submit the ordinance of secession to a popular vote, showed clearly that the conspirators were fully aware of the truth. In fact, they opened fire on Fort Sumter precisely because they found it impossible to maintain in peace even the appearance of popular support. 'You must sprinkle blood in the faces of the Southern people,' urged one of them; and his ruthless counsel was followed."

Perhaps the impracticability of Mr. Greeley's plan is a perfect answer to his argument. He shows plainly that in the rebellion of 1861 the popular voice was not regarded and the popular will was powerless. In the nature of things, could it have been otherwise? Movements such as that which culminated in secession are not of the people. They are controlled by a few bold and dexterous leaders, who, so far from shaping their actions by the will of the masses, mould that will to their own designs. They appeal to the emotions rather than to the reason of the people, and the latter, highly impassioned, instead of calmly passing judgment on the original question, are carried on the top wave of excitement far beyond it. This was true, in a measure, of our own Revolution—in no other particular resembling the slaveholders' rebellion. When the colonists first protested against the injustice of the British Government and prepared to enforce their rights, independence of the crown was contemplated by very few of the people. Even while the great Declaration was under debate, had the question of its adoption been submitted to the popular vote, the result would have been at least doubtful. But the impetuous harangues of orators, the exciting language of the press, and, lastly, the stirring words of the Declaration itself, bore down the opposition.

But, admitting that a fair vote of the people of the Southern States on the question of secession could have been had, we deny its binding force. The people of a State can no more vote it out of the Union than the people of a county can vote it out of the State, and for the same reason. New York County cannot vote itself out of the State, because the rights of the people of Kings, and Oneida, and St. Lawrence, and other counties are involved. South Carolina cannot vote herself out of the Union, because the rights of the people of New York, and Massachusetts, and Ohio, and other States are involved. Even had Mr. Greeley contended that the votes of the people of the whole Union ought to decide whether it should be dissolved, his position would not have been impregnable. The right of revolution is fully recognized in this country at least. Whether that right may be exercised in a particular case is a moral and political question that cannot be decided by a vote at the polls. Majorities can be had for the wrong as well as for the right—as Connecticut has just conclusively proved. The people of a State, under the influence of ambitious and reckless leaders, might inaugurate a wicked rebellion, as in 1861: under the guidance of pure patriots they might achieve a righteous revolution, as in 1776.

The weakest point in Mr. Greeley's position is found in the fact that, like the sages of the *London Times* and *Saturday Review*, in deciding upon the justifiability of an attempt at revolution, he treats the motives of those who inaugurate it as of no consequence. He asserts in substance that a desire to revolt is all that is necessary to make a revolt lawful. This, with all respect be it spoken, is simply twaddle. There is no support to be found for any such doctrine in any system of ethics or in the practice of any Christian state. In order to justify even an attempt at revolution, its instigators and conductors, whether they form a majority or minority, must show not simply that they have a good chance of succeeding, but that they have grievances such as the conscience of the civilized world will recognize as grievances, and which there is no possibility of redressing except by an appeal to force.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM "A YANKEE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

You, among others, have done me the honor of making a letter of mine, published in the London *Spectator* of August 26, the subject of repeated comment. I am, I trust, not quite so unwise as to attempt to argue down adverse criticism, and the editor of The Nation is, I am sure, not so unfair as to wish to gain a point by misrepresenting a writer whose statement he seeks to invalidate. I therefore attribute to inadvertence and excitement some errors on your part in regard to the letter in question which I beg leave to correct.

The first is a statement, more than once made, and repeated to-day, that I said that "the best people of the North hold the negro in 'unutterable loathing.'" You are quite in error; I said no such thing. I mentioned a single instance in which a gentleman, known to me as a benefactor of that race, and, as I am, an ardent advocate of their unconditional and well secured freedom, used that phrase to express his personal feeling toward them. But what I did say was, that the mass of the people here had "an antipathy to social contact with the negro." If The Nation means to deny the truth of this statement, I certainly shall not sustain it by argument or evidence. In the assertion, too, that I spoke of "the 'awful' gulf of separation which exists between the two races in this country," the word "awful," which, in my judgment, gives that clause its character, does not appear in my letter. And if The Nation means to deny that there is a gulf of separation between the races in this country, I shall only wonder why its conductors expend so much money and ability in building a bridge over solid ground.

But were it not for the following paragraph in your article of October 28, in which you have thought it proper to attribute motives to my letter, and to deduce from them an estimate of my personal tastes and sympathies, I should not trouble you with this communication. You say of "A Yankee" that "his letters have all been more or less marred by his attempting to secure English sympathy for the free States in the late struggle by showing the existence here of strong aristocratic or caste feeling, and by making out Northern society very much less democratic, and far more 'genteel,' than 'good society' in London has been pleased to imagine it. He has evidently supposed that if he could prove that we had not departed so very far, after all, from the great British model, that we still retained a class to be despised and a class to despise it, the English public would at once recognize the wrong it had done the North, and fall upon its neck and blubber out its sympathy. This, in our opinion, was a great mistake, though one into which it was not unnatural for a writer who evidently himself winces under democracy to fall."

Now I wish to say very distinctly that the letters in question were written entirely without the intention of "attempting to secure English sympathy for the free States in the late struggle" by any means whatever. They were written with no purpose of conciliation; but merely in the belief that telling the simple truth, although it might be disappointing or unacceptable at times, would in the end be of service to both countries, Great Britain and the United States. Deliberate conciliation is, in my judgment, very poor business; and I cannot understand how a man who ever beholds his natural face in a glass can be false to his intellectual convictions. And so far have I been from attempting to secure British sympathy in the correspondence in question, that the editors of the *Spectator*, remarkable as they are among journalists for candor and moral hardihood, have several times expostulated with me upon the repelling manner in which I presented my case. But my reply has always been that although I intended to be fair, and desired always to be considerate of the feelings of my readers, I must tell the truth, and tell it just as I saw it and felt it, or tell nothing at all. I have not sought to present a picture of my country adapted to the prejudices of my readers. If they could sympathize with it as it was, I was glad; if not, I thought that we had better do without their sympathy as best we could.

Least of all have I sought to please what you call "aristocratic" tastes. A democrat, pure and simple, from conviction, I should have been very false if I had yielded for conciliation's sake one jot of the political principle to which is due the real glory of this country. If, indeed, I thought that democracy filled society with coarseness, brutality, low tastes and habits, I am sure that the editor of The Nation would be among the last to think it strange that I should "wince" under it. But believing, as I do, that democracy softens the manners and elevates the tastes of a people, and, by widening the sympathies, increases and diffuses that mutual respect and consideration which is the charm and the safeguard of social intercourse,

and, in a word, makes a higher style of gentlemen and more of them than aristocracy, I do not wince under democracy, and do not like to be represented as doing so. I think it more than probable that it is this view of the effect of democracy upon manners that has been mistaken for a desire to represent it as something better than it seems to appear in the eyes of my censor.

As to the logical dilemma prepared for me by the editors of the *Spectator*, THE NATION, and the *Independent*, to wit: that either there is no antipathy against social intercourse with the negro here, or else that the bestowal of the elective franchise upon negroes will not be followed by intermarriage of the races—that gives me no trouble, as they may see who think it worth their while to read two forthcoming letters upon this subject.

A YANKEE.

NEW YORK, October 12, 1865.

The word "awful," it is true, was ours, not "A Yankee's." It was ascribed to him by a typographical error, but the "gulf of separation" between the two races, as he described it in his letter to the *Spectator*, *was* "awful." It is also true that he did not state in express terms that the best people of the North held the negro in "unutterable loathing," but he produced one of the "best people," a "gentle, firm, wise man, with a large soul and wide sympathies," who did feel for the negro "an unutterable loathing," and presented him to us, as we understood it, and as the *Spectator* certainly understood it, as a representative man. If the gentleman in question was not brought before us in that character, he was absolutely useless for the purpose of "A Yankee's" argument. His appearance on the stand was clearly intended to suggest to the English public the question: "If a man of this stamp feels thus, how must the common run of Americans feel?"

"A Yankee" is mistaken in supposing that the conductors of THE NATION are "expending money or ability" in trying to establish social equality between blacks and whites. The social relations of people are matters of taste, with which we have nothing to do. We shall never urge anybody to invite a negro to his house, or give him his daughter in marriage, any more than we should think of urging "A Yankee" to prove his democratic feeling by associating with white hackmen or hod-carriers. What we do seek for the negro is equality before the law, such as prevails between a Parisian water-carrier and the Duc de Rohan, or between a London cabman and the Earl of Derby. This accomplished, we propose to leave him to make his own social position, get his wife, and his invitations to dinner, as other men get them, as best he can.

To support our assertions with regard to "A Yankee's" mode of working on English opinion would require a long review of his otherwise excellent and able letters. For this we have neither space nor inclination, and, as the matter is of minor importance, we are quite willing to accept his denial as conclusive. We shall look for his escape from the "logical dilemma" with considerable interest.

MONUMENTAL HONORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The genius of Byron has popularized the story of Marino Faliero, the Venetian chief magistrate who, in a fit of resentment for a private wrong, plotted the ruin of his country. The crime of Faliero was punished by a shameful death, and the republic stigmatized it with an ignominious commemoration by substituting for his portrait, in the series of ducal effigies, a tablet with this incription: "THIS IS THE PLACE OF MARINO FALIERO, BEHEADED FOR TREASON."

The case of Faliero is by no means the only one where the public justice of Italy has pursued the name of a rank offender with a vengeance extending beyond the scaffold. Travellers, who knew Genoa before the progress of modern improvement had shorn even that emphatically "slow" city of many tokens of her quaint mediæval grandeur, will remember seeing, in public places, inscribed tablets erected by the government to the perpetual infamy of flagrant criminals. Several of these curious memorials are still preserved in the court of the University, and copies of others are to be found in the old municipal records.

Thus, in 1550, when the traitor Stephen Raggio, a prototype of our own Ruffin, had anticipated his execution by suicide, the memory of his crimes was perpetuated by a public inscription, which was not removed until 1816.

Another lapidary record of the same year transmits to posterity the infamy of John Paul Balbi, a traitor and "vectigalium famosus expilator," which latter phrase may be Genoese Latin for "shoddy."

Another, of 1672, performs the like good service for the name of Raphael de la Torre, a rebel and pirate, the Raphael Semmes of his day.

Many other instances of this monumental reprobation might be cited from Italian history, and even our own country is not wholly wanting in analogous examples. Not many years ago, the town authorities of a justly celebrated country village in New England cut down, in spite of urgent remonstrances, an ancient and majestic elm standing on the private grounds of a resident of the town, because, in the course of its slow growth, its trunk had gradually encroached on the sidewalk to the width, perhaps, of a "selectman's" hat-brim. The owner of the tree put up a tablet to commemorate this act of petty tyranny. But he either superabounded in discretion, or was deficient in courage, and he did not venture to record the names of the officials who, in the pride of municipal despotism, had sacrificed the venerated tree. Hence the satire was pointless. It was anonymous, impersonal, and, stigmatizing the act rather than the actors, it punished nobody. Besides, being only an expression of private indignation, it wanted the solemnity of a public and authoritative sanction.

Modern indulgence usually exempts humble political offenders from the extreme penalties with which their transgressions were visited by earlier criminal jurisprudence, while greater and more conspicuous conspirators against the liberties of their native land are seldom so much as cited before any other tribunal than those of conscience and of public opinion. Semmes is still at liberty, and in the full enjoyment of the fruits of his piratical cruises. The malignant and mischievous incendiaries, Toombs and Wise, are free, if not pardoned, and the philosophic and now persecuted Greeley's "universal amnesty" would embrace not only these worthies and his correspondents Sanders and Tucker, but Wirz, Champ Ferguson, Quantrell, and Blackburn. Even the overthrow of the statues and triumphal arches which deposed usurpers had erected in honor of their own exploits, the erasure of their names and inscriptions from public monuments, and the removal of their portraits from national galleries, have been generally considered as expressions of partisan animosity, and as a mode, if not of violating, at least of suppressing historical fact, while the exclusion of the busts of Luther and of Cromwell from the Bavarian Valhalla and the British Parliament House has been almost universally condemned, even by those who dissent from their theological and political opinions and disapprove their public acts, as indicative of a spirit which savors rather of religious intolerance and aristocratic prejudice than of a love of liberty or of truth.

We have had, and still have, magistrates, heroes, and sages who have carried with them to the grave the love and respect of a mourning nation, or who are now enjoying the best earthly reward of virtue and of patriotism, the approbation of a grateful country—our traitors who, like Floyd, have died despised even by their accomplices in crime, our Marino Falieros who, having been spared by our regular criminal tribunals and by the red-handed vengeance of popular justice, still live "infamous and contented."

Our patriots, dead and living, have received few of those monumental honors which older nations so profusely bestow on departed and on contemporary greatness; our political parricides none of those solemn testimonials of national execration, of which I have cited some examples. The history of even a great and good man may sometimes be epitomized in a single phrase, and in that of the bad there is frequently some salient fact, some damning lie, some crowning trait of meanness or of wrong, the bare name of which may serve as a perpetual brand. Men often unconsciously write their own truest epitaphs, and the publicity of the lives of our prominent citizens, the multiplicity of their official action, and the necessity they are under of frequently expressing their opinions and purposes, are constantly making their language a part of the *res gestæ*, as the lawyers say, constantly bringing out from them utterances of word or deed which aptly characterize and represent the man who gives them voice and substance. The use of such typical expressions, the specification of such distinguishing acts, in monumental inscriptions, is at once the fittest and the fairest method of transmitting to after ages the memory of men eminent for good or evil. It avoids the necessity of pronouncing a public judgment on their career, the danger of tarnishing by a solemn and lasting stigma, or of elevating by hyperbolical praise, characters whose real guilt or real worth is disputable. Friends and enemies alike must acquiesce in the truth of the record derived from the tongue or the known official acts of him whose life it commemorates. Each will interpret the words, each explain the act, in accordance with his views of the character of the man. The patriot will find in the self written epitaph of a patriot, he who sympathizes with treason in that of a traitor, aphorisms, opinions, or facts which commend themselves to his

moral sense, and each will be free to judge the statesman of opposite principles on evidence the truth of which none can gainsay.

To exemplify: Instead of refusing room to the bust of the late Chief-Justice Taney in the halls of the Supreme Court of the United States, let us place by the side of the noble and expansive traits of Marshall the pinched and Mephistophelean features of his successor, with this inscription:

HE DECLARED THAT IN THE OPINION OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AND ESPECIALLY IN THAT OF THE FRAMERS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, "THE NEGRO HAD NO RIGHTS WHICH THE WHITE MAN WAS BOUND TO RESPECT."

The doughface, the Copperhead, the theologian who finds Scripture authority for the existence and specific character of Southern negro slavery, will approve these words as the expression of a political, a social, an economical, a divinely revealed religious truth; the advocate of universal liberty will condemn them as a flagitious libel on modern civilization, an atrocious calumny against the noble founders of our commonwealth, a stupendous lie invented and pronounced for the most nefarious purposes—and yet all will agree in the truth and appropriateness of the inscription.

In like manner, neither friend nor foe could object to this legend on the pedestal of Millard Fillmore's bust:

AN ACT TO AMEND AND SUPPLEMENTARY TO AN ACT ENTITLED: AN ACT RESPECTING FUGITIVES FROM JUSTICE, AND PERSONS ESCAPING FROM THE SERVICE OF THEIR MASTERS. "APPROVED SEPTEMBER 18, 1850. MILLARD FILLMORE."

And as this is rather a short inscription for the image of so conspicuous a personage, we might add a paragraph from his Albany and Buffalo speech of 1856, in which he threatened the Union with the vengeance of the South, and prophesied, if he did not invoke, a pro-slavery rebellion, in case the people should dare to elect to the Presidency his Republican rival instead of himself.

Both those who admire and those who view with loathing and with scorn the official career of Franklin Pierce—for even he had his admirers. Did not Hawthorne write his biography? Even he had his detractors. Did not the *Herald* habitually style him "poor Pierce"?—will read with equal satisfaction this record beneath his portrait:

"I HAVE NEVER BELIEVED THAT THE ACTUAL DISRUPTION OF THE UNION CAN OCCUR WITHOUT THE SHEDDING OF BLOOD; BUT IF, THROUGH THE MADNESS OF NORTHERN ABOLITIONISM, THE DIRE CALAMITY MUST COME, THE FIGHTING WILL NOT BE ALL SOUTH OF MASON AND DIXON'S LINE MERELY—IT WILL BE WITHIN OUR OWN BORDERS—IN OUR OWN STREETS—BETWEEN THE TWO CLASSES OF CITIZENS TO WHOM I HAVE REFERRED. THOSE WHO DEFY THE LAW AND SCOUT CONSTITUTIONAL OBLIGATIONS WILL, IF WE EVER REACH THE ARBITRAMENT OF ARMS, FIND OCCUPATION ENOUGH AT HOME."—*Letter to Jefferson Davis, July* 6, 1860.

So when a marble likeness of James Buchanan shall recall to the spectator the late John M. Clayton's judgment on his physiognomy, he will acquiesce, whatever may be his political opinions, in the fitness of writing under it, in letters of blood, the word

LECOMPTON.

In like manner the words and deeds of Wood and Vallandigham and Voorhees and Booth, of the late Martin Van Buren and James K. Polk, and of a certain always *too* late American general, who being now forgotten shall be nameless, as well as of hundreds of other statesmen and soldiers who in their time have been the glory or the shame of their country, would furnish abundance of appropriate and pithy illustration of their monumental effigies.

Cannot some one of your contributors who has leisure and means of reference furnish you an article on the eminent men of America as characterized by themselves? VIATOR.

ROME, ITALY, Sept. 25, 1865.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XIV.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 5.

I REACHED this city on the evening of the 27th of September, at an hour somewhat later than I had expected, having been detained in the morning at Pittsboro' by an incident that I have learned to look upon as a common occurrence. My landlord was obliged to despatch servants through all the neighborhood to get a note changed, but their endeavors, whether honest or otherwise, were not successful, and after being kept from the road for more than an hour it became necessary to depart and leave with him five dollars in payment for one night's stay. The ordinary charge was two dollars in silver, he said; in greenbacks he 'd have to charge four dollars. Throughout the country districts there is yet a decided distrust of paper money—a distrust quite natural, founded as it is upon all that the people know of Confederate notes and bonds, and upon their ignorance in respect to the national currency. In Davidson, Randolph, and Chatham counties I found among the farmers some who had heard of greenbacks before I tendered them, but had never seen any and hardly liked to receive them; they 'd been told the Government would call in all that kind of money in a year or two and repudiate; understood the traders did n't 'low 't was worth dollar for dollar; they 'd need some money, though, to pay taxes with, and Government money 'd ought to be good for that, they reckoned, for the present anyhow.

Not knowing how far confiscation measures may be pushed, they are not a little anxious to have on hand money with which to pay whatever tax-bills may be presented. Some one of the many pamphlets setting forth the country's ability to bear the burden of the national debt would be profitable reading for these North Carolinians, and I think would be willingly read. If not more necessary, the circulation of such a work would be much more easy than that of any tract purely political.

Raleigh is a less considerable city than I had supposed, and the business part of it is neither large nor handsome; but its broad avenues, abundant trees, gentle declivities, and rather elegant private residences, make it the prettiest Southern town, and with the most external evidences of taste and refinement, that I have yet seen. Its name of the City of Oaks must have been given it, I should say, by some one approaching it from the pine lands to the southward, for the number of those trees is not remarkable. The first days of October here are very enjoyable, being hazy and cool without frosts, and the moonlit nights are even finer than the days. But the air is heavy and motionless and cannot expand the chest; it brings with it a faint suggestion of decaying vegetation, and one begins to think of Carolinian slow fevers and agues.

I have been attending some sittings of the colored men's convention recently held in this city. The first steps in the matter were taken by negroes resident in Newbern, and it seems to have been generally thought by the people of the central and western counties, by such of them as took any thought at all about it, that the call was issued prematurely. They would have had it deferred until after the adjournment of the State Convention, thinking it more proper to address the Legislature in the event of the convention's leaving the colored population unnoticed. An appeal to the convention would wear the appearance of addressing itself not alone to the kindly feelings and the sense of justice of their white fellow-citizens, but partly to their fears also, and thus would provoke resentment. Moreover, the petitioners would put themselves in an attitude of complaint, when as yet they had suffered no injustice by any State action. But, on the other side, it was argued that in this State the negroes were surely suffering enough at the hands of individuals to justify them in petitioning; that in other States their brethren were suffering under unjust enactments, both ancient and recent; that in the North Carolina statutes there were evils to be cured, and there were other evils to be prevented from getting there; and, finally, with regard to the body before which the negroes' petition should be laid, that North Carolina would be more likely to slight the claims of her colored citizens after she had obtained full power to legislate for them as she pleased than now, while it is still doubtful if justice towards them may not be the lowest price at which she can purchase the enjoyment of all privileges belonging to a State in the Union. So it was decided to adhere to the original call, which was sent as far as possible throughout the country districts, and on the day of assembling nearly forty counties were represented. Some of the delegates were duly elected by meetings regularly organized for that purpose; others were sent up from churches, from prayer-meetings, from neighborhood conferences where a few men met together in secret. Of course, many were unprovided with credentials, their constituents, very probably, like themselves, being unable to read or write, and but little versed in the business of politics. "They 'd hed no time fur credentials," one said; "they 'd hed to run off in the night season fur fear;" so it was voted that the convention should be a mass convention, and all should be entitled to seats who had come up to attend. This motion, for which everybody voted, did much to take everything out of the hands of those who originated the convention, but, perhaps, made its action more truly represent the opinions and feelings of the colored people, not of the coast counties and the eastern cities, but of the whole State. For at this present time the negroes in central and western North Carolina have given but little thought to political subjects, and take no great interest in them. In Wilmington, Newbern, and Beaufort, judging by their representations at the convention, the case is different.

The session was held in the African Methodist church, a small edifice in a back street of the city. The delegates were about a hundred and twenty in number, but crowds of colored citizens were interested spectators throughout the four days, and the house was always filled full. It was neatly but cheaply furnished, the only ornament being a large plaster bust of Lincoln fix d to the wall above the pulpit, against a background of mourning drap-

ery. Just over his head were inscribed some of the closing words of the last inaugural address—that passage which begins thus: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right."

Among the delegates were some that wore the Federal uniform, and these were treated with much respect by their fellow-members. In pursuance of a fashion that seems to obtain everywhere, one of them, a sergeant, was chosen to office, and served among the vice-presidents. He, like the others, was a fine-looking young fellow, perfectly neat and clean, with every button polished, and even his face shining. "I 's black," he said; "jist as black as ary black man goin', I is."

There were several men dressed in black broadcloth, ministers and chaplains, who did a large share of the talking, and bore a main part in the management of the business, and here and there was a younger man, nattily dressed, and evidently a hotel waiter by profession or a barber; but the great majority were mechanics and plantation hands, men who had grown up in ignorance, whose forms were bent with long labor, whose faces expressed patient endurance rather than thought or any passion, and who for the most part sat mute on the benches. On two or three occasions some one of these men would rise to deprecate long discussion of things merely formal, or debate that was only personal, beginning his speech perhaps in this way: "My dear brothers, I do n't place myself in this honorable convention as a Henry Clay or a Webster, fur I know I kin not do it, nor to speak afore you. I know I 's a poor, destituted, onlarnt don't-know-A-from-B. I 's been rocked in a hard cradle, from my youth up to the present age." And then he would go on to urge the propriety of at once transacting all necessary business, so that delegates could go home, and, warming as he proceeded, he would very likely fall into the sing-song of the class-meeting, and become nearly unintelligible to those whose excitement had not kept pace with his. At the end of his remarks, however, there was always renewed diligence. But these men though ignorant were intelligent, and often spoke exceedingly well. "Yes," said one of the cleverest among them—"yes, we are ignorant. We know it. I am ignorant for one, and they say all niggers is. They say we do n't know what the word constitution means. But if we do n't know enough to know what the Constitution is, we know enough to know what justice is. I can see for myself down at my own court-house. If they makes a white man pay five dollars for doing something to-day, and makes a nigger pay ten dollars for doing that thing to morrow, do n't I know that ain't justice? They 've got a figure of a woman with a sword hung up thar, sir; Mr. President, I do n't know what you call it—('Justice,' 'Justice')—well, she 's got a handkercher over her eyes, and the sword is in one hand and a pair o' scales in the other. When a white man and a nigger gets into the scales, do n't I know the nigger is always mighty light? Do n't we all see it? Ain't it so at your court-house, Mr. President?"

There were three delegates who took very prominent positions in the convention, and who may be called leaders. One was a mulatto, born within the State, but who had received a collegiate education in the North. He was a person of some ability, but it was to his education that he owed his influence. He made many fluent speeches, and was chairman of the business committee, which reported a great many resolutions. A much abler man, one who would be considered a man of more than common ability in any community, was chairman of the committee which reported an address to the State Convention. He, I believe, is of unmixed African blood and a North Carolinian by birth. He, too, spoke often, and always with ease and force. Never attempting the passionate style of oratory which was the kind by far most frequently employed by his fellow-members, but confining himself to straightforward, sensible speaking, he pushed business forward, instructed the ignorant, attained the ends at which he aimed, and, I dare say, won the respect of every man, white or black, in the convention. But perhaps the most remarkable person among the delegates was the last of the three, a light-yellow man whose features seemed to indicate that there was a cross of Indian blood in his veins. His hair was long and black but very curly, and he appeared to be vain of its beauty as he tossed it carelessly off his forehead, or suffered it to fall heavily and half conceal his eyes. These were twinkling and slippery, and nearly always half shut, for he laughed much, and then they partly closed of themselves, and at other times he had a way of watching from under his dropped lids. He was a well-shaped man, but it was hardly to be discovered as he lolled in his seat, or from the insufferably lazy manner of his walking. When he spoke, however, he stood erect, using forcible and graceful gestures. His voice was powerful, and, though an illiterate man, his speaking was effective. But sometimes his most impassioned harangues, made for the purpose of fomenting sectional jealousies between the east and west, or to embarrass the chair, or to defeat some resolution offered by an opponent, or for the mere pleasure of contradiction, were brought to an untimely end by his inability to refrain from laughing. He was really in earnest about nothing, but his power of sarcasm and brutal invective, and the personal influence given him by his fearlessness and audacity, always secured him a hearing. It seemed to be his keen sense of the ridiculous only which prevented him from playing the part of demagogue with success. He had artfully spread dissension among the delegates by declaring it disgraceful to North Carolinians that a man from the North should have been made president of the convention. That officer, hearing of the murmurs, had tendered his resignation, accompanying the offer with a speech so judicious that the convention compelled him to retake his office. A delegate had declared that such whisperings were born in hell and should return to their place of birth; they embodied prejudices which, at the present time, in a restored and liberated country, had no place; they belonged among the bloody relics of the past. "I come forward, Mr. President," said the man I have been describing, "I come forward as not bein' one o' the whisperin' class that the gentleman has referred to. Our young Demosthenes, sir, is very polite, and shows his good breedin' to this honorable body with his invitations to his father's house. But who does he suppose is goin' to accept of 'em when he is not at home? He can talk about the bloody relics of the past, sir; but as for me, I did n't come here, and no other man of this convention did n't come here, sir, to have the whip of slavery cracked over us by no slaveholder's son." His opponent was a rather light mulatto. But the brutality of this attack is hardly so great as it seems, the standards for measuring the degree of such insults being different at the South and at the North. The speaker on another occasion announced himself as one well fitted to be a mediator between the black and white races, partaking as he did of the blood of each in equal parts, and being free from the illiberal prejudices of both. It is told of him that, once making a speech in his native town, he said this, among other things: "It 'll never do to give these niggers the ballot, they say; if they was to get it, that d—d ——— would be mayor. As if I wanted that office, gentlemen! I 'm goin' to Congress."

But the moderate men among the negroes, those who thought it best to petition and not to demand, and to petition only for equality before the law and not for admission to all the political rights of citizenship, easily obtained control of the convention. Everything that they thought could justly offend any class of their fellow-citizens at the South or North was carefully rejected. A resolution was offered which declared that if a negro knew as much when sober as an Irishman knew when drunk, he knew enough to vote on good American principles. This was thrown aside without a dissenting voice. Another one, framed with the praiseworthy intention of encouraging colored youth to educate themselves, and pronouncing it the duty of colored people to employ, whenever practicable, properly prepared pastors and instructors of their own race, became the subject of an animated debate. "I come here to stick fast to my friends," said a delegate; "the white people that done teach my little gals to read, and I 'd ha' voted to bite off a snake's head before I 'd ha' voted for that ar." The resolution was laid on the table, and a substitute was passed which thanks the Northern aid societies and Northern teachers who have done so much to encourage and elevate the negro race. The address which has been laid before the State Convention is conceived in a similar spirit and breathes nothing but moderation and conciliation. The Raleigh newspapers praise its ability, and consider it a wonderfully conservative document, undisfigured by the marks of levelling radicalism. Yet it contains these sentences:

"We desire education for our children, that they may be made useful in all the relations of life. We most earnestly desire to have the disabilities under which we formerly labored removed, and to have all the oppressive laws which make unjust discriminations on account of race or color wiped from the statutes of the State."

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

SEVENTEEN years ago, cheap papers were unknown; and such an institution as that of peripatetic street news-venders was unknown also. There was indeed, no *chance* sale, to use a trade term, for newspapers. But, as a result of this state of things, a peculiar custom prevailed in London. Whenever news of any general interest occurred after the usual publishing hours, men with horns used to go through the less frequented streets, bawling out at the top of their voices some startling piece of news—the full, genuine, and veracious account of which they were prepared to sell for any sum they could extort from the curiosity of the public. Of late years the practice has fallen into disuse. In default of news, the horn-men took to inventing it, and organized a trick, called by a slang phrase "the cock and hen trade." Two men, for instance, would perambulate, the one shouting "Death of—a man from intoxication," and dropping his voice at the word a; the other

replying—"the Emperor Napoleon—gone to St. Cloud," and likewise slurring over the words following "Napoleon." Thus people bought the paper, and yet, when they discovered their mistake, they could have no remedy, as the venders could not legally be accused of any direct fraud. But the trick, when discovered, killed the goose that laid the golden eggs; and also, as cheap evening newspapers came into fashion, the people refused to pay sixpences and shillings for extras. But, as I have said, in the year 1848, the *annus mirabilis* of revolution, the night news-venders were in their glory. Every day throughout that eventful summer we heard the news shouted of some throne upset, some story of the barricades, some battle, that had been won or lost. And one evening in the close of that long troubled summer, when the deluge seemed to be beginning to subside, I remember hearing the familiar shout of the newsboys approaching the quiet Belgravia street in which I then was residing. As the hoarse broken cry grew nearer, I heard the doors of neighboring houses open, and people flocked out into the streets to buy the supplement. Going myself to the window, I heard the words shrieked out in a dull, grating tone, "The cholera! the cholera! the cholera is here!" It was thus that the first tidings reached London of the disease having appeared in England; and those who learnt it in the same way as I did myself, are not likely to have forgotten the sensation.

The whole scene flashed upon my mind the other day, as it must, I should think, upon thousands of other Londoners, when taking up the morning newspapers I saw that the true Asiatic cholera was once more in England. How far the report was due or not to a false alarm is not clear as yet. This much seems certain, that a sailor died during this week at Southampton of a disease so like cholera as to deceive the doctors who attended him. Whatever one medical man with us asserts as a fact, a dozen others are always ready to dispute on "*à priori*" grounds; and so doctors have come forward to declare their conviction that the disease of which the man died in a few hours was not of the Asiatic type—a discovery which appears to be considered eminently satisfactory even for the unhappy man who died. Up to to-day, no other well-authenticated manifestations of the epidemic have been reported, and therefore it is not impossible the case may be an isolated instance. Whether it is so or not, there can be no reasonable doubt that the cholera is coming. The theory suggested by the *Times*, that it was likely to remain confined to the basin of the Mediterranean, has been upset by its recent course, and no reason can be assigned why its gradual march westward should be barred by the Straits of Dover. If we had no former experience to go by, it would be difficult to suppose the extraordinary atmospheric conditions of the season did not portend the approach of disease. The strange heats still continue, though in a somewhat abated form; and day after day we have skies as clear, if not as blue, as those of Italy. For many weeks past we have scarcely had a drop of rain, and already there are general complaints of the scarcity of water. Still, with the shortening days the nights are getting chilly, and within a few weeks, at the latest, we may expect the first touch of frost. Under these circumstances, we may fairly expect not to be fully visited by the cholera till next spring. At any rate, the public has made up its mind the epidemic will not come for another six months at the earliest; and when the British public has once made up its mind upon a theory, it takes a great number of facts to disturb its belief. A good deal may happen in half a year; and we are not much given to trouble ourselves about remote evils. Meanwhile, we have the usual outcry of the press calling on somebody to do something to make our cities more wholesome. I wish most heartily we could have six months of Imperialism to clear away the "rookeries" and slums of our great cities, and to drive broad open thoroughfares through the quarters where the fresh air can now never penetrate. But if ever we are to accomplish in England with our free institutions the work that Napoleon III. is doing in France, it will be after a pestilence, and not before it.

The cattle plague is progressing with alarming rapidity, and there is a report, though not a very clearly established one, that the "Rinderpest" has already shown itself amongst sheep. If so, the calamity will be a very serious one indeed. The idea that the malady could be trodden out, as it were, by killing every animal infected, has been much combated of late; and yet the veterinary authorities seem utterly at a loss to suggest any remedy for the disease. Just at this season all the local agricultural societies are holding their annual meetings and dinners; and, naturally enough, the Rinderpest is the one subject of discussion, to the exclusion of the old malt-tax grievance, which is now scarcely mentioned. At all these gatherings the farmers are urgent in their declarations that the Government ought to indemnify them for the cattle they kill in order to stop the spread of the plague; and some of the Tory land-owners who preside on these occasions have supported the justice of the demand. But it is absolutely certain that no such indemnity could be given without an increase in the income tax; and no ministry would dare to propose an increased income tax in order to give a subvention to any one interest, however popular. If any very general distress should ensue in the agricultural districts in consequence of this pestilence, there will doubtless be large funds raised to relieve the distress by private benevolence, and possibly a Government grant in aid; but this is all.

During the last week, the public attention has been called to the subject of electioneering expenses, and has exhibited as much interest in the matter as it is capable of feeling about anything in this dead hot season—which our purists in language are so indignant with you for describing as a "heated term." What Rabelais called the "*mauvais quart d'heure*" has arrived for successful candidates—the time when the bill has to be settled, and our papers are filled with the statements of expenses which returning officers are now obliged to publish according to a recent enactment. It is not to be supposed, however, that these statements represent the whole of the expense incurred, or in most cases anything like it. The agent simply returns the items which will bear inspection; but in addition to these there are a number of charges which, though not directly illegal, are still kept sedulously in the background. In our great boroughs there is no such thing as direct bribery; the constituencies are too large and too independent to be purchased. But indirectly there is a great deal of corrupt influence. A friend of mine, not long ago, was contesting one of the metropolitan boroughs on advanced liberal principles. During the course of his canvass a local solicitor called upon him, and said that he highly approved of his principles, but that, as a poor man with a large family, he was always accustomed to earn some hundred pounds for his professional services at election time, and therefore wished to know whether my friend could retain him as legal adviser. The offer was not accepted, and the attorney went over at once to the opposite camp—my informant's opponent being, I should add, not a conservative but a liberal of less advanced opinions. This instance is, I should say, the rule rather than the exception. In all our large constituencies the local lawyers and the local politicians expect to be retained in behalf of one candidate or the other. They will not desert their party unless the inducement offered be something extraordinary; but, as between men professing more or less the same liberal creed, they will invariably support the man who, in our English phrase, "sets money rolling." Nobody except the member and his committee really knows what the cost of the election is. The worst feature about the affair is, that the expenses are largest in those very constituencies where men of no local influence or moneyed interests have the best chance of succeeding as a candidate. Very great personal popularity or strong territorial connection will often enable a man to get a seat in Parliament free of expense; but the ordinary run of members have to pay terribly for the honor of writing M.P. after their names. Probably there never were two elections conducted more strictly on purity principles, or with more genuine enthusiasm on the part of the constituency, than the contests which resulted in the return of Mr. Mill for Westminster and Mr. Hughes for Lambeth. Yet the expenses of these two elections were respectively two thousand and eleven hundred pounds. This expense has been borne entirely in the case of Mr. Mill, and partially in that of Mr. Hughes, by the voluntary contributions of their several committees. But, as a rule, constituencies will not pay the expenses incurred for their candidate's return. It may be right theoretically, as Mr. Mill considers, that they should do so; but they will not do it as a rule. Anybody, therefore, who wishes to represent a London borough, must make up his mind to spend from one to two thousand pounds, supposing him to be on the popular side and to have strong local support. Failing this, his legitimate expenditure will be some five thousand or upwards; and this expense, it must be remembered, recurs every time there is an election. One of the most popular of our London members, whose seat was never in danger, and whose re-election was not opposed, stated that he had to pay a thousand pounds for his election. Nor will this calculation seem improbable when you remember that to send a circular by post to each of the electors in the borough of Lambeth, for instance, would entail an expense of at least a hundred pounds. Of course, if you stand for a small borough, the cost of the canvass is far less; but then, if you are not known to the constituency, you must spend largely in order to create a local connection. There has been a good deal of talk whether all the necessary expenses of a contest ought not to be borne by the state or by a special rate, and all expenses not so paid declared illegal. But nothing, you may be sure, will be done at present. The expense of getting into Parliament confines membership, as a rule, to the wealthy and educated class; and there is no wish on the part of our ruling classes to reduce the cost of a seat so that anybody who likes could be returned if he happens to suit a constituency.

The one striking social incident of the week has been the exodus from

Greenwich Hospital. Of all the monuments of London, this river-side palace was the grandest; and sentimentalists cannot help regretting the departure of the colony of brave old tars from the walls where they lived as the pensioners of the nation. But the regret is sentimental only. For many years past, the wards of Greenwich Hospital have been comparatively empty, because retired sailors preferred living in discomfort at home amongst their own people, to living amongst strangers away from home in comparative luxury. At the noble river-side college they were well fed and clothed and housed, and kept in pocket money, but were under restraint; had to be in at fixed hours, to conform to written rules, and to submit to a discipline, lax indeed, but still obligatory. So year after year the applications for admission became fewer and fewer; till at last, with a good sense rare in our public acts, a bill was passed enabling Greenwich pensioners to draw their pensions wherever they liked, without residence being required of them unless they thought fit to prefer it. This week the new act came into operation; and all the hale and able-bodied pensioners availed themselves at once of the privilege. There is now nobody left at Greenwich Hospital except two or three hundred old men, too infirm or friendless to find a home elsewhere; and as they die out their places are not likely to be filled up. The truth is that the age of almshouses is past. Chelsea Hospital is deserted in the same way that Greenwich was, and now that we have once broken through our national reluctance to interfere with an established institution, I have no doubt many other ancient charitable foundations will be subjected to the same reform as that initiated at Greenwich.

Of Fenians or Fenianism we have heard nothing during the past week. The whole affair has missed fire in the most lamentable way, even as a "newspaper sensation;" and the chief wonder now is whether the Government will be able to justify itself for the vigor of its repressive measures. However, I doubt much stir being made about the matter even when Parliament meets. The ministry have only to look wise and say they cannot state all their reasons consistently with the interests of the country, and then no party will like to demand further information.

I hear that the publication of the names of the subscribers to the Confederate loan—particulars of which we have received this morning—has created great dismay in Printing-House Square, or, to say the least, it is not pleasant for the public to be informed that the "leading organ" of English public opinion had a direct personal, pecuniary interest in the success of the Confederacy. But on Monday we shall hear more about the matter. Waiting further information, I own it seems to me improbable so shrewd gentlemen as the editors of the *Times* should have taken Confederate stock in their own names, not in that of some friend or agent. Meanwhile, the rumored claims of your Government with respect to the Prioleau case have excited no attention. Our public is weary of all mention of the Confederacy, and is not inclined to quarrel about any problematic dividend from its liquidation.

A VISIT TO THE CIMBRI.

I HAD often heard in Venice of that ancient people, settled in the Alpine hills about the pretty town of Bassano, on the Brenta, whom common fame declares to be a remnant of the Cimbrian invaders of Rome, broken up in battle, and dispersed along the borders of north Italy, by Marius many centuries ago. So when the soft September weather came, last year, we sallied out of Venice, in three, to make conquest of whatever was curious in the life and traditions of these mountaineers, who dwell in seven villages, and are therefore called the people of the Sette Communi among their Italian neighbors. We went fully armed with note-book and sketch-book, and prepared to take literary possession of our conquest.

From Venice to the city of Vicenza by railroad, it is two hours; and thence one must take a carriage to Bassano (which is an opulent and busy little grain mart, of some twelve thousand souls, about thirty miles north of Venice). We were very glad of the ride across country. By the time we reached the town it was nine o'clock, and moonlight, and as we glanced out of our windows we saw the quaint up-and-down-hill streets peopled with promenaders, and everybody in Bassano seemed to be making love. Young girls strolled about the picturesque ways with their lovers, and tender couples were cooing at the doorways and windows, and the scene had all that surface of romance with which the Italians contrive to varnish the real commonplaceness of their life. Our ride through the twilight landscape had prepared us for the sentiment of Bassano; we had pleased ourselves with the spectacle of the peasants returning from their labor in the fields, led in troops of eight or ten by stalwart, white-teethed, bare-legged maids; and we had revelled in the momentary lordship of an old walled town we passed, which at dusk seemed more Gothic and Moyen-Age than anything after Verona, with a fine church, and turrets and battlements in great plenty. What town it was, or what it had been doing there so many ages, I have never sought to know, and I should be sorry to learn anything about it.

The next morning we began those researches for preliminary information concerning the Cimbri which turned out so vain. Indeed, as we drew near the lurking-places of that ancient people, all knowledge relating to them diffused itself into shadowy conjecture. The barber and the bookseller differed as to the best means of getting to the Sette Communi, and the caffetiere at whose place we took breakfast knew nothing at all of the road, except that it was up the mountains, and commanded views of scenery which, verily, it would not grieve us to see. As to the Cimbri, he only knew that they had their own language, which was yet harder than the German. The German was hard enough, but the Cimbrian! *Corpo!*

At last, hearing of a famous cave there is at Oliero, a town some miles further up the Brenta, we determined to go there, and it was a fortunate thought, for there we found a nobleman in charge of the cave who told us exactly how to reach the Sette Communi. The cave is like other caves as to dampness and darkness, but on the whole too Stygian in its effects to be pleasant, and I enjoyed the ride to Oliero much better. You pass a bridge to get out of Bassano—a bridge which spans the crystal swiftness of the Brenta, rushing down to the Adriatic from the feet of the Alps on the north, and full of voluble mills at Bassano. All along the road to Oliero was the finest mountain scenery, Brenta-washed, and picturesque with ever-changing lines. Maize grows in the bottom-lands, and tobacco, which is guarded in the fields by soldiers for the monopolist government. Farm-houses dot the valley, and now and then are passed villages, abounding in blond girls, so rare elsewhere in Italy, but here so numerous as to give Titian that type from which he painted.

At Oliero we learned not only which was the road to the Sette Communi, but that we were in it, and it was settled that we should come the next day and continue in it, with the custodian of the cave, who for his breakfast and dinner, and what else we pleased, offered to accompany us. We were early at Oliero on the following morning, and found our friend in waiting; he mounted beside our driver, and we rode up the Brenta to the town of Valstagna, where our journey by wheels ended, and where we were to take mules for the mountain ascent. Our guide, Count Giovanni Bonato (for I may as well give him his title, though at this stage of our progress we did not know into what patrician care we had fallen), had already told us what the charge for mules would be, but it was necessary to go through the ceremony of bargain with the muleteer before taking the beasts. Their owner was a Cimbrian, with a broad, sheepish face, and a heavy, awkward accent of Italian which at once more marked his northern race, and made us feel comparatively secure from plunder in his hands. He had come down from the mountain top the night before, bringing three mules laden with charcoal, and he had waited for us till the morning. His beasts were furnished with comfortable pads, covered with linen, to ride upon, and with halters instead of bridles, and we were prayed to let them have their heads in the ascent, and not to try to guide them.

The elegant leisure of Valstagna (and in an Italian town nearly the whole population is elegantly at leisure) turned out to witness the departure of our expedition; the pretty little blond wife of our innkeeper, who was to get dinner ready against our return, held up her baby to wish us *buon viaggio*, and waved us adieu with the infant as with a handkerchief; the chickens and children scattered to right and left before our advance; and with Count Giovanni going splendidly ahead on foot, and the Cimbrian bringing up the rear, we struck on the broad rocky valley between the heights, and presently began the ascent. It was a lovely morning; the sun was on the heads of the hills, and the shadows clothed them like robes to their feet; and I should be glad to feel here in New York the sweetness, freshness, and purity of the mountain air, that seemed to bathe our souls in a childlike delight of life. A noisy brook gurgled through the valley; the birds sang from the trees; the Alps rose, crest on crest, around us; and soft before us, among the bald peaks, showed the wooded height where the Cimbrian village of Fozza stood, with a white chapel gleaming from the heart of the lofty grove. Along the mountain sides the smoke curled from the lonely huts of shepherds, and now and then we came upon one of those melancholy refuges which are built in the hills for such travellers as are belated in their ways, or are overtaken there by storms.

The road for the most part winds by the brink of precipices, walled in with masonry of small stones, where nature has not shored it up with vast monoliths, and is paved with limestone. It is, of course, merely a mule-path, and it was curious to see, and thrilling to experience, how the mules, vain of the safety of their foothold, kept as near the border of the precipices as possible. For my own part, I abandoned to my beast the entire responsi

bility involved by this line of conduct; let the halter hang loose upon his neck, and gave him no aid except such slight service as was occasionally to be rendered by shutting my eyes and holding my breath. The mule of the fairer traveller behind me was not only ambitious of peril like my own, but was envious of my beast's captaincy, and continually tried to pass him on the outside of the path, to the great dismay of the gentle rider; while half-suppressed wails of terror from the second lady in the train gave equal evidence of vanity and daring in her mule. Count Giovanni strode stolidly before, the Cimbrian came behind, and we had little coherent conversation until we stopped under a spreading haw-tree, half-way up the mountain, to breathe our adventurous beasts.

Here two of us dismounted, and, while one of the ladies sketched the other in her novel attitude of cavalier, I listened to the talk of Count Giovanni and the Cimbrian. This Cimbrian's name in Italian was Lazzaretti, and in his own tongue Brück, which, pronouncing less regularly, we made Brick, in compliment to his qualities of good fellowship. His broad, honest visage was bordered by a hedge of red beard, and a light of dry humor shone upon it: he looked, we thought, like a Cornishman, and the contrast between him and the *viso sciolto, pensieri stretti* expression of Count Giovanni was curious enough.

Concerning his people, he knew little; but the Capo-gente of Fozza could tell me everything. Various traditions of their origin were believed among them; Brick himself held to one that they had first come from Denmark. As we sat there under the spreading haw-tree, Count Giovanni and I made him give us the Cimbrian equivalent of some Italian phrases, which the curious may care to see in correspondence with English and German. Of course, German pronunciation must be given the words:

English.	*Cimbrian.*	*German.*
I go,	I gehe,	Ich gehe.
Thou goest,	Du gehst,	Du gehst.
He goes,	Ar geht,	Er geht.
We go,	Hamish gehen,	Wir gehen.
You go,	Hamish setender gehnt,	Ihr geht.
They go,	Dandern gehnt,	Sie gehen.
I went,	I bin gegegnt,	Ich bin gegangen.
Thou wentest,	Du bist gegegnt,	Du bist gegangen.
He went,	Der iganget,	Er ist gegangen.
Good day,	Uter tag,	Guten Tag.
Good night,	Uter nast,	Gute Nacht.
How do you do?	Bie estater?	Wie steht's?
How goes it?	Bie gehts?	Wie geht's?
I,	I,	Ich.
Thou,	Du,	Du.
He, she,	Di,	Er, sie.
We,	Borandern,	Wir.
You,	Ihrt,	Ihr.
They,	Dandern,	Sie.
The head,	Da kof,	Der Kopf.
Breast,	Petten,	Brust (*Italian* petto).
Face,	Denne,	Gesicht.
Arm	Arm,	Arm.
Foot,	Vuss,	Fuss.
Finger,	Vinger,	Finger.
Hand,	Hant,	Hand.
Tree (beam),	Pom,	Baum.
Hat,	Hoit,	Hut.
God,	Got,	Gott.
Heaven,	Debelt,	Himmel.
Earth,	Erda,	Erde.
Mountain,	Perk,	Berg.
Valley,	Tal,	Thal.
Man,	Mann,	Mann.
Woman,	Beip,	Weib.
Lady,	Vrau,	Frau.
Child,	Hint,	Kind.
Brother,	Pruder,	Bruder.
Father,	Vada,	Vater.
Mother,	Muter,	Mutter.
Sister,	Schwester,	Schwester.
Stone,	Stone,	Stein.

A general resemblance to German and English will have been observed in these fragments of Cimbrian, while other words will have been noticed as quite foreign to either.

There was a poor little house of refreshment beside our spreading haw, and a withered old woman came out of it and refreshed us with clear spring water, and our guides and friends with some bitter berries of the mountain, which they admitted were unpleasant to the taste, but declared were very good for the blood. When they had sufficiently improved this fluid, we mounted our mules again, and set out with the journey of an hour and a quarter still between us and Fozza.

As we drew near the summit of the mountain our road grew more level, and instead of creeping along by the brinks of precipices, we began to wind through bits of meadow and pleasant valley walled in by lofty heights of rock.

Though September was bland as June at the foot of the mountain, we found its breath harsh and cold on these heights; and we remarked that though there were here and there breadths of wheat, the land was for the most part in sheep pasturage, and the grass looked poor and stinted of summer warmth. We met, at times, the shepherds, who seemed to be of Italian race, and were of the conventional type of shepherds, with regular faces and two elaborate curls trained upon their cheeks, as shepherds are always carved in stone over the gates of villas. They bore staves, and their flocks went before them. Encountering us, they saluted us courteously, and when we had returned their greeting, they cried with one voice: "Ah, lords! is not this a miserable country? The people are poor and the air is cold. It is an unhappy land!" And so passed on, profoundly sad; but we could not help smiling at the vehement popular desire to have the region abused. We answered cheerfully that it was lovely country. If the air was cold, it was also pure.

We now drew in sight of Fozza, and, at the last moment, just before parting with Brick, we learned that he had passed a whole year in Venice, where he had brought milk from the mainland and sold it in the city. He declared frankly that he counted that year worth all the other years of his life, and that he would never have come back to his native heights but that his father had died, and left his mother and young brothers helpless. He was an honest soul, and I gave him two florins, which I had tacitly appointed him over and above the bargain, with something for the small Brick-bats at home, whom he presently brought to kiss our hands at the house of the Capo-gente.

The village of Fozza is built on a grassy, oblong plain on the crest of the mountain, which declines from it on three sides, and on the north rises high above it into the mists in bleaker and ruggeder acclivities. There are not more than thirty houses in the village, and I do not think it numbers more than a hundred and fifty souls, if it numbers so many. Indeed, it is one of the smallest of the Sette Communi, of which the capital, Asola (I spell from the Venetian pronunciation), contains some thousands of people, and lies not far from Vicenza. The poor Fozzatti had a church, however, in their village, in spite of its littleness, and they had just completed a fine new bell tower, which the Capo-gente deplored, and was proud of when I praised it. The church, like all the other edifices, was built of stone; and the village at a little distance might look like broken crags of rock, so well it consorted with the harsh, crude nature about it. Meagre meadow-lands, pathetic with tufts of a certain pale-blue, tearful flower, stretched about the village and southward as far as that wooded point which had all day been our landmark in the ascent.

Our train drew up at the humble door of the Capo-gente (in Fozza all doors are alike humble), and, leaving our mules, we entered by his wife's invitation, and seated ourselves near the welcome fire of the kitchen—welcome, though we know that all the sunny Lombard plain below was purple with grapes and black with figs. Again came from these women the wail of the shepherds: "Ah, lords! is it not a miserable land?" and I began to doubt whether the love which I had heard mountaineers bore to their inclement heights was not altogether fabulous. They made haste to boil us some eggs, and set them before us with some unhappy wine, and while we were eating, the Capo-gente came in.

He was a very well-mannered person, but had, of course, the bashfulness naturally resulting from lonely life at that altitude, where contact with the world must be infrequent. His fellow-citizens seemed to regard him with a kind of affectionate deference, and some of them came in to hear him talk with the strangers. He stood till we prayed him to sit down, and he presently consented to take some wine with us.

After all, however, he could not tell us much of his people which we had not heard before. A tradition existed among them, he said, that their ancestors had fled to these Alps from Marius, and that they had dwelt for a long time in the hollows and caves of the mountains, living and burying their dead in the same secret places. At what time they had been converted to Christianity he could not tell; they had, up to the beginning of the present century, had little or no intercourse with the Italian population by which they were surrounded on all sides. They did not intermarry with that race, and it was seldom that any Cimbrian knew its language. But now intermarriage is very frequent; both Italian and Cimbrian are spoken in nearly all the families, and the Cimbrian is gradually falling into disuse. They still, however, have books of religious instruction in their ancient dialect, and until very lately the services of their church were performed in Cimbrian.

I begged the Capo to show us some of their books, and he brought us two, one a catechism for children, entitled "Dar Kloane Catechism vor z' Baloseland vortraght in z' gaprecht von siben Komonün, un vier Halghe Gasang. 1842. Padova." The other book it grieved me to see, for it proved that I was not the only one tempted in modern times to visit these ancient people, ambitious to bear to them the relation of discoverer, as it were. A High-Dutch Columbus, from Vienna, had been before me, and I could only come in for Amerigo Vespuggi's tempered glory. This German savant had dwelt a week in these lonely places, patiently compiling a dictionary of their tongue, which, when it was printed, he sent to the Capo. I am magnanimous enough to give the name of his book, that the curious may buy it if they like. It is called "Johann Andreas Schweller's Cimbrisches Wörterbuch. Joseph Bergman. Vienna. 1855."

Concerning the present Cimbri, the Capo said that in his community they were chiefly hunters, wood-cutters, and charcoal-burners, and that they practiced their primitive crafts in those gloomier and wilder heights we saw to the northward, and descended to the towns of the plain to make sale of their fagots, charcoal, and wild-beast skins. In Asola and the larger communities they were farmers and tradesmen like the Italians; and the Capo believed that the Cimbri, in all their villages, numbered near ten thousand. He could tell me of no particular customs or usages, and believed they did not differ from the Italians now except in race and language. They are, of course, subject to the Austrian Government, but not so strictly as the Italians are, and though they are taxed and made to do military service, they are otherwise left to regulate their affairs pretty much at their pleasure.

The Capo ended his discourse with much polite regret that he had nothing more worthy to tell us; and, as if to make us amends for having come so far to learn so little, he said there was a hermit living near, whom we might like to see, and sent his son to conduct us to the hermitage. It turned out to be the white object which we had seen gleaming in the wood on the mountain from so great distance below, and the wood turned out to be a pleasant beechen grove, in which we found the hermit cutting fagots. He was warmly dressed in clothes without rent, and wore the clerical knee-breeches. He saluted us with a cricket-like chirpiness of manner, and was greatly amazed to hear that we had come all the way from America to visit him. His hermitage was built upon the side of a white-washed chapel to St. Francis, and contained three or four little rooms or cupboards, in which the hermit dwelt and meditated. They opened into the chapel, of which the hermit had the care, and which he kept neat and clean like himself. He told us proudly that once a year, on the day of the titular saint, a priest came and said mass in that chapel, and it was easy to see that this was the great occasion of the old man's life. For forty years, he said, he had been devout; and for twenty-five he had dwelt in this place, where the goodness of God and the charity of the poor people around had kept him from want. Altogether, he was a pleasant enough hermit, not in the least spiritual, but gentle, simple, and evidently sincere. We gave some small coins of silver to aid him to continue his life of devotion, and Count Giovanni bestowed some coppers with the stately blessing, "*Iddio vi benedica, padre mio!*"

So we left the hermitage, left Fozza, and started down the mountain on foot, for no one may ride down those steeps. Long before we reached the bottom, we had learned to loathe mountains and to long for dead levels during the rest of life. Yet the descent was picturesque, and in some things even more interesting than the ascent had been. We met more people; now melancholy shepherds with their flocks; now swine-herds and swine-herdesses with herds of wild black pigs of the Italian breed; now men driving asses that brayed and woke long, loud, and most musical echoes in the hills; now whole peasant families driving cows, horses, and mules to the plains below. On the way down, fragments of autobiography began, with the opportunities of conversation, to come from the Count Giovanni, and we learned that he was a private soldier at home on that *permesso* which the Austrian Government frequently gives its less able-bodied men in times of peace. He had been at home some years, and did not expect to be again called into the service. He liked much better to be in charge of the cave at Oliero than to carry the musket, though he confessed that he liked to see the world, and that soldiering brought one acquainted with many places. He had not many ideas, and the philosophy of his life chiefly regarded deportment towards strangers who visited the cave. He held it an error in most custodians to show discontent when travellers gave them little; and he said that if he received never so much, he believed it wise not to betray exultation. "Always be contented, and nothing more," said Count Giovanni.

"It is what you people always promise beforehand," I said, "when you bargain with strangers to do them a certain service for what they please; but afterwards they must pay what *you* please or have trouble. I know you will not be content with what I give you."

"If I am not content," cried Count Giovanni, "call me the greatest ass in the world!"

And I am bound to say that, for all I could see through the mask of his face, he was satisfied with what I gave him, though it was not much.

He had told us casually that he was nephew of a nobleman of a certain rich and ancient family in Venice, who sent him money while in the army, but this made no great impression on me; and though I knew there was enough noble poverty in Italy to have given rise to the proverb, *Un conte che non conta, non conta niente*, yet I confess that it was with a shock of surprise I heard our guide and servant saluted by a lounger in Valstagna with "*Sior conte, servitor suo!*" I looked narrowly at him, but there was no ray of feeling or pride visible in his pale, languid visage as he responded, "*Buona sera, caro.*" Yet after that revelation we simple plebeians, who had been all day heaping shawls and books upon Count Giovanni, demanding menial offices from him, and treating him with good-natured slight, felt uncomfortable in his presence, and welcomed the appearance of our carriage with our driver, who, having started drunk from Bassano in the morning, had kept drunk all day at Valstagna, and who now drove us back wildly over the road, and almost made us sigh for the security of mules ambitious of the brinks of precipices.

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—While the Iliad receives its full tribute of translation in all Englsh metres, and in none—five new ones are readily counted up since Lord Derby's success—it is curious how totally neglected is the other masterpiece of antiquity, the Æneid of Virgil, surely the easier task of the two. This was not always the case. To try their "prentice hands" on Virgil was a favorite employment of the wits of Queen Anne's day; and it may well be doubted if Dryden's version of one author is more satisfactory than Pope's translation of the other. It is certain that their respective excellences would have been more congenially exemplified if they had changed tasks; the unquestioned fire and force of Dryden would have served him better with Homer, while Pope's finish and precision would have rather accorded with his early master and prototype, whom he imitated in his first work, the "Pastorals." A new version of the Æneid has been undertaken by that finished scholar, Professor Conington, who has edited the original for the "Bibliotheca Classica," and published translations of Horace that were warmly admired.

—There seems something of a return to the good old days—when men of real learning and distinction were well pleased to fill subordinate offices that connected them with libraries, and so served the cause of letters more effectually, perhaps, than in stations of higher pretension—in the elevation of Rev. R. Payne Smith, sub-librarian of the Bodleian, to the preferment of "Regius Professor of Divinity elect in the University of Oxford," one of the most important and dignified offices of the University. It reminds one of the time when the mighty Dr. Bentley himself did not disdain to be king's librarian, and Dr. Conyers Middleton was head of the University Library of Cambridge. Mr. Payne Smith has chiefly been before the public in connection with Syriac studies, and has edited in that language and translated "The Commentaries of St. Cyril on St. Luke," and "The Ecclesiastical History of John of Ephesus," a unique record of a stormy period of Byzantine history.

—Whoever feels annoyed at departures from minute accuracy will find plenty of cause for animadversion in the current periodical writing of England and the United States at the present day. In both countries, a desire to say smart things leads people to venture on remote allusions with an air of familiarity that only thinly covers the ignorance beneath. Perhaps the worst offender of this kind is Dr. Doran, now editor of, or at all events chief writer in, the *Athenæum*. In every slipshod column that he writes the characteristics just mentioned may be noticed. In the last number of the "Atlantic Monthly" a reviewer, offering corrections for Mr. Brooks's translation of Jean Paul's "Hesperus," says: "The famous *African* prince, Le Boo, deserves a note," a most unkindly way of turning the mild Polynesian, whose portrait, with his hair clubbed and queued in the fashion of the day, looks sadly from Keate's "Account of the Shipwreck of the *Antelope* in the Pelew Islands," into an African *negro!* It is strange, by the way, that none of our modern book translators have turned this charming book into a new "juvevile." And again, says the critic, "*Incunabula* means specimens of the first printed edition of a work; also, the first impressions of the first edition—the firstlings of old editions." Gustave Brunet's "Dictionnaire de Bibliologie" would tell him that the word, derived from the Latin *incunabulum* (cradle), was first used by the Germans to designate works produced in the infancy of the art of printing, before A.D. 1500, and has been generally adopted from them in that sense. Even in the "North American Review" a writer quotes the well-known tripartite division of mankind as into "men, women, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagus." We never heard before that any doubt was entertained as to Lady Mary's womanhood; the *mot*, attributed to the *fast* Lady Townshend, was really "men, women, and Herveys"—alluding wittily to the general eccentricities of the race, which reached almost to insanity in the famous Prince Bishop of Derry, and to the personal peculiarities of Lord Hervey Pope's "Sporus—the mere white curd of asses' milk" of the Moral Epistles.

—A work of interest to all who use "Chatham's language for their mother tongue," or are, in other words, of English descent, is in preparation by a gentleman of antiquarian name, Rev. Samuel Lysons. It is entitled "Our British Ancestors; Who and What were They? an enquiry serving to elucidate the traditional history of the early Britons, by means of recent excavations, etymology, remnants of religious worship, inscriptions, craniology, and fragmentary collateral history." The numerous local antiquarian societies now flourishing in nearly every county in the kingdom have brought together a vast quantity of facts bearing on these subjects, that only want arranging by some master's hand to bring certainty into questions that have hitherto been in too great a measure conjectural. Mr. Lyson's book will be published by Messrs. Parker, of Oxford.

—Mr. Matthew Arnold's brilliant essay, contained in his late volume, "Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment," will probably make many readers acquainted for the first time with the name of the Abbé Migne. It is in comparing the meagreness and sectarian narrowness of Protestant theological literature with the all-embracing, world-wide scope of Catholic studies, as represented on the shelves of the British Museum Library, that Mr. Arnold is so greatly impressed with the gigantic proportions of the series of volumes bearing the name of that ecclesiastic. Both the man and his work, indeed,

deserve to be better known, especially by all who are interested in books. The world has seen no such instance of devotion to an object, and its successful prosecution with the most limited means. The Abbé Migne was born in the first year of the present century; after embracing the ecclesiastical profession, he early showed talents that placed him in contact with the literary relations of the Church, and established in Paris in 1833 the first daily religious newspaper, *L'Univers Religieux*. This was only a step to the object he had at heart, and daily saw the need of—the supplying at as moderate a price as possible the means of theological study to the great body of his fellow-priests, who were too often obliged to remain in ignorance from the scarcity and high price of the books that they required. He gradually perfected the plan of a "Cours complets de la Science Theologique," and so pressing was the need to be supplied that, in a few months, he was able to depend on twenty thousand subscribers. The establishment of his vast book manufactory, "Les Ateliers Catholiques," followed, where every process necessary for the production of a volume is performed. He commenced with a complete collection of the Greek and Latin Fathers, the former to Photius (A.D. 863), and the latter to the time of Innocent III. (A.D. 1216), all from the best editions, or edited by competent scholars expressly for the work. With the Abbé's energy a few years served to complete this series in 357 volumes, which were supplied to the subscribers in a handsome imperial octavo form, averaging 500 to 600 pages, and at five francs per volume. This undertaking, which the united publishing force of Europe would have been afraid of venturing on, only stimulated the Abbé to further exertions. It is impossible to give here even the names of the different series of books that followed the "Patrologie;" among them are a "Cursus Completus" of Biblical commentaries, 28 vols.; collection of "Orateurs Sacrés" in two series, making together 102 volumes; collection of works on the evidences of Christianity, or "Démonstrations Evangéliques," 20 vols.; and the work that Mr. Arnold especially refers to, "Encyclopédie Théologique," a collection comprising in 165 volumes about eighty separate dictionaries, relating to almost every subject of archæological, literary, and scientific interest that can in its widest sense be brought into connection with Christianity. For curious and recondite information there is certainly no similar repository in existence that can compare with it. At the present time the publications kept in stock, manufactured, and often edited at the Abbé's establishment, exceed in number one thousand volumes, of high critical value and ability, all of one size, representing publishing resources that throw into the shade anything done elsewhere by individuals or societies since the invention of printing. So vast are the plans of this indefatigable man that, if he is spared a few years longer, the complete idea of his "Bibliothèque Universelle du Clergé," in two thousand volumes, will probably be successfully carried out. Visitors who feel sympathy with his objects find the Abbé a spare, hale, and active old gentleman, full of amenity, and a devoted son of the Church, which he has supplied with an armory of the faith.

—An instance of how often the purchase of a fine book, besides encouraging art and literature, may prove a good pecuniary investment, is given by the market price, at the present moment, of the original grand folio edition of Audubon's "Birds of America." The work was completed in 1840, when Baron Cuvier pronounced it "the most magnificent monument ever raised by art to natural science." A few years since copies could be procured for from $500 to $600; now $1,500 is asked for a well-bound copy, and it would not be possible to procure one of any kind for $1,200. As only one hundred and seventy-five copies were printed, and several of them have been lost or destroyed at the South, the price is certain to advance, and will shortly range as high as $2,000.

—Prof. Philip Smith has carried nearly half-way to completion his projected "Universal History" in eight volumes. The third, just published in England, brings the narrative down continuously from the creation to the fall of the Roman Empire in the west, and closes the division of ancient history. This the publisher puts forth as an independent work, which may occupy the place once filled by the "Ancient History" of Rollin. This it may do at the great marts of intellect, but in out-of-the-way places there is a good deal of life left in Rollin yet. A late New York publisher, one of the few who in former times made a fortune by his business, used to tell the story how for fifty years, whenever work was slack for the men in his printing-office, the standing order was, "Put them on Rollin," and however large the number printed, the demand was always sufficient to consume them all. It is difficult to account for the enduring popularity enjoyed by a work so diffuse and feeble, unless its sincere tone of piety had something to do with it. This will be found as noticeable in Dr. Smith's book. He writes with reverential feeling on the disputed points that often vainly agitate the minds of men who can grasp but a few isolated points of the great argument, and brings to his subjects the collected wisdom of a hundred years of critical researches since his antiquated rival wrote. The English edition is well supplied with apparatus for studying the book usefully, as maps, tables, plans of cities, etc. Messrs. Appleton, in their reprint, have added to these some staring prints of antiquities, etc., that certainly do not improve the work for the scholar's use, though they *may* attract the eye of the class who are to be weaned from Rollin. Their edition of volume third is in press and will speedily appear.

—A chronicle of the book taste of the day would be very incomplete that omitted any allusion to the fashion for "large-paper" copies now raging with virulence and an unhealthy disregard for pecuniary considerations among our would-be amateurs. When a book, by its embellishments or the perfection of its mechanical execution, becomes a real work of art, a large-paper copy often stands to an ordinary one in the same relation that an early proof of an engraving bears to a common impression. The least imaginative of men often delight in possessing as fine a specimen as possible of a favorite author or edition, in the same spirit that led Alexander to enshrine the Iliad in the most costly casket afforded by the spoils of Darius. The indulgence of a taste of this kind is of course not only excusable but laudable. When old stereotype-plates, however, are printed off on paper of exaggerated size, and rubbish is manufactured on the principle of a "rivulet of text running through a meadow of margin," with the express purpose of taking in the half-educated, who jump at a name without any regard to what it really should imply, the matter becomes simply ridiculous, and those whose money is obtained on such shallow pretensions deserve little real sympathy. Acquaintance with large-paper copies forms no branch of bibliography proper. They are generally treated sportively, as exemplifying the fopperies that often attach to serious studies. The greatest of modern book collectors, Richard Heber, would never admit a large-paper book into his library. The whole thing is perfectly arbitrary, reducible to no rules, and depending entirely on the fluctuations of individual fancy. The early printers, before A.D. 1500, were not accustomed to this luxury; the first well-ascertained book on large paper was the edition of Livy printed by Aldus about the year 1518. The only copy known to be preserved was bought by Lord Spencer at one of M. Renouard's auction sales for £99 15s. By far the greatest number of classical editions on large paper have no extra value on that account, but are rather regarded as lumber. There are two curious exceptions: the Hesiod, edited by Robinson, and printed at Oxford 1737, is worth, for an ordinary copy in quarto, fifteen shillings. Ten copies only were printed on *largest paper*, making a folio; they are worth over one hundred guineas. The last copy sold brought at an auction at Brighton, where no one was acquainted with its value, about twenty years since, two guineas and a half. It was subsequently purchased by Lord Vernon for one hundred and thirty pounds. The other instance is equally curious: Dr. Wells's edition of Xenophon, in five volumes octavo, is a very ordinary book, "neither critical nor elegant," and worth about two pounds. A set on large paper sold for £173 5s., in the Rev. Theodore Williams's library. The first folio Shakespeare on large paper would undoubtedly command one thousand pounds for a fine copy, should it now be discovered in this shape. One of the volumes most desired by American collectors is a large-paper copy of "Mather's Magnalia" (Lond. 1703). Four or five, probably, are known. They had no value in England before it was created by the demand from this country. A fine copy was bought for ten shillings at a country town in Yorkshire that has since sold for $100, and would bring more money now.

—That disappointing little dust-bin of a library at Herculaneum, which, when it was discovered, set every one agog with the hope of finding in it lost decades of Livy, and perished comedies of Menander, has been at last turned to some account by a German, Herr Gomperz. It proved to be the collection of some tenth-rate Epicurean philosopher or sophist, and contained nothing but the thinly-spun brain-cobwebs of his brethren on morals, music, medicine, rhetoric, etc., all equally uninteresting and unimportant. German tenacity, however, has grappled with the rubbish, and Mr. Gomperz has edited and printed at Leipzic, from the half-charred fragments, a work by Philodemus on logic. In it he maintains the process of investigation by induction is clearly propounded, and the essence of Bacon's reasoning on that subject anticipated.

—A book that can scarcely fail to throw some light on the little understood inner life of the East is announced by Mr. Bentley, entitled "Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople, by Emmeline Lott, formerly Governess to the Grand Pasha Ibrahim of Egypt," a designation that sounds oddly, but probably means governess in the family of, etc. The very existence of such an infidel functionary seems rather at war with strict Mohammedan orthodoxy, and is suggestive of the present latitudinarianism, when "Selim wears a repeater, and Zuleika takes Morrison's pills."

—The great French royalist orator, M. Berryer, is employing his leisure in his country seat at Angerville in the collection and revisal of his speeches at the bar and in the Chambers, where during so many years he stood forth conspicuously as the sole champion of the elder branch of the Bourbons that represented in his eyes the principles of law and legitimacy. M. Berryer's recollections extend as far back as the trial of Marshal Ney, whose advocate he was, and will be full of interest to the forensic and parliamentary world.

—It is strange that the Hungarians—for so many centuries after the fall of Constantinople regarded as the bulwark of Christendom in the East—should turn out to be indisputably members of the same race as their opponents and assailants, the Mohammedan Ottoman Turks. As historical data on the subject were wanting, the question of Hungarian affinities has long engaged the attention of their scholars, it could only be settled by ethnology and philology, and the adventurous journey of M. Vámbéry to Bokhara, Samarcand, and Central Asia (republished by Messrs. Harper) was undertaken for this very purpose. He is considered to have proved satisfactorily the connection of his nation with the Altaic race, and rather with the Turco-Tartar section of it than the Finnic. M. Vámbéry is now engaged upon a comparative dictionary and grammar of this widely-spread idiom, furnished with which alone a traveller may make his way from the shores of the Adriatic to the great wall of China or the frozen sea of Kamtschatka—the same speech that by the western Turks has been refined into a language unequalled for copiousness, regularity of structure, and power of expressing exact shades of meaning.

—Among Messrs. Longmans' announcements one is struck with the appearance of a new edition, "revised by the author," of a book published forty-five years ago, that has long taken its place on the library shelf, and whose author we took it for granted had some time since gone to join the Humes and Robertsons of a past generation. We refer to "The History of the British Empire from the accession of Charles I. to the Restoration," by George Brodie, Historiographer Royal of Scotland. Mr. Brodie's history, dealing with the much debated men and opinions of the Commonwealth time, was conspicuous for an advanced liberalism—not so common at that day as now—that especially moved the ire of Robert Southey, some of whose idols it effectually dethroned. The new edition will appear under the title "Constitutional History of the Reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth," and will be amended by the results of half a century's later researches.

—The changes in the condition of Spain by the introduction and development of the railroad system in that kingdom have made Mr. Ford's well-known "Hand-book" nearly obsolete, and though it will always be valued as a book of reference on all matters connected with the Peninsula unrivalled for the extent, veracity, and curiosity of its information, the tourist of the present day requires something more directly bearing upon the great questions of travelling, eating, drinking, and sleeping. All that is wanting in Ford's classical work is proposed to be supplied in a new "Guide to Spain," by H. O'Shea, just published by Messrs. Longmans. How to get from place to place; where to sleep; what to eat, drink, and avoid; the price of train and correo; the name of your landlord; the reputation of his cellar; the state of his beds; and other similar matters of personal concern, are all well illustrated in his manual. It will be welcome to many of our countrymen, with whom Spain has always been a favorite region from the days when Captain Slidell Mackenzie's "Year in Spain" first made it familiar ground to his readers. This very work was recently recommended by a correspondent of the *Athenæum* as "the production of Mr. Slidell of *Trent* notoriety," though published by Murray, and received with high praise by the "Quarterly" of the day.

—Mr. J. A. St. John, the well-known man of letters, is preparing for early publication a new "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," based, it is said, to a considerable degree on new materials. Raleigh has hitherto not met with such a biographer as his achievements deserve. The American portion of his career of discovery yet needs, in particular, more illustration than it has ever received. Valuable matter for its elucidation has been accumulated by American scholars—as Mr. S. G. Drake, of Boston—and much relating to it will be found in the transactions of our historical societies. A life that should do justice to the great qualities of the man would be received with unusual favor. Much about him still remains in obscurity. It is a singular fact that even the fate of his descendants is not known. The posterity of his son, Carew Raleigh, can be traced to 1695, after which our information ceases, and it is not known if the family is extant or extinct. Little has been added in England to the facts collected by the laborious antiquary Oldys for his "Life of Raleigh" in the last century, but the recent opening of the Public Records to the historical enquirer leads us to expect important revelations on many of the mysterious circumstances connected with the hard treatment and fate of the founder of Virginia.

—Mrs. Browning's (Miss Barrett's) translation of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus no longer remains an unequalled achievement of feminine learning. A new version of the trilogy, or three connected dramas, by the same author, "The Agamemnon, Choephorœ, and Eumenides," has just appeared, the work of Miss A. Swanwick, a lady whose *début* in literature was made by the performance of the task—scarcely less difficult—of translating "Faust" for Bohn's edition of the works of Goethe. The merit of this version attracted so strongly the notice of Chevalier Bunsen that he warmly recommended the Greek tragic dramas as subjects for Miss Swanwick's study. The result appears to justify his and her confidence, and her versions are generally praised for closeness to the original, and terse and forcible versification. In critical difficulties the authoress was assisted by Prof. F. W. Newman. Mrs. Browning was probably too much of an original poet to be a good medium for the transmission of another's thoughts, and Miss Swanwick has a field before her unoccupied by any competitor worthy of notice.

THE WORKS OF EPICTETUS.*

WHILE there have been several translations of the writings of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius into the English language, there has been but one of the writings of Epictetus. The reason is that this one was so admirable. No separate translations would have been so valuable, probably, as the four editions of Mrs. Carter's version. She was qualified for her task, not only by her fine Greek scholarship, but by her power to enter into the spirit of her author, and to reproduce his thoughts in vigorous language of her own. In presenting the works of Epictetus to the American public, nothing more was required than to compare Mrs. Carter's version with the latest edition of the original, that of Schweighäuser, published in Leipzig in the year 1800, nearly fifty years later than the edition that she used; and to make such alterations in her style as might be necessary to adapt the book to a more modern public, the literary English of a century ago not being entirely suited to the literary taste of our time. These two things Mr. Higginson has undertaken to do. The alterations in the text are few and unimportant. In that respect, the results of the editor's faithful scholarship are valuable chiefly as giving us the assurance that we have the original in its best form. Neither are the alterations in Mrs. Carter's English as many or as radical as one might have supposed would be necessary. Mr. Higginson's pages read more smoothly than hers; the obsolete words are dropped; phrases once elegant are set aside for the elegant phrases of the day. The old-fashioned garb of the version is exchanged for the easy walking dress which modern books put on, and the paragraphs move more gracefully, to our thinking. Not that all Mr. Higginson's alterations are improvements. We do not think they are. An over-refinement occasionally impairs the force of thought or of illustration. Epictetus was a slave, not excessively polished, probably, in his speech. Arrian, his reporter, was, it is true, a man of letters, and an accomplished one. The Greek is his, not Epictetus's. But for this very reason, here and there, the harsher word should be used in preference to the softer one, as best expressing the philosopher's idea. Thus we like Mrs. Carter's "wretch," "pitiful wretch," "fool," better than Mr. Higginson's "unfortunate man" and "foolish man." We like her "not to burst with passion" better than his "not to be petulant." When he substitutes for her phrase, "as if you had swallowed a spit," his own, "as if you had swallowed a ramrod," he puts into the mouth of the heathen sage a proverb which he could not possibly have uttered; a proverb too which is no more expressive than the one he employed. Indeed, to most people now, the spit would be more suggestive than the ramrod. On page 114 of the new edition we read: "Do you not know that it is the divine you feed, the divine you exercise?" Turning to Mrs. Carter we find: "Do you not know that it is a God you feed, a God you exercise?"—which is not only stronger, but more consonant with the Greek thought. "Such a one bathes in a mighty little time" has a flavor about it which "such a one bathes hastily" has not. "By nature it loves nothing but its own needs" sounds tame by the side of "No animal is attached to anything so strongly as its own interest." Here is a case where, on the score of taste, opinions may differ, but it is precisely one of the cases where we should give the preference to Mrs. Carter. She says: "Fool, sit down now and pray that thy nose may not run; wipe it, and do not murmur." Very inelegant, but very pithy. Mr. Higginson gives the same passage a more elegant, but less piquant turn,

* "The Works of Epictetus. A translation from the Greek, based on that of Elizabeth Carter, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

thus: "You might as well kneel and pray to be cured of your catarrh. Take care of your disease, rather, and do not murmur."

In the preface to his edition, Mr. Higginson says very justly: "Unless a new English version is to be popularized, there seems no use in making it at all." Now the chief, almost the only, defect in his version is that the style is not sufficiently "popularized." It follows too literally the Greek idiom. We marked a great many passages, of which the following are fair specimens: "It is said that there are those who will oppose very evident truths, and yet it is not easy to find a reason which may persuade such an one to alter his opinion." "Is there any likeness, then, between reading such a petition from any one as, 'I entreat you to give me permission to export corn,' and, 'I entreat you to learn from Chrysippus?'" "For by this way of reasoning it must be said." "Is it then only in the greatest and principal matter, that of freedom, permitted me to desire at random?" "When a person enquired, how any one might eat to the divine acceptance." "Nothing, perhaps, is necessary to be said to this, but that I do not want them." "What is your own, then? The right use of the *phenomena* of *existence*." "Do we not remember that no one either hurts or benefits another, but only the principles which we hold concerning everything?" Any reader can, in a moment, recast these sentences in a shape at once more natural, more intelligible, and more popular.

The book itself is deserving of all that scholarship and art can do for it. It is a most noble book. There is nothing in it that is not noble, and calculated to ennoble men and women. The tone of it is lofty and brave. It teaches, and on the very highest gounds, self-reliance, self-respect, independence of circumstances, of fortune, and of popular opinion; patience, fortitude, steadfastness, truthfulness, simplicity, temperance, purity, humility, cheerfulness, and gratitude. Its doctrine is grand without being impracticable, and firm without being hard, and rigorous without being cold. Epictetus confined himself to the sphere of personal ethics. He was not a theologian, a metaphysician, a seer, or a prophet. He dealt with no broad social questions, that interested humanity at large; those questions were not propounded in his time. His business was with the soul of each man; and he went about it in thorough earnest. The first sentence of the "Encheiridion," or "Manual," states his main doctrine:

"There are things which are within our power, and there are things which are beyond our power. Within our power are opinion, aim, desire, aversion, and, in one word, whatever affairs are our own. Beyond our power are body, property, reputation, office, and, in a word, whatever are not properly our own affairs. The things within our power are by nature free, unrestricted, unhindered; but those beyond our power are weak, dependent, restricted, alien."

This is the key-note of all the Stoical teaching; but the modulations and combinations of Epictetus are richer and sweeter than we hear from other performers on that key. Both parts of his theme, man and circumstance, are treated with a breadth and a delicacy which leave little to be desired. On the personal and human side we have words like these, which sound as if they might have been spoken by the lips of the Great Teacher:

"When you have shut your doors, and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; for you are not alone, but God is within." "If the mere external image of God were present, you would not dare to act as you do; and when God himself is within you, and hears and sees all, are you not ashamed to think and act so?" "Knows he not the God within him? Knows he not in what company he goes?" "I have one whom I must please, to whom I must submit, whom I must obey, God and those who surround him. What tyrant is formidable? What disease? What poverty? What injury?"

But the individual is not placed in a sublime solitude.

"Have the very leaves and our own bodies this connection and sympathy with the whole, and have not our souls much more?" "All is full of beloved ones, first Gods, and then men, by nature endeared to each other." "What do you mean by thieves and robbers? They are people who are mistaken about good and evil. Ought you not then rather to pity than to be angry with them?" "If you call for hot water, and your slave does not hear you, or, hearing you, brings it only warm, or is not at home perhaps, is it not pleasing to God that you should abstain from anger, and should not burst with rage? Slave! Will you not bear with your own brother, who has God for his father, as being a son from the same stock, and of the same high descent?" "How does he suffer who puts his slave in chains? He suffers from the very fact of chaining him." "What is the punishment of those who do not take all things contentedly? To be *as they are*. Shall we throw such an one into prison? What prison? He is in prison already."

Almost the words of St. John. "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light."

A popular cyclopædia, under the head of Epictetus, declares that "the Stoics demonstrated a providence, but their providence was destiny." We take it that every man's providence is destiny. The question is, in what attitude does he stand before it? Is he passive or active? Has he emotions toward it, or not? Does he recognize allegiance to it, profess gratitude and love for it, submit to it like a child? or does he stand dumb and frigid, passionless and purposeless, in its presence? The practical sentiment and feeling colors the belief, and makes it to be either fatalistic or filial. The belief of Epictetus was filial; he was not a fatalist, for he praised and loved, and cheerfully served. Here is a passage on page 50:

"Ought we not, both in public and in private, incessantly to praise the Deity, and rehearse his benefits? Ought we not, whether we dig, or plough, or eat, to sing this hymn to God: Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground! Great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion; who has given us to grow insensibly, and to breathe in sleep? These things we ought for ever to celebrate, but to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn that he has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. What else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God?" "Fool! would you have anything but what is best? And what is best, but what pleases God?" "Lift up your head like a man free from bondage. Dare to look up to God, and say, 'Make use of me for the future as thou wilt. I am in communion with thee; I am one with thee. I refuse nothing that seems good to thee. Lead me whither thou wilt; clothe me in whatever dress thou wilt.'" "If a man eats judiciously, gratefully, handsomely, temperately, and decently, must he not eat acceptably to God?"

There is no such thing with Epictetus as pure evil.

"What figure think you Hercules would have made if there had been no lion, or hydra, or stag, or unjust and brutal men to be expelled and cleared away? He must have wrapped himself up and slept." "Reason is not measured by size or height, but by principles." "Where our interest is, there too is our piety directed."

The following passage about death contains the highest teaching we know: "Since, at all events, one must die—at what employment would you have death find you? For my part, I would have it to be some humane, beneficent, public-spirited, noble action. If death overtakes me in such a situation, it is enough if I can stretch out my hands to God and say, 'I thank thee that thou hast brought me into being. I am satisfied with the time that I have enjoyed the things which thou hast given me. Receive them back again, and distribute them as thou wilt; for they were all thine, and thou gavest them to me.'" And again, on p. 399: "Never say of anything, 'I have lost it;' but 'I have restored it.' Has your child died? It is restored. Has your wife died? She is restored. Has your estate been taken away? That, likewise, is restored. 'But it was a bad man who took it.' What is it to you by whose hands he who gave it hath demanded it again? While he permits you to possess it, hold it as something not your own, as do travellers at an inn."

These are high teachings. Some of them run closely parallel with the sublimest precepts of the New Testament. And they were uttered in the first century of the Christian era, before Christianity had been proclaimed much abroad. They were delivered by a Phrygian who lived in Rome, at first as a slave, afterwards as a freedman—who, banished from Rome, retired to Nicopolis, a city of Epirus, and taught philosophy there. He may possibly have heard St. Paul preach in the Forum or at the palace; but not a word in his discourses, however closely they may resemble those of the apostle in some of their ideas, betrays the smallest acquaintance with him or his Gospel; nor does a single passage reflect, ever so faintly, the thoughts that were always uppermost in the apostle's mind. There is no hint of his central doctrines or of his distinctive doctrines; no trace of the influence of his mind or character. There is nothing in these writings of Epictetus that may not have been his own—the product of his own philosophical principles. We may regard them as a pure product of the Greek mind in its finest mood. Of course there are many things wanting, that we miss. There is no confession of the Christ; there is no clear belief in immortality. But how noble must the man have been who reached so lofty a pinnacle of goodness and faith without the aid of hopes that seem to us so all-important! "Some men," said Mr. Beecher once, "can do more with a jack-knife than others can with a whole chest of tools."

How well Epictetus lived up to his own doctrines, we do not know with certainty. He was simple in his habits and frugal in his way of life; his companions in his later years were a child whom he adopted because its parents abandoned it, and the woman whom he employed as nurse for the child. Origen preserves an anecdote of him which, if true, proves him a man who "recked his own rede." When Epaphroditus, his brutal master, put his leg in the torture, the slave quietly remarked: "You will break my leg." Presently the bone crushed, whereupon the slave, in the same tone, added: "Did I not tell you so?"

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE AMERICAN WAR.*

This is one of the wittiest, keenest, and most incisive of all the brochures called forth by the war. The writer, we believe, is Mr. Stephens, one of the Saturday Reviewers, and, if we mistake not, the author of the "Essays on Social Subjects" reprinted from that journal. All other attempts that have been made to punish the *London Times* for its blunders, inconsistencies, and dishonesty during the war, bear about the same relation to this one that a flint-headed spear bears to a Toledo rapier. As regards manner, it might be put into the hands of any beginner as a model in the art of attack. Every line is marked by that restrained and disciplined strength, that suggestiveness, which, while saying much, leaves on the mind of the reader the impression of great forbearance on the part of the writer, which constitute the highest excellence in political writing, and are, in fact, whenever they characterize the whole literature of a country, one of the surest indices of a high state of culture. But they are not characteristics of either English or American journalism. The amount of reliance which, in the newspaper writing of both countries, is still placed on what might be almost called mere screaming, in epithets, interjections, and reckless assertion, is lamentable. Matthew Arnold calls it the "brutality" of journalism, borrowing his term from the French, amongst whom the art of writing finely, delicately, keenly, but nevertheless cuttingly whenever necessary, on the topics of the day, and for hasty consumption, has been carried to a pitch of perfection from which it is still far distant amongst us or the English.

Mr. Stephens reviews the whole course of the *Times* on American affairs since 1861, its utterances on the causes of the war, its comments on the progress of the struggle, its predictions as to its results, and its correspondence from New York; and more entertaining reading of the kind it would be difficult to light upon. Some of the hits are exceedingly happy, as when he compares the attempts of the "leading journal" to show that slavery had nothing to do with the rebellion, to the efforts of a looker-on at a cricket match who should adopt the theory that the ball had nothing to do with the game to account for the movements of the players. Nothing can be more amusing than his criticism of the ridiculous homilies it preached on the conduct of the Americans from "the 'philosophical bystander' point of view."

In November, 1860, the *Times* declared that "the South, even if united, could not resist the North for three months." In April, 1861, it hopes that "the certain failure of attempts at coercion will be discovered by the Washington Government soon enough," etc. In May, it pronounced the reduction of the seceding States an "inconceivable idea." In July, it favored Southern independence as the issue in which, "after infinite loss and humiliation," the contest must result. In August, it was still more confident. In January, 1862, it said "there were nine millions on the side of the South," and eight millions wavering in the border States. During the summer it proved that the blockade was impossible, and the attempt to enforce it would only "slightly raise the price of cotton." In January, too, it allowed two months for the further duration of the war. In March, it complained that its calculations had gone wrong owing to "the unexpected and astonishing resolution of the North." In May, it said the Federals had "established an ascendency in the field," and that "the whole story was a mystery." In June, it declared "the superior numbers and resources of the North as certain in the end to prevail." In July, it recovered itself after McClellan's defeat, and for two years and a half prophesied steadily in the old direction. In September, 1862, it pronounced the talk of putting down the rebellion "mere verbiage." In January, 1863, it predicted that the "North would soon see the enterprise was hopeless." In March, it declared that "they might as well try to save the Union as the Heptarchy." In May, it told "these poor drowning wretches (the Unionists) that they had no chance whatever," and should "bow low like children to the teaching of the right." "The poor wretches," says Mr. Stephens, "would not drown, but the *Times* was not disheartened." He gives many pages of this sort of thing, accompanied by comments of his own. The following is a good specimen of the way in which he scarifies his victim:

"The great mass of prophetic matter in the *Times* thus implied a false conception of the facts. But it was incapable of even holding steadily to one conception. Before the war began, and in the spring of 1862, its prophecies were diametrically opposite to its prophecies at most other periods. In the spring of 1864, it was neutral. The *Times* in 1860 anticipated Mr. Seward's prophecy that the North would conquer the South in ninety days. In 1861, it prophesied that the North would abandon its attempts in sixty days. And (November 4, 1862) it endorsed Mr. Jefferson Davis's assertion that the war could be carried on in Virginia for twenty years after the capture of Richmond. Mr. Seward was wrong, and Mr. Davis was wrong: the *Times* had the curious felicity of combining both blunders."

Of the course of the *Times* as to the connection of slavery with the war, the writer says:

"The *Times* had thus asserted within a year that 'slavery was the cause of the war;' that 'slavery was one cause and protection another;' that 'slavery was the cause and protection a pretext;' that 'slavery had little to do with the war, and protection much;' that 'it could be all but demonstrated' that slavery had nothing to do with it at first, and 'quite demonstrated' that slavery had since passed out of sight; that 'some people thought' that 'abolition was at the bottom of the whole business, and that it would very probably be the result;' and that 'slavery was the reel on which the coil was wound,' though not the material of which the coil was made. In other words, the *Times* knew nothing about it."

* "The Times on the American War. A Historical Study." By L. S. London: William Ridgway. 1865.

AFRAJA.*

It is too late to offer criticism of a book like this, which so many have read with unmixed delight. Indeed, Afraja is one of those books which fix for themselves, and at once, the place which they are destined to keep, and perhaps at the first the critic of this romance could have done little more than exult in it, and offer the homage of undivided praise to the interest of its narrative, the beauty of its style, and the unfailing purity, simplicity, and sweetness of its feeling. At any rate we can now have no other office.

The reader doubtless remembers too well to require rehearsal from us the story of the young Danish nobleman who goes to Norway from Copenhagen to seek his fortune among the stormy scenes and stormy men of that wild northern land; how he relinquishes, on the suggestion of the crafty old merchant, skipper, and fisherman, Neils Helgestad, his purpose of taking possession of lands given him by royal letters, and turns trader; how his good heart and clear head make him hateful to the hard, money-getting race with which he has cast his lot; how his pity for the miserable Lapps (whom the Norwegians in the first half of the last century hated and misused with more than our despite for the negro) brings him at last into trouble and implicates him in the charge of treason made against their old chief, Afraja; how he is saved by the friend whom Neils Helgestad tried to murder; how in the end he marries Helgestad's beautiful good daughter, Ilda, when all the hard old man's schemes have crumbled into the reveries of dotage; and how he lives and dies a happy and honored man in the Norwegian home he has chosen. But fine as the story is, it is but a minor charm of the book, in which there is the closest study and sharpest delineation of the character of the men and nature of that melancholy region where the scenes are laid. The fresh, cold, salt winds of the teeming northern seas blow through the book; the brief, lovely summer of that climate brightens it; the wild and terrible splendors of its winter are there; the descriptions of nature are as novel and unhackneyed as the narrative and the characters. It seems to us that the author does not once fail in any part of the work; and we can well believe that such types of character as he painted are still, as he told Mr. Bayard Taylor, to be found in the Loffoden Isles.

All that rude life of fishing, and hunting, and trading, and combat with the loth elements for existence, is conjured before the reader, and while he peruses the book the people in it have a substance and reality absolutely unknown to the characters of any other fiction of this class. The old chief, Afraja, who lives withdrawn among the bleak hills with his people, and only meets the Norwegians to sell them spells which his sorcery has invented against evil weather, has just that measure of fanaticism, ferocity, and goodness which belongs to the savage. His daughter—whose hapless love for the Dane is the most pathetic sorrow of the book—the poor, gentle little Gula, is drawn with the sweetness, and tenderness, and passion proper to a nature reclaimed from barbarism by her long association with Helgestad's family, but full yet of the strong impulses of her savage childhood. Helgestad's light-hearted, ill-starred son, Björnome, who loved Gula as hopelessly as she loved the Dane, and Helgestad's daughter, Ilda, are both own children of that calm, balanced, and strong-willed man, in whom respect and liking for his victim, the Dane, struggle hard to the end with his greed of gain and his purposes of treachery. Ilda is, indeed, a wonderful creation, and might stand for the type of the clime in which she was born. Her beauty is the beauty of the north—rugged and almost stern in its splendor; her love is warm as the summer, which at last breaks fervently from the heart of the north; her truth is endless as the summer day. She is infinitely good; her whole nature is bent to tenderness and pity, but she is so well controlled that it all seems the effect of studied principle in a soul ignorant of impulse.

Altogether, the book is one of unspeakable charm, as many people must know, since the present translation has passed to a seventh edition. It enriches a literature poor in fiction, and it is the best romance of its class in

* "Afraja: or, Life and Love in Norway. From the German of Theodore Mügge, by Edward Joy Morris." Seventh Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1865.

German—perhaps in any language. The translator has performed an ever-thankless task with admirable fidelity and spirit, which is the limit set to the performance of translators. To those who do not read "Afraja" in the original, his work is a priceless favor; and even to the reader of German it is inoffensive, which, we dare say, has been mentioned before. Occasionally there is a lapse from the general excellence of the translator's English, as where he says that in a certain harbor so many ships could *lay*; and what *does* he mean by "an unexpected surprise?"

Harper's Hand-book for Travelers in Europe and the East. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Fourth edition. (Harper & Bros., New York. 1865.)—The close of the civil war has given a very strong impetus to the travel from this country to Europe. The steamers of the popular European lines have all been crowded, since the fall of Richmond, to the utmost of their capacities. The number of trans-Atlantic travellers in pursuit of pleasure and business during the spring and summer months of this year is estimated by the tens of thousands. Most of our native wanderers across the Atlantic are possessed only of the most general information as to the geographical, political, and social relations of England and the Continent, and more or less ignorant of the modes and proper direction of European travel. It is not surprising, therefore, that there is a very lively demand by them for books which promise to give them the enlightenment upon these subjects needed for a profitable and pleasurable enjoyment of a visit to the Old World.

Mr. Fetridge's compilation, the fourth annual edition of which is before us, meets this demand measurably, but not by any means fully. We do not doubt that it is finding a ready sale. But this is due to the fact that it has no competitor in this particular field of literature on this side of the Atlantic, and that it temptingly claims to embody in one, comparatively cheap, volume all the necessary information that can be found otherwise only in the very high-priced volumes of Murray, Baedecker, and other European *vade mecum* publishers, rather than its own intrinsic worth. During a late tour of the Continent, we had occasion to bring its relative value to a practical test, and found that its shortcomings balance, if not outweigh, its merits. And this is the opinion of all the intelligent, educated, and observing American travellers whose criticism of the book we heard expressed. We do not deny its usefulness to that numerous class who make the greatest possible amount of sight-seeing in the least possible time their principal aim. Those bent upon "doing up" Europe in as many months as might be profitably devoted to a single city, will be satisfied with mere cursory views of the several countries they pass through, and with skipping lightly from one object of interest to another, and to them "Harper's Hand-book" will furnish all the guidance required. But to those who seek a more thorough acquaintance with the material and intellectual condition of the Old World, and are intent upon instructive studies of the various phases and manifestations of European life, a brief use of it will soon disclose its inadequacy.

The imperfections of this guide arise from its too comprehensive scope. In an octavo volume of less than six hundred pages, the collator attempts to embody all that is desirable for the American traveller to know of Great Britain, of all the Continental countries, of Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. The vastness of the material naturally involves a corresponding condensing process, which renders a superficial and incomplete treatment of the several subjects unavoidable. With fixed limits of space, what to omit was as important a question with the compiler as what to include in his work. It is, however, but just to say that he has done the best he could under the circumstances as to the amount of the matter incorporated. Still, not one of the countries touched upon receives anything like an exhaustive notice. Some of those most stingily treated are among the most attractive to American travellers, as, for instance, Germany, to which but twenty-four pages are devoted, while Spain is given fifty. The briefness of the chapters devoted to Russia and the Scandinavian countries borders on the ridiculous. The arrangement of the contents is good, and the information given as to routes of travel, means and time of intercommunication by land and water, character of hotels, expresses, etc., etc., accurate, with few exceptions. A certain flippancy of criticism of works of art offends good taste, and is not apt to impress the reader with a very high opinion of the compiler's fitness as a judge. The historical synopsis with which each country is introduced to the traveller might be properly dispensed with. The accompanying railway map is all but worthless. That portion of the work in which the United States is hastily disposed of is both out of place in a foreign guide-book, and so marred withal by errors of fact and even more censurable faults, that it must impair the confidence reposed by any American in the statements which he cannot test as here out of his own knowledge and experience. It were best entirely erased, and its space distributed where it legitimately belongs.

In the preface to the fourth year, much improvement is claimed for the new edition. We are unable to discern any but trifling changes. In the preface of the preceding edition, Mr. Fetridge lays claim to originality of compilation. This we take the liberty to dispute. A comparison of his book with the popular European hand-books will readily reveal the main sources of his material. In conclusion, we beg to suggest to him and his publishers that, the pecuniary success of their enterprise being now assured, they could well afford to banish from its pages the undisguised puffs of hotels, tradesmen, and shopkeepers which forbid any pretence of disinterested advice.

Religious Worship, considered under its economic aspects. By a Colombian. (A. H. Baily & Co., London.)—This pamphlet, published in English and Spanish, is before us; and it is a remarkable production, from the pen of that illustrious South American, General Mosquera. The object of it is to prove that religious liberty, pure and simple, has a direct tendency and agency in promoting public wealth. The author directly disclaims any reference to the subject in other points of view, and treats it only as a question of political economy. His style, too, is strictly adapted to the end, being terse, clear, and concise to an extreme. Having had long personal experience in the practical treatment of the questions of religious liberty as a legislator of Colombia, three times president of the republic, and a triumphant general in wars for its defense, and recently the promulgator of the decree repealing mortmain and reducing the recusant and rebellious clergy to submission to the constitution and laws, his arguments and opinions come before the world with much greater authority than those of a merely speculative writer. It will excite surprise, if not admiration, to find in this production a new proof of the versatility of Gen. Mosquera's acquirements and talents, for it is very rare to find, in any age and country, a self-educated man so highly distinguished in practical science, military, civil, legislative, and diplomatic life. He is now Colombian Minister to England, Prussia, and Italy, and President elect for the fourth time.

As a sample of his argument, we quote two paragraphs from pages 10-11, which follow a description of the preference of certain countries for a monopoly of "religious production:"

"From this monopoly it results that real estate or unmovable properties acquired by the Roman, Greek, and Anglican churches, and which they have an interest in augmenting in order to secure their existence and means of action more and more firmly in the future, become inalienable in their hands, and are withdrawn from circulation. Not only do they pass from the possession of the lay community, but are in perpetuity diverted from their ordinary scope of operation, and abstracted from that commercial movement which, under the impulses of private interests, gives activity to the development of productive resources, rendered the more profitable by general interest, in causing them to circulate amongst those most apt to reap the greatest advantage therefrom. This first consequence produces another still more deplorable.

"If the Roman, Greek, and Anglican ecclesiastical hierarchy had to depend upon periodical contributions and accidental offerings voluntarily given to them by the lay community for the satisfaction of their personal necessities and those connected with the forms of worship over which they preside, they would have an interest for the purpose of exercising their monopoly in stimulating the zeal of believers, and in maintaining amongst them religious sentiments and habits. Can this be the case with the above-mentioned churches, possessing as they do considerable properties and estates which render them independent of the zeal of the faithful? Manifestly not; the stimulus of interest is weakened, then, if it has not entirely disappeared; and as the stimulus of duty is not, unfortunately, of constant efficacy, we may with certainty conclude that under such a system the provision for the religious necessities of the orthodox or Anglican Catholics will become more and more imperfect and insufficient."

Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)—A few of the poems collected in this volume from the newspapers merit the preservation they here receive. The bulk, of course, do not. The connection between great national events, or popular emotions, and numbers, is curious if somewhat occult. It is a fact, even though there be no explanation for it, that a gushing of commonplace thought into weak verse is invariably produced in the community at large whenever its feelings are stirred out of common, so that it almost becomes necessary to apologize for speaking in prose. That the majority of the poor performances which abound on these occasions only indicate how many poetasters are lying in ambush for the auspicious moment that is to ungag them, we have no doubt. But yet we would not wholly deny to so wide-spread an impulse the divine afflatus, nor refuse to believe that there was in many instances a spiritual compulsion to write, and to write in verse. And we can readily regard the writers of these tributes to Mr. Lincoln as controlled by the same irresistible spell that bowed the heart of every citizen with sorrow. But as with the material symbols of this sorrow, so with the poetical tributes—each one displayed according to his means and according to his taste; and as the lamented subject of both, if he was conscious of a nation's mourning, accepted the humblest badge along with the costliest, so the sincerity of these utterances must have outweighed with him their defective form. The book has a value analogous to that of the sermons of the day which have also been published. They will help the student and the historian hereafter to form a tolerable idea of the state of the public mind at the time of the assassination.

Curious Facts in the History of Insects. By Frank Cowan. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.)—Beetles, grasshoppers, ants, bees, moths, flies, lice, scorpions, and spiders, are the principal subjects of this singular compilation, intended by the author to increase the interest of entomological studies, by attaching to as many insects as possible some extra-scientific fact. It is really surprising how many superstitions and traditions exist the world over in regard to the creatures here considered, whose importance in the *materia medica* of more ignorant times is one of the most interesting branches of Mr. Cowan's investigations. Perhaps it is not safe to ridicule all the whimsical specifics which have been popularly drawn from the insect world, though most of them are not more rational or savory than the ingredients of the hell-broth in the witches' cauldron. Even at the present day, we are assured, "the bed-bug is sometimes given by the country people of Ohio as a cure for the fever and ague." The opening topic of the book, lady-birds, is treated luminously, and will secure the attention of every reader, for they are surely few from whose experience this pretty bug has been omitted. Yet its wealth of titles—in English alone, "Bishop Barnabee," "Lady Lanners," "Dr. Ellison," "King Calowa"—the verses of many lands in its honor, and its high repute as a true-lover detective, do not save it from the medicine-chest, where it was once prized as an efficacious remedy for the colic and measles, and may still, perhaps, be found as a cure for the toothache when compressed into the hollow.

The Backwoodsman; or, Life on the Indian Frontier. Edited by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. (Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. New York: Oliver S. Felt.)—The adventures of a pioneer whose "block-house was built at the foot of the mountain-chain of the Rio Grande, on the precipitous banks of the River Leone," have perhaps greater interest for Englishmen than Americans. We confess that we find all books of backwoods life so much alike in

their incidents as to be a little tiresome. The pertinacity with which pioneers, in this species of literature, hunt buffaloes, kill bears and panthers, trap beavers and fight Indians, is not relieved in any way that we can see in the present work. We do not observe anything new concerning wild nature and wild men in it, and we doubt if the *sang froid* and frequency with which Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall's backwoodsman butchers Indians will improve the tone of the youthful stomachs in which his adventures will probably be for the most part digested. The book is no worse in other respects than others of its sort. We believe that on first looking into it we felt some slight desire to be told by the editor who the backwoodsman was—to have him in some way proved and identified—but we doubt now whether we wish to know more of him than we learn from the book.

Poetry of the Age of Fable. Collected by Thomas Bulfinch. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—Some years ago, Mr. Bulfinch wrote a pleasant book called "The Age of Chivalry," in which he recounted many of the old British legends of King Arthur and his knights, and he followed this book with another called "The Age of Fable," which, he says, "was an attempt to convey so much knowledge of the gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, of antiquity, as a well-educated gentleman or lady of the present day has occasion for." In carrying out this genteel purpose, Mr. Bulfinch had frequent occasion to quote from the classic and modern poets verses touching mythological subjects; and the present volume presents "these poetical citations and illustrations increased in number and in length."

The reader may judge of the felicity of Mr. Bulfinch's idea in producing the book. We are sorry to say that we find the prettily-printed collection a very dreary one; and that most well-educated ladies and gentlemen will find themselves already acquainted with the memorable verses cited, and will have little wish to read the rest.

Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. By Geo. W. Carleton. (Carleton, New York.)—The artist-publisher might have dispensed with the "many misgivings" with which, he tells us, he was persuaded to give permanence and publicity to the careless sketches of his pocket-book. He exhibits a nice sense of the ludicrous with a very creditable command of his pencil. The subjects not delineated for their humor, such as buildings and landscapes, are especially remarkable for effectiveness of touch, and bear the impress of fidelity to the original scenes. The text is neither a necessary, nor in most cases a helpful, adjunct of the drawings, and would be improved by omitting an occasional vulgarism.

Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.)—This volume continues the illustrated series entitled "Companion Poets for the People," in judicious imitation of continental, and especially German, publications of a similar character. The form is handy, the typography and paper excellent. The illustrations are rather indicative of merit than meritorious. The lyrics embrace some of the most famous and perspicuous of Mr. Browning's poems, with many short pieces of great beauty.

The North American Review. (October.) The present number is an unusually good one, inasmuch as there may be said of it what can rarely be said of quarterly or monthly, that it does not contain a single article which can fairly be called "padding," though one or two are wanting in that very useful quality of periodical writing which, for want of any better name, we shall call "freshness." "The Political Opinions of Jefferson" is an able analysis of Jefferson's character, in which what is now seen to be erroneous in his opinions, or mischievous in his influence, is traced to the effect on him of the individualistic philosophy of the Locke school, by which all his political ideas were permeated. A curious illustration of his defects as a statesman is furnished by the fact on which the reviewer comments, that he looked with distrust on all forms of industry except agriculture, knew nothing of trade, commerce, or finance, had a mysterious dread of credit, and viewed merchants with great suspicion.

The article on "John C. Calhoun" is a somewhat extended biographical sketch, accompanied by a commentary on his writings and political opinions. As an essay, it is less acute than the preceding one on Jefferson, but is more interesting. Like all that Mr. Parton writes, it is very vivid, and it gives us a picture of great distinctness. There was probably nothing in Calhoun's career more singular than that a man of his puritanical cast of character should have held that absolute sway over a society so little puritan in all its leading incidents as that of the South, unless it be that Southern society should have produced him. His narrowness, thoroughness, intensity, bigotry, personal purity, went to make up a style of man which we should never expect on *à priori* grounds to find representing South Carolina.

"Study of Language, or Physical Science," is an able and instructive review of Max Muller's last book, and deserves careful perusal at the hands of everybody interested in the subject, and there are but few persons of culture who, nowadays, are not. The article on "Belligerent War Vessels in Neutral Ports" is a clear and careful exposition of the rules of international law which the late war has either originated or confirmed or elucidated. We have no hesitation in saying that, in style and temper, impartiality and candor, it far surpasses anything that has appeared on the same subject on either side of the Atlantic, and although its advocacy of the American side of all disputed points is strong and pronounced, it will, if read in England, as we hope it will be, produce a decided impression.

Mr. Norton's "American Political Ideas" is a strong statement of the principles on which our political and social system is based, and he deduces from them an obligation incumbent on the Government to carry them out in the re-organization of the South. We have seen these views characterized in an otherwise able critique of the number as "New Englandish," with an insinuation that they would not find currency in any other part of the country—which, if true, simply proves the necessity of preaching them.

The literary notices, as usual, are good, and contain not only criticism but good criticism.

The Atlantic Monthly for October is uncommonly like *The Atlantic Monthly* for September. "Saints who have had Bodies" is a reply to Mr. Higginson, showing that mental activity increases vitality, and that mental progress in modern times "has not been purchased at the expense of the physical frame." "The Author of Saul" is a pleasant notice of Charles Heavysege. "John Jordan" is an exciting sketch of a Southern Union scout by Edmund Kirke. Mr. Longfellow's "Noel," verses in quaint French, addressed to Mr. Agassiz, with a basket of wine, last Christmas, are the gem of the number. Mr. Wasson continues his review of "Wilhelm Meister." Another chapter of "Dr. Johns," and a long poem on Abraham Lincoln, by Brownell, make up the number.

Harper's Monthly has a decidedly military flavor. Three of the five poems were inspired by the war, and are matched by an equal number of prose articles—one consisting of extracts from Major Nichols's "Story of the Great March;" another being Gen. Jordan's remarkable exposure of Jefferson Davis's incapacity as Commander-in-chief of the Confederacy, from the *point de vue Beauregard;* and the third, a paper on "Fighting Joe Hooker" by a very partial admirer, who attributes the general's difficulties to his being by nature nothing if not critical. The rest of the number contains the usual variety of fiction, and a characteristic article on the cinnabar mines of New Almaden.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DANTE AS PHILOSOPHER, PATRIOT, AND POET. By Vincenzo Botta.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Vols. III. and IV. Charles Scribner & Co., New York.

THE GULISTAN, OR ROSE GARDEN. By Musle-Huddeen Sheik Saadi. Translated by Francis Gladwin. With an Essay by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson.—THE APPLE OF LIFE. By Owen Meredith. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

AMERICAN CRITICISM. *The North American Review* and the "Life and Times of John Huss." American News Company, New York.

JOLLY AND KATY IN THE COUNTRY. By Alice Gray. [Fireside Library.]—WANDERINGS OVER BIBLE LANDS AND SEAS. By the author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family." Robert Carter & Bros., New York.

AFRAJA; OR, LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY. From the German of Theodore Mügge. By Edward Joy Morris. Seventh Edition. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE ARTIST'S SON, AND THE EMIGRANT'S SON. From the London Religious Tract Society. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOR 1865. Edited by Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Strahan & Co., London and New York.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Second Edition. Bela Marsh, Boston.

WEST VIRGINIA: ITS FARMS AND FORESTS, MINES AND OIL-WELLS. By J. R. Dodge. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ANTHONY WAYMOUTH; OR, THE GENTLEMAN ADVENTURERS. By William H. G. Kingston. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston.

SONG OF THE RIVERS. By Emily T. B. Bennett. Dexter & Co., New York.

Fine Arts.

MR. WARD'S INDIAN HUNTER.

LAST week we spoke of the excellent portrait bust of Doctor Dewey. This week a more important work of the same artist claims attention, the group which has been for a few days past on exhibition at Mr. Snedecor's gallery. The subject is a young Indian of one of the North-western tribes, "still hunting" with his wolfish-looking dog by his side. The figures are somewhat larger than life; the man would perhaps be eight feet high, were he to stand erect.

The hunter is a young man in the prime of life. He is advancing with long, stealthy strides, his body bent forward, and his eyes intently fixed on the game. His left hand is held up close under the left breast and shoulder, and in it he grasps his short bow and one arrow. With his right hand he holds, by a leash, his eager dog, checking him, the leash passing around the clenched hand that grasps it. He is naked, except that a piece of buffalo skin is knotted around his waist and falls about to mid-thigh.

This group is in plaster of Paris, evidently a cast from the clay model. A plaster cast fares badly on public exhibition. The material is the most ungrateful that can be used for works of sculpture. The clay of which models are made is beautiful in comparison, its color is better than the opaque white of the gypsum, and the slight gloss of its constantly wet surface is just sufficient to prevent the shadows from being too gloomy. It would be in vain to paint the plaster the same color as the clay: that would only make it worse, for it is not whiteness but opacity that is wrong. Moreover a painted surface is an ugly surface, where one color of oil paint is applied, and there are practical objections to the use of water color as in fresco. We must take our statue in white plaster, until the artist cuts it in marble or casts it in bronze. Then it certainly gains a new charm, from the semi-translucency and beauty of surface of the marble, or from the subdued lustre and sharp, emphatic shadows of the bronze. The plaster cast "fares badly," we have said above, because it does not attract. But perhaps

sculptor of noble ambition and proper self-confidence ought not to object to show his work in this unpleasing material, its true merit as a work of art can be so accurately estimated—the dull white surface, neither transmitting light nor reflecting it in flashes, shows minutiæ of form so accurately. The sculptor ought not to be unwilling to let the people see his work in this unbeautiful guise, for they ought to learn to judge of pure form and to love it.

The noblest form, that of the human body, is the worthiest subject for sculpture. The true form of man, that is the matter of the sculptor's study. God made the body, and man made the clothes. But modern art is weak and slow when it tries to represent the naked body. Our modern statues look *undressed*, is not an uncommon complaint; that nakedness which is unconscious of clothes, they do not have. You cannot imagine clothes upon the Theseus, nor even upon the Day and Twilight of the Laurentian sacristry; but modern fisher-boys and Cupids and other naked figures seem to need Mr. Dick's prescription in David Copperfield, "Let him be measured for a suit of new clothes directly." Well, if statues look undressed, is it not because the models were so? People who wear modern clothes all the time are not good "studies of the nude." If any sculptor wants to revive his art again, he must study people who are not unaccustomed to go naked.

It is on this account that we welcome this statue. The Indians of the Northwest hunt, fish, and play ball entirely without clothing. They are accustomed to cold and heat and exposure to all weather, and the undertaking of all sorts of exercise, either almost or quite naked. Here, then, among the Crows, the Sioux, the Chippewas, and the Ojibways, is a chance to study aright the form of man.

It will be urged that this is but a degraded type of mankind, this race of brutal savages, incapable of civilization, incapable of mercy and of truth. But all things must be looked at from a stand-point from which a clear view of them is possible. Your young Sioux may be an unreclaimable savage, belonging to a race from which the world has nothing to expect, but he may still be a brave fellow, capable of wonderful endurance and fortitude, a mighty hunter, cunning, quick, and bold, in splendid physical condition. And for his beauty of form, let us ask the sculptor whose work is before us. Common rumor has it that Mr. Ward has carefully studied the Indians of the plains, and has spent among them one summer at least. And here, before us, is his report. A finely made young man, slender but solid and powerful, not an athlete in the way a prize-fighter is, nor yet with muscles like the Farnese Hercules, rather a gymnast than a boxer. His hands and feet are small, the feet are especially beautiful, delicate as a woman's, well arched up underneath. The limbs are rather slender in proportion to the trunk, but hard and compact; the legs indeed are as well strung and as well adapted to their uses as the tireless hind legs of his dog. Look at the face; if that mask were to be shown you, fished up out of the Nile, you would say it was certainly the mask of an American Indian. There is, indeed, not much intellect in it, nor any high moral qualities, and its "expression" just now is that of strained eyes and subdued eagerness, but it is not brutal, not lower than humanity. We shall not get the highest art from the study of Indians, but we shall get art which will truly represent the form and the action of the human body in natural if not in the highest development. The differences in bodily form between the red race of America and the highest type of Caucasian manhood, are not sufficient to sensibly lower the former from the ideal standard which we base upon the character of the latter. There is a curious analogy between the wild man in relation to the civilized man, and the wild beast in relation to the domestic animal. Every one has noticed in the deer, for instance, the flat muscles, thin and lying close along the bone, tapering rapidly down to long and hard tendons, which play close under the skin, every motion showing the action of the machinery. If we compare this character of the form of the wild creature with the fuller and larger muscles of, for instance, the ox, forming flesh almost to the junction with the bone, the tendon almost disappearing—as in cultivated plants sepals and stamens are forced into petals—we shall find a relation which is repeated in the varieties of mankind. The Indian of the plains does not have large calves and fully developed fore-arm; the habitué of our gymnasiums who so carefully measures the circumference of the arm at the greatest projection of the *biceps*, would despise an Indian warrior for his slightness of make. The formation of flesh is very slight and slow, the muscles appear to be different in *quality* from ours of the white race, and act without showing their action through the surface, except by the corded tendons, of which every motion is visible. This, of which a careful examination of the subject will convince an observer, is singularly confirmed by the statue before us. The extremities, of course, show the difference the most forcibly, and the right leg alone will demonstrate the whole matter to one who will take the trouble to compare it with models of established excellence of Greek or other work of pure Caucasian type.

At present, with no chance to study the form of man among the tailor-governed races, we are compelled to go elsewhere for our only procurable models. It might be well to forbid all our sculptors to exhibit any more statues until each had modelled in wax or clay six portrait statuettes, from life, of naked Indian youths, or of Chagres negroes, if they prefer, or of Ceylon divers—at least of men whose daily work is done unclothed.

Feeling as we do about this matter, we should have been glad to have had this statue entirely undraped. We do not believe in that bit of bison-skin; it cannot stay where it is if there is hard running to follow, the thought is unavoidable that the hunter would have thrown it down where his quiver is, for it would be a serious encumbrance. In studying the statue we find this drapery skilfully disposed, and are ready to believe it no serious injury to the group as a work of art, but it seems to detract from the naturalness of conception of the whole work, and to be certainly unnecessary. It is probably a concession to a supposed popular feeling, and may be defended as such.

The light that falls on this statue from the two skylights of the gallery is unfavorable to the front view, and indeed very unsuited for the group. There is one place from which a good view can be had, while the statue stands in the middle of the gallery, and facing toward Broadway; let the spectator go behind and to the right of the statue and about ten feet off. There is beautiful action in the figure as seen from that point.

The modelling of the extended left leg is most admirable. The delicate and minute forms about the knee are surpassingly truthful and beautiful. The right foot, with its clinging toes, holding the ground firmly as the weight of the body is thrown upon this foot, is something worthy of study. The action of the right arm is peculiar in this, that its position does not show at once what it is doing, a hasty glance might leave the impression that the hunter was exciting his dog, but a look at the muscular action of the arm shows its backward pull upon the leash. The modelling of the arm itself is vindicated at the expense of the expressiveness of the whole group. Exhaustive criticism of the group we do not propose to give, but a word must be given to the dog, an admirable study. His feet in their pressure against the ground seem to us as fine as anything in this modern branch of art, the representation of animals. It is a capital dog, altogether; we are only conscious of a thought that his fur might have been carried farther toward completion without disobedience to the law of limitation by material.

MUSIC.

THE OPERA.

OWING to the quarrel between the theatrical managers and the *Herald*, some new arrangements have been made with regard to the advertising and performances at the various places of amusement. One of these is the appearance of a new programme, in the form of a paper called *The Stage*. We have had several such papers before: *The Entr' Acte*, many years ago; *The Programme*, a wretchedly printed sheet, full of advertisements and puffs; *The Playbill*, which was well and cleanly printed, and contained some news, musical, artistic, and otherwise; and *The Prima Donna*, very much like it, which took its place at the Opera for the first two weeks of the season. *The Playbill* was filled with very impertinent items about social matters, including criticisms and accounts of parties and dinners, and even rumors of engagements and marriages. People in this country have not yet reached the point where they are anxious to have all their private affairs publicly talked of; and the tolerance of this paper by Mr. Maretzek so long, and its admission into the opera-house, was a valid reason why sympathy was withheld from him in his recent tournament with the *Herald*. *The Stage* has none of the bad and very few of the good qualities of *The Playbill*. It is printed badly, with a very ugly, black heading, and contains little except selections from various papers on the war of the managers, and notices of various places of amusement. It is a question whether any such thing is wanted. If it is, it ought to be better made up, and not soil everybody's gloves. It should contain the analysis of the plot of the opera, with an account of the circumstances under which it was written, and some notice of the plan of the music. Then people might enjoy having it, and would not need to be turning over libretto leaves throughout the performance. Indeed, everybody would enjoy the opera far more if they

would take pains to study it a little before they came, or leave their books at home.

On Monday of last week Miss de Rossi made her *début* in "Il Trovatore." She came here from the opera at Lima, for which reason we were quite anxious to hear her, as we remembered being told last winter by a French gentleman of considerable cultivation and experience that he had heard much better operas at Lima than were ever given in New York. We can hardly acquiesce in such an estimate of Miss de Rossi's powers. She is a good singer, and will prove a very useful one. *Azucena* is a very difficult part, but she filled it well. Her acting was up to the mark, and her singing was almost equal to it. She put much dramatic power in her first scene, and in the last act she felt the whole force of the music and the words, and did much to sustain the piece. In fact, *Azucena* is the great character of this opera, and demands great power. It is for that reason a good test of merit. Bellini and Mazzoleni were again both unequal to their parts and below their usual standing. Bellini was obliged to shirk a part of "Il balen," and Mazzoleni cut off his sustained notes even shorter than usual. But, indeed, if they have any fine or delicate appreciation of music they are not much to be blamed. How can any one, especially when tired and overworked, sing the music of "Trovatore" with any feeling of pleasure, after it has become familiar to them. Such stuff as this speedily becomes threadbare, and we can imagine no such extinguisher of feeling as being obliged to repeat over and over again such very improbable and forced dramas as this one from the Spanish. It would not be tolerated as an English play. Yet the Academy was crowded almost to overflowing to hear it as an opera, with an audience cultivated in inverse proportion to their numbers. There are several brilliant passages, like the "Il balen" and "Di quella pira," which are simple in themselves and easily understood, and never fail to call out applause, though they merit it as little as the "Anvil Chorus." The final act, including the "Miserere," the tower scene, and the prison scene, outweighs the rest of the opera, and as a work of art surpasses any one act in any of Verdi's operas, unless, indeed, in "La Traviata."

Tuesday brought us "I Puritani," ever welcome and ever beautiful. This is almost the last development of the real *opera seria*, yet this, like all Bellini's operas, is lyric rather than dramatic. It has little consistency as a whole, but is a beautiful collection of odes and sonnets. "Norma" is considered his master-work, but we always hear "I Puritani" with more pleasure—a sort of sad pleasure, filled even at this time with regrets at the author's early death, when his life was promising so much. Bellini's stay in Paris had greatly improved his style. He felt a reaction from the music of Rossini, which affected all his works. It may be seen in his choruses, which are almost in unison—a style so much abused later by Verdi—while Rossini's are very full, and in the elegiac grace of all his melodies. "I Puritani" was written expressly for Paris, and particular pains were taken to make the style purer and the work more symmetrical and artistic. A great advance was shown in the instrumentation. It was produced in 1834, with a cast long to be remembered—Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. A year afterward Bellini died. On the evening before his funeral the *Théâtre Italien* re-opened with "I Puritani," and with the same cast. The singers were greatly affected, and the remembrance of their dead friend so overpowered them that they were scarcely able to sing their parts. The audience was moved almost to tears. The funeral took place the next day in the church of the Invalides, at which a "Lacrymosa" was sung to the tenor melody in the third act, arranged for four voices without accompaniment, by Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Lablache.

The rendering of "I Puritani" the other night was, in spite of some drawbacks, the most satisfactory that we have heard since La Grange was here. Miss Kellogg with a little more study might be as admirable an *Elvira* as she is a *Margherita*. She needs to throw herself more into the part, and assume a little more fervor and earnestness. In the last act she was simply the distracted *Elvira* brought to reason by the shock of finding her lover. In the second part she was Miss Kellogg, singing *Elvira's* music and playing at madness. Her singing is beautiful, but somehow she made us feel her own personality too much. "Son vergin vezzosa" was beautifully given, gracefully and clearly, the music being just adapted to her style, and called down showers of plaudits and an encore. We hope to see Miss Kellogg show, what we are confident she possesses, a rare talent for the tragic as well as the lighter character of passion, but at present it is rather obscured by the latter, and needs careful cultivation. Mr. Irfre was rather disappointing at first. His throat seemed to trouble him, and he could with difficulty raise his voice. He failed in rendering "Ah! se o cara." After the first act he steadily improved, and in "Da quel di" he was frequently interrupted by *bravos*, and was loudly encored; we were glad that his manifest effort was so well appreciated.

The audience was more than usually cognizant of the fine and delicate points, and displayed its appreciation of them. Yet the dialogue of Bellini and Antonucci, in the second act, which was remarkably well rendered, with almost perfect acting, and a fine appreciation by the singers of every word, seemed hardly noticed, expectation being concentrated on the duet "Suoni la tromba." This, too, was finely done, with energy, yet without the extreme loudness which usually destroys the expression of the song. Antonucci is raising his reputation more and more at every appearance.

"Martha" is not a grand opera, but it is a pleasing one. Written by a German in the French school, it combines the sparkling brilliancy of Auber with a certain homely quietness that renders it very attractive. Our minds cannot always be strained up to the high points of tragedy, and it is very pleasant to refresh ourselves by listening to such light, pretty music as this. The melodies are very simple and sweet, and are remarkably well harmonized. The instrumentation can be fairly judged of from the overture, which is, in this case, a mere *résumé* of the airs, or table of contents. That does not prevent it from having effective contrasts, all of which were well rendered by the orchestra under Mr. Bergmann, on Friday night. This opera shows a careful finish throughout, and every air and concerted portion is so thoroughly worked up and polished that the piece seems symmetrical, and therefore affects us more agreeably as a whole than many others which have more richness of melody and which contain passages of much greater effect. Miss Kellogg's self-possession and lightness render her very suited to the part of *Martha;* she sang "The Last Rose of Summer" very charmingly, simply as it was written, without disfiguring it with any cadenzas or flourishes. She was well supported by Miss Phillips as *Nancy*, who gave her part with equal feeling and truth. Mr. Irfre's voice seems to grow continually weaker. He yet sang "M'appari" with good taste and deserved his *encore*. The finest scene of the evening was the concluding quintet of the third act. Its simplicity makes it only the more beautiful, enabling the hearer to follow with ease the thread of each voice and keep the various melodies as well as the harmony. The costumes were not all correct. That of *Lionel* was very bad. The scenery, too, was worse than usual, if worse can be where all is bad. There is no Italian village anywhere in the neighborhood of Richmond Park, if we remember our geography aright. It is rather amusing that, though midnight strikes in two-thirds of the operas that are given, it usually strikes only six, and never more than eight. One can hardly help counting the strokes of a clock, and it is a little annoying to have it always several hours too slow.

We wish the reception accorded to "Martha" might induce Mr. Maretzek to give up the Italian stage for awhile and revive "Fra Diavolo," which pleased so well last winter, and also bring out other French operas, such as "Massaniello," "Stradella," "La Dame Blanche," which has had its thousandth repetition in Paris. Works of this lighter school would do much to purify and refine public taste, and then we might demand "Les Huguenots," "Roland à Roncevaux," "La Reine de Saba," and other grand operas new and old.

"BLIND TOM."

There has been on exhibition at Dodworth's Rooms a musical wonder, a blind negro boy who plays on the piano with some accuracy various complicated pieces. Blind Tom, for so he is called, was a slave on a Georgia plantation and was regarded as almost an idiot. Accidentally his musical faculties were discovered, and he was immediately shown around through various Southern cities. As the war has abolished slavery he can now safely be brought North, and is presented to the public as the greatest prodigy of the age, far surpassing what the boy Mozart once was. Some of our readers may perhaps recollect an article in the "Atlantic Monthly," some two years ago, which contained most extravagant laudations of him, a tithe of which are true. This boy, very dull and unintelligent in every other direction, has evinced a remarkable aptitude for seizing musical ideas and for expressing them in his own way upon the piano. His memory is an uncommon one, and seems the more so from his general stupidity. His blindness is no hindrance, but goes partly to account for his facility of remembrance. The blind nearly always have a strongly developed hearing faculty: in this case it is chiefly concentrated on music. After once hearing a piece, he can give a transcription of it retaining the general idea and flow of the music, but filling up the harmony himself in a clumsy way. We have heard almost as wonderful things done by persons of correct ear, who knew that they had a gift, but were never considered prodigies. He can tell, usually correctly, the names of notes in various chords struck even in rapid succession. His own compositions are destitute of any merit, and seem made up chiefly of reminiscences. He plays with little expression, though he renders some few pieces, such as Gottschalk's "Last Hope," with tolerable correctness.

The exhibition was very distasteful and painful to us. The boy was ap-

parently showing off under compulsion. He appeared on the stage, and, being placed in front of the audience, repeated mechanically some form of words that he had been drilled to: "Gentlemen and ladies, I shall present to you to-night the boy Tom. It is wonderful how this boy, a being so low in the scale of animated nature, so stupid and unintelligent," etc. Speeches such as these he made from time to time, his memory being jogged by the person in attendance, when the idea could be seen to dawn upon him by the lighting up of his face. The poor boy should be given a piano and placed in some asylum, and not be the prey of an avaricious showman.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 17. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1865. { SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM / SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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The Week.

THE question of the rights of colored volunteers in the matter of bounties was submitted for decision by the Treasury to the Attorney-General, who has affirmed the absence of all discriminating or prohibitory legislation except during the nineteen days that intervened between the acts of June 15 and July 4, 1864. Consequently directions have been given to pay to colored soldiers "wherever and, except from the 15th of June to the 4th of July, 1864, whenever enlisted during the rebellion, the bounty provided for volunteers by laws existing at the time of such enlistment." The case of those colored soldiers who were not free on the 19th of April, 1861, and yet volunteered between that date and the passage of the act of July 17, 1862, is covered by the opinion of the Attorney-General, that "enlistment in the Union army makes the slave *eo instanti* a freeman for ever, entitling him to be placed on a footing with white volunteers."

PREACHER and justice were guilty of sharp practice the other day, in Missouri, when the former, in order to brave the constitutional requirement of a loyal oath, omitted the text from his sermon, and was acquitted by the latter of any breach of the law. We shall next be instructed that there can be no invasion of copyright where the book is republished without a title, or even—who knows?—without a table of contents. Not having the judge's decision before us, we cannot vouch for his distinguishing between a nominal and a genuine text. But if the real article is demanded, how many clergymen last Sunday thought they were preaching sermons when they were doing no such thing! Neither they nor their hearers could trace the connection between the passage from Scripture and the teaching that followed, and yet unquestionably they believed themselves respectively delivering or listening to sermons. Or, if appearance is alone consulted, and the text determines the character of the discourse, as the flag the character of the cargo which it covers, how much political preaching may and will arrogate the respectable title of sermonizing, to the infinite scandal, we doubt not, of the Missouri judge himself, who has opened the door for it! Henceforth the simple announcement of a sacred text—and for what subject, even if relevancy were insisted on, would one be wanting?—will shield the pulpit orator from every reproach, and silence for ever the outcry which once was so familiar and efficacious.

MR. J. H. REAGAN, ex-Postmaster-General of the Confederacy, recently liberated with Mr. Stephens from Fort Warren, has written a letter to his fellow-citizens in Texas, which ought to go post-free and be circulated at Government expense in that distant territory. Though composed while its author was still in confinement, it cannot be said to be the product of duress, but bears every internal mark of spontaneity and sincerity. Mr. Reagan premises that the advice he offers, like the offering of it, is bitterly humiliating to Southern pride and prejudices, yet he conceives that any other would be cruel to his late associates in rebellion. He tells them frankly that their status is that of a conquered people, whose every right of self-government is in abeyance and dependent on the will of the power which has subdued them. The terms, therefore, which are extended to them must be accepted, with gratitude because they are no harsher than these: 1st, recognition of the supreme authority of the Government of the United States within its proper sphere, and its right to protect itself against disintegration by secession; 2d, recognition of the abolition of slavery, and the right of the freedmen to the privileges and protection of the law of the land. But he perceives that even these concessions will not be sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the North. Provision must be made for conferring the elective franchise upon the former slaves. To this step he anticipates the most stubborn resistance. Nevertheless he lays down the approaches to it. First is the removal of all distinctions of color from the courts and the statutes under which they administer justice. Next is the establishment of an intellectual and moral, and, if thought necessary, a property test for the admission of all persons to the elective franchise, in order to secure its intelligent exercise. The sum of the second proposition is better than Mr. Reagan's exegesis, which, to be sure, he makes upon his own responsibility, without being strenuous about its adoption. For he would not disfranchise any person now qualified to vote, but would require of all subsequent electors that they should be males, twenty-one years of age, United States citizens, residents of the State for twelve months, and of the district, county, or precinct for six, able to read the English language understandingly, and who should have paid the taxes of the preceding year, and not be disqualified by crime. It is evident that while the colored population are satisfying these conditions, they must submit to be ruled by their former oppressors—a prospect which will be more pleasing to Mr. Reagan's white readers than any that he unveils to them. If we cannot share in this satisfaction, let us at least acknowledge the soundness of the reasons with which the repentant Texan bolsters up his measures. He shows that they alone are competent to remove the antagonism between the white race and the black, and alone—a point which is too little dwelt on in our present discussions—can "disarm and put an end to inter-State, sectional, political agitation." Mr. Reagan betrays no prejudices against the negro, accepts him implicitly as a part of the American people, and expects, from the general docility of his disposition, that he will be in the main an industrious and useful citizen. The holding of these views is not perhaps an offset for participation in treason and revolt, but is a better excuse for open prison-doors than any oath yet taken by Southern lips.

THE Fenian "Congress" has been in session during the past week in Philadelphia. We could wish for the credit of the Irish character, and altogether without reference to its political aims, that it had a more practical air. A large committee of private persons, most of them poor and obscure, is positively undertaking to conquer England, destroy her army and navy, and ruin her credit; for that is what the deliverance of Ireland by the Fenians means. The financial world will hear with some impatience that there has been some delay in the issue of "the bonds of the Irish Republic," owing to "circumstances over which nobody has any control." One step towards Irish independence has, however, been made. A deputation of the congress is said to have

secured the unconditional release of John Mitchell. A few editorial articles from this gentleman will doubtless give the British constitution and the framework of British society a preliminary shaking that will make the final smash easy work. The way he "chawed up" the Yankees in the Richmond *Examiner* will, we hope, be a warning to the European powers.

It is possible that among the blessings which the Emperor Napoleon's intervention in Mexican affairs will have brought on America will be the *cholera*. The steam frigate *Amazone* sailed from Toulon on the 22d of September, having on board General Osmont, his family and staff. There had been two cases of cholera on board the frigate previous to the 22d, and on that day, and at the very moment of her departure, a third case occurred, the sufferer being a civilian, who was dining at the officers' table. He was landed; but when we consider how rife the disease was at Toulon in the last days of September—there were 61 deaths by cholera at that place on the day that the *Amazone* sailed—it would not be surprising if the frigate were to take the Eastern plague to the West. She is bound for Vera Cruz, one of yellow fever's strongholds, and may take out what may be considered something very proper to exchange against that prompt agent of death. That three persons should have been stricken down by the pestilence on board the *Amazone*, and yet that craft allowed to sail, is not very creditable to the French authorities. Nor is their conduct to be praised in despatching ships from Toulon, where cholera has raged with severity; and yet not only was the *Amazone* sent off, but the transport *Jura* also, with five hundred soldiers of the Foreign Legion, the worst kind of desperate characters, and just the sort of human material that this form of the plague is most apt to fasten upon as its properest food. They may be half dead before the *Jura* shall have reached Vera Cruz, and so feed the fishes of the Atlantic instead of the vultures and buzzards of Mexico. The condition of Mexico is such that the coming in of the cholera there would ensure its rapid spread over the country; and thence it might "progress" into our Southwestern States, where it would find a people predisposed to its attacks, the Southrons being in that irritable frame of mind which follows from unsuccessful warfare—and their failure is of a peculiarly mortifying character. Then there is much physical suffering in the South, and that is a great ally of cholera. Pestilence often follows war; and it is often carried over the world by soldiers, as it may be in this instance by Napoleon's legionaries, whom he employs to keep "the elect of the Mexicans" on his occidental throne against the wishes of his subjects.

German free labor in Texas has again, the South being witness, raised a cotton crop superior to any grown by slaves. The farmers who have achieved this success were in constant jeopardy under the old régime, for the very reason that they furnished an irrefragable argument against the system by which they were surrounded, one of whose fundamental falsehoods was that the climate was fatal to white labor in the fields. The undeniable aversion of the freedmen, now that compulsion is removed, to the cultivation of cotton, renders it probable that we shall eventually see the production of this staple almost exclusively in the hands of the whites.

Mr. Townsend Harris, of this city, corrects the statement which we made in our last issue, that "while there have been several translations of the writings of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius into the English language, there has been but one of the writings of Epictetus." Mr. Harris writes:

"The following is a copy of the title-page of a translation of Epictetus, now in my possession:

"'Epictetus His Morals with Simplicitus His Comment. Made English from the Greek, By George Stanhope, D.D. The second edition corrected, with the addition of the life of Epictetus from the French of Monsieur Boileau. London: Printed for Richard Sare, at Gray's-Inn-Gate, Holborn, MDCC.'"

The Kentucky muddle will bear more light than is shed upon it by the Smith-Palmer correspondence which was submitted to Secretary Stanton, and which preceded the termination of martial law in that most troublesome of States. Gen. Smith charged Gen. Palmer with disregarding the slave laws of Kentucky by his system of passes, which had filled the towns, cities, and camps with idle and vagrant negroes; and also with indifference to the fate of the Union officials whom, in co-operation with Gov. Bramlette, he had ordered to observe certain precautions against disloyal voters at the last election, and who had since been indicted by disloyal judges. Gen. Palmer rests his defence upon the first issue rather than upon the second, and his argument is powerful and ingenious. The truth is, that the present anarchic condition of society in Kentucky is due to the fanaticism of the slaveholders themselves before the general was called in to shield them from the consequences of their own criminal folly. When they had alarmed and confused the minds of the slaves by misrepresenting the intentions of Government towards them, and had turned away from their employment and support the families of colored soldiers, there could be no other result than a general desertion of the plantations, and a flocking of the blacks to the towns and cities. The authorities, justly apprehensive of the consequences, appealed to Gen. Palmer, who then devised the much-assailed pass-system, which, overruling the State laws forbidding the carriage of colored persons in public conveyances, permitted the bearer to go at pleasure in search of employment. Ten thousand crossed the Ohio alone. The general admits that many of these may have been slaves by Kentucky law, and many more by the pretensions of those who denied the validity of the laws of Congress. For himself, he was not concerned to separate bond from free: he always presumed that the applicant for a pass was free. Moreover, there was no slavery in Kentucky. The laws which regulate it there did not create it, nor could they maintain it in the absence of that force in which the system originated. The mere existence of a slave code does not prove the existence of slavery—unless it also does in Virginia and the other subjugated States. The general's hatred of slavery finds a hearty and unreserved expression. "It drove me from the State in my boyhood," he exclaims. "It may do it again; but it will receive no protection, acknowledgment, support, or countenance from me."

The North Carolina Convention adjourned on Thursday last, to reassemble on the fourth Monday in May. On the 14th, it unanimously resolved to request of the President the removal of the colored troops from the State, as their presence is "very injurious to the colored people, and excessively annoying to the white." On the 16th, it voted to submit to the people the anti-secession and anti-slavery ordinances. On the 19th, it passed an ordinance preventing any future legislature assuming or paying any debt created directly or indirectly for the prosecution of the rebellion. This action was in reluctant compliance with a previous telegram from the President, which urged it strongly. For a more extended view of the character and proceedings of this convention, we refer to the letter of our correspondent at the South on another page. The Mississippi Legislature met on the 15th at Jackson. Gov. Humphreys, in his inaugural, avowed his original disbelief in the doctrine of secession, pointed to the definitive arbitrament of arms, and augured "reliable fidelity in peace" on the part of the people of the State from their "unflinching fidelity in war"—which many simple minds may regard as a *non-sequitur*. It was due, he continued, to the honor of a State which, by her own solemn act, had abolished slavery, to show by her future that she has done so in good faith, "and that slavery shall never again flourish in her border, in whatsoever name or guise it is brought forward." The Hon. Wm. L. Sharkey was chosen almost unanimously by the Senate last Thursday to fill the unexpired term of Jefferson Davis. The Tennessee Senate on the same day passed a bill admitting negro testimony to the courts by the very close vote of 10 to 9.

Gen. Howard, on his way to Charleston, passed through Wilmington, N. C., where he addressed the citizens and freed people. From Charleston, where he was at last accounts, he will proceed to Columbia.

Lieut. Eldridge, one of Col. Thomas's officers, informs the Bureau that one of the strongest opponents it has in Mississippi is Joe Davis, brother of Jeff., who is loud in denouncing it and the Government together. He boasts that he has not only not taken the amnesty oath, but has no intention of doing so; that he will keep his own prop-

erty in spite of the Government, and will lay claim also to his brother's.

Gen. Swayne writes that he will be obliged to discharge all his contract surgeons for want of funds. The rumor which was current with the freed people that the lands will be divided amongst them at Christmas still prevails, and interferes to some extent with their making contracts at present. The general has sent Maj. Miller to Selma and Demopolis for the purpose of extending agencies along the line of the railroad on which they are situated. Chaplain Buckley, assistant superintendent, has been ordered to Montevallo, Talladega, and Jacksonville on the same errand. One of the ordinances of the late Alabama Convention was to the effect that all marriages heretofore solemnized, whether "in slavery or since emancipation, by any one officiating as a minister, or any one claiming to exercise the right to solemnize matrimony, whether bond or free, are hereby ratified and made valid, provided the parties are now living together as man and wife;" that freed people now living together as man and wife "are hereby declared to be man and wife;" that the issues of such marriages or cohabitations are hereby legitimatized; and that hereafter all freed people "shall be bound by the same laws of intermarriage and be required to conform to similar ceremonies, with the exception that they shall not be required to give bonds in marrying, as in the case of whites." But it was also made the duty of the General Assembly to prohibit the intermarriage of whites with negroes or persons of mixed blood. The northern part of Alabama has been transferred from Gen. Fisk to Gen. Swayne.

Gen. Dudley has been appointed superintendent of freedmen's affairs for West Tennessee, in place of Gen. Tillson, transferred to Georgia. His headquarters are at Memphis.

Col. Osborne, assistant commissioner for Florida, is engaged in spreading his agencies over the State. The freedmen there are doing comparatively well, but few being dependent.

Gen. A. Baird will relieve Assistant Commissioner Conway in Louisiana.

—Gen. Saxton writes to Mr. Francis G. Shaw, president of the National Freedmen's Relief Association of this city, that the resources of the Bureau are quite inadequate to relieve the destitution which exists among the colored people in his department, and which will certainly be productive of the greatest suffering this winter unless supplies are contributed from the North. The unsettling and paralysis of industry and the waste of war have brought about this result in large measure. "Thirty-five thousand blankets," says the general, "are needed in South Carolina and the Sea Islands alone." Woollen shirts, pantaloons, women's and children's under-clothing and dresses, and shoes and stockings, are also particularized. Great care will be observed in the distribution, and no article of clothing will be superfluous or amiss. Donations may be sent to the rooms of the association, 76 John Street. Gen. Saxton is constantly applied to by the old proprietors of the lands set apart by Gen. Sherman, on the Sea Islands and on the main, for a restoration of their former estates. Each application is forwarded to Gen. Howard with this endorsement by Gen. Saxton:

"The freedmen were promised the protection of the Government in their possession. This order was issued under a great military necessity with the approval of the War Department. More than forty thousand destitute freedmen have been provided with homes under its promises. Appointed executive officer to carry it out, I should break faith with the freedmen now by recommending the restoration of any of these lands. In my view, this order of General Sherman is as binding as a statute."

There can be no doubt that the late war has ensured this country hereafter a permanent and a prominent place in European discussions. England, especially at this juncture, is watching us intently; France scarcely less so. The latter is concerned for Mexico, the former anticipates perhaps from us a new way of paying off old-debts. So, while arrests are brisk in Ireland—while five of the Fenian prisoners who were examined in Dublin have been committed for trial for high treason, and Mr. O'Brennan, proprietor of the Connaught *Patriot*, for treason and felony combined—the ports and coasts are scrupulously guarded against the admission of unlawful freight from America; not unreasonably while the brotherhood on this side of the ocean are making such numerically imposing demonstrations as, for want of something better, our papers daily crowd their columns in reporting. The list of British holders of the Confederate loan, made public here a few weeks ago, produced a pretty fluttering among the distinguished parties implicated. Their denials, however, have been so general and so explicit, that the list must be abandoned as authentic, spite of an assertion from Washington that the original document is in possession of the Government. What is the character of that document? will still be a question, until it shall have been exactly reproduced with all the evidence in its favor. Meanwhile, it will be safest to doubt the nobility, politicians, and editors who were mixed up in the charge of speculating in our national misfortune, being so little shrewd as not to cover their tracks if they invested at all, or so confident at any time of the success of the cause which they unblushingly espoused as to risk even as many farthings as there were pounds written against their names. Lord Brougham opened the Social Science Congress at Sheffield on the 4th, to quote the language of the *Spectator*, "with one of those dreary addresses which travel far and say nothing." Count Bismark visited the Emperor Napoleon at Biarritz during the first week of the month. French papers attempt to disparage the significance of the interview, but Bismark's own organ at home insists upon its importance in maintaining the friendly relations between France and Prussia. It certainly follows hard upon the unexceptional denunciation of the latter country by the Paris press. The accounts of the cholera in France appear to be less threatening than hitherto. Yet it is said that the pestilence has struck inward, as in Spain, and that cases have occurred even in England. The Balearic Isles are still scourged. An Italo-American Steam Navigation Company has just been formed, with a capital of about $4,000,000, to establish lines between Italy and North and South America. At the start, a fortnightly trip will be made between Genoa or Leghorn and New York, and a monthly trip between the same Italian ports and Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Ayres, with authority to extend these lines to Naples, Messina, and Palermo. The vessels will carry the Italian flag, and an annual subsidy of $150,000 is asked of the Government. The official recommendation to the Austrian censor of the press to be moderate in discovering and punishing offences, seems to have been heeded in the case of the editor of a Vienna paper, *The New Free Press*, who was sentenced, under extenuating circumstances, to a week's confinement in his own apartment! The territorial assembly of St. Petersburg held recently a brief session in that city, which is remarkable as the first meeting on equal terms of the late serfs, proprietors, and peasants, who deliberated together as delegates, not without constraint, but with encouraging harmony. Without official statistics, the assembly could do little else than formulize the subjects of reform. These were, among others, a more equitable distribution of the land-tax, and of the obligations resting upon the peasantry, such as the quartering of troops and furnishing horses to military trains; an enquiry into the means of diminishing drunkenness, which has assumed alarming proportions in consequence of the reduced price of brandy; and a similar enquiry as to the best mode of preventing destructive conflagrations in the country, for which there are no adequate safeguards. The assembly eagerly availed itself of the privilege of publishing its debates, and a reporter from the leading city paper was present at all the sessions.

There was an eclipse of the sun on Thursday last, which was visible in its various aspects over nearly the whole of North America and the northern half of South America, as well as in parts of the eastern hemisphere. It was annular to the dwellers on a narrow belt, of which the central line, beginning at the mouth of the Columbia River, passed nearly through St. Joseph, Mo., Paducah, Ky., Nashville, Tenn., and Charleston, S. C. Various scientific bodies improved so favorable an opportunity for observation. In this city the appearance of the sun at the height of its obscuration was that of an inverted crescent, whose greatest thickness was about equal to a semi-diameter. Spite of transient clouds the phenomenon was easily witnessed, though in other cities the rain prevented. A fortnight previous there was a lunar eclipse in the clearest of nights, which was visible in England and on the Continent. It lasted two hours and two minutes. The duration of the solar eclipse on Thursday was three hours and seventeen minutes.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which vertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

SOUTHERN POLICY.

WE publish in another column some very striking and suggestive letters from the commercial correspondent sent down to the South by some Massachusetts manufacturers. His opinions, as we have remarked before, are entitled to all the greater weight from the fact that he is looking at things from a purely business point of view, and his conclusions, we may add, are those which any intelligent person might fairly draw from the interesting mass of observations forwarded to us every week by our special correspondent. They are, moreover, conclusions at which any intelligent reader of the history of the last twenty years might have arrived *à priori*, without ever seeing a Southern newspaper or hearing a word of news from the rebellious States. The stories which the "Conservative" press tell us of the hearty acquiescence of the Southern people in the new order of things, and of their sudden determination to forget the past and become in feeling as in fact citizens of the United States, would, if true, contradict all the teachings of history and all our experience of human nature. So many wonderful things have lately happened, however, that many people doubtless consider knowledge of history and of human nature of very little value; we are, therefore, glad to have these reasons confirmed by deductions from actual observations of the facts.

In commenting a few weeks ago upon the course which the South is pursuing, we spoke of it as "a display of consummate political ability," and so we still consider it. At no time in its history have its leading men given stronger proofs of proficiency in the political art than during the last six months. A stupid, inexperienced, or clumsy-minded people would, after such a conflict as they have just gone through, have done what their admirers in England expected them to do—kept up an irregular warfare, or displayed their passion and mortification in sullen, passive resistance to Federal authority. But Lee had hardly laid down his arms when their leaders seemed to take the whole situation in at a glance, and decide upon their course with that swiftness, precision, and unanimity which won them so many Congressional victories in by-gone days, and are, in our opinion, destined to win them many more. Northern fury was at once disarmed by loud protestations of submission and resignation. No pride, or sentiment, was allowed for one moment to stand in the way of any declarations which appeared to be necessary to appease the conqueror. And what has been more remarkable—and it furnishes a striking illustration of the extraordinary political discipline which is still maintained amongst the Southern population—whatever the leading men of each State decided upon was unhesitatingly supported by the whole people, without any preliminary agitation or discussion, without even meetings or newspapers. Every sacrifice which the fortune of war made necessary—such as the abolition of slavery, the repudiation of the rebel debt—or which would facilitate reconstruction, has been made with a cheerfulness which took from it all appearance of sacrifice, and has actually cheated half the North into the belief that it was no sacrifice at all, but a free-will offering. We venture to say that there is not in history a more brilliant example of power of adaptation to circumstances.

And no piece of policy, hopeless as it must have seemed at the outset to many of the Southerners themselves, hopeless as it did seem last June to all the world beside, was ever more successful. It completely disarmed Mr. Johnson in a few weeks. When he took office he was breathing nothing but threatening and slaughter against traitors—and the whole South was traitorous. He incorporated, while in his first state of mind, a clause in his amnesty proclamation intended to strike down what was left of the aristocracy at a blow, a regular declaration of "war to the châteaux." But he had hardly been two months in power, and had had a few interviews with prominent "pardon-seekers," when he roared as gently as any sucking dove. Rarey never performed more tricks with "Cruiser" than the Southern president-tamers now perform on the terrible Tennesseean Democrat. They sit on him, turn him over, tie up his hands, put their heads in his mouth, make him shed as many tears and make as many "conciliatory speeches" as they please. And they took all the sting out of the "$20,000 clause" by getting him to establish a pardoning machine, which works day and night, and into which the vilest traitor may step at any moment in the full assurance that, after a little formal tossing about inside, he will be turned out in a week or two a clean, white-robed "citizen," without a speck or stain of guilt upon him.

The effect on the country has been not less remarkable. The wrath of the North appears to have almost entirely evaporated. There seems little doubt that by New Year's Day even Jefferson Davis himself might be dismissed to his home, with the acquiescence or approval of the great majority of the community. The indignation excited by the horrors of the rebel prison-pens has apparently concentrated itself upon one wretched underling, whose brutality, be it ever so great, is after all a more "damned spot" on the hands of those who appointed and kept him in office than on his. The real chiefs of the rebellion, the real authors of all its woes and horrors, are one by one dropping off to their homes, amidst much hand-shaking, dining, and "paying of respects." The newspapers are filled with eulogies on the Southern temper, and glowing pictures of the peace, prosperity, and, above all, of the harmony in store for us in the future. The country is tired of agitation and of strife, and is not disposed to look too narrowly into the proofs the South offers of its sincerity. Trade, too, is reviving, and Southern trade, as we all know, has always been the great anodyne of Northern politicians. In neither the Republican nor Democratic platform is there a single proposition or proviso to which the assent of the South is not already secured; so that we do not, for our parts, anticipate the exaction, next December, from the States lately in revolt of a single condition of their formal reinstalment in the Union to which they are not already fully reconciled. Their concessions to what they consider the negro-mania of the North are great. It is sheer absurdity to tell us that the abolition of slavery is nothing, the legalization of marriage and of education is nothing. They are the very foundations of civil society; but though much, they are still little. As long as the whites retain the exclusive power of legislation, the spirit of caste and the political power of the South remain unbroken, and "that unconquerable hate and study of revenge" which the correspondent whose letters we quote describes as still existing, will find a thousand means of display and gratification.

What, then, are we to look for as the result of the hasty and premature settlement which we now fear? Not, certainly, the triumph of Southern ideas, or the utter and final defeat of Northern policy; but, as we believe, a prolongation of the agitation which has torn the country for the last forty years; a renewal in the press and in Congress of the old conflict, in which the North, rich, prosperous, unwieldy, and divided, will labor under the old disadvantages in watching and foiling its adroit, astute, and compact adversary. That the South will ever be allowed to retain the negroes in its hands as political outcasts, and embody its prejudices about them in legislation, without vigorous resistance and final defeat, scarcely anybody can believe. The North is burdened with a conscience of which Southern dexterity has never been able to rob it, and the existence of a body of freemen deprived of civil rights in the midst of a democratic republic, is so great a scandal, and so revolting to the democratic feeling, that there is no chance of the country ever finally submitting to it or forgetting it. Negro disabilities will have eventually to disappear; though at what cost, or by what process, the political emancipation of the race will have to be secured, if it be not secured or provided for now, he would be a shrewd man who could conjecture.

If our fears should be realized, of course a greater portion than ever of the burden of their own deliverance will fall upon the blacks. They will have to support the exertions of their allies at the North by a constantly increasing display of energy, industry, and moral worth, for the great argument for their confirmed degradation will unquestionably be always drawn, as it is now drawn, from their ignorance or idleness. And if this view of the case be correct, the responsibility resting on all charitable persons at the North becomes greatly increased.

The political importance of the work of negro education, during the next few years, becomes immense, greater far than could be ever claimed before for any similar undertaking.

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

WEALTH is the result of the combined operation of labor and capital. Two consequences would seem to follow from this truth. One is, that their combined action, to produce the best effects, must be harmonious; and the other is, that the product of their joint action must be divided between them according to the natural laws by which each is respectively governed. These laws cannot be resisted without punishment. Only by obeying them is success possible. Success means the largest attainable production of wealth and its just distribution between capital and labor. If this be so, then "the eight-hour labor movement," as it is called, which is now causing some excitement and alarm in the public mind, is unwise and injurious; for its effect, if successful, would be to diminish production and give to labor a part or the whole of the profits which, by natural law, would belong to capital, which, therefore, ought to belong to it, and cannot be refused without ill consequences to both labor and capital.

To prove this, it is only necessary to state one or two plain and simple principles that relate to wages and profits and their relations to each other. These principles show that the interests of labor and capital are not opposed but identical, that they are promoted by harmonious action and injured by discord, and that the share of each in the gains of both is allotted by natural and necessary laws which cannot be resisted by any human contrivance.

The rate of wages is determined by competition among capitalists to obtain labor, and among laborers to obtain employment. Labor may be regarded as a commodity which one class has to sell and the other wishes to buy. Like all other commodities, it is governed by the natural law of supply and demand. When laborers are numerous in proportion to the demand for them, wages are low; that is to say, when labor is plenty it is cheap, just as wheat is cheap when it is plenty. When laborers are few and the demand great, wages are high, just as a failure of the wheat crop increases its price. The capitalist who buys labor tries, like all buyers, to get it as cheap as he can. The workingman who sells labor tries, like all sellers, to get as much for it as he can. The bargaining between the two is the process by which the rate of wages is ascertained, just as the market price of everything else is ascertained. It can be fixed by no other means, for there is no tribunal possible with power to determine it from day to day, or with knowledge equal to that of the parties. Evidently one of the parties is not such a tribunal. The market price, then, thus established by free bargaining, is the necessary price. That it is the just one, also, is to be inferred from another principle.

The market price, which is finally settled by competition or by the natural operation of the law of supply and demand, is that at which the whole of the commodity offered for sale will absorb the whole of the fund applicable to its purchase. Increase the commodity, the fund remaining the same, the price will fall. Increase the fund, the commodity remaining the same, the price will rise. This is a universal law, and rules alike the market for labor and for coal, or corn, or gold. The rate of wages will be that at which the whole of the funds applicable to the purpose will be absorbed in paying for the whole of the labor. If by low wages a part only of this fund be used, the remainder seeking similar employment will cause competition among capitalists and raise the rate. If wages are too high, the fund would be exhausted before the amount of labor is, and some of the laborers would either remain unemployed or soon reduce the rate by competition among themselves.

The proportion, therefore, between the number of laborers and the fund for their employment determines the rate of wages. This fund is the active capital of the country not required for other means of production, as, for example, machinery. Therefore the rate of wages can be raised in two ways only: by the increase of this fund or by the decrease of the number of laborers. It thus appears that by the normal, unfettered action of the natural laws of industry, the capitalist and the laborer are alike benefited. Should the capitalist be able to reduce wages below the natural standard, a portion of his capital would remain unemployed to his loss. Should the laborer succeed in raising wages above the rate at which the law of supply and demand would fix them, he would encroach upon funds appropriated to means of production other than labor, to the loss of the capitalist, indeed, but to his own ultimate injury also. When capital ceases to be profitable in one branch of business it seeks another, and, if there be no other at home, it goes elsewhere. If threatened with unjust legal coercion or popular violence, and both these are implied or expressed in this eight-hour labor movement, it disappears. It is very timid and far-sighted, and runs away or hides itself at the approach of danger. Its withdrawal is proof that the body politic is sick, for it is the life-blood of business, and when it goes, enterprise languishes, trade becomes inactive, production is diminished, wealth ceases to accumulate, poverty overtakes all classes, wages fall, labor becomes degraded and slavish, and civilization decays. These, as many examples in history prove, are the fatal effects of unwise and oppressive laws on the part of government, or of unjust attempts on the part of individuals to violate the security of property and the freedom of industry.

Such is the character of the eight-hour labor movement. It is a gigantic strike, the object of which is to force capitalists to pay a rate of wages to be fixed, not by contract between the parties, but by the laborers only. Eight hours is to be henceforth a legal day's work, instead of ten hours, as at present, and the capitalist is to pay for eight hours as much as he does now for ten. He is to be compelled to do so by law, such a law as cannot "be evaded by any artifice its opponents may invent," and the members of the league pledge themselves to "visit with just and exemplary action every man and every combination that, by opposing us, shows unmistakable hostility not only to the movement we are engaged in, but to the very spirit of republican institutions." Such opponents are also stigmatized as "monarchists"—"unworthy the confidence of the people." The meaning of all this is plain enough. By political agitation, and the offer of the working-men's vote (it has been accepted by the Democratic party), legislation is to be obtained to regulate the rate of wages according to the *pleasure of the laborer*, which happens now to be that eight hours of work per day shall sell for as much as ten hours, and all who oppose the plan are pointed out as objects and victims of popular indignation. Jack Cade went no further than this when he declared, "There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops." He added, also, what was a very natural consequence of the execution of such a promise: "All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass." Legislatures can and often have played the part of Jack Cade, and when either they or mobs shall, in this country, dictate the price at which commodities shall be sold, the time is not far distant when all things will be in common and grass grow in Broadway.

If the principles above stated be correct, it is enough to condemn the scheme of this eight-hour labor league to say that, if executed, it would diminish production, for eight hours of work cannot produce as much as ten hours, which is now called a day's work. To diminish production would be to diminish capital, the fund out of which labor is paid. It would diminish capital, also, by taking, for the laborer, a portion of it that belongs by natural law, and therefore justly, to the capitalist; and still more by the loss of confidence in the security of property and the stability of business that would be caused by the tyrannical interference of the Government with the freedom of industry and the sanctity of contracts, and by threats of popular violence.

There never was a time when the plans of this labor league could have been more injurious to the working-men than at present. We have shown that the rate of wages could be increased only by increasing capital or by diminishing the number of laborers. The plan in question proposes to prevent the growth of capital at the very moment when emigration is adding more rapidly than ever before to the working classes. Moreover, there never was so little excuse for such a movement as now, for never before were the laboring classes so prosperous. The destruction of war has caused an enormous demand for every commodity produced by skill and toil, vast fields of enterprise

and boundless sources of wealth stimulate adventure to unwonted boldness, business thrives, prices are high, wages are high, all pursuits are calling more loudly than ever for work—free work, energetic work, well rewarded work. The nation calls for it, too, in order that she may bear the heavy load of debt and taxation imposed by the war. More than ever before is work needed and demanded, better than ever before is it paid. What is the answer of the working-men if they are represented by this labor league? "We will work less than ever, and must be paid as much for the small as for the large quantity. We control political power, and by its hand will add to our wages the profits of the capitalist. All who oppose us are monarchists, aristocrats, enemies to free institutions, and shall feel our vengeance."

This movement comes certainly at a most unpropitious moment for us all. The labor of two hours a day for the whole country would pay the interest of the national debt twice over. The loss of capital which the violent measures of the labor league, if carried out, would cause, would amount to a much larger sum. Only by the united efforts of labor and capital can we expect to pay the debt. Can we do it with diminished resources? To stop work is to impoverish the country and repudiate the debt.

THE CRISIS IN PRUSSIA.

Prior to the outbreak of 1848, William, Prince of Prussia, the childless King's oldest brother, was the most unpopular man in the country, being regarded as the representative man of the feudal and military reaction. During the Berlin street-fights he absconded to England, for the purpose, as his friends asserted, of studying democracy and constitutional liberty. On the credit of these researches he was elected to the Assembly after his return, occupied a seat there for one day, and then turned his enquiring mind exclusively to the art of war. In 1849 he was at the head of the troops sent into Baden and the Palatinate to subdue the republicans. Outnumbering their opponents ten to one, his soldiers won easy victories, which he has since vaunted as the most heroic exploits of the age. He caused about forty captured republicans to be shot down in cold blood, and distinguished himself by other useless cruelties. During the reactionary period of 1850 to 1857, excluded even from the confidence of the camarilla, he lived in a sort of exile at Coblenz, on the Rhine. It is inherent in the system that the reigning monarch should suspect the heir presumptive, and the heir apparent grumble at the living ruler.

William I., who has worn the crown since 1860, now sixty-eight years of age, is of an order of talent decidedly inferior to the ordinary standard of mediocrity. Narrow-minded and stubborn, his education was more than defective, his tastes are the reverse of intellectual, and his passion is the army. For the soldiers he provides with paternal care, understanding the minutest details of the service, and scrupulously attending to them. The very ideal of a drill-sergeant, he is more interested in the number of buttons on a coat than in the gravest question of public law. The highest reach of his intellect travels over the same range of subjects as did his brother's disordered fancy; an observation to which the populace of Berlin have given expression by dubbing him "Lehman II." At a grand review of the victorious Schleswig-Holstein army, in 1864, the King, observing a stalwart sergeant decorated with more than one badge of extraordinary merit, called him out of the ranks and enquired his name. The favored one turned very red, and answered, "John." "John what?" asked his majesty. "It is n't my fault, sire," the hero blurted out, "but my name is Lehman too, and it is the only surname I have got."

Nothing could indicate more unmistakably the unpopularity of the last years of Frederic William IV. than the fact that, on assuming the duties of the regency, his brother was for a time the most popular man in Prussia. These two years were the honeymoon of his reign. The abolition of some of the most obnoxious abuses, such as the Manteuffel ministry, and the suspension of the chicanery of gens-d'armes and police commissioners, so perfectly sated the moderate political cravings of the people that they talked of nothing but the "new era," and acted as though they had reached the political millennium. They were soon to learn that liberties are not the gifts of princes, but the laborious achievements of the people.

The first apple of discord sprang out of the Italian war of 1859. In placing his army on a war footing—for what ally or against what enemy no one could tell—he discovered that the "Landwehr," his main reliance, was ill-prepared for offensive operations, and still less for mere demonstrations. The standing army, in which every man of the proper age was required to serve for two years, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three years, numbered, in times of peace, no more than 120,000 men. The soldiers discharged from serving with the flag were attached for three years to the reserve. To increase the defensive power of the country a further body, consisting of those discharged from the reserve, constituted the "Landwehr," who were regimented and officered, but called to arms for about a month in the year, or every two years, only. There was a "Landwehr" of the first ban and a "Landwehr" of the second ban, the latter comprising men between the ages of thirty-one and forty years, to be summoned to the field on great emergencies only. The standing army and the Landwehr of the first call together constituted a body of 600,000, while the addition of the Landwehr of the second call would swell the grand total to about 800,000 men, equal to about four per cent. of the whole population. Of course the "mobilization" of such a force involved the derangement of the entire business and industry of the country, an inconvenience which would have been little regarded in times of foreign invasion or great public danger, but which, when the necessity of the step was by no means apparent to the common understanding, became exceedingly irksome to the people, and operated as a hindrance to the Government. Besides, the institution had been suffered to fall into neglect; the officers were inexperienced, unfit for the field, and strangers to their men. The whole was too much like a militia to be pitted against well-drilled troops.

To remedy these defects, the thirty-six infantry regiments of the Landwehr, instead of being drilled for only a month in the year, were kept permanently under arms, and practically converted into regiments of the line, and the number of the cavalry and artillery of the standing army were gradually enhanced to correspond with the increased force of infantry. The requisite number of recruits was to be obtained by increasing the number of years' service required in the standing army from five to seven years, three of which were to be passed (by the infantry) under the flag, and four with the reserve, while the years of service in the second ban of the Landwehr were to be reduced four years. The number of recruits annually raised for the army, hitherto amounting to 40,000, was to be enhanced to 63,000, and the first ban of the Landwehr, or Landwehr Proper, was to go out of existence.

But the Landwehr, in the eyes of every Prussian, was the most hallowed of institutions, the last relic of the democratic enactments of the Stein and Hardenberg period. It realized the cherished idea, embodied in a law of 1814, that every able-bodied Prussian, without distinction of wealth or rank, is bound to defend his country so long as his years permit. It was the exponent of the equality of the citizens before the law, and the bulwark of the nation's liberties against foreign and domestic foes, which had compassed the downfall of Napoleon in 1813 and had stood silently but powerfully between the Government and the subject in 1848. Moreover, the alteration was unnecessary. Its utmost effect was to raise the standing force to about 210,000 men. But the same result would be produced by recruiting the army annually with 86,000, instead of 63,000 men, for which statisticians showed the population furnished abundant materials. In that case, and if the time of service in the Landwehr had been set down as extending to the thirty-sixth year of the age of every Prussian, the latter body might have been preserved, the time of service in the army under the flag retained at two years, and that in the reserve limited to three years. It involved an increase of the funded debt of nearly ten millions of thalers, and of the annual budget of three millions. It would strengthen all the absolutistic elements of the body politic, especially the landed gentry, who were its most ardent supporters, because they wanted lieutenancies for their younger sons. It would tempt the crown to a *coup d'état*, by employing the very instrument with which such deeds are consummated, the standing army.

These were weighty objections, yet not absolutely unanswerable. If the Landwehr could only be preserved at the expense of the national greatness, it had ceased to be a sacred institution. The proposed in-

crease was not larger in proportion than that of the population since 1813, the date of its establishment. The wealth of the country had increased still more rapidly. The sprigs of the nobility were hardly sufficient in number to hold all the commissions. It would have been easy to stipulate for the infusion of an increased element of commoners into the body, and to abolish such little abuses as might have given the officers of noble birth some slight advantages. The fear of a *coup d'état* was hardly warranted in view of the fact that these soldiers were in uniform for three years only, and returned to the body of the citizens from which they came; that the persons to be introduced into the army were the same who would otherwise form the very Landwehr on whom the Liberals placed so much reliance; the proposed army would have been practically the people in arms, and a very bad utensil for an assault upon its own liberties; and the very increase demanded by the Government would necessitate further revenues, and thereby make the Government more dependent on the Assembly.

There could not have been a fairer subject for discussion, and for one of those adjustments between the Crown and the legislature contemplated by the theory of constitutional governments. To obtain the desired appropriations, the Government should have cheerfully made concessions in regard to the organization of the army itself, and on collateral subjects, such as the liberty of the press, of public meetings, of trade, or of migration, then before the public. In return for such a concession, the Assembly should have been liberal, for their liberality would have redounded to their own advantage. But the Prussian mind appears to be disqualified for such a transaction. In this instance the King began by introducing his reform without consulting the Chambers. This might have been adroit had it been followed up by a civil explanation, an exposition of the greatness of the emergency and a request for indemnity. But, instead of this, the Crown announced the measure as an act of superior wisdom, in which the people were bound to acquiesce without a murmur. The lower house, refusing to sanction the change as a permanent one, endeavored to compromise the matter by authorizing a loan for extraordinary expenses for the war establishment, without specifying them. The ministers took the money, and invested it in a reorganization of the army, which, in some subordinate respects, was even less congenial to the wishes of the people than the scheme originally proposed by the ministers, but rejected. Notwithstanding this insolent breach of faith, the Chamber made another effort at compromise in the shape of an amendment substituting a term of two years for that of three years, for which the Government scheme required every man to serve in the regular army. The proposal was rejected on the ground that, although two years are sufficient to impart the mere military instruction which is needed, they are not sufficient to imbue the recruit with that proper sense of his "profession" which the Government think it necessary to instil, or, in other words, that an army of soldiers who had not ceased to be citizens for over two years was not sufficiently dangerous to the liberties of the people. Such an avowal removed the last remnant of solicitude for a compromise, and the deputies flatly refused to pass the appropriation bill. The Assembly was dissolved and a new one elected, in which, however, the Government found itself with only *nine* supporters out of three hundred and fifty, and which, of course, was even less tractable than its predecessor. The ministry, now headed by Count Bismark Schoenhausen, met their refusal to vote moneys with an unqualified declaration that they would thereafter dispense with the advice or assistance of the Chamber on any and every subject. The upper house sustained the Government's appropriation bill, but that vote is admitted on all hands to be of no more avail than would be a similar proceeding on the part of one of our State senates.

Such is the present condition of Prussia: a cabinet practically exercising irresponsible power, but unable to levy a new tax or to borrow a dollar; a representative assembly unanimous against the ministry, but at present unable to displace them or to control their policy. The turn of affairs will arrive when the financial necessities of the Government will admit of no further delay. Then they must either advertise for a loan on their own responsibility, or make terms with the Assembly to obtain their sanction. If they do the former, will the capitalists of Europe heed them? Refusals have already come in, not from the Rothschilds only, but from Erlanger, the noted Jew who brought the rebel cotton loan into circulation. One of their latest operations was to raise thirty-two millions of thalers from the Cologne and Minden Railroad Company by releasing to them the right of the Government to buy out their stock—an instance at once of the great prosperity of the corporation and of the difference in the views of public law prevailing in that country and in our own, where such a step could not possibly be taken without legislative interposition. The amount of money in question is sufficient to defray the extraordinary expenses of the Government for several years. Thus a matter of military administration has been converted into a great political question. The conflict has increased in bitterness and animosity since the fall of 1862, when the helm of state passed into the hands of Bismark, the most reckless political gambler ever at the head of the foreign affairs of a great state. He is not without some of the qualities which go to make a statesman, such as tenacity in adhering to a line of policy once adopted, "masterly inactivity" where positive action is not available, and, above all, a degree of pluck unheard of in a Prussian minister, and in singular contrast to the Austro-Russian subserviency invariably observed for more than half a century. So little were the diplomatists prepared for this new development that great successes have been achieved in the Schleswig-Holstein question. Had this man appeared in the days of the Abbé Bernis, of Robert Walpole, or Kaunitz, he would have made a permanent mark on the history of his times; but he is destined to signal failure in attempting to brave the public opinion of the nineteenth century. The latest arrivals report an interview between him and Louis Napoleon, of whom he claims to be the pupil, but who will make a victim of him if he can.

He has done great harm to the position of Prussia in the politics of Germany. All the prejudices of the Southern Germans against this power are aggravated to their highest pitch when they see it in the hands of such a man. Nevertheless, Germany will never be united except under Prussian leadership. So much the more important is it for the Liberals of Prussia to cast off this incubus, and restore their country to its legitimate position as the champion of liberal principles. They can do so with a tithe of the audacity evinced by their opponents. Perhaps the real mission of the present régime has been to educate the Liberals, by the force of example, out of the timidity which has heretofore frustrated all their efforts.

NATIONAL CHARITIES.

If it has not charity, a nation, like a man, is nothing. If it does not provide, through its government or its people, for such of its members as are unable to provide for themselves, it may be great in all other things, great in winning victories, great in extending its boundaries or its resources, great in enlarging its institutions and equalizing its classes, but because it does not do this one thing, and relieve those who have a claim to its relief, it is a small nation—small in the worst sense, and its shame exceeds its glory.

Lament as we will, for the sake of the suffering classes themselves, that there are so many of them to suffer, and that their number increases rather than diminishes, at least to the sight, if not in reality, there need be no lamentation for the nation that is bound to relieve them. It can have no debt so heavy, no expenditure so severe, that the addition of the few millions to its annual outlay can be a pecuniary burden of any magnitude. It can have no such strain upon its time or its energy that the labor of ministering to the necessities of the needy can be a cause of exhaustion. What it gives in money or care is no more than it can easily spare, and no one thinks of condoling with a people because of these demands upon them. The demands to be lamented are of quite another description. Nor is the national life complete without this element of suffering on the one hand and of ministering on the other. A nation ablaze with prosperity is a wearying spectacle to itself as to all around it:

> "Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,"

it needs softening; it needs that sense which the Italians call *simpatico*, as much an essential to national as to individual character.

Enough, and perhaps too much, of this on a subject which has been

handled until it is pretty well worn. The only excuse for saying as much is that we may not be misunderstood when we urge the danger of overdoing our charities, or of so administering them as to make it doubtful whether they are really charities.

Among the mistakes into which we have fallen, is that of organizing our charitable institutions upon a basis of gregariousness. We build one house, and fill it with orphans; another, and fill it with criminals. We scour the state for inebriates or lunatics, offenders or vagrants, and crowd them, according to their classes, into huge establishments, where the individual is lost in the mass, and the influence upon the whole is the only influence to bear upon its parts. A system of this kind may be necessary in particular cases, especially in certain sorts of hospitals, where the sufferers must be collected in order to receive the succor of which they are in daily need from the skilful hands of the physician or the nurse. But there are, or ought to be, exceptions; and admitting them, the rule should be all the stronger that the members of a community in an abnormal state should be treated separately rather than collectively, with reference to that which makes each instance abnormal, and with the purpose of toning it down, and allowing it to subside as much as possible into the general condition of the community at large. To effect this, the sufferers, instead of being herded together, should be, in the majority of cases, kept apart, detained at their natural homes, if they have any, or placed in adopted homes, if these are required, where they can live like their fellow-beings, and share the associations and impressions which do more than anything human to relieve the trials of this life, alike for the fortunate and the unfortunate.

This is far too large a topic to enter upon here in any detail. But there is one illustration of these general principles, one that has prompted the writing of this article, upon which we beg leave to be heard a little longer.

At the close of a war so severe to those engaged in it as that through which we have passed, a large number of men, once able-bodied, have become disabled, and some of them so entirely disabled as to depend upon others for support or pecuniary assistance. Many of them, by far the larger number, will find the succor they need among their kindred, the pension received from the Government supplying them with pecuniary means, and the gracious ministrations of home supplying all else that is required in their behalf. But there are others whose homes are broken up, perhaps in consequence of the war, perhaps for other and sadder reasons; and these men, however pensioned, are not cared for as they should be until something more than a pension is provided for them, something that may take the place of a home and soothe the weary frame and the shattered life with watchful attention and sympathy. For such as these, the martyrs above all other martyrs to our cause, the nation stands ready at this moment to do what justice as well as charity demands. What shall be done? Shall a so-called Home, a vast establishment in the form if not the name of a Chelsea or a Greenwich Hospital, be built, furnished, and officered, where our wounded, maimed, and dying heroes shall spend the remnant of their days? Shall they be kept by themselves without other companionship than that which they can give one another, without other sympathies than those which spring from the well-fought field or the suffering which set in for them when the sun went down upon their victory? Or shall they be placed, each in his own neighborhood, if not his own home, among those who, living like the rest of us, will help these sufferers to live like the rest of us, and to be distingushed from those around them, not by being enclosed within the walls of an asylum, but only by the marks they bear of having suffered what others did not, perhaps would not, suffer for their country?

The recent experience of Greenwich Hospital may help us to decide these questions upon practical as well as general grounds. The pensioners of this great naval asylum, hitherto supposed to be the most contented if not the most active of their class, on being offered the privilege of leaving the hospital and returning to their families or to quarters of their own choosing, with the out-pension which they had relinquished on entering the hospital and an additional allowance of two shillings a day, so generally availed themselves of the offer that none but infirm or aged pensioners are said to remain in the Hospital. The gain to the retiring pensioners is clear enough. That to the Hospital itself consists, not only in being relieved from the care of those preferring to be cared for elsewhere, but in the great pecuniary saving to the funds of the institution; for though it pays the pensions of its former inmates, it saves many thousand pounds sterling a year in consequence of their withdrawal.

Let us trust that this step, which has been taken in correction of mistakes made in England, may prevent similar mistakes from being made in the United States.

THE ONE HUMANITY.

The phrase which is now used as a rallying cry by the Democratic party, "that this is a white man's country," and which they are seeking to embody in their policy towards the South, expresses the very lowest conception of government.

It is a low conception of government that it exists merely for protection; in other words, to keep the hands of one man from invading the person or the property of another. The true reason of political society is the education and elevation of our humanity. It is not merely τὸ ζῆν, but τὸ εὖ ζῆν, as Aristotle so tersely expresses it—not merely *to live*, but *to live well*. The true political economy is not wealth, nor commerce, nor works of internal improvement, nor anything that enters into what is commonly called national prosperity, except as subordinate to a nobler aim, and that is, to carry the human culture to its highest perfection—to produce the noblest style of man collectively and in each individual embraced in the political organization. It is to raise us from that low, selfish, animal, individualizing life which we live, each man by himself, into that higher and more rational humanity which we live with others. It is this alone that makes the state truly what a false and ignorant conservatism is so fond of styling it—a divine institution. It is this alone that can realize that old Socratic idea which is never to be surrendered—the glorious dream of a perfect earthly republic whose "rulers are philosophers," and in whose temple there dwelleth the "perfect righteousness." It is this alone that can raise to its highest dignity the state on earth, by making it one, at last, with the upper *politeuma*, or church "that cometh down from God out of heaven."

This is the Bible doctrine of the state. Such, too, however improperly conceived, was the view of the great thinkers of antiquity. With them, however, it had one most serious and vital defect. They founded the state too much, or too exclusively we might say, on *race*; and hence their failure. Christianity has changed this by bringing in a new principle; and now human political institutions have another trial, with a better, though it may be long a delayed, hope. It has brought out and placed in the front that glorious truth which Paul preached on Mars Hill, in the midst of the race-bigoted Athenians: "God hath made *of one blood* all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth." The aim of the Christian state is no longer to make the best Greeks, or the best Romans, or the best Anglo-Saxons, but the best *men*. It is no longer a "white" man's government, any more than it is a red man's or a black man's. All such preposterous assumptions stamp it as *anti-Christian*, and forfeit its claim to be regarded as a vicegerency of God. If we may use the language of the mart and the manufactory, the great *business* of the state is to turn out the best specimens of the article *homo*. In other and better words may we say: its lofty ideal, its divine mission, is to help all the weak, to lift up all the fallen, to raise to the highest culture of which he is capable every son of Adam that breathes upon its territory.

This is not a theme for mere essay writing. It involves the greatest and most practical question now before this nation. We boast of having gone beyond others in social and political science, but we have come at last to a place where the claim is to be most solemnly tested. This question of race is put before us as a stone of stumbling, or a rock of exaltation. It is for the rising or the falling of our Israel. We have a glorious call to the performance of the true mission of a Christian state. Do we feel that glory? Have we any true sense of the honor that God is putting upon us in appointing us to such a trial, such a mission—more distinctly announced to us than ever before to any nation under heaven? Over and over again, in every form but one, have we set forth the principle of human equality before the law. We have boasted of our land as the free home of all races. We have insulted other nations in the vehemence of our declamation. And now are we brought face

to face with a question that will test it all. We are reluctant to concede to the African what we boast of giving to others—what we almost force upon others presenting no higher claims, apparently, of intellectual or of moral worth.

Why this odious distinction as against one race? It is because the loathsome trail of slavery has passed over us, leaving its foul slime upon its immediate victims and producing everywhere a misgiving as to their proper humanity. It has tainted the national mind. The doubt is openly avowed by some; it lies as an unsatisfied query in the minds of others; it lingers unconsciously, or semi-consciously, with many whose philanthropy or political consistency holds them back from confessing it even to themselves; it haunts the soul as a ghostly prejudice, even when philosophy and religion have made us reject it as a dogma. We do not fully and heartily believe that the negro is a man. We could not act or reason as we do unless this were the case. Our moral world is not fully persuaded of it, notwithstanding the wreck of all true morality that must result from the belief, once thoroughly popularized, that men, or any that have seemingly the physical and ethical characteristics of men, are really animals of distinct and graded species. Our religious world is held back from its hearty practical acknowledgment, notwithstanding the havoc which both reason and conscience tell us the contrary opinion, when it has once settled down into the common mind, must make in our Biblical and Christian theology.

Were it not for this, we could not treat the colored man as we do in our social and religious relations; we could not bear the moral and political inconsistency; we could not face either the world or our own convictions; we should have to shut our Bibles; we could not read, or bear to hear read, our Declaration of Independence. Thus are we compelled in self-defence to dehumanize the negro. It is demanded as an opiate to conscience. If he is truly a man, as we are men, then are we so greatly guilty. Even the vilest party discipline would have to yield to the claim of acknowledged manhood. There is a party among us that has reached the minimum of littleness, and the maximum of loathsomeness, in making the scorn and debasement of a crushed race the sole foundation of their political edifice. Its column has no other base than the bruised head of the negro. It is a party that has squandered everything else that ever had the semblance of principle, and now this cry of "nigger" is the only capital remaining to it. Yet even this party, low and hard as it has become, could not keep together its own ignorant followers against a clear and settled recognition of the humanity of those whom they would thus treat as outcasts from the political and social polity. Even the Copperhead Democrat would become ashamed of himself; he could not face the questions that would arise if stripped of his vile plea (whether believed by himself or not) of the African's want of a proper manhood. So true it is that a false feeling outside of this party is the aliment that gives it all its poisonous vitality.

Is the negro a man? Say what we will, this is the real issue in the controversy respecting him. It underlies all others. It affects our reasoning in respect to all other aspects of the debate; it colors our speech, it gives a hue to our thought, it weakens our best arguments, it gives strength to our worst fallacies. We say it boldly, and appeal to the public consciousness. It is everywhere, and most truly was it said by General Howard, that "nothing but the spirit of Christ can overcome it." Strange that such a declaration should have been left to be made by one of our major-generals, only to be denounced by a republican press as canting and sectarian!

We must meet the issue fairly, and settle it once and for ever, before we can deal with others that are collateral to it. We do not sufficiently think how vital and fundamental this question is. We are evading it. Some do this consciously, many unconsciously, and without any distinct idea of the nature and results of their reasoning. We talk humanely, or affect to do so, without seeming to be aware that the style we adopt, the arguments we employ, though seemingly in his favor, are really dehumanizing the subject to which they are applied. We do not speak or write thus concerning any other classes among us, however low we may think them in the outward social scale. Even when we advocate the cause of the African, we do it in a manner that would be thought insulting and utterly undemocratic in any other case. We use the language of masters and owners. The style of our ordinary questions betrays this. It is not what is *due to them*, as men equally with ourselves coming under the reciprocal obligationof the Golden Rule, but "what shall *we* do with them," what shall *we* give or concede, or what shall *we* withhold. Who would thus defend Irish citizenship, or the admission of Irishmen to our railroad cars, or to our churches, or to our communion-tables? The way in which we speak *to* the colored man, and *of* the colored man, shows an unconscious yielding to the anti-christian prejudice we are striving to overcome. Frederick Douglass said that Mr. Lincoln was the only man he knew that could talk to a colored person without some appearance of condescension. The fact reveals one of the noblest traits in the noble character of our martyred President. But the general observation of the shrewd and intelligent Douglass was undoubtedly true. There is a timidity, an apologetic pleading, that we would not think of adopting if we were advocating a right grounded on the clear conscious acknowledgment that those who are thus defended are really *men*, and have the same rights which our religious code, no less than our Declaration of Independence, challenges for all men.

We might dwell here, or we may dwell at some other time, on some of the fearful consequences that have been barely alluded to, of the effect which the leaving this issue unsettled, or settled wrong, would have upon the most important aspects of human belief—its debasement of our politics, its degradation of our psychology, the ruin it would make in our theology, its undermining of Christian belief, its tendency to darken even natural religion, with all the proofs it is supposed to offer of human dignity and human immortality —all gone the moment we begin to make essential distinctions in humanity, or to treat it at all as a mere matter of degree, or to take one step downwards on that Stygian ladder that shall connect our *human*, through successive gradations, with all the brutal animality that lies below. The degradation of one part is the degradation of all, and hence the thought we would labor to impress, that every man has both a selfish and a fraternal interest in the elevation of every other man.

REDUCTION OF THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Six months ago one million and eighty thousand men were borne upon the pay-rolls of the army of the United States. Before the end of the present month, this almost inconceivable number will be reduced to less than one hundred thousand, and by the time Congress meets fully one million names will be stricken from the lists of the disbursing bureaus of the War Department. And, apace with the disbanding of this immense host, reductions and retrenchments on a like vast scale have been made in all the branches of the military service by sale and discharge. In the Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments an army of citizen employees has been dismissed. By the former no less than two hundred and twenty-five thousand horses and mules, and some fifteen thousand army wagons and ambulances, have been disposed of at public sale. One hundred and fifty steam and sailing vessels owned by the Government have been sold, and over five hundred steam and other craft, chartered for army-transportation, discharged. The hundreds of locomotives and cars used by the Government on Southern railroads have also been sold; the numerous and extensive workshops of every description in operation at all the bases of supply have been shut up; the Medical Department has emptied and closed its one hundred and ninety general hospitals, with a capacity of one hundred and twenty thousand beds, and sold its useless property. The Ordnance Department has discharged thousands of hands engaged in the manufacture of ammunition at the public arsenals and armories, and has stopped work in many private foundries engaged day and night in the casting and finishing off of artillery. And so of every bureau and department subordinate to the War Office.

The Government justly maintains that the history of no other nation furnishes a parallel to the rapidity of organization with which hundreds of thousands of men were, every year of the war, brought into the field. If it deserves credit for the truly wonderful expeditiousness with which it organized armies and supplied them, with admirable forethought and unstinted liberality, with all the necessary appliances for

successful warfare, it is also entitled to no small meed of praise for the energy, order, and quickness with which, upon the return of peace, it undertook and carried out the gigantic work of relieving the public treasury at the earliest possible moment of the burden of so enormous a military establishment. A task of such proportions was never so well performed in so short a time, and the Republic can be no less proud of the comparative quiet, regularity, and despatch of the disbanding of its mighty armies than of the enthusiasm and alacrity with which great hosts of loyal citizens arrayed themselves under its banners for the struggle to maintain the integrity of the nation. The public at large can have no adequate conception of the amount of labor involved in this undertaking. The Quartermaster's Department has transported some seven hundred thousand men from every part of the Union to their respective homes since April last. In the same time the Pay Department has disbursed three hundred millions of dollars. As every officer and man and every citizen employee of the million discharged can be said to have a separate account with the Government, the intricacy and toil of examining and adjusting the whole mass are almost overwhelming. This one incident of the work of disbanding sufficiently illustrates its magnitude and difficulty.

In thus closing up the work of the rebellion, the Secretary of War and Lieutenant-General Grant have earned as great honor as during the continuance of the war. Both were equally impressed with the practicability, in view of the complete destruction of the resisting power of the rebellious States, as well as with the necessity, in view of the condition of the public finances, of reducing the military establishment of the country with the least possible delay to a numerical minimum, and both have acted upon this conviction with their usual thoroughness and vigor. As the fruit of their joint labors they will be able to show, in their annual reports to Congress, a much greater reduction of public expenditures on account of the army than has been anticipated by the most sanguine. The annual appropriation which the Secretary will ask for his department will, in all probability, not exceed sixty millions of dollars—less than one-twentieth of what the Government had to expend during the last year of the war.

But there is a dark as well as a bright side to this picture of the rapid dwindling away of the loyal armies to so low a figure. The general orders issued within the last fortnight, which direct the mustering out of a large number of white infantry regiments, all the troops serving on the Plains, all the volunteer cavalry on duty east of the Mississippi, and all such colored troops, in the various military departments, as are not absolutely required by the commanding generals, will reduce the aggregate remaining in the service, as already stated, to about eighty thousand men. Of these at least ten thousand are non-effectives, and twenty thousand more will be needed for garrison duty in forts and cities of the loyal States and on the Pacific coast, leaving thus only fifty thousand men for the preservation of order in the rebel States. Of this number ten thousand will be needed to garrison the large cities of the South. If the rest were to be equally distributed over disloyal territory, but a corporal's guard would fall to each county. The question will present itself at once to every mind, whether this force will be sufficient to ensure the tranquillity of the rebel States, and the protection due to their emancipated people. The spirit manifested by their white population, and the late actions of the several State conventions, are hardly calculated to remove all apprehensions on this score. The withdrawal from the subdued States of fully one half of the troops stationed therein, though proposed by General Grant and approved by the Secretary of War, on the sole ground of economy, is tantamount to a relaxation of military rule, and hence to a political measure. It is, like President Johnson's reconstruction policy, an experiment, dependent on the good faith of the people of the South for success. And, while we devoutly hope and pray that its working may realize the expectations of its originators, we cannot help thinking that the protective powers exercised by General Howard's agents for the benefit of the freed people will be sadly weakened by it. The source and support of their authority has been military force. That gone, or so reduced as to deprive it of the power of intimidation, we fear their usefulness will be more and more impaired until Congress comes to their relief.

"EARNESTNESS."

The *North Carolina Times*, a journal devoted, like most other journals at the South, to the President's policy of reconstruction, has recently taken us to task for our comments on the doings and sayings of Governor Perry, of South Carolina, and prefaces its rebuke by the following observations on the general character of The Nation:

"Among the many daily and weekly journals of the revolutionary school which are to be found in our country there is no one, perhaps, more ably conducted than The Nation, which is issued in the city of New York. Every article which appears in its columns, bearing at all upon the Administration or its policy, is gotten up with a degree of ability, closeness of reasoning, and finely laid-off line of argument, which cannot fail of attracting attention, and, to a certain extent, commanding respect. It assails the President of the United States upon every conservative point salient in his avowed policy towards the South, and does so in a manner free from the gross and unrefined style of other but more widely-known radical journals. There is always a something in its style which impresses the reader with a conviction that he is reading from a journal which is devoted to the Administration, but which has earned the right to correct, in the policy of the President, what is not in accordance with the writer's views of the political requirement. The incautious reader is apt to be led into deep error by this sheet, and it is therefore the more dangerous to the peace and quiet of the country at large, and to that people in particular now trying to re-establish proper relations to the Union."

How far the complimentary portion of the foregoing is well-founded, we must, of course, leave our readers to determine; but we cannot, for our own part, help seeing in it, coming from such a source, a strong testimony to the efficacy of the policy to which we have from the outset endeavored to adhere as well as the necessities of journalism would let us. Complete accuracy of statement is not always possible in a newspaper, but it is always possible to strive after it, and to exhibit a proper sense of its value. So, also, it is not always possible, at great exciting crises, to avoid the occasional use of language which opponents may consider wanting in moderation. But it is possible to show dislike of violence and exaggeration, to show that you know them to be what they really are, forms of falsehood and injustice, which, before the fight is half over, are pretty sure to do as much execution in your own ranks as in those of the enemy. These things we have endeavored to do, though at the risk of misconception. Our course has, in fact, led some of our contemporaries to lament in a piteous manner over our "want of earnestness."

The great object of talking and writing is, we believe, not so much to show other people how one feels, as to affect their feelings, and the display of one's own feelings is only useful in political discussion in so far as it accomplishes this purpose. Two-thirds of the rant that one meets with on the platform and in the press is really due to the intense desire of orators and writers to display their own points and put their own enthusiasm "on record," no matter what their influence may be on the public. We think for our part that the true test of excellence in writing and speaking is, after all, the effect it produces on those to whom it is addressed, and if this were more widely remembered, we should probably have fewer bursts of eloquence and displays of "fine frenzy," but all good causes would make much more rapid progress.

There is an opinion prevalent amongst many excellent friends of reform that no impression can be made on the American public without "strong writing," high coloring, exaggeration, and a fair amount of contempt for bare facts. We think this has always been a mistake, and we think it is now a greater mistake than ever. What the American public wants is common-sense, logic, clearness of statement, and a decent regard for the literal, unadorned truth, and it will not accept any amount of fine writing or "enthusiasm" in lieu of them. And strange as it may seem to some, it is possible to throw just as much "earnestness" into the use of these weapons as into that of any number of climaxes or tropes.

One of the grandest results of the war has been that it has opened all parts of the country to free speech. It has rendered it possible to advocate human rights, and to profess respect for man, as man, in any circle of society, without being considered a sectary or a visionary. It has interested immense numbers of people in all parts of the North in the general work of reform and in the progress of liberal ideas who

never were interested in them before. It has awakened amongst whole classes of society, who were previously plunged in the hardest materialism, a respect and even a passion for "mere ideas." It has, too, given the whole country a keener appreciation than it ever possessed before of the value of facts, of the inevitable limits placed by time and space and circumstances to the realization of the noblest and most glowing aspirations. In other words, the public has lived half a century in the last four years. Experience, which many other nations have not won in as many generations, has been crowded into this small space, and one of the invariable results of experience is the development of a spirit of criticism, of a disposition to weigh and consider as well as to feel.

It seems to us that, in all attempts to influence the public mind for good purposes, count must be taken of these changes. The tactics which might have been justifiable when the enemy was entrenched behind rigid party lines would hardly be suitable after his organization has been in some measure broken up, and he has come down to meet us in the open field of fair discussion. We can get large numbers of people now to listen to the advocacy of principles to which a few years ago their hearts, as well as their ears, were impenetrably closed—people, too, whose influence on the national progress is most potential; but they will only listen on condition that they are addressed in the words of soberness and truth. And we confess that to us the work of permeating American society with real democratic feeling, in the highest and Christian sense of the word, is far too important to allow us ever to feel tempted to endanger or retard its success by cheap displays of rhetorical "earnestness."

THE TEMPER OF THE SOUTH.

THE following letters are from the correspondence of the commercial agent, now travelling at the South, from whom we have already quoted so freely. It would be difficult to exaggerate their interest and importance:

NEW ORLEANS, October 1, 1865.

DEAR SIR: Up to this time I have refrained from expressing any opinion in relation to the temper, policy, or designs of the people at the South, except as regards their relations toward the freedmen. I abstained purposely, and for two reasons: first, I desired ample time and opportunity in order to form an intelligent and impartial idea of their tone of feeling under the new and peculiar circumstances in which they have been placed; and next, I should not now have ventured to obtrude my opinion upon you, had you not done me the honor to request it. I have, as is natural under the circumstances, occupied myself in a very considerable degree in observing their general state of mind, in listening to their plans and hopes and fears for the future, and, in fact, in attempting to understand their present position and future prospects. In travelling about as I have from one section of the country to the other, I have been able to compare opinions, and, as you know, I have had peculiar and favorable opportunities for ascertaining the views they have in common. I have endeavored to trace the motives from which they have acted and which now animate them, and their *real* purpose for the future, if they have one. In giving you my opinion now, it is proper to say that I have taken no one individual as a criterion of the whole, and have judged them only by the opinions I find they are generally agreed upon; neither have I any one's statement for their thoughts and actions. My opinions, deductions, and conclusions are derived from my own experience and observation among them, and whether they shall be confirmed or denied by others, are, notwithstanding, my honest and sincere convictions.

My opportunities for mixing among them and arriving at their real and true sentiments have been considerable and frequent, and I have made use of them to the full extent of my ability. I now propose to write you a letter, or letters, giving you my full opinion, with all the conclusions I have been able to arrive at. If any statement in it may appear to you worth making public, you have my free permission to use my name as authority.

One needs but a short time to remark, among this people, that while the war has impoverished them, reducing the most wealthy among them almost to very paupers, and bringing all down to one common level, so far as goods and money are concerned, it has yet given an immense impetus to the whole Southern country, developed a degree of latent force and energy among the inhabitants that was, to say the least, quite unexpected, and has tended directly towards making them more of a self-supporting, self-reliant community than before the war, by the consolidation of their interests and resources. Nor is the movement likely to cease with the war. The poor white goes back to his home with his mind enlarged and strengthened, and capable of grasping ideas which he never even attempted to comprehend before the war. His discipline has improved him immensely, so far as his capacity is concerned; he is far more ready to reason for himself. The false ideas prevalent throughout the South in relation to the dignity or *in*dignity of labor, have been done away with almost entirely, and I have met and can mention the names of planters' sons, who were esteemed to be worth millions before the war, who are not ashamed to perform duties they once considered as degrading, such as acting as overseers, clerks, etc., etc., even to the learning of mechanical trades. I have met men who have gone to work since the close of the war at fifty cents per diem, cutting fire-wood and drawing water, who once owned their plantations and had many slaves. I believe they honestly accept and intend to abide by the emancipation of the negro. Many of them speak of it as if a great load had been lifted off them. Their position in regard to slavery appears to be this: They felt that they needed the producing labor of the negro, and that under the slave code they were sure of it, in a high degree, while under a free-labor system, at the best, it could not be made available to such an extent for many years. Besides, they say they were born in this country, and found the blacks here, and even though slavery might be morally wrong, yet what could they do? By emancipation they almost universally believe the inevitable destruction of the blacks is accomplished. According to their theory, the negro, if left to himself, will relapse into barbarism, and, as he cannot take care of himself, he will, in time, die out, even if his exit is not hastened by a war of races, which almost all regard as possible, and very many, perhaps the majority, as inevitable. They say that for the negro's sake, quite as much as for their own, they would have perpetuated the institution of slavery. Many of them, while perfectly willing to admit that it degraded the white man, assert that it brought the negro higher in the social scale than he ever could have otherwise attained. These say that in emancipating the negro the North has pronounced his death-warrant, and that his blood must be on the head of those who accomplished his destruction. They are all anxious to supply their places with white labor.

If any grand colonization project should be started, the Southerners would all favor it, as they say now all they wish is "to get shet of them;" that is, to get them out of the country. But while I am able to say that they have made up their minds that emancipation is a fact, and not to be avoided, I am obliged to state my earnest opinion that so far as secession is concerned—that is, the doctrine of State rights—it is more deeply rooted than ever among them. They are perfectly united in the belief that the division of this country is both right from a moral stand-point, and politic as a measure of expediency. They have simply changed their base from the battle-field to the ballot-box, believing, as they very frankly admit, that greater triumphs await them there than they could ever hope for in the field. In almost every house hangs the old, worn Confederate uniform, which is displayed with pride and satisfaction to all comers. So far from repenting of the stand they took, they glory in it. They regret the result and their non-success, it is true, but not one in a thousand will admit they were in the wrong.

Many profess to deplore the policy their leaders saw fit to adopt; in fact, almost all take exceptions to it in whole or in part, ascribing their failure to this or that measure having, or not having, been adopted; but so far as my experience extends *none* attack the principles they professed. A favorite idea with them is, that if they had not set up a new government, but fought for their rights under the old flag, making the revolution a national one, they would have succeeded at once, and could then have reconstructed the Union to suit themselves.

They have returned, as they themselves take every opportunity of asserting, because they *had* to, *not* because they *wished* to. Ask almost any man here if he believes he would be better off out of the Union than in it, and he is surprised at the question. "Of course they would be better off." They return under compulsion, and desire it to be so understood. Their position is precisely this—they coincide with their military leaders, who believed, AS A CHOICE OF EVILS, it was better to return to the Union than to continue the war. The only concession they are willing *sincerely* to make is that of slavery, which they see has been ground out of existence by the war. It was a measure of policy that induced them to give up, not a conviction of duty. They are angry with Jefferson Davis, because he did not accede to Lincoln's terms at Fortress Monroe. They argue that at least ninety-five in every two hundred votes at the North are sure to be thrown in their favor, and they can now rule the Union by giving up, which is cheaper than to persist in their idea of a separate government. That idea, however, is only laid aside for a time. Every boy at the South is being educated in the belief that the relations the South to-day sustains toward the North, are the same as those of Hungary or Venetia toward Austria, or of Poland to Russia. They bide their time. They have adopted for their motto "Patience and shuffle the cards." The snake, so far from being killed, is barely "scotched." Meantime, they deem it better to rule in the Union than to serve in the Confederate army.

As Hamilcar made Hannibal swear eternal enmity against old Rome, so every Southern matron is bringing up her children to hate and despise the Federal Union. The abolition of slavery is but an incident to them, a part of the price they have to pay; the idea of a separate and independent nationality is deeply rooted in the Southern heart. It is strongest among the youngest. You need not expect to see the Fourth of July celebrated in this portion of the country. Their preachers are among the most persistent, and all the influence of the pulpit is on the side of disunion. Their professors second their efforts from their colleges and seminaries. How long this will continue it is difficult to say; but it does not look as though it would die out in a day. I will write more on this subject in a few days.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

NEW ORLEANS, October 2, 1865.

DEAR SIR: In my letters to you I have given it as my opinion that the South have made up their minds to accept the emancipation of the blacks as a *fait accompli*, as something that is done and cannot be undone. It may well appear, however, that many of their arguments and resolutions would seem to squint at the re-establishment of slavery. Thus, when they deny that the President possessed the constitutional right to issue his proclamation of emancipation (and that being the case, his decrees upon the subject are not binding and of no effect), it would be quite reasonable and natural to suppose that they drew the inference that slavery still exists of right; but

there is another explanation to this: The whole South is in league to obtain compensation for the slaves.

This is what prevents Kentucky from adopting the Constitutional Amendment, and this is the secret of all their speeches and resolves. As to the fact itself, it is indisputable. Slavery *is* dead, and nothing less than a miracle could re-establish it. If the North, however, has any fears upon the subject, they have only to muster out the black troops and send them South, and, my word for it, there will be much more danger of the blacks enslaving the whites in these cotton States, than of the opposite. The South to-day so far mistake the situation as to suppose that, by pretending to believe the institution not yet defunct, and that it is still possible to revive it, they can frighten the Northern people into compensation for emancipation. They are confirmed in this idea by the action of New Jersey, Delaware, and Kentucky. I have heard many a Southern man bitterly accuse Jefferson Davis of neglecting to accept the terms Lincoln offered at Fortress Monroe, and when I asked what those terms were, they answered: "Gradual emancipation and payment to be made to the owners of slaves." When I said the whole South was in league, I should have said, the whole body of *slave-owners*. Those who did *not* own slaves, however, are still the ready tools and accomplices of those who did.

The devotion of the Southern people to, and their belief in, the reigning class, can hardly be exaggerated. It is my firm belief that if either General Lee or Wade Hampton should raise the standard of revolt to-morrow, thousands upon thousands would flock to their support. Not that there is the slightest reason to suspect such a movement. On the contrary, the Southern people have made up their minds not to do any more fighting if they can possibly help it; but they have that confidence in the individuals I have mentioned that they would waive their own opinions in a moment. This does not extend to their prominent political men, most of whom are distrusted, and some hated as badly as "the Yankees." As to their affection for their military leaders, you will find proof in the elections at Richmond and South Carolina. No man has a better claim to their sympathy, and none stand a better chance of election, than those who were the last to give up. Motives of policy may induce them to nominate others, but the fact remains as I have stated. I repeat, that General Lee and Wade Hampton are the two most popular and best loved men in the South to-day. I have heard but one disparaging remark made of General Lee since I was at the South, and that was in this connection: I was riding one night in a hack across the gap in a railway, made by Wilson, and, as usual, the conversation turned on political affairs and the condition and prospects of the Southern people. One man said that General Lee stood the best chance for the next Presidency,—by the way, that is a very prevalent idea here at the South,—when another remarked that he would rather have Andrew Johnson. I was curious to know why, and enquired. He replied that "he had but little confidence in Lee since he favored negro soldiers, and in his opinion he was not much better than a Black Republican."

The old proverb, you see, holds good with this people, and these "men convinced against their will, are of the same opinion still."

In my next letter I will try and indicate what I believe to be the policy of the Southern leaders, and what objects they are trying to achieve. I will mention here, however, that Southern people can scarcely credit the possibility of their representatives being refused admittance to Congress, and as to negro suffrage, they will never give their consent to it. The planters might, but the prejudice among the middle and poorer classes is too great for them to encounter, and, at the best, they will only remain passive.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, yours,

———— ————.

New Orleans, October 4, 1865.

Dear Sir: The Southern people, it appears to me, are, and have been, far more in the habit of implicitly trusting their political leaders, than the people of the North. They are less disposed to criticize the actions of those in authority until the event has proved them right or wrong. This results, no doubt, in a great degree, from the fact that their periodical literature (newspapers, etc.) is far inferior in amount of distribution to that at the North. It is no uncommon thing here for men of cultivation and refinement to permit weeks to pass without taking up a newspaper. I mention this fact because I am fully persuaded that the disposition of the Southern people is to be affected permanently by the way their former leaders are treated by the North. For instance, it would be the worst possible *policy* to hang or otherwise severely punish Jefferson Davis. To-day there is a strong feeling at the South against the man. They claim that by his self-will and obstinacy he has done more to injure the Confederate cause than any ten of their antagonists; now, if he is punished, he will as surely be canonized by the South as a martyr, as he will be for ever disliked by them if permitted to go free The quickest and surest and only way to *conciliate* the South, if it be their good-will that is sought, is to hold out such inducements to the leaders they still confide in, as shall cause them to represent to the Southern people that it is for their interest to accept the *statu quo*. The Southern people can be reached quickest through the medium of such men as R. E. Lee and Wade Hampton.

At present every one at the South is occupied in his personal and family interests. There are no political parties; very little coherence of opinion as to the policy best to be pursued. But I find among the knowing ones, particularly those who have been on to the North, and remained some time in New York or Washington, a sanguine belief that they can easily resume the reins of office, and these men are the only Unionists in the South to-day. You can depend upon it that the Southern States in the future will present one solid, unanimous front. Their leaders have them well in hand, and this is precisely what ninety-nine in every hundred of the men, women, and children believe sincerely as to the situation to-day: first, that the South of right possesses and always possessed the right of secession; secondly, that he war only proved that the North was the strongest, thirdly, that negro slavery was and is right, but has been abolished by the war. The Southerners are too smart not to see that slavery is dead, but many of them hope as long as the black race exists here to be able to hold it in a condition of practical serfdom. All expect the negro will be killed in one way or another by emancipation. The policy of those who will eventually become the leaders here at the South is, for the present, to accept the best they can get, to acquiesce in anything and everything, but to strain every nerve to regain the political power and ascendency they held under Buchanan. This they believe cannot be postponed longer than up to the next Presidential election. They will do all in their power to resist negro suffrage, to reduce taxation and expenditures, and would attack the national debt if they saw any reason to believe repudiation possible. They will continue to assert the inferiority of the African, and they would to-day, if possible, precipitate the United States into a foreign war, believing they could then re-assert and obtain their independence. They will, most of them, take any oaths you may cause to be adopted, and break them immediately, and without scruple. In one word, this people have placed themselves in resolute antagonism to the North, and *this* generation, at least, will always hate the Northern people, while the boys are being educated to the same idea. They will never, however, appeal to arms again, unless in the event of a division at the North, where they could be sure of the assistance of one side, or in case of a foreign war. They are bound now, as before, to rule or ruin, and if admitted to political power you will find out that what I write is true. The only way to make *Union* men of them is to appeal to their interests. Their sympathies are all one way, and they nearly all believe that the disintegration of this nation is accomplished already, and that the bonds that hold it together will soon snap apart from their own weight.

On the whole, looking at the affair from all sides, it amounts to just this: If the Northern people are content to be ruled over by the Southerners, they will continue in the Union; if not, the first chance they get they will rise again. I am, very respectfully, yours,

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THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XV.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 16, 1865.

The North Carolina State Convention met at Raleigh, in the hall of the House of Commons, on the morning of Monday, the second of October, and, with praiseworthy despatch, in the course of six days performed all the work which they considered of paramount importance—annulled the secession ordinance of May 20, 1861, and, by a unanimous vote, passed an ordinance for ever prohibiting slavery within the State.

During the first two days nothing of interest took place, and there was little for the visitor to do but look about him. Like every other public structure—road, railroad, court-house, bridge, church—that I have seen in the South, the appearance of the capitol showed that for some years only necessary things have been done. Its paint is stained and dingy, the gilding is tarnished, and there is need of new furniture. The Commons Hall is a large square room with a semi-circular gallery on three sides, and a lofty dome-shaped ceiling, from which a chandelier depends. The seats of the members are disposed in the shape of a fan before the Speaker's chair, and the space behind them, beneath the gallery, at the sides and corners of the room, is called the lobby.

Against the wall on the right of the Speaker's chair hangs a full-length portrait of Washington, the only ornament of the hall. There is also a bronze statue of Washington in the capitol yard, the pedestal of which bears the initial letters G. W., A. L., and the inscription, "The saviours of their country." The festoons of mourning drapery are slipping from their fastenings, and some of the black cloth lies upon the ground.

The convention was a more imposing body than I had been expecting to see; for I had been assured by many gentlemen in the western counties that the members elect were all, as a matter of course, Union men; that most of them were, therefore, persons of little property and of no social standing; that the better class of people throughout the State had refrained from voting, and that, in point of ability, the convention would be the weakest ever assembled in North Carolina. A majority of the members wore the appearance of elderly farmers neither very wealthy nor very well educated. One delegate, for instance, said in private conversation: "What do you mean by pro-slavery and anti-slavery? I've always heard those two words, but I was always afraid to make use of 'em, for I did n't feel sure I should get 'em right." Many of them, I dare say, are unintelligent as well as uneducated; narrow-minded men, without the habit of thinking and dominated by illiberal prejudices. One of them said to me the other evening:

"The niggers are having a convention, a' n't they? What do they want? Equal rights, I suppose. How do they talk, anyhow? Going to vote, be they?"

"They do n't say much about voting. Their address is very moderate

in its tone, but they ask for the right to testify in the courts. What do you think the convention will do in reference to that; grant it?"

"No, sir; they won't get that. It would n't do at all. No, sir."

"They say they must work for you, and make contracts with you, in order to live, and that nothing will be more frequent than disputes about work and wages."

"If I make a contract with a nigger, I want it to bind me just as much as him and him just as much as me. I do n't want anything but justice, and the contract ought to be fair for the nigger and fair for me, and I 'd live up to my agreement."

"But I suppose you know some men in your own neighborhood that won't live up to their contracts unless you go to law and make them—men that will only be just when justice is extorted from them."

Yes, he said, he knew men like that, and he proceeded to give me some instances, to which I listened, and then asked him what a negro could do in such a case as that he had detailed.

"I do n't know," he replied; "do n't know. That was a bad case."

"Why, you 'll have to let the negro give testimony, and so, as far as that will enable him, protect himself against such rascality and violence as you describe."

"Oh no," he repeated; "oh no; that won't do. The people won't have niggers giving evidence. They 'll never get that. The people won't have it;" and these remarks served him as an answer to all my arguments. But a good majority of the delegates seemed superior to the men of this stamp, and at least would have been able to find some reasons of some sort with which to fortify themselves in their prejudices. The spectator of its deliberations could not but conceive a favorable opinion of the ability of the convention as well as of its dignity and decorum. And though there were some little instances of indecorum, which, in a Northern assemblage of similar character, would have provoked animadversion or laughter, the dignified gravity of the convention remained quite undisturbed. For example, Mr. Giles Mebane, of Alamance, an elderly farmer in snuff-colored clothes, rises to address the house, and, during the delivery of his sensible remarks, holds gingerly between his finger and thumb a quid of tobacco taken from his mouth, a proceeding which leaves his speech unimpeded, though it perhaps takes away something from the freedom and energy of his gesticulation. On another day, Mr. Pool, the member from Bertie, leaving his seat, draws a chair into a convenient position in the lobby, and smokes a long-stemmed pipe within a few feet of the President, and in full view of the convention. Attracted by the scent of tobacco, Mr. Caldwell, of Guilford, also retires to the lobby, and, filling up a pipe with a still longer stem, takes a seat beside Mr. Pool, and, by expressive signs, not to disturb the orator of the moment, begs of him a little fire or a match. In their behavior to each other and to their officers, the delegates were, as a rule, exceedingly respectful; there was no personal crimination and recrimination, and, I believe, it was not found necessary to call any member to order for words spoken in debate.

No one man was the acknowledged master and leader of the convention, as might very likely have been the case had William A. Graham received his pardon, or had Mr. Badger been a delegate. The absence of Mr. Badger, who is now an inmate of the State lunatic asylum, was frequently mentioned with regret, and reference was repeatedly made to him as "that great light." But there were about fifteen men who seemed to think themselves entitled to prominence in debate and the management of business, and of these perhaps four or five were evidently persons not ill-fitted to act as leaders.

The head of the secessionists was Mr. Manly, of Craven County. The doctrines of Calhoun, he said, were not yet devoid of value and utility; they were antagonistic to the principles of centralization, so dangerous and now so much in vogue, and he was still a believer in them as he had been in 1861. Mr. Manly is tall and spare, and speaks in a low voice, as if he were feeble and easily fatigued. Almost always when he spoke his face was turned towards the floor, and his chin rested upon his chest. His eyes, too, were half closed, but now and then as he listlessly let fall a sentence he would cast a quick glance around him as if to watch the effect of his words. The chairman of the committee to report on the ordinance of secession was Mr. Nathaniel Boyden, of Rowan. He is a Massachusetts man by birth, a very well known lawyer, and once a representative in Congress. His Unionism is something more than a mere intellectual dissent from the doctrine of State sovereignty, which is a common, and perhaps the purest, form that Unionism assumes among native North Carolinians, and it is a great deal more than a mere hatred of secessionists, which is the type of Unionism that I have found most prevalent even in such counties as Randolph. In him it is a warm sentiment of loyalty and affection for his country. How it could happen that he became a member of the Legislature during the rebellion I am unable to explain. From all that I have heard of him, both here and in Salisbury, his place of residence, he must be pronounced to have been an honest and outspoken Unionist. He is a small, gray-haired gentleman, apparently not far from seventy years old, fastidiously neat in his dress. He is a tolerably good speaker. Mr. Bedford Brown, of Caswell, is also an old man, with very suave, agreeable voice and manner. He was a senator from North Carolina about twenty-five years ago, and was a prominent member of the convention of 1861. In this convention, so far as sides were taken, he occupied a middle position between the perfectly uncompromising Unionism of Mr. Boyden and the secessionism of Mr. Manly. Besides these three men, there were Mr. Pool, whom many speak of as the ablest man in the State; Mr. Warren, of Beaufort, one of Gov. Holden's provisional judges, who made the best speech that the convention has yet heard; and Mr. Moore, of Wake, whose abilities are, perhaps, fitter to shine in a committee room or a court of law than in a legislative and political assembly, but whose keenness, pugnacity, and talent for detail made him powerful in debate.

The first day of the session was spent in perfecting the organization of the convention, with reference to which there was no contest whatever, but even thus early it became evident that there were present two parties which cherished different recollections of the past, if not different purposes in the future. The delegates had come forward to the secretary's desk, and, kissing the Bible, had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. E. G. Reade had been made permanent president of the convention without opposition, and had read a brief speech expressive of the desire of North Carolina to return to the Union: "Fellow-citizens," he said, "we are going home. Let painful reflections upon our late separation and pleasant memories of our early Union quicken our footsteps toward the old mansion, that we may grasp hard again the hand of Friendship, who stands at the door, and, sheltered by the old homestead, which was built upon a rock and has weathered the storm, enjoy together the long, bright future which awaits us." Various subordinate officers had been chosen, and then Mr. Mebane moved that a committee of seven be appointed to frame rules for the government of the convention. Mr. Manly offered an amendment to the effect that, until Mr. Mebane's committee should report, the rules prepared for the convention of 1861 be adopted as rules of order for the present convention. Mr. King at once moved as an amendment to Mr. Manly's amendment that, instead of the rules of 1861, the rules of the Constitutional Convention of 1835 be adopted. Mr. Mebane thought it quite immaterial which set of rules were selected for temporary use, but a delegate immediately informed him that, though there might be no great difference in the rules, there was a very great difference between the two years and between the action of the State at those two periods. It would be just as well to forget 1861. After this little ripple on the surface everything was quiet again, and the convention at once decided that the committee should be appointed, and that, until they reported, rules should be dispensed with.

On the second day a message was received from Governor Holden, who laid before the Convention several documents relative to the public institutions and interests of the State.

Several committees were then appointed, among others a committee on the secession ordinance of May 20, 1861, with Mr. Boyden as chairman, and a committee on the abolition of slavery.

On the third day, rather sooner than was expected, Mr. Boyden's committee reported an ordinance drawn up in these terms:

"Be it declared and ordained by the delegates of the good people of the State of North Carolina in convention assembled, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance of the Convention of the State of North Carolina, ratified on the 21st day of November, 1789, which adopted and ratified the Constitution of the United States, is now, and at all times since the adoption and ratification thereof, hath been in full force and effect, notwithstanding the supposed ordinance of the 20th day of May, 1861, declaring that the same be repealed, rescinded, and abrogated, and the said supposed ordinance is now, and at all times hath been, null and void."

The clerk read it amid the attentive silence of the house, and immediately Mr. Smith, of Johnson County—"High Smith, of Low Johnson," as he has been called, in reference to the ignorance of his constituents and his own stature—moved that the ordinance be at once put upon its several readings. It was a rule of the convention that all resolutions and ordinances should lie over one day before coming up for consideration. Mr. Manly hoped that the rules would not be suspended nor the ordinance passed hastily. In matters of so great consequence the maturest deliberation was requisite. He objected to the phraseology of the ordinance as reported, and intended on the following day to introduce a substitute. He would, therefore, move that the motion to suspend the rules be laid on the table. As this motion, if successful, would have also carried the ordinance itself to the table, Mr. Smith withdrew his motion, and the convention soon afterwards adjourned.

On Thursday morning Governor Holden transmitted to the convention

the address of the colored people of the State, with a recommendation that it be referred to a committee. The clerk read the address, which was received respectfully though not with particular attention, for it had already been published in the newspapers. Two or three members of the colored convention were in the gallery watching the fate of their address, and many significant glances were sent in that direction from the body of the house, one delegate calling the attention of another to the presence of the negroes. Mr. Caldwell, of Guilford, rose and spoke substantially as follows:

"Mr. President, I endorse the proposition of Governor Holden. I hope the time has come when the situation of these people will receive honest and careful consideration. The time has been, sir, when I have been denounced as an abolitionist—an abolitionist from the Massachusetts of North Carolina. Well, sir, I have always had my own opinions on the subject of slavery; I had them in times past and I have them now. I earnestly desire to see the condition of the negroes improved all it can be. We all know that it needs improvement, and all our best efforts will be taxed to prevent the misery and trouble that may come upon them. We can see that they've got an idea of running into the towns and trying to pick up a living by a little boot-blacking and a little white-washing. That course of life will not support them, and I am strongly in favor of wise action to prevent these evils of idleness and flocking out of the country into the towns. For my part, I want to see them sifted and scattered all over the country, not only over the South but over the North, up to the Canada line, till every Northern State, as well as we down in the South, shall be helping to bear this great black burden of humanity. Then I should go in for North Carolina's treating them as well as they can be treated everywhere, and allowing them as many privileges as Connecticut or any other Northern State."

The allusion to the Connecticut election, news of which had just reached Raleigh, was made and received with a smile. The President appointed a committee of five, with Mr. Pool at its head, to take the address into consideration, and they some days afterwards reported it inexpedient for this convention to engage itself with a question so complicated and difficult as that of the relations to be established between the blacks and the whites, and recommending that a board of three commissioners be appointed by the Governor to collect information relative to the matter and lay it before the Legislature at its next session. The report was fair and liberal in its tone, but commits the convention to nothing.

I refrain from any further attempt at a diary of the proceedings, especially since the results have doubtless already been published at the North. I may allude, however, to the warm debate which sprang up upon the question of submitting these two ordinances to the people for ratification. The Unionists were determined that slavery and secession, by name, should come before the people for final and definitive judgment. They carried their point, and the people are to vote on each ordinance separately, ratifying it or rejecting it.

In the long debate on secession, much was said in condemnation of that theory; the loss which it had inflicted on the South was bewailed, and the tyranny of the secessionists and the rebel government was denounced with bitterness. But it was roundly said that this renunciation of secessionism and its works, of itself, entitled North Carolina to her old place and power in the Union. One had to remind himself that the convention itself was an acknowledgment that the State had lost some of her rights and privileges.

The discussion of the basis of representation, the reading of the address presented by the colored convention, the report of the committee to which it had been referred, and the passage of the abolition ordinance, had all alike failed to bring up the freedmen as a topic of discussion. But an ordinance introduced by Mr. Moore, of Wake, contained, among some miscellaneous matters, a section which declared married all negroes who for six months previously to the ratification of the ordinance, and at the time of its ratification, should be living together as man and wife. Mr. Moore fought hard for his proposition, and Colonel Whittlesey, assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in North Carolina, was in the lobby, and was understood to favor it and to desire its passage, but a large majority of the convention were opposed to taking any action whatever in relation to the condition of the negro population. It would be better to leave the whole matter to the Legislature. Mr. Dockery, of Richmond County, took occasion to state what he knew about the freed people in his part of the State, and to set forth his views of the proper policy to be pursued towards them by the national Government.

He was a friend to the negro. He could remember how he loved his old nurse, and his children now loved their negro nurse so that often they would leave the arms of their mother to go to her. But he had little confidence in the elevation of the negro race. It was true that they were in a condition of demoralization—poor, degraded, and unfortunate—and it would be well to lift them up if possible; but it could not be done by such action as Mr. Moore proposed. He felt a real attachment to the negroes—many of them—and had often told them that he did not blame them for being free. If he had been enslaved and freed by war in the same way, he himself would have cheerfully accepted his freedom, But he did blame them for their bad conduct since they were emancipated. He wanted a carefully prepared code regulating the conduct of the blacks, or they would become a disgrace and a danger to the community. But he believed that the only effective and satisfactory policy which could be adopted was that which General Jackson had pursued towards the Indians—they must be colonized. The Government owned plenty of land in the South-west, and the negroes ought to be separated from the whites and sent into that region by themselves.

When General Jackson decided to move the Indians, there was a great outcry about the inhumanity of his policy. It was cruel, they said, to tear the poor Indian from his hunting-grounds, and his springs, and the graveyards of his fathers. But General Jackson removed them, and where was the man who would to-day deny the soundness of that measure? Where was the man to say it was inhuman? Who supposed a single Indian would now be alive in Georgia or South Carolina or North Carolina if they had been left among the whites? It was just so with the negroes, and he believed it would soon be found so, and the people would decide upon colonization. Mr. Moore's ordinance had two objects in contemplation, the moral elevation of the negro by compelling him to marry the woman with whom he chose to live; and a material object—to make each negro support his own children. But the ordinance would not bring about the desired end. The negroes are determined to have as many wives as they can get. He himself had a nigger with two wives, one of whom he called his Sunday wife and the other his Monday wife; and he was rejoicing in his freedom because he could now get a third wife as soon as he could get a little more money. He had it from a gentleman of undoubted veracity that within a very short time previously there had been seventy marriages of negroes, and, of these seventy, sixty-five had within a week left other wives or husbands to take new ones. As to their working habits, the story was equally bad. He was paying his own niggers $6 a month, but they were getting dissatisfied. There was a constant stream of niggers coming along past his house, some from Raleigh, some from Greensboro' or Salisbury. Perhaps he would become aware that work had stopped in the blacksmith's shop; he would inquire the cause: "Oh, Mr. Smith's Jack or Tom has come back from Raleigh." He tells them that niggers are getting $20 a month up here, and the result is that the niggers all become discontented, and the able-bodied men wander off, leaving their wives and children on the farms. The Pedee country was a poor country anyhow, and all had to work, both white and black, or the farmers could not make buckle and tongue meet. Gentlemen might imagine what the condition of things would be with half the population wandering in idleness. It would be like an army without a leader, resolved into a mob; famine would overtake it. Colonization was the only remedy for such evils.

Mr. Little also favored a reference to a committee who should report to the next Legislature. He was a friend of the negro, but he wanted to be put on record as a believer in the doctrine that this is a white man's country and a white man's government. He was opposed to negro suffrage, negro testimony, miscegenation, and other articles of the radical faith. He was glad to see that such doctrines had been repudiated at the North, he said, and praised General J. D. Cox, formerly of Sherman's army, as a man of sound opinions. He thought there were some people who entertained unjust prejudices against the negro. He was not one, but would like to see them elevated and would not be averse to their being educated. North Carolina, unfortunately, was not able to educate her white children at present, but in time he hoped to see her educate the black.

The convention having passed an ordinance setting an early day in November for the election of members of the State Legislature, many of the delegates are anxious to return home and meet their constituents, so that it is probable that the convention will soon adjourn. But for some reason it seems to be thought best that another session should be held in the spring. Most likely no definite action will be taken upon the war debt or the condition of the freedmen until it can be known whether or not North Carolina will be admitted by Congress when she makes application, this winter, holding in her hand the ordinance abolishing slavery and that which declares that the State has never been out of the Union at all.

CENTRALIZATION IN FRANCE.

PARIS, May 6, 1865.

WHILE you are waging war against *State rights*, the Liberals in France are making a pacific and timid crusade against centralization. When I tell you that such men as M. Laboulaye, who has all along been the supporter of the Republican party in America, declare themselves openly in France against centralization, you will understand at once that there is no real con-

tradiction between the ideas and theories of your Republican party and those of the French Liberals. The difference of position explains the difference of policies. With you, a movement towards centralization of power was necessary, as the Democratic party, during its long triumph, had withheld from the Executive many of the prerogatives with which the Constitution had endowed it. In France, the Executive has been rendered so tyrannical, arbitrary, and all-powerful, that a reaction is taking place against the political system which, from the days of Richelieu and Louis XIV. to those of Napoleon III., has been the means of depriving France of all the benefits of self-government.

It is hardly possible for an American, born and educated in a free community, to imagine to what extent the individuality of a French citizen is daily sacrificed to the petty exigencies of that anonymous, omnipresent, hydra-headed monster which we call "l'administration." We are born, we live, we die, with its permission; it measures to our lungs the air we breathe; it shapes the plastic molds in which the infant intellect is formed. Where will you not find a mark of its power—in what church, what school, what house, what cemetery, what office, what theatre, what hospital? Wherever and whenever two Frenchmen meet, it comes and shows itself between them. It outlives every régime, every revolution, every government. It stamps upon every head a mark which nothing can efface.

I once heard M. de Montalembert illustrate, by an amusing anecdote, the power of the French administration. Three days after the formidable insurrection of June, 1848, he found himself in a railway station, waiting in a great crowd till the officials should open the doors which lead to the platform. The heat was intense. "Could I not," said he, "open one of these glass doors to let some air in?" "No, sir; it is against the *réglement*." "Well," said he, "could I not break one of the windows, and pay for it?" When he uttered this proposition, the crowd moved away from him, and everybody looked almost terrified. They took him for an insurgent. The idea of breaking a window in order to evade a *réglement* of the administration seemed awful to these people, who three days before had witnessed a bloody and fierce insurrection, and seen Paris all covered over with barricades.

I remember another curious illustration of the power of the French centralization. A minister of public instruction, looking at his watch, said, one day: "At this moment all the boys of the French kingdom, of the same age, are translating the same Latin version, in Corsica as well as in Picardy, at Brest as well as in Strasbourg." I leave you to imagine the intense pride he felt when this vision came across his brain.

The French functionary is by essence an enemy of liberal institutions; his pride and conceit, his quiet and undisturbed tyranny, have almost reconciled me to the American theory of rotation of office. May you ever be ignorant of the genus *functionary* and the species *bureaucrate*. Your functionaries, who have such a short tenure of office, do not form a separate caste; the French functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, are protected by the famous article of the Constitution de l'an VIII., which specifies that none of them can be prosecuted before any court by any individual without the permission of the Council of State, a large committee, appointed directly by the Executive, and entirely devoted to its interests. I will take an example: The Duke d'Aumale has been working for the last twelve years at a history of the House of Condé. He has used in his work the valuable archives which he has inherited from the Condés, together with the state papers of England and of Spain. Two volumes of this important work were already printed in France, relating to the wars of religion before Henri IV., when the Préfet de Police seized the four thousand copies of the two volumes just finished at the printer's office. The Duke d'Aumale has vainly claimed his property before the common courts; the courts, one after the other, have declared that the Prefect of Police was covered by his public character. The Duke d'Aumale is therefore obliged to sue him now before the Conseil d'Etat, and it is not difficult to prophesy what the verdict of this political body will be.

The same inviolability covers the meanest officials all over France; this privilege, together with the excessive centralization, make it too easy to turn any government in France into a despotism. Had General Cavaignac been less honest, he could have secured the power to himself as well as Prince Louis Napoleon. The new French Liberal school begins to perceive that all efforts towards liberty and constitutional government will be vain if we don't reduce the privileges of the central power by diminishing those of the functionaries. A committee of Liberals, in Nancy, has just published a pamphlet against centralization which has created much sensation. It is proposed in it that in each French department the management of the affairs of the department should not be left entirely to a *préfet* named in Paris. The authors of the pamphlet do not go so far as to propose that the people should name the *préfet* in each department, as you name your governors in each State. They simply ask that the *Conseils-généraux*, which are named by the people in each department, and who now have only a session of eight days, and simply register, as it were, the will of the *préfet*, should have longer sessions, and should name a standing committee which should constantly act as a counsel to the *préfet*. This moderate proposition has almost convulsed our political world. A free, elected council in each department! that would be, indeed, the abomination of desolation. And what would become of our Parisian *préfet*, in his gilt uniform, among these provincial counsellors, if he could no more say to them, with a Louis XIV. gesture and air, "Le département, c'est moi." As every German prince copied Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century, and would have his Versailles, so every *préfet* now gives himself the airs of Napoleon III.; each of them has gained the Solferino battle, and saved France from anarchy. If they are no more to be the absolute rulers in each department, if the solitary will which from the Tuileries radiates through their eighty-six brains to all the parts of France has to find local obstacles in every department, there is an end of that great French *unity*, and we are brought back at once to the dark days of feudalism. Such is the cry of all Imperialists and pseudo-Liberals; louder than all are the friends of Prince Napoleon, the worshipper of pure Cæsarism, who, as Ampère used to say, will some day, if fortune favors him, show us Tiberius after Augustus.

The true Liberals have no difficulty in showing that French unity has nothing to fear from a better administration of local affairs; to talk of feudalism in France in 1865 is so absurd as to be simply ridiculous. What we are afraid of is not feudalism; it is this terrible alliance of demagogism and despotism which was once fatal to Rome, and may be fatal to France; this jealousy of influence, this hatred of intellect, this fear of free thought, which are at the bottom of our ruling school of imperial democracy.

This discussion about centralization, originated by the *pamphlet lorrain*, has had very good effects; it has drawn the line between the sham democracy, which is the servile ally of imperialism, and liberal democracy—between the hypocrites and the sincere friends of the people; it has obliged many to throw off the mask and to show what they really are. Humboldt used to say: "I prefer anarchy or a brutal despotism to an intelligent despotism; for anarchy is not a durable state, and a stupid despotism destroys itself; an intelligent despotism can deceive a nation and even the whole world for ages." It is, therefore, a happy consequence of the present discussion that our worshippers of despotism have been obliged to pronounce themselves openly against the liberal and moderate proposition of the writers of Nancy. It will no longer be so easy for them to surround their servility with a halo of liberalism; they have paid to Cæsar what they owe to Cæsar, but they have not paid to the people what they owe to the people, and the people, I hope, will remember it. A. L.

THE SERVANT QUESTION.

Mr. Ruskin, in a recent lively discussion, through the columns of a London paper, upon the annoyances from servants, has informed the public that there are but two alternatives to adopt if they would settle the matter—"slavery or adoption." The ordinary "commercial relation" he regards a failure. America has tried all three modes of settling the problem. The South has had "domestic and patriarchal service," with what result must be apparent even to Mr. Ruskin. The West has tried (to a degree) a kind of "sonship" or adoption—the bringing up a servant in the family—with immense advantage to the servant, though not always an equal comfort to the family. But this primitive arrangement, which is undoubtedly as Mr. Ruskin says, the best for society, must gradually yield to the more complicated demands of increasing comfort, and there, as in the whole country, the "commercial relation" take the principal place. There will be a kind of malignant satisfaction to our housekeepers in finding that prosperity is bringing to England something of the nameless troubles with "domestic service" which have so long been our affliction here. The effect of emigration, low tariffs, skilful finance, and unceasing industry, has been at length to raise the laboring class of England, so that their rate of wages has vastly increased. Wages in London are equal to those of New York. Servant-girls wear "silk mantillas" and "dress-bonnets," flowers and flounces, become extravagant and restless, and continually marry out of their class into the next class above them, and the respectable level of the good old English class of house-servants is greatly disturbed. The immense and sudden increase of wealth, also, the last few years has created a class of *nouveaux riches*, of "shoddy" mistresses, in Great Britain, such as we have here who do not know how to manage their servants, and thus "spoil" them, so

that English society is as full of that novel topic, the trials of servants, as American.

This is especially the time of year in this country in which the plagues of domestic service descend upon our households. In the autumn the servant girl, who has already changed her place three or four times in the course of the year, conceives a new desire for society or change of scene, and at once departs, leaving the household in confusion. All that large class of families who live near cities, and who have experienced a problematical domestic calm up to this season, now find their sanguine hopes prostrated by a sudden exodus of their "help" to the town—these people, like their betters, enjoying rural scenery in the summer months and then preferring the social life and excitements of the cities in the winter. This flitting is prematurely hastened if sickness has attacked a family, or its members are to be increased, as the profession understand that these trying or interesting occasions by no means lighten their labors. Then come to the master or mistress the agonies of the "intelligence" or "non-intelligence" office: the ordeal of fifty severe-looking "girls" of all ages, the cross-examination by the "help," the proud disdain with which a place is rejected if the chambermaid does not help the cook, or company cannot be seen every night, or the master wants breakfast for an early train. Finally, after endless worry, a promising person is secured by great humiliation; she is engaged to be on the boat or train; the employer proceeds trustingly to his home, and the promised hour comes and passes and no servant appears, and the family is again left cookless or waiterless. At length some emigrant is secured, more innocent in the ways of the New World, but with a tendency to mingle the habits of an Irish *bothie* with those of an American kitchen, and she has to go through with a long course of instruction, the devoted mistress spending a large part of her time in the kitchen. As soon as she is fairly trained and is really useful, she has become initiated in the ways of the class, and, hearing of a better situation, coolly gives notice and leaves, or decamps without notice. The experience of the cities is perhaps not quite so afflicting, but nearly so—of "girls with airs;" girls who make fearful blunders in the midst of trying dinner-parties; girls who entertain a brilliant circle of friends in their kitchens, at the mistress's expense; girls who are dishonest and get drunk, and of all the change and discomfort which their riotous habits bring. The "commercial relation" does not seem always to reach them, as they will, not infrequently, with the heedlessness of the class, leave on a mere freak higher wages for lower. Nor do the miscalled "intelligence offices" afford the least remedy; they are none of them to be trusted. No one ever looks closely into the character of a servant recommended, or is responsible for her failure, or corrects one of the abuses of the whole system. They are in fact mainly supported by the servants.

The great consolation to the mistress is rather a general and philanthropic than a personal one. Each lady must remember that for a considerable portion of her life she is at the head of a "Philanthropic Servants-Training School," where one rough and ignorant peasant woman after another is taught cleanliness, order, good taste, and good cooking, and is fitted to be the wife of some laborer, or policeman, or mechanic, or upper-servant by-and-bye. Thousands of nice laboring-men's homes over the country are the fruits of the long and apparently useless torments of our mistresses. Our very evils also come from our blessings. It is our prosperity that makes the serving-class restless. It is the remuneration and profit of labor which render the "domestics" ambitious and extravagant. They are continually bettering or hoping to better their condition. There is little of such trouble with servants in Italy, still less in China. In England the annoyances begin as the people improve in condition. We must philosophically take our troubles with our blessings.

Then another thing should be considered at the present time: servants' wages have by no means risen in proportion to the rise of all other values. They cost less, on the whole, than they do in England. A house-servant (say chambermaid) can be got in New York for $9 a month, or $108 per annum, and her "keep" will be say $150, making her total cost $258. In London, in a middle-class family, wages would be £16 per annum, say $162, and keep, including beer, £22 or $224, making the total cost $386. Yet here, owing to the tariff, all the personal expenses to the woman, for shoes, calicoes, silk mantillas, and dresses, are more than doubled since 1860, and heavier than similar outlays would be in England. Low wages will inevitably bring poor labor. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the annoyances are by no means on the side of the servants alone. The mistresses are not all perfect. Some are freaky, uncertain, and moody; others are exacting and imperious, fancying that a human being can work for them the year round and never want a human enjoyment, or the least variety; others are careless and indulgent. Some, the moment a girl is sick or disabled, cast her aside; others "nag" their servants too much, or get into a passion with them, instead of correcting them occasionally and carefully. Then, again, the relation itself is an unnatural and difficult one. It needs a somewhat irregular, dependent, and unambitious person to be willing to sacrifice all privacy, independence, and chances of rising in the world, and labor on in the hap-hazard way which American households require. A servant in America is usually an inferior sort of person, morally considered, when compared, for instance, with the class keeping their own homes. The work is not hard, but it is exacting and entirely invades privacy, and is ill paid. For ourselves, we never wonder that American young women have such a horror of domestic service.

Considering the inherent difficulties of the relation and the economical causes of our troubles, we confess we see no cure for our annoyances, in the United States, in this matter. It is a relation which almost necessarily forbids all sentiment; there can be no patriarchal character to it, and seldom even common personal attachment. What is wanted is, first, great consideration by the mistresses for the servants; then exactitude and thorough justice, and, if possible, liberal payment. The commercial basis is the basis for it. Ladies with large establishments and without children will, of course, have fewer of these troubles, as servants will all prefer such places, and will remain longer in them.

All might avoid many of the difficulties now experienced by being more exact in demanding "characters," and by encouraging some better kind of intelligence offices. A new office has been established in London, which is supported solely by the mistresses, charging a higher price but being more particular in the kind of servants they recommend. Such an agency here would be a great improvement.

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Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

PERSONS interested in Biblical studies will be glad to hear from a well-informed source—Mr John Murray, the publisher—that "the commentary on the Bible, suggested by the Speaker (!) and inaugurated by the Archbishop of York and other bishops and divines, far from being abandoned, is making steady progress, some portions of the work being already in type—the scholars and divines engaged upon it having felt that a speedy publication was quite subordinate to the proper and thorough execution of so momentous a design." The motives that have led to this undertaking are undoubtedly laudable, and the results will be welcome to students of all orthodox denominations. Any attempt, however, to give it an official or authoritative value will be a great mistake, as the time when the largest individual liberty of opinion has been by legal decisions declared the characteristic of the Church of England would be very inappropriate for an attempt to tie it down to any system or theory, however good, of scriptural interpretation. The effort to do this would provoke resistance and the unseemly marshalling of Bishop against Bishop, and D.D. against D.D., the very thing which the Church has always most judiciously avoided. The commentary thus "patronized by the Speaker of the House of Commons" will have just the degree of authority claimed by its merit, and no more.

—Critics are already disputing about the text of Thackeray's famous ballad, "The Three Sailors," and grave correspondents are writing to "Notes and Queries" to know if the air to which he was accustomed to chant it, among friends, when certain small hours of the night had arrived, is preserved. As a curiosity we give it from his own uniquely beautiful MS., with the accompanying note. Mr. Bevan, to whom it was addressed, had written it down from memory when sung by the author at a students' supper at Rome, to print in a volume of travelling sketches called "Sand and Canvass." Thackeray was not satisfied with the *viva voce* copy, so sent the following:

THE THREE SAILORS.

There were three sailors in Bristol City,
Who took a boat and went to sea.

But first with beef and Captain's biscuit,
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was guzzling Jack, and gorging Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billy.

Now very soon, they were so greedy,
They did n't leave not one split pea.

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"I am confounded hung-ery."

Says gorging Jim to guzzling Jacky,
"We have no wittles, so we must eat we."

Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
"O gorging Jim, what a fool you be—

There 's little Bill, as is young and tender,
We 're old and tough, so let 's eat he.

O Bill we 're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the collar of your chemee."

When Bill he heard this information,
He used his pocket handkerchee.

"O let me say my catechism,
As my poor mammy taught to me."

"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jacky,
Whilst Jim pulled out his snickersnee.

So Bill went up the main-top-gallant-mast,
Where down he fell on his bended knee.

He scarce had said his catechism,
When up he jumps, "There 's land I see:

There 's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikey,

There 's the British fleet a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they came to the Admiral's vessel,
He hanged first Jack and flogged Jimmy,

But as for little Bill, he made him
The captain of a seventy-three.

"DEAR BEVAN:
I do n't like the looks of the ballad at all in print, but, if you please, prefer to have it in this way, exactly. "Be blowed," it would never do in a printed ballad of Yours very truly, WM. M. THACKERAY."

—One of the most interesting announcements of the season has just been made by Messrs. Moxon & Co. It is that they are preparing for the press "A Life of Charles Lamb," by Mr. Proctor, better known as the poet Barry Cornwall. No particulars are yet given, but we may be sure that if Mr. Proctor's book goes over again the whole field of a life so lovingly treated by Talfourd, it is because the access of new matter and the freedom of discussion made attainable by lapse of time amply authorize him in so doing. The papers of the same date give an extract from a letter to *The Guardian*, written to call attention to the neglected state of the grave of "Elia" and his sister, in Edmonton church-yard. The author describes it as overshadowed by the solidly-built stone monument of "Gideon Rippon, of the Bank of England," trodden down, and partly covered with nettles. It is an unquestionable fact, and we note it simply as a fact, that the popular appreciation of Charles Lamb has a far stronger and deeper root in this country than in Eng'and. It is Americans who print the handsomest editions of Charles Lamb's works—who make pilgrimages to the old East India House, the scene of his official labors—who collect most eagerly any relics of Lamb, and who will be, we doubt not, the chief subscribers to the monument it is now sought to erect on his uncared-for grave. Mr. Babson's careful though incomplete "Eliana," or collection of Lamb's unacknowledged writings, is an undertaking that would hardly have been executed in England. Recently, in London, at the sale of the library of Mr. John Taylor, the proprietor of the "London Magazine," were sold the original MSS. of several of the essays of Elia, which originally appeared in that periodical. The inimitable "Roast Pig" brought £10, or fifty dollars. We believe that ten times this amount would readily be given by many of Lamb's admirers here. The scanty remains of Lamb's library that were brought to this country, whenever they change possessors, do so at a vastly increasing rate. It is worthy of notice, as characteristic of the two men, that while Coleridge could not read a book without his active mind overflowing in comments on the fly-leaves and margins, not a trace of an original note could be found in any of Charles Lamb's volumes. He was careful and painstaking in making them perfect by transcription and adding illustrative matter from other sources, but he seems to have respected his "ragged regiment" too much to make them the vehicle of his own thoughts. When any further collection of Lamb's writings is intended, application should be made to the autograph-hunters in America, as the disease rages strong among us, and many unpublished letters of Lamb are to be found in their portfolios. We remember one, very suggestive of the writer, describing an enforced stay at a quiet country town, in Mr. G. P. Putnam's collection, but are unable to trace it to its present owner.

—A new edition of "Pre-historic Man," by Professor D. Wilson, of Toronto University, has just been brought out by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. As compared with other works on the subject, Professor Wilson's book is distinguished by the careful and extensive view taken of American ethnological researches, in which they are for the first time treated in connection with similar investigations in other parts of the world. Prof. Wilson's position in Canada has afforded him the means of effecting this, and his work has first introduced to general notice abroad the results now daily developing in aboriginal history and antiquities.

—The contemplated retirement of Mr. Antonio Panizzi from the chief librarianship of the British Museum will probably cause the revival of the much disputed point—the expediency of a printed catalogue of that national collection of books. Of such a catalogue most literary men of the day have expressed their favorable opinion and anxious desire to see it completed, particularly Thomas Carlyle, J. P. Collier, Sir H. Nicolas, Rev. A. Dyce, and others known as students and persons of learned research. Nevertheless, the single influence of Mr. Panizzi has been able to neutralize the opposition, and after printing one volume, containing the letter A, twenty-five years ago, he stopped the work, and it has never been resumed. The advantages that the circulation of a complete catalogue offers in making accessible the books it describes, and bringing the fact of their existence and local distribution to the knowledge of those who need them, are so obvious that no one but an idiot could dispute them; it is not, therefore, on the ground of principle, but rather on the difficulty of realizing an ideal except by the sacrifice of other desirable ends, that Mr. Panizzi's objections were based. The British Museum Library has, under his management, been increasing at an average rate of thirty thousand volumes per annum, until it has now reached nearly, if not quite, the number of seven hundred thousand volumes. By no plan of printing that might be adopted could the description of so vast a collection be finished in less than several years, starting from a given point, and in the meantime the "logic of facts" would have destroyed the completeness that was to form its chief value, added to which the immense cost involved in such an undertaking—with little prospect of return from any expected sale for the catalogue—might better be spent in increasing the library itself. The practical difficulties connected with the matter of catalogue printing on a very enlarged scale are so great that they appear to have foiled even the imperial will. A few years since, Louis Napoleon gave orders for the publication of the catalogue of the French Imperial Library. Two separate divisions were hastily commenced—"History of France" and "Medicine." Seven or eight quarto volumes of the first have appeared, and one of the latter. It is now said that the undertaking is suspended indefinitely, and will only extend to the completion of these divisions. In this country we have scarcely a good book catalogue of any kind, a vicious desire for brevity making them mere unsatisfactory indexes to the collections that they should illustrate and describe. We have a good testimony as to what a catalogue should be from that great and thoroughly practical man, Franklin, in one that he printed in 1764 of the books of the Library Company of Philadelphia, the institution whose foundation and progress is so fully detailed in his autobiography, and which never ceased to claim his interest and care. Various indications scattered throughout the volume show it to be of his own drawing up, and, in striking contrast to the present meagre fashion of curtailing the description of a book to a single line, every word on the title-page is given, so that in the fashion of the last century it often amounts to a synopsis of the work, and makes the catalogue itself a volume at once instructive and pleasant to turn over. No one need disdain to learn of Franklin, and we hope in this respect he will yet find imitators.

—The beautiful edition of the Chinese Classics undertaken by Dr. James Legge, of the London Missionary Society, through means furnished by private munificence, has reached its second volume. The first was devoted to the works of Confucius, the second introduces us to the writings of Mencius, a sage who, in the opinion of his nation, stands only second to his great master. Mencius was born B.C. 371 and lived to the age of 84, so that his period synchronizes with the era of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and other great names of the West. In the words of his editor and translator: "When we place Mencius among his contemporaries he can look them in the face. He does not need to hide a diminished head." His doctrine of human nature was as nearly as possible, we are told, that of Bishop Butler. "The will (he said) is the leader of the passion nature. The passion nature pervades and animates the body. The will is first and chief, and the passion nature is subordinate to it. Man is formed only for virtue. There is in man a natural principle of benevolence, a natural principle of righteousness, a natural principle of propriety, and a natural principle of apprehending moral truth." The series of "Chinese Classics" is expected to form seven volumes. They are printed at Hong Kong, in large octavo, and include the original texts, with a translation, critical and exegetical notes, prolegomena by the editor, and copious indexes. They are sold in London at the not unreasonable price of £2 2s. per volume, or about twenty dollars in currency at present rates. The third volume will include the most ancient historical records of China, and is now in preparation.

—Like many other men of genius, the technical powers of the inspired artist William Blake were scarcely adequate to the proper rendering of his own ideas. No series of his illustrations has ever appeared with the same advantages that his beautiful designs to "Blair's Grave" derive from the masterly burin of Schiavonetti, confessedly the first engraver of the day. They form an epitome of the unseen world, and for nobleness of expression, purity of line, and severely grand yet picturesque composition, they stand unequalled. We can only wonder that a generation saturated with the extravagances of Fuseli and the inanities of Westall as book illustrators, could pass them by without recognition of their surpassing excellence. The publication of Mr. Gilchrist's illustrated "Life and Works of Blake" has created quite a furore in the artistic world for the possession of his designs, and they

have lately advanced in value almost fifty-fold. To the enterprise of Mr. J. W. Bouton, one of our best informed purveyors of European books, of 481 Broadway, American collectors are indebted for a limited opportunity to procure one of Blake's finest works, the "Illustrations to the Grave," already referred to. Mr. Bouton has just returned from a periodical "raid" or "foray" to Europe, not undertaken in the interest of devastation, although he returns as richly laden with the spoils of time as any practical free-trader of Sherman's army. During his visit to England Mr. Bouton was so fortunate as to secure the entire remaining copies of Blake's "Blair's Grave," comprising fine impressions of twelve illustrations, and the masterly portrait of Blake, by Phillips, which made him a Royal Academician. They consist only of sixty-seven copies in imperial quarto, and four on large paper in folio. Subscribers' names are taken at the very moderate price of fifteen dollars per copy, and thirty dollars for the few in folio. They are to be delivered in November in the order of the names as received. Mr. Bouton's room will be found an attractive place of resort for lovers of art, his *spécialité* as a dealer lying largely among the splendid European illustrated books, galleries, etc., so rarely met with at our stores.

—We are always instructed in the superiority of the world of mind over that of matter, and partly realize it in our lives, but it appears as if the two must be brought in contact to reach their highest expression. The noblest triumphs of intellect seem to be those won by the investigation of physical and material causes and effects. They strike the mind with a force and grandeur that mere metaphysical speculation could never attain. Prof. Phillips's address to the British Association supplies some noteworthy instances of these most remarkable inferential results from observed phenomena. There are few if any minds who have not been impressed with the nebular hypothesis of Herschel and La Place, according to which we not only saw "worlds on worlds in phalanx bright" in the heavens, but were actually admitted to the secrets of nature's laboratory, and could trace matter from its original diffusion to its condensation in the nebulous bodies of the sidereal world ("nursery mothers of the stars") and its progress towards more perfect formation. The great telescope of Lord Rosse was supposed to have demolished the theory, as it resolved most of the nebulæ to which it could be applied into collections of separate stars, rendered indistinct to ordinary telescopic vision by remoteness of distance. So the question remained till a new means of investigation presented itself by Prof. Kirchoff's discovery of spectrum analysis. By this means the very constitution of the heavenly bodies can be ascertained. Tested thus, the nebulæ are found in some instances to have stellar points, but they are not stars. Their composition is shown to be entirely different; they resemble enormous masses of luminous gas, composed of three materials, nitrogen, hydrogen, and a substance at present unknown. Stars tested in the same manner are shown to be constituted like our own sun, and, like it, they exhibit the presence of many terrestial elements, as sodium, magnesium, iron, and hydrogen. The moon and Venus show no signs of an atmosphere, but Jupiter and Saturn have one like that of the earth, with the addition of some unknown body, probably a gas or vapor peculiar to those spheres. No one can grasp the train of *facts* here most imperfectly alluded to without feeling how much the world of thought gains by these daring excursions beyond "the flaming bounds of space and time" of the poet, whose wildest imaginings scarcely reach to the sober certainties of the philosophers.

—It is always pleasant to meet with fresh notices of any of the members of Dr. Johnson's circle of acquaintance, but by this time all matter of the kind has been so often worked over by memoir and magazine writers that few and scanty additions to our stock of information now appear. We are indebted to Mrs. Farrar's agreeable "Recollections of Seventy Years," just published by Ticknor & Fields, for a closer acquaintance with one of the friends of her youth, Mrs. Knowles, the Quaker lady, whom all readers of "Boswell" will recall as meeting the doctor several times at Mr. Dilly's, and on one occasion engaging in an animated discussion with him on the subject of the conversion to Quakerism of a young lady, in which Johnson's temper certainly got the better of his reason as well as his politeness. "The fair Quaker" (as Boswell calls her) resembled, in many points, the strong-minded women of our own day; she was a good classical scholar, eminent for her attractive conversation, and her boldness in supporting her opinions by argument against the fiat of the great social dictator actually made her notorious among both his admirers and enemies. She was famous, also, for working pictures and taking portraits in worsted, her "sutile pictures," as Johnson called them, obtaining so much reputation that she had the honor of a commission for a likeness of himself from the King, George III. When Mrs. Farrar, as a girl, knew her, Mrs. Knowles, who had been left a handsome fortune by her husband, a physician, was injuring all her talents and good qualities by an insane devotion to money that in time shut her out from all society and reduced the fair Quaker of former times to the condition of a miserly old hag, unwilling to supply herself with the decencies of life. Mrs. Farrar's reminiscences include the names of many other characters that it is difficult to imagine in actual contact with one yet among us, as Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and others who to ordinary experience have "gone far off and become historical." They are narrated in a style of simplicity that inspires confidence in their revelations.

GRIMM'S MICHAEL ANGELO.*

EVERY buyer of this, the Boston edition, should borrow a copy of the second London edition (Smith, Elder & Co., 1865) and copy therefrom two important adjuncts, which the American publishers have despised. The "Translator's Preface" in the first volume, though it contains interesting matter, is really not essential to the right use of the book—but then it is short, and would take not more than half an hour to transcribe in a legible hand. That which we would have copied from the second volume would be much more tedious and troublesome to write out, but then it *is* quite essential to the right use of the book; we mean the index. It is almost incredible that a leading publishing house should, at this day, have published an historical work of supposed permanent value without an index. Had there been none in existence, it would almost have been the duty of a house of the standing of Little, Brown & Co. to cause one to be prepared for their own edition. The fact that none was attached to the first English edition only made more evident the necessity of having one; and the second London edition, with the index, was received here so long before the appearance of the Boston one, that the latter was generally thought to be a reprint of it. In other respects the one closely imitates the other, and the two are published at the remunerative prices of a guinea and five dollars, respectively.

The lady whose name appears on the title-page is known as a translator. Her work seems to have been done easily; too easily, indeed. To translate a somewhat philosophical history from the German into English is no easy task for any one woman; and men, too, who have tried to turn German or French standard works into English have found—or, at least, have proved to their readers' satisfaction—that it is one thing to be able to read the original with enjoyment, and quite another to be able to turn it into good, idiomatic, elegant English. We have not succeeded in finding, in New York, a copy of the German original of the "Life of Michael Angelo," but the English text conveys the idea of a conscientious attempt to give the sense of what the author wrote. Yet it is safe to assume that Mr. Grimm wrote good German, and good German is not fitly represented by inelegant English. Moreover, errors in translation occur which go far to prove the truth of a dictum which has been much disputed, that a translator must know as much of the matter in hand as the author. There is another fruitful source of errors, inseparable from the plan of this book as we have it: the author writes in German of Italian men and things, art and literature, and the translator puts the author's thoughts into English. There is thus at least a two-fold chance of errors in the use of language, and, without unusual care on the part of the translator in verifying and in comparison with Italian originals, there will be multifold risk of errors of all sorts. Now it is probable, for reasons which we shall mention hereafter, that many of the inaccuracies, inelegancies, misstatements, errors of fact, and absurdities, which disfigure this book, are to be traced to the author. But, in the absence of his original text, it will be safer to make no attempt to fix responsibility. On page 20 of the first volume we find:

"At the period in which he (Giotto) worked, the intellectual centre of Europe was not in Italy. . . . . It was from France that the new Gothic style came into Italy. It was in France also that Giotto painted. His tender figures . . . . still carry with them too much of miniature painting for us entirely to deny the school in which their master learned to draw."

Is it meant that Giotto learned to draw in France? The words, "It was in France," etc., seem to convey that meaning; but the last sentence, if it means anything, means that he learned to draw in Italy, and that, *therefore*, his figures "carry with them too much of miniature painting." Let us look at the fact: Giotto was in France and painted there, principally at Avignon, whither he accompanied Pope Clement when the seat of the Papacy was removed from Rome. But before he went thither he had painted, of works that still remain, the frescoes in Santa Croce at Florence

* "Life of Michael Angelo, by Herman Grimm. Translated, with the author's sanction, by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett." Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1865. 2 vols., pp. 558, 519.

the decorations of the upper and lower churches at Assissi, including the series of pictures illustrating the life of St. Francis; the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, illustrating the life of Job; and the portrait of Dante in the Barghello at Florence; besides all these, the "O" had been drawn, and Giotto had been in Rome and had painted a whole era of pictures in the Basilica of St. Peter and in the Vatican. It is absurd, therefore, to use Giotto to prove that "the intellectual centre of Europe was not in Italy." That it *had not been* is true; that Gothic architecture came from France is true; that Giotto learned something new about architecture while in France is possible—and the campanile was designed after his return—but he and Dante were precisely the men who did most to make Italy the intellectual centre which she long afterwards continued to be. Four lines further on we are told that Giotto was "not devoid of individual power." On page 22 the campanile of Santa Maria del Fiore is called a "column," said to be "quadrangular" (it is square, the term used is of course inaccurate), and to be "inlaid" with marble (it is in great part built of marble, and entirely sheathed with it). On the next page the bell-tower is still further misused: we are told that the outside is "formed of slates of black and white marble" (perhaps the translator wrote "slabs"), and that it is "covered with the most beautiful ornaments and sculpture, which are continued in marvellous abundance to the very top" (two-thirds of the height is entirely without sculpture, except simple crockets and capitals; the campanile is a typical example of sculpture used to the best advantage, and put where it can be seen). Out of the discussion of the tower all we can extract is, that there is a great lack of accurate knowledge concerning it between the author and translator. Turning to the middle of the first volume, and opening at random, we find on page 265 a number of pencil-marks denoting blunders. The Pope "ordered him to *discover* the best place for the monument in the Basilica of St. Peter." Angelo's Pietà stands in the chapel "dedicated to the holy Petronella;" where *Saint* Petronella would be the proper English rendering of the idea. This is a clear case of mistranslation. *Die heilige* is merely "saint" (feminine) when used with a proper name. Five lines below we find that the Basilica had been "more than once defended by force and conquered," a clause wholly enigmatical, leaving it to the reader to study the history of the Basilica of St. Peter and ascertain whether it was taken or successfully defended. In the next line, "tribute of the lands was received" means anything or nothing; the author probably wrote something equivalent to "tribute of the nations." So far page 265 makes a bad show for the translator, but the next line seems to bring the author into court: "Two long rows of antique pillars supported the framework of the roof." The Basilica of St. Peter was five-aisled and had *four* rows of pillars, and from these sprang arches which supported lofty walls covered with paintings and mosaics, and on the walls, nearly a hundred feet above the columns, rested the framework of the roof or roofs. A few lines further on we have "corridors" when *cloisters* is meant, or perhaps *arcades*. This is the translator's fault, but the blunder in the next line is harder to fix: "the immense bronze pine apple" should be pine *cone*, that is, seed-vessel or fruit of the pine-tree, and whether author or translator is guilty of this we have no means of deciding. But it is more likely to be the author, as we judge from what follows about "the water gushing down between the leaves." And the author certainly is responsible for the assertion in the next line that the church front had six doors; it had five.

The exposure of these countless blunders of this sort is perhaps not a profitable task, but it may be well to try a page of the second volume. We find on page 317 this awkward sentence: "It is probable that Michael Angelo, as he was influenced by Vittoria to cultivate poetry at all again, received from her also the impetus to those views." And the half-page that follows is full of inaccuracies and inelegancies of language: "Resignation *for* the present;" "longing for her husband suggested to her her first verses;" "complete abstraction at length in religious feelings;" "nothing *was* more different, however, than Michael Angelo's poems and her own;" "reflecting them in images which did not *penetrate* deeply;" all these are in less than a page. On page 154 there is a delicious bit: "He had him execute, so Condivi says, an infant St. John *and* a St. Giovannino." Of course Condivi says no such thing, but Angelo did "execute" an infant St. John *or* St. Giovannino, for Lorenzo dei Medici. On page 57 the meaning of Leonardo's advice to his pupils is ludicrously misunderstood. On page 86 the Loggia dei Lanzi is called a public hall.

The historical and descriptive portion of the book is very inaccurate. On the one hand there are pages and paragraphs where there are signs of study and thought, and on the other there is a great deal of the most hasty generalization and crude speculation. Much of the discussion concerning artists and their works, where description and criticism are mingled and a philosophical conclusion is drawn, is weak because based on false premises. The judgments expressed of the early men and their works, Brunelleschi, Verrochio, Donatello, Ghiberti, Giotto, are oftener wrong than right. Throughout the book there is a tendency to begin with a theory and warp facts to establish it. The curiously false conclusions to which this sort of reasoning is apt to bring one—especially in matters relating to the fine arts—are seen in every chapter of the book. To quote them in full would require more space than we can spare, but there is an instance on page 142 of the first volume less evident than some: "The bas-reliefs surrounding it exhibit a certain rude magnificence and are superior to anything produced by painting at that time. For, while the latter was compelled to keep to the forms of the living Byzantine masters, sculpture imitated the few remains of the ancient artists, and in so doing flourished. So widely divided were the sources from which the two arts drew new life." It would require an essay to discuss the fallacies contained in those three sentences. Angelo's own mind and power are better understood, and his separate works better described and criticized, than the minds and the works of other artists, but the labored comparison between Angelo and Raphael is one of the most mistaken pieces of thought in the book. A few words here and there about Luini seem to indicate an entire ignorance of anything but the name of that great painter. The account of the Venetian power and national character, though slight, is one of the best passages; but the discussion of the Venetian art is conducted according to the popular (and essentially German) notion of the nature of that art, and is, of course, inconclusive and false in the main. The guide-book raptures over Rome and Venice, and the cheap learning in the opening comparison between Florence and Athens, are matched by the sophomoric antithesis at the beginning of the second chapter, and the evident uncertainty of the author, shown in many parts of the book, whether he ought to regret or to rejoice over the substitution of revived classic for Gothic forms of building. Against the whole of the extravagant laudation of Cornelius, with which the book abounds, and which is the principal purpose of the closing chapter, we warn those who are not familiar with the work of that painter: he is, indeed, as Mr. Grimm often says, a better painter than Kaulbach, but is not, on that account or any other account, great or eminent.

This work is not, of course, without merit. We have alluded to the account of Venice at the beginning of the second volume. The account of the roof paintings of the Sistine Chapel and that of the Medicean tombs in the sacristy of San Lorenzo have a certain value, though there seems no ground for the theory advanced, that the usual ascription of the tombs of Lorenzo and Giuliano dei Medici should be reversed. The account of Condivi and Vasari in the first volume seems to be just. And the author is familiar with many of the conclusions of modern thinkers on art, and is often right in his use of them. But we dwell so briefly upon these merits, and have discusssd the faults so much more at length, because we hold that there has been no good reason for writing the book.

The ostensible reason for writing it is as follows: A number of papers, long preserved in the archives of the Buonarotti family, in Florence, have come into the possession of the British Museum. Among them are many letters from Michael Angelo himself, and much valuable information in regard to dates and events is to be found in them. The Italian text of some of these is given in the appendices to these two volumes, and these appendices are precisely what make the book worth buying. The proper course for Mr. Grimm to have adopted was to have published for his countrymen the Italian text of these letters, with an accurate translation in German, and, perhaps, a thread of narrative to connect them. By these means he would have helped the world toward a right understanding of the times and men of which this book affords but a confused image.

There already exists a much better life of Michael Angelo than this, written by Mr. John S. Harford, the second edition of which was published in 1858. It is calm and scholarly in tone, affording a marked contrast to the hurried and crowded text of Bunnètt's Grimm, and is historically very valuable, giving needed and authentic information on many points which Mr. Grimm touches but to confuse. In the matter of art criticism it is deficient, but not misleading or injurious.

No new life of Angelo is needed, unless it be an elaborate review of his art and the art of his time. Mr. Grimm seems to have but a traveller's knowledge of his or of any art. If some one, well versed in mediæval history, and an excellent Italian scholar, will devote three or four years of his life to a careful, patient study of Italian art from the twelfth century down to the death of Angelo, and will then write a book about half as full and discursive as this is, and of such size as will hold his principal subject clearly stated and completely reasoned out, he will be a public benefactor. Mr. Grimm's course has been nearly the exact opposite to this, and his work is consequently of but little value.

POETRY OF THE ORIENT.*

How shall the West be brought duly to appreciate and respect the East? is, to the true lover of his kind, one of the pressing questions of the day. In the strength of our superior civilization, and the arrogance prompted by our consciousness of its possession, we are in danger of doing less than justice to that larger portion of mankind whom we group together under the name "Orientals." We know, and are ready to acknowledge, in a general way, that science, religion, and polity had their beginnings in Asia. But we have no personal feeling of indebtedness on that account to the Asiatic populations of our own time. *Ex oriente lux* is a true enough motto for the historian and archæologist; but, with the sun riding high in heaven above our heads, what care we for the low Eastern hills which were reddened by his first beams, but now rest in the dimness of a gathering twilight? Who loves the Chinese any better, because so many important elements of our culture came from China? Who feels with the Hindus, because rays of Indian enlightenment, which illumined half Asia, have even penetrated Europe? or with the Mohammedans, because they bore a chief part in bridging over the dark ages, that knowledge might pass from the classical to the modern world? Who admires the Jews, because Moses and Christ were of their race? Gratitude does not inherit from generation to generation, and from epoch to epoch. We have entered upon a career of advancement which has left Asia far behind; we have inherited or attained a mental symmetry, a balance of the powers of observation, reflection, and fancy, to which the one-sidedness and intensity of the Orientals are distasteful; and our want of sympathy makes us intolerant: we depreciate their personal character, contemn their literature, and stigmatize their religion as childish superstition or as devil-worship.

This would be less to be deprecated, if our feeling of superiority expressed itself in mental acts alone. But, just as soon as we set down a race as inferior, we begin to hold ourselves absolved from treating it with social and political justice. Injustice to inferiors, indeed, is one of the ruling principles of human activity. The kingdom of heaven may be the appointed inheritance of the poor in spirit; but the good things of earth are for those who can win and keep them. Even as between man and man, in our own community, the stronger takes advantage of the weaker, the knowing of the ignorant, our Christianity to the contrary notwithstanding. Because the African race is decidedly beneath the European in the sum of its endowments, instead of lending it a helping hand to enable it to secure its utmost share of happiness and elevation, we grind it beneath us, in varying degree and manner, from the servitude to which the South would fain still condemn it, to the exclusion from rights allowed and secured to all other manhood to which it is subjected by a part even of freedom-loving New England. Our conduct toward the Indian tribes is directly calculated to sweep them off the face of the earth; and we who, as individuals, would not think of shooting or starving a Sioux or a Blackfoot, in order to get him out of our way, do it as a nation, and are ready to flatter ourselves that we are only instruments in the hands of Providence to carry out its designs. Why should not the lower race give way to the higher, that the sum of human happiness may be increased?

The Oriental nations have had their full share of this kind of treatment to endure. European culture and Christianity are far superior to all the forms of civilization and all the religious *isms* of Asia; and these, with the peoples who live by them, must yield place or be crushed. Their rights, as individuals and as communities, are little in our eyes compared with the rights of a higher humanity, which we represent. The general intercourse between European and Asiatic powers has been marked with encroachment and oppression on the part of the former. No doubt that in nearly every specific act the European power has been speciously in the right. It is easy for the superior to put the inferior in the wrong, and to exact the penalty. That the British East India government should derive its richest item of revenue from opium raised expressly to be smuggled into China is highly proper, a part of the glorious system of free production and free trade; they did not take the abominable drug to China and force it into the nostrils of the people. But when the Chinese government, smarting under the results of this innocent arrangement, and feeling about blindly and impotently for means to check and prevent the traffic, lays its hands on the sacred person of a British diplomatic agent, the laws of nations are outraged, and the war waged to avenge the injury is a just one; its effect, that all resistance to the introduction of opium relaxes, is only incidental and unavoidable. It is very wrong for the Japanese to shut themselves straitly up, letting none go out and none come in, excluding their own countrymen whom misfortune at sea has carried to foreign ports, treating as intruders and spies the shipwrecked of other nations; and to break down the barrier by mingled intimidation and cajolery is a laudable deed—even though it lead them, by an unavoidable sequence of causes and effects, to intestine dissension and foreign war. We want to bind all parts of the earth together by the ties of commerce, of a mutual supply of wants, certain that we shall profit thereby, and confident that others will, or may, or ought to, do the same. We are apostles of the fraternity of nations, and we cannot let our propagandism be obstructed, even though our invitation, in itself not much different from that of the French revolutionist, *Sois mon frère, ou je te tue!* sounds in the ears of those to whom it is addressed ominously like "be my brother, *and* I destroy thee!" If the unrestricted interference of the West in the affairs of the civilized East is to lead to the overthrow of all that the Eastern peoples hold most dear—their religions, their forms of polity, their inherited usages, even their nationality—their right, in the interest of self-preservation, to resist the beginnings of such a revolution is greater than our right to urge it upon them.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with Mr. Alger's book of Oriental poetry? The connection is not difficult to point out. The highest significance of such a work lies in its interest and effect in bringing the Orient to the knowledge and sympathizing regard of the cultivated in our community, the leaders of public opinion. To win for the African the rights to which, as a human being among human beings, he is entitled, we have to prove him by his gifts a full man, to show that he is in many respects equal, in some, perhaps, superior, to ourselves; that he can think, feel, plan, act, fight even, like a real man, made in the image of God. In like manner, our general public need to be made to realize much more fully than at present that the Oriental is our brother in intellect as in destiny; that his soul will cry out as loudly to its Maker under injustice and oppression as would that of the European. This is a task in which scholars who have worked themselves into a comprehension and appreciation of the Orient, who know and feel what it has been and still is worth in the sum of humanity, have got to bear a chief part. And to do so is Mr. Alger's distinct aim. He is one of those who acknowledge a deep sympathy with some of the peculiarities of the Eastern mind; he regards it as in many of its qualities of a finer temper than our own, and is bent upon winning for it from his contemporaries the same admiration and reverence with which it inspires himself. In this view, his effort is worthy of all respect and approval.

That he has not failed of a fair share of success, is proved by the fact that a large earlier edition of his volume, from which this is but slightly altered, has been absorbed by our reading public within a few years. Yet, notwithstanding this authoritative sanction, we must confess ourselves less satisfied with the execution of the work than with its intent. Mr. Alger lays no claim to the character of an Oriental scholar; what he gives us he gets himself at second hand. Perhaps for this reason his collection is wanting in scholarly method. The pieces of which it is made up, its specimens of Oriental thought and fancy, run one after another in the accidental order of a commonplace-book, without attempt at arrangement of any kind by subject, by country, or by period. They are, too—and this is a much more serious defect—of heterogeneous character, translations from Oriental originals, translations from Oriental imitators, and original imitations of Oriental thought and style. Much the greater part of the extracts is referred to no authority whatever; we can only guess by their contents from what language and people they come. This requires us to trust more to our author than we feel ready to do. How know we that he is so penetrated with the Oriental spirit that all he gives us is genuinely Oriental? May we not be taking in a larger share of Mr. Alger himself than we at first suspect, or than we care to receive? It needs a rare power of self-abnegation, and some devoted scholarship, to put one into a mental and moral posture so different from ours as is the Oriental. Goethe's "West-Eastern Divan" is a masterpiece; but not only was Goethe himself a master, one of the very greatest the world has ever seen, but he had steeped himself in a particular part of Orientalism, and reproduced only that. And there is a certain sameness of tone running through all our author's selections which cannot but strike us as being more than we should fairly anticipate as the result of that unity of spirit which, in virtue of their common quality of "Oriental," ought to characterize the productions of so diverse races and periods. Of sharp-cut versions, which have the ring of an original, and make a strong individual impression, we find few or none; in every line we see most conspicuous the hue of the translator's ink. The translations which he cites in his introduction are to his disadvantage, as suggesting unfavorable comparisons between their life and vigor and that which his own pieces exhibit.

The introduction, which constitutes nearly a third of the volume, must not be passed by without some special notice. It would be quite as proper

* "The Poetry of the Orient. By William Rounseville Alger." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1865. 12mo, pp. xii., 337.

to call it, instead of an introduction, an independent essay, a panegyric of Eastern poetry, illustrated with specimens, to which, by way of appendix, are added a number of original versifications by the author. It points out what has been done, chiefly on the continent of Europe, toward rendering the productions of the Asiatic muse accessible to Western readers, and then attempts to describe their distinguishing characteristics. The classification adopted for them is a very strange one, namely, into Arab, Hindu, Persian, and Sûfi poetry: which is somewhat as if one were to divide southern European poetry into French, Spanish, Italian, and dramatic. What Mr. Alger writes upon these themes will be read with pleasure, save as some will be startled, and perhaps filled with misgiving as to the effect of conversance with Oriental models, by the flood of gorgeous diction which comes so easily from his pen, bathing and almost drowning his subject in a sea of eulogy. He is justified in his claim that no account of Oriental poetry, as a whole, exists within reach of the English reader. Nor can we expect that the want will ever be satisfactorily filled. Those who best understand the matter are those who will be least likely to attempt it. Scanned from a distance, and with a superficial eye, the poetry of Asia seems one whole, having a common character; but when examined more closely, better comprehended, it is seen to be as heterogeneous, as full of variety, as that of the West. One distinctive feature it has: it is not the reflex of European culture; any other would be hard to find, unless it be the immoderateness, the want of harmonious counterpoise, to which we have already once referred. The Asiatic literary historian, of whatever nation, were he treating the whole vast theme of the productions of the human imagination, would doubtless reverse our procedure, by separately describing the national literatures of Asia, and grouping those of Europe together as "Occidental." And he would be more in the right than we. Classical culture and the imitation of classical models bind a tie of unity about all that Europe and her colonies have produced; there is no such bond connecting Arab, Chinese, and Hindu literatures, nor could any discordance, in respect to national style and character, be greater than that between these three countries.

He who comes to Mr. Alger's volume with a right apprehension of what he is to look for in it—not a thorough and systematic illustration of wit and fancy, but a miscellaneous collection of observations and specimens, desultory reading for leisure hours—will be able to derive from it both amusement and instruction.

COLE'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.*

THIS neatly and correctly printed little volume will be found a very useful hand-book, affording "ready information of the births and deaths of deceased persons, more or less noteworthy, of all countries and periods." The author modestly hopes—and we trust his hope will not be deceived—that it will "lie upon the desk, an unobtrusive companion of other books of many sorts, to give a reader its rapid answer whenever he is tempted to pause at a name, and ask no more than 'When did he live?'" This curiosity he satisfies in the plainest and shortest way, generally in a line to a query. The additions attached to the names and dates, which also answer the question "Who was he?" or "What has he done?" are not intended to furnish a condensed biography, but chiefly to identify the individuals. The italics within brackets indicate some production of the pen or some work of art—whenever possible, a *chef d'œuvre;* the italics without brackets indicate a second, an assumed, or an original name. Biographies of the subject are referred to thus: "Life by . . ." or "L. by . . ." When we add that this biographical dictionary contains no less than eighteen thousand names, and that the author has labored with conscientious zeal and rare diligence in verifying his dates, the reader will at once perceive how much benefit he may derive from such a companion of his literary occupations.

On the other hand, we cannot but regret that the author has not also bestowed on his work the attention and labor necessary to make it complete, uniform, and as correct in everything else as it is in dates. His acquaintance with English, French, and classical history and literature, and the use of a number of standard guides to biographical knowledge, have enabled him to perform parts of his task thoroughly and accurately; in others he has been less successful, chiefly from want of discrimination in making the choice of his subjects. While thousands of names given might be eliminated without detriment to the plan of the book, other thousands, of real historical value, are wanted to make it complete. Of this an American reader will easily be convinced, when, after finding on its first page a list of such names as C. C. H. vander Aa, P. vander Aa, N. Aagard, C. Aagard, E. Aalst, W. Aalst, A. Aaron, Aaron Acharon, P. Aarsens, F. van Aarsens, Aartgens, Abano, Abascal, Abate, Abati, Abatini, Abauzit, Abbadie, etc., he will in vain look for the date of birth or death of such Americans of former or recent times as Hancock, Otis, Montgomery, Arnold, Sumpter, Marion, Mercer, Randolph, Benton, Douglas, Perry, John Brown, Foote, Kearney, or Reno. A Pole must be equally surprised not to find the names of such chief representatives of his country's ancient military or literary glory as Chodkiewicz, Zolkiewski, Czarnecki, and Kochanowski, or the names of the (now deceased) principal leaders in the memorable revolution of 1831—Wysocki, Chlopicki, Dwernicki, Skrzynecki, and Dembinski, whom not even a fifth-rate general history or biographical cyclopædia will pass over in silence. A Hungarian will not only miss the equally renowned heroes and martyrs of his late struggle, Damjanics, Nagy Sándor, Csányi, and Széchenyi, but also such old historical names as King John Zápolya, Bocskai, and the elder Zrinyi—the Leonidas of modern times—though he may discover his Hunyady, Tökölyi, and Rákóczy, if he knows that the English persist in calling them Hunniades, Tekeli, and Ragotski. Hardly less grievous is the omission of such modern historical or literary names—Italian, German, Greek, and Servian—as Leopardi, Colletta, Bandiera, and Ruggiero; Schill, Sand, Hebel, Immermann, and Lenau; Odysseus and Miaulis; Czerny George and Milosh. But even of modern French names, in spite of the author's diligent use of both the "Biographie Universelle" and "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," we find such as the following missing: Generals J. B. Cavaignac, M. Dumas, and Dampierre; Grégoire, Decazes, Godefroy Cavaignac, and Proudhon; and the regicides, Louvel, Alibaud, and Fieschi. Jewish history and literature, ancient as well as modern, are altogether very poorly represented. Not only are the non-royal biblical names, as Moses, Joshua, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezra, and Nehemiah, as it appears, consistently omitted—for reasons neither stated nor obvious—but also some of the most distinguished post-biblical names of Hebrew literature, as the Rabbis Solomon Isaaki, Nachmanides, and Solomon-ben-Meir, or the poets, Moses-ben-Ezra, M. H. Luzzato, and Wessely, are not to be found, while others incomparably less important are given.

Ignorance of the Hebrew language on the part of the author, and, probably, also, of his authorities, is the source of several errors. Thus Hillel the Elder is designated *Hassa Ken*, which stands for *Ha-Zaken* or *Haz-Zaken* (Heb., *ha*, the, and *zaken*, old); R. Albe's *Sepher ha-ikkarim* ("Book of Principles"), is called *Sepher Hikkarim*; the surname of one Rabbi Juda is given in this way, *Hakkadosh*, and that of another thus, *Ha-Levi*, though *ha* is the same definite article in both. German words and titles are rarely given, but not without errors. The French and Italian are well handled, still we find *Litéraire* (one *t*, p. 208), *Memoirs sur Napoleon* (without accents, p. 3), *Ercole de* (not *di* or *da*) *Ferrara* (p. 205), and similar slight mistakes. The names of the subjects, probably for typographical reasons, are all given without accents, which makes many look very awkward, as D'Estrees, Fenelon, Stael, Cambaceres, Arpad, Kolcsey, Blucher, Muller, etc. The Russian broad *o*, preceded by *o*, in the termination of family names, is represented in all possible ways, as in Ivan*off*, Volk*off*, Nakhim*ov*, and Kracheninnik*ow*. "Der*schawin*, or Der*zh*avine," which is a mixture of German, English, and French, is another exemplification of our careless way of spelling names of nations whose alphabet is not the Roman. From the author's general rule of giving all common Christian names only in English, the Hungarian names, as attached to Katona, Kazinczy, Petoefi, and others, seem to form the only exception. The Vladislases of Hungary are erroneously mixed up with the Ladislases. King Stephen II., of the same nation, the emperor of the East, Michael II., and the Lewises of Germany receive their surnames in French, as given in the author's principal authorities for non-English biography, thus: *Le Foudre, Le Bêgue, Le Jeune, L'Aveugle, L'Enfant*—while the surnames of the French Charleses are given in English, *the Bold, the Fat, the Fair, the Wise*, etc. We find, also, some inaccurate dates of reigns, as 1204 for 1205, 1826 for 1825, and 1857 for 1858, under Andrew II., Nicholas, and Frederic William IV.

Repetitions, instead of references, are frequent, being mostly intentional, and caused by differences of names or spelling, or by such additional syllables as de, di, da, del, etc., but, we must confess, in their discrepancies they often reveal an uncommon degree of haste in compiling or copying, to say the least. A few examples will suffice as illustrations:

"Cosmo II. de Medici. Grand Duke of Tuscany. Life by Aldus Manutius, Jun., 1585. Born 1519—died Apr. 21, 1574."

"Medici, Cosmode. The Great. 1st Grand-duke of Tuscany. Life by Baldini. Born 1519—died Apr. 21, 1574."

"De Gerando, Joseph Mary, Baron. Fr. Statesman."

"Gerando, Joseph Mary, Baron de. Fr. Philosoph. Writer."

"D. Herbelot, Bartholomew. Orientalist."

"Herbelot, Barthol. d'. Fr. Orient. (*Biblioth. Orientale.*)"

"Fabius Maximus, Q. *Cunctator*. Opponent of Hannibal."

"Maximus, Q. Fabius. *Cunctator*. Roman General against Hannibal."

*"A Brief Biographical Dictionary. Compiled and Arranged by the Rev. Charles Cole, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge." London and Cambridge: McMillan & Co. 1865.

"Leonardo da Vinci. Painter. Life by Amaretti; J. W. Brown, 1828."
"Da Vinci, Leonardo. Painter. L. by J. W. Brown, 1828."
"Maccabæus, Judas. Jewish Patriot."
"Judas Maccabæus. Jewish Patriot (166–160)."
"Mathias Corvinus. King of Hungary and Bohemia."
"Matthias Corvinus. King of Hungary (1458–90)."

That of the titles attached to the eighteen thousand names many are inaccurate, will surprise nobody. Thus, Bolivar, the deliverer of half a continent, is called the "Liberator of Bolivia;" Benyowsky, who was born in Hungary, and roamed all over the world, a "Polish Adventurer;" and Solomon ben Virga, a "Spanish Rabbi" of the "16th cent.," in which there were no Jews in Spain. Such and similar errors or inaccuracies, we trust, the diligent author will eliminate by scores from his valuable work, "in revising each successive edition that may be called for." In the next, we hope to find the date of President Lincoln's birth added to that of his death, which is given.

TWO MEN.*

WHEN you have read this novel you feel as if you had been at the play, and, though you are ever so dull a man, you are conscious that hidden springs of epigram have been touched in your nature, and that it is in you for the moment to talk brilliantly. You wish, also, to express yourself violently and recklessly, with an oath or two, and you confess in various ways the frank, vehement power of the romance. It is very interesting; and although most old travellers in fable-land might guess the end when the journey is half done, few would care to turn aside from it there.

It is a very curious book, for two reasons: the analysis of character which the taste of this age demands is dramatic, and the most subjective purpose is achieved by the most objective processes. The author seldom vouchsafes a word of comment or explanation on anything that her people do or say; and yet, from their brief speeches and dramatic action, you have the same knowledge of motive which you acquire from the philosophization of some such subjective romance as "The Scarlet Letter." We think this admirable, because it wisely satisfies the analytic tendency of modern feeling, and yet escapes the motionlessness of a study. The book is also curious because, with many improbabilities and incongruities, it leaves at last an impression of reality, and of propriety within certain conditions, which must be granted the author as they must be granted to every artist. We may protest that we never knew any such town as Crest, and that we never met such invariably bright, bad people as live there, but we must nevertheless acknowledge the truth of the characters to themselves, to each other, and to the atmosphere in which we find them. It is at times an atmosphere in which only eldritch and unearthly things could breathe.

The story is briefly this: Jason Auster, a young carpenter, who comes to the seaport town of Crest, in New England, with certain vague aspirations and theories for the reform and universal happiness of our race, marries there Sarah Parke, the grand-daughter of the selfish, self-sufficing old Squire Parke, and lapses from his high dreams into a repressed, useless life of ease and silent discontent. He is nothing in the house while the old squire lives, and he is never anything but the father of his wife's son and her skilful business-man while she lives. There is no love between them and no dislike, and it does not seem that there is any more positive feeling, except a tardy tenderness and respect in the son, between Jason and his child, from youth to manhood. The father never interferes with the education of the boy, who grows as selfish and bad as his good nature will let his mother make him. Shortly after the old squire's death, a scapegrace cousin of Sarah's returns from many years' vagabondage in South America, bringing with him his daughter Philippa, and leaves her to his cousin's conscientious care and cold dislike. There has been some early passion for this Osmond Luce in Sarah's heart, but she has never forgiven him for leaving home and her, and she feels now no tenderness for him or his. Naturally, Philippa falls in love with her beautiful cousin, Parke Auster—Sarah's son—and sets her whole, strange, loveless life on his possession. This hope of Philippa's is threatened at one time by the charms of a beautiful friend, Theresa Bond, who comes to visit her, and with whom Parke seems for a time to be in love; and it is at last broken by Parke's guilty passion for an octoroon girl who has come to live in Crest with her mother and sister. Parke, whose nature is good and generous, is about to repair his wrong as far as possible by marrying Charlotte Lang, when his mother dies of broken pride—heart she seems to have none—and Charlotte dies in giving birth to his child. He causes her to be laid, as his wife, in the burial-place of the Parkes, and openly owns the Langs as his kindred before the world. Philippa's father being again returned from the *pampas*, Parke determines to go back to South America with him, and does so, Philippa confessing her love for him, and killing it in the parting. He never appears in Crest again.

Now it is the time for Philippa and Jason, the evident affinities, to draw near to each other, and find in one another's hearts that relief, expression, and repose which has been denied to both all their lives. Jason has long loved Philippa, but, discerning her love for Parke, has done all he could to stifle his own love and to bring about the fruition of her passion. But his efforts and hers have failed, and he now opens his heart to her. There is no good reason why Philippa should not respond at once to his love, but it is not till he has shot off his hand, and she has nursed him through a fever, that she finds she loves him, and it is not till he has objectlessly gone out West and come back again, that they finally understand each other, and wed—which ends the story.

It is a pity that the author should have needlessly weakened the *dénoûment* of her story, and united the lovers by a device which, in various disguises, has already done such veteran service in fiction. We believe that in some thousands of modern novels obdurate heroines have been softened into marriageable humor by the mutilation and fever of the heroes, and we are sorry to be reminded at last of what is commonplace by what is otherwise eminently original. In plot, in character and treatment, "Two Men" is one of the most original books written by an American woman; it is original in its goodness and in its badness; the author's faults (except the one already mentioned), like her merits, are almost wholly her own, and not Miss Shepherd's, as in the works of Miss Prescott, nor Charlotte Brontë's, as in the works of Miss Hardinge.

We conceive the main purpose of the book to be the contrast of the characters of the father and son, Jason and Parke, the *two men*, who have many salient points in common. The characters of both are grounded in goodness of nature, but Parke's life is spoiled by selfishness so thorough and supreme as to be without a consciousness of what it is. He is good through intuition and impulse, and what good he does finds positive and generous expression, while his father's goodness throughout consists in self-repression and silent self-sacrifice. He also has little self-consciousness, and his control over himself is so great that his sufferings, like his longings, are for the most part dumb. The author has not, however, developed his character sufficiently, and, on the whole, the contrast is not satisfactorily effected. In Philippa there is little character apart from her relentless passion for Parke, which almost accomplishes fruition by virtue of faith and hope in itself. Sarah's nature is mute, hard, cold, detestable, without anything active in it but dislikes and dull ambitions. Theresa Bond is the humanest woman in the book: brilliant, warm, capable of loving simply and naturally, though she is full of pretty artifice and sweet egotism. We like, also, the vagabond Osmond Luce, whose character is so admirably indicated, on the occasions of his rare appearance, that we know the good-humored, bad-hearted, engaging, worthless wanderer much better than either Parke or Jason. The Langs are perhaps, however, the most successful creations in the book; they are marvellously well done. Mrs. Lang has been sent to Crest by her master and lover, with their two children, and her whole career and being are thus summed up:

"The glitter of negro blood was in Mrs. Lang's eyes, and the negro modulation in her voice; her complexion was a deep yellow, and she wore a wig of dark, straight hair. Though past middle age, her carriage was still splendid. She had been a lithe, sinewy, gay savage, but her day was over; a double expression was dominant in her face now—of weariness, from some long-continued strain, and of repose, because of safety attained. Her manners reflected the hut, the boudoir, and the Methodist gatherings of plantation slaves."

The daughters, also, are indicated with a like freedom and adequacy:

"Clarice had a brilliant, swarthy complexion, shining, curly, black hair, large black eyes with a vindictive sparkle, and manners which were a mixture of the sulky and the vivacious. Charlotte reminded one of the Calla Ethiopia, she was so tall, slender, bending, and graceful, her complexion so smooth and opaque, and the curves of her face so beautiful. Her lips were always parted, her wistful light-blue eyes widely opened, and her straight, silky, chestnut hair disordered. She impressed those who saw her with a pitying admiration, a wondering regret, and a mysterious doubt."

We think Mrs. Stoddard succeeds better with these people than with most others in her book, because she keeps them in their place, as the folks at Crest did. They seldom rise to those heights of epigram on which the other characters tread, and in their simple, vulgar presence one feels a curious relief from the intensity which pursues one through the book. This quality, which occasionally takes a white heat of fierceness, is so prevalent as at last to enfeeble and destroy the very effects sought to be produced. The billow which seemed destined to overwhelm you breaks at last in its

* "Two Men. A Novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard, author of 'The Morgesons.'" New York: Bunce & Huntington. 1865.

frenzy into a weak foam, and your face is dashed with spray when you waited to be swept down to gulfs of feeling. This fault of the author's attacks nearly all her descriptions of nature, and

"The light that never was on land or sea"

dwells properly on her text, where trees, hills, valleys, streams, and clouds are of a phantasmal strangeness. Mrs. Stoddard is one of the few people who might write much more with the hope of writing much better, because the bad habit of intensity can hardly attend great fertility of literary production.

Apart from this intensity, the literature of the book is excellent. The style is exquisitely clear and sharp-cut; the reader is hurried to the end with a tireless succession of events, and there is a peculiar pleasure and repose to the interest in being made to rest at last solely on the fortunes of Philippa and Jason. Altogether the novel must be accepted as an original expression of American feeling, and its characters, however exceptional, as veritable American types.

THE SLAVE POWER.*

It is well known how much the rebel chiefs did in Europe to pervert public opinion, and how little was done by the Government of the Union to frustrate their efforts. Almost all that has been done to enlighten the people of Europe on the causes and the aims of the rebellion is due to the patriotism of private citizens. Correspondents of English, German, French, and Italian papers have sent truthful accounts of our great struggle, and many noble Europeans devoted themselves to the Union, and the nation owes them a debt of gratitude; but, above all, this debt of gratitude is due to the American citizens abroad who, in the gloomiest days of our civil war, never despaired of their country—who, in the midst of enemies or lukewarm lookers-on, rose as defenders of its cause.

Among these devoted citizens Mr. Theodore S. Fay, formerly Resident Minister of the United States in Switzerland, deserves to be mentioned as one of the most effective defenders of the Union. Residing at Berlin, the intellectual capital of Germany, he met with two rebel emissaries—Mr. James Williams, ex-minister of the United States at Constantinople, and a Mr. Hudson, styling himself secretary of legation of the United States—hard at work to misrepresent the cause of the North in the eyes of the German people, whose sympathies with the United States are of such great importance for the development of the prosperity and power of the Republic.

Mr. Fay attacked and defeated the rebel emissaries by laying our national records before the German people, and by showing them how, from the cradle of our independence to the outbreak of the rebellion, the slaveholding aristocracy had conspired for the destruction of the Union in order to build up that edifice whose corner-stone was to be slavery. Speeches have been made and pamphlets published in England and France on the same side more eloquent and brilliant than Mr. Fay's little book, but we are fully convinced that nothing more effective has been spoken or published abroad. Long after the excitement of the fierce struggle will have subsided, Mr. Fay's book will pass in Germany from hand to hand as the best epitome of the history of the Union; and no better refutation of the many falsehoods disseminated in Europe by the rebel agents could have been supplied than his condensed historical sketch showing the origin and progress of the colonies, their struggle against English despotism, the long conspiracy of the slaveholders, the forbearance of the free North, and, finally, the unavoidable necessity of crushing the rebellion in order to save the nation.

Written in the German language, the style of Mr. Fay's book is clear, concise, and striking, because there is no attempt to strengthen truth by rhetorical flourishes. The author lets the facts speak for themselves. He gives the history of the United States from the beginning to the present day in short paragraphs; all are excellent. Among the most important ones we mention the comparison between the revolution of 1776 and the rebellion of 1860, the chapters on State sovereignty, the Monroe doctrine, and the struggle against the slaveholding aristocracy. Step by step Mr. Fay leads us to the outbreak of that long-prepared rebellion. He shows the barbarism of its principles by quoting its Southern defenders, and its unprovoked criminality by the declarations of the originators of the civil war. No intelligent reader can peruse this *résumé* of the history of the United States without acquiring a correct insight into our past, a just appreciation of the late fierce struggle, and full faith in our future. He will recognize what the author says in his preface:

"No thoughtful observer can let the panorama of history pass before his eyes without seeing the perpetual combat of evil against good. There has always been a great battle raging; but, alas! the victory has not always been on the side of good. . . . I do not intend to write a history of the United States, but simply to demonstrate by a short sketch how the battle between good and evil has been carried over from the Old World to the New."

Mr. Fay's little book has taught, and will continue to teach, the German people that the victory won this time by the good is not only an American victory, but a victory of the human race.

* "Die Sklavenmacht: Blicke in die Geschichte der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika, zur Erklärung der Rebellion von 1860-65. Von Theodor S. Fay." Berlin: Stilke & Van Muyden.

"Glimpses of the History of the United States of America, in Explanation of the Rebellion of 1860-65. By Theodore S. Fay, formerly Minister Resident of the United States in Switzerland." [The proceeds of sale are to be devoted to the benefit of the Freedmen in America.] Berlin: Stilke & Van Muyden. 1865.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised Edition. Vol. II. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Two Men. A Novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

Golden-Haired Gertrude. A Story for Children. By Theodore Tilton. Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

The Rebellion Record. Part L. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

Historic Records of the Church in the Diocese of Texas during the Rebellion. With a Correspondence between Rev. Alexander Gregg, D.D., and Rev. Charles Gillette. John A. Gray & Green, New York.

The Sunbeam and the Spectroscope. By Howard Townsend, M.D. J. Munsell, Albany.

The Abolition of Slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico. By Several Cuban and Porto-Rican Abolitionists. Wm. C. Bryant & Co., New York.

Prison Life in the South. By Lieut. A. O. Abbott. Harper & Bros., New York.

New System of Physiognomy. The Art of Knowing Men by their Eyes. By M. Aguirre de Venero. John F. Trow, New York.

Congregationalism. What it is; Whence it is; How it works. By Henry M. Dexter.—The Knightly Soldier. A Biography of Major Henry Ward Camp, by Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull. Nichols & Noyes, Boston; Oliver S. Felt, New York.

Fine Arts.

ART NOTES.

On the northern coast of Sicily, about ten miles east from Palermo and near the little town Castello di Solanto, a search is being carried on among the almost wholly buried ruins of a very ancient city. These ruins are, perhaps, to be identified as the remains of the ancient city of Soluntum; but, as the Soluntum of the Romans was a place of little importance, and completely overshadowed by the neighboring seaport and naval station Panormus (Palermo), we must look further back than the times of the Roman o minion for many of the relics that are found. Their character confirms this Pompeian remains are modern in comparison with the venerable antiquity of the buildings explored and the movables found in this spot. Traces of a civilization long anterior even to the Carthaginian conquest of Sicily are found, relics and indications of the dominion of the Phœnician colonizers, and even, think the enthusiastic antiquaries, of the oldest civilization of all —that of the Titan or pre-historic inhabitants of the island. For several years these researches have been carried on in a desultory way, enriching the Museum of Palermo, but producing little other result. Within two years a more definite end has been proposed, and the ruins are to be systematically brought to light and preserved from injury. The city cannot, however, be so complete as Pompeii, having been ruined by fire and by decay, without the protecting enclosure of sand and ashes. Up to this time the small treasures of bronze, pottery, and glass have been more valuable than anything found in immediate connection with buildings. The glass has been especially abundant and beautiful—many pieces but little injured, and of very great artistic merit both in form and in color. The collection of coins, also, already made from among these instructive ruins is very rich and of high historical value.

—Researches have begun among some ruins less ancient but far more interesting than those of Soluntum. A paragraph in the *Constitutionnel* tells us of the commencement of a careful examination of the ruins of Château Gaillard. Those who know Turner's "Rivers of France" will remember the two prints—"Château Gaillard from the South," shown perched on the precipitous rock that rises three hundred feet above the Seine; "Château Gaillard from the East," standing in the foreground at our feet, while the vast extent of country south of the Seine stretches away towards Evreux. These glorious landscapes are the principal bond between modern times and the Insolent Castle, but the castle has a great record, which makes an important chapter in mediæval history. It was built by Richard the Lion-Hearted on the top of the lofty and precipitous rock of Andely, and the town of Petit-Andely clustered around the foot of the crag. It was the

greatest fortress in Europe, the most impregnable, the most skilfully placed and constructed—a castle to which Ehrenbreitstein and Rudolstadt were border towers of no importance. "C'est un château gaillard," cried Richard himself, as it approached completion, and the name remained. No king but John Lackland could have managed to lose his hold upon the defiant fortress, but Philippe Auguste took it from him, and it never passed into English hands again. Henri Quatre dismantled it and Louis Treize destroyed it, for fear some disaffected or rebellious people might be too "gaillards," with the castle to shelter in. But it has been a shelter for fugitives and a state prison for offenders of the blood royal, and its ruins hide more of the strange and beautiful than has yet been found; coins, glassware, pottery, and metal-work have already been exhumed, and the hunt goes on. If these researches will help to throw light on the little understood subject of early mediæval pottery, they will have been most useful.

—A series of photographs has been published under the title, "Rays of Sunlight from South America." There are seventy pictures, and they form a small oblong folio volume bound in morocco, and offered to subscribers at the price of one hundred dollars. Of the pictures more than half are views in the city of Lima; the remainder are scenes on the Chincha Islands. The negatives were taken by H. Moulton, and the positives are printed in Washington by Alexander Gardner. In the specimen book the somewhat affected title is not very appropriate, for the prints are not very clear nor so sharp in their shadows and strong in their lights as to look at all sunny. Careful printing would produce a much better result; most of the negatives, at least, would allow of better prints than these, and we hope that the subscribers will receive better treatment than they are promised. Of the Lima pictures many are very uninteresting, and represent quite unimportant scenes. The best are those which represent, on a tolerably large scale, the extraordinary architecture and external decorations of some of the important churches. There is some European architecture of the *decadence* that is somewhat like this, but these church fronts excel in quaintness anything we can recall of European work. We mention as worthy of notice the photographs of Trinity Church, the Church of San Francisco, and of the façade of the Church of Mercy. The statues of Bolivar and of Columbus are interesting; the former is a well known work of sculpture. Besides these, the Ruins of the Aqueduct and the Southern Gate of Lima are worth looking at carefully. The Chincha Island photographs, though often very obscure and vague, are interesting. They show the whole process of quarrying and shipping guano. The Panorama of North Island, with part of the Fleet waiting for Guano, is contained in two pictures; that of Middle Island in two more. The Great Heap, which is estimated to contain two million tons of guano, affords the subject for several of these pictures. It is a pity these photographs are not better; and it would be better for the people, if not for the publishers, if these pictures could be bought separate from the volume. The publishers are Philp (not Philip) & Solomons, of Washington, D. C. The agents in New York are Baragwanath & Van Wisker, of 200 Broadway.

—Of the interior decoration of the best houses in our great cities, which wealthy men have built for their own use, the mantels of dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, and libraries are important features. The old-fashioned box, made up of thin marble boards, has been superseded by solid constructions of carved wood or elaborately veneered pieces of cabinet work, or, in a few cases, by actual carved marble, not in thin slabs, but in solid masonry. A very splendid chimney-piece in a bank on Broadway is composed entirely of cut-stone of the same sort as that of which the exterior of the building is made, and the shelf it carries is of Lisbon marble. This would be too huge and bulky for most dwelling houses, and means are used in these to make the mantels rich and costly and unusual in appearance, while remaining delicate in their parts. Not long since a splendid one was to be seen, before it was packed to be sent away, composed entirely of wood, but comprising eleven varieties of wood, all showing their natural colors and natural grain. A costly mantel-piece in New York is composed, indeed, of walnut, but is decorated with little disks and tablets of rare and valuable marble which are inlaid in its front. But all these wonderful things are but the triumphs of to-day; to-morrow's successes will surpass them in beauty and in artistic merit, if not in costliness. We chronicle, for those who seek some new thing, some chimney-pieces we hear of through private letters or European journals. First, an English gentleman (and we understand that he is but one of many) has returned to the Dutch tiles of his grandfather's boyhood—Dutch "Scripture" tiles in blue and white, tiles with Bible scenes represented on them, tiles such as those from which Watts learned his Bible history. Probably the outer face only of the fire-place is finished with these. The mosaic and encaustic tiles of Minton and Maw have been used for the back and sides of the fire-place, and for the hearth, so often that this plan of fire place is no longer novel. Second, a Prussian gentleman has put into a villa he has built near Potsdam a chimney-piece (the idea of which must have been taken from a well-known saloon in the palace of Sans Souci) "entirely of malachite." Of course malachite veneering is meant; the malachite vases and tables which have been favorite presents from czars to brother potentates, and which are to be seen in almost every royal gallery in Europe, are all veneered. Third, two chimney-pieces have been exhibited in the Paris exhibition of the arts applied to industry, one wholly of bronze, the other of bronze and marble, both, it seems, of oriental design, the former including careful castings made from models brought from Egypt. (This work was probably done with greater care and more knowledge than Sir Walter Scott's cast in iron of a stone piscina in Melrose Abbey, which seemed to him a suitable thing for a fire-place.) One exhibitor was guilty of an Hibernicism at the opening of the exhibition, when being taken unprepared, he put up the following announcement: "These chimney-pieces are ornamented with bronzes. The bronzes *will be* affixed next Sunday."

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Maretzek's practice of repeating a number of old operas once, while he is preparing the new ones, has the advantage of allowing us to refresh our memories and to renew our old judgments. We can reconsider them and affirm or revise them as time and experience have taught us. So, after hearing a great quantity of Verdi and a very little of Bellini, Gounod, Flotow, and Petrella, we were given a morsel of Donizetti. On Tuesday "Lucrezia Borgia" was given, and on Wednesday "Lucia di Lammermoor." Donizetti stands as a composer half-way between Rossini and Verdi. He puts less recitative and more well-marked airs into his operas than Rossini, and is also inferior to him in the orchestration. His choruses are less grand and effective, and those in both "Lucrezia" and "Lucia" are very like anything that Verdi himself would have written, in their unisons and general lack of character and coloring. He is superior to Verdi in having purer and more delicate melodies and less coarseness of thought and execution. These two operas may be regarded as the best examples of the best period of their author's works, "La Favorita" and "La Figlia del Reggimento" being the only other two that approach them in excellence. His early operas, which, by the pressure of narrow means, he produced at the rate of two and three a year, have already, with one or two exceptions, passed into oblivion, and those written subsequently to this, though sometimes played, are neither popular nor have much intrinsic excellence. "Don Sebastiano," the best of them, never succeeded. "Lucia" was produced at Naples in 1835, and contains the best finale—the sextett of the second act—in any of his voluminous writings, sixty-three operas in all, and is replete with beautiful and touching airs, all of which are perfectly familiar to every one. "Lucrezia" was written for Milan in the previous year, and was reproduced at Paris in 1840. The story was taken from Victor Hugo's drama of "Lucrèce Borgia," and, as soon as the opera was brought out, Hugo, feeling his rights as an author infringed upon, commenced a suit, which was decided in his favor, and the opera was withdrawn from the stage. The Italians were transformed into Turks, and the work was successfully played under the name of "La Rinegata." In the provinces it was also called "Nizza di Grenada." It is finer, as a whole, than "Lucia," both musically and dramatically. The most striking scene in the opera, between *Gennaro* and *Lucrezia* in the first act, is, however, badly managed, and the interest either lost or obscured. The act should have ended before all the company of friends rushed upon the stage. Miss Phillips sang the part of *Orsini* with great spirit, and rendered the *Brindisi* better than it has been given to the American public in very many years. Mrs. Zucchi's voice sounded weak and thin after hearing the beautiful singing of Miss Parepa, but we cannot too loudly applaud her acting. Her thorough conscientiousness and earnestness can be seen from many little things, for instance, the way in which she clutched and clasped to her heart the extended hand of *Gennaro* in the scene where she saves him from death from the poison he had just drunk. Miss Ortolani quite surprised us in *Lucia* by the great improvement in her voice and manner. Her acting was not bad, and her singing was sympathetic and correct. She will never make a great singer, but will be always useful in parts which require a good voice and good acting, but which are not considered leading ones.

The concert season has fairly begun. The Arion Society commenced with their excellent vocal and instrumental concert, at which they presented several novelties, among others a fine chorus by Liszt. Mr. Bateman joined his company to the opera troupe, and on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week we were favored with concert as well as opera. On the first evening,

the orchestra, under the admirable guidance of Mr. Theodore Thomas, played the overture to "William Tell" as well as it can be played here. The interest of the evening centered in Miss Parepa, who sang "Ernani involami" with remarkable power and brilliancy, without exaggeration, but purely and earnestly, and with careful finish. She made a very vivid impression on the audience, and inspired every one with the resolve to hear her as often as possible. Her voice is rich and full, and her execution is very easy. She slips from her low to her high notes and back without any perceptible effort, and her voice seems liquid as purest air. In the "Shadow Song" she showed that she was suffering with a cold, which prevented her from singing as easily and fluently as the piece requires. For "Il Bacio" she was obliged to substitute a simple ballad, "Five o'clock in the Morning," which she rendered very sweetly and pleasingly. Her English pronunciation and accent are quite perfect. It was a great cause of regret that her cold so gained on her that she could not sing the second evening, for Miss Kellogg by no means filled her place. Mr. Dannreuther is a good pianist, with a clear, sympathetic touch. His playing of Beethoven's concerto showed that he had good feeling for musical sentiment, and his execution of Liszt's "Rigoletto Fantasia" displayed his powers as a performer. Mr. Carl Rosa is an agreeable violinist. He is still young, and bids fair to become an artist. He showed, when he played so simply and so exquisitely "Auld Robin Gray," that he had qualities which only needed developing to put him high in the ranks of the meritorious. Mr. Levy comes here with a great English reputation, which he bids fair to keep and increase. The cornet-à-piston is a very difficult but a very beautiful instrument. In Mr. Levy's hands it almost changed its character, and from a brass horn became a silver flute. Some of his notes had a beautiful softness and delicacy, and only occasionally was there any blare of brassy sound. His execution is quite as good as that of Koenig. The "Whirlwind Polka," being very light and graceful, is well suited to showing the capacities of the instrument as regards softness and sweetness. The "Carnival of Venice" is more difficult, and fuller of technical points of skill. It was well executed, but was not so beautiful as the preceding piece.

MUSICAL TALK.

It is rather remarkable to what an extent Gounod's "Faust" is being played in Germany. Nearly every opera-house has it on its list as one of those works to be frequently represented. It was the same last winter; and this is in the face of much adverse criticism at first, when critics all declared that the drama was spoiled, and that the music had no character. One celebrated German musician said, "No, Germany will never endure such a sacrilege as Goethe's drama set by that Frenchman." The sacrilege, however, is not only endured but very much applauded. A French critic of German thought and tendencies tries to account for its success by saying that it was a necessity to the Germans to hear some work on that subject, and that Spohr's opera had held the stage for so long there, that it necessarily gave place to the newer and fresher work. But whatever the German critics say, actuated by their narrow feeling of nationality, the applause of the music-loving and music-knowing people of Germany have reversed their verdict. This is not the only French opera that they like. Many a work which has not been heard for years in France is repeated often every winter in Germany, such as Méhul's "Joseph" and Cherubini's "Deux Journées."

—The Abbé Liszt has recently appeared once more in public as a musician. It was at Pesth, on the occasion of the thirty-fifth jubilee of the Conservatory of Music of Pesth. The music performed was principally by Hungarian composers. Among other things there was the oratorio of "Saint Elizabeth," which Liszt had composed expressly for the anniversary. Since his taking holy orders he plays and composes nothing but sacred music. The subject is taken from the life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, whose story has been told us by Kingsley, and the poem is written by O. Roquette. The work is in two parts, each containing three scenes, three detached pictures from the life of the saint. Each scene is characterized by a single theme, well worked up with all that richness of harmony and instrumentation of which Liszt is the greatest living master. It is said that Liszt is now composing another oratorio called "Saint Stephen," which is destined to be performed at the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, if that event ever takes place.

—Mr. Mellon, whose series of promenade concerts have lately been so popular in London, introduced, after the manner of Jullien, the feature of devoting special nights to the illustration of the great composers. Thus, he had a Spohr night, a Mozart night, and even a Gounod night. Historical concerts are a prominent feature in foreign musical performances. They are given every winter in Paris and London. Why cannot we have something of the kind here? The Philharmonic Society promises us a series of concerts, but they are confined to well-known composers and, with few exceptions, to well-known works. They teach us nothing of what has been done in the far past, and little of what is being done at present. This may be one reason why we are all so ignorant here of the history of music. A great composer can be only truly appreciated after hearing what his predecessors and contemporaries tried to do and failed. Will not Mr. Thomas revise his programmes, or give some extra concerts of an historical character?

Science.

In May last an ancient mound was opened on the land of Mr. G. A. Wilson, near the town of Newark, Licking County, Ohio, by a party of four citizens, and among such relics as are often found in many of our Western tumuli (human bones, implements of stone, etc.) a small stone was observed, nearly of the size and form of a hen's egg, covered with the indurated earth which had been dug away from above and around it. It was carved in the shape of an old man's head, and on the forehead were engraved five Hebrew letters, reading from right to left, *jod* (or *vau*), *thof*, *nun*, *beth* (or *phi*), *lamed*. A short horizontal line was between the first and second letters, and another between the second and third. After cleaning the stone, the Masoretic point *tzere* was discovered under the fourth letter. With most commendable zeal, measures were immediately taken to authenticate the facts and to communicate them to persons who would do them justice. Mr. J. N. Wilson and the Rev. Mr. Bowen wrote to the Rev. J. W. McCarty of Cincinnati (the learned first translator of the two remarkable Hebrew inscriptions discovered in 1860). Those gentlemen, in co-operation with Messrs. Dennis and Dr. M. C. Burkheart, and Gen. J. Dille, have sent to the American Ethnological Society in New York much interesting information concerning that stone, and another of a different form, which was found by Mr. Cooper in the same place a few days after. The letters, drawing, and photographs sent by them will doubtless be examined and reported on in due time. The stone last discovered appears to be a whitish limestone, is triangular, about three by three and a half inches, and one inch thick. It is carved in the form of an animal, with its feet resting on the backs of two elongated human heads. On one of the foreheads is inscribed the Hebrew letter *shin*; on the other, six letters; and on the side of the animal, four. The stones are such as are common in that region, and corroded by time. These new discoveries must give great additional interest to the contents of our Western mounds; and it is to be hoped that great care will be used in examining even the smallest objects taken from them.

—Mr. James Wilkenson, of Chelsea, England, burnt a quarter of a pound of phosphorus and nitrate of potash (cost only 4d.) in a garden at night, which made a strong light, seen two miles, and lasting six minutes, bringing out the fire engines. A photograph of the scene illuminated was taken, "equalling any picture taken on a bright day."

—The fumes from the extensive copper works at Swansea destroy vegetation for miles around, so that the smelters have to pay enormous sums in damages. Many plans have been projected to counteract the evil; and Messrs. Vivian & Son, smelters, have adopted the method of a German chemist, which they publicly declare is likely to succeed, and enable them to make 1,000 tons a week of sulphuric acid from the copper smoke, now worse than wasted.

—A new tanning process has been invented in France, by M. Picard, which is said by *Le Noveliste* to be cheaper and more expeditious than the old. By a mechanical process in the place of bark, hides are tanned into leather in twelve hours. Turpentine dissolves fat and preserves leather. The material used is 50 per cent. cheaper than bark; the process less laborious, oak forests will be benefited by leaving the bark on the trees and avoiding the treading down of young saplings, while the waste lands will be planted with fir trees, to produce turpentine. Manufacturers prefer the leather thus made.

—It is a mystery why certain savage and barbarous tribes, in different parts of the world, have different sets of numerals for several different classes of objects, as one set for men and animals; another for roundish objects, as cocoa-nuts, pebbles, etc.; a third for long things, like sticks, etc., etc. The Uniapa islanders are known to have five or six; some of the Micronesians, twelve or fifteen; and an old grammar of the Catchiquel language of Guatemala gives about forty.

—It has been proposed in England to hold a meeting of archæologists on Salisbury Plain, at Stonehenge, to make an excavation under the altar-stone,

and raise the fallen Trilithon; but the owner of the ground, Sir Edward Antrobus, has refused to permit it.

—A reward was offered of £150 to £300 by Dr. Petermann, the German geographer, to any German mariner who would explore the currents of the sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla this year; and a polar expedition started that way, expecting to be facilitated by the influence of the Gulf Stream, and the expenses paid by the fossil ivory to be brought back. The steamer broke her machinery and returned.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 18. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1865. { SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM / SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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The Week.

THE event of the past week has been the publication of the correspondence between Lord Russell and Mr. Adams. We have had a good illustration of the way in which the Washington telegrams are cooked up for the morning papers, in the fact that they contained the announcement on Friday that there had been a protracted Cabinet meeting held for the discussion of the affair, as if the correspondence were as new to the Cabinet as to the general public. Mr. Adams's last letter was written September 18, and has probably been in Mr. Seward's hands for two or three weeks. Abler diplomatic writing than Mr. Adams's has not appeared for many a day. The only improvement traceable in Lord Russell's is in temper. The fact appears in every line of his despatches as plain as a pikestaff, that the earlier policy of the English ministry was distorted by a mistaken estimate of the comparative strength of the belligerents; that they were under the impression that a new power was rising into existence in the Americas, with which they were desirous of establishing friendly relations, and acted accordingly; that they now see their mistake, and are very sorry, but will not make reparation. This is, of course, true only of the moderates who, like Russell himself, were not animated by positive hatred of the North. Some things in Mr. Adams's letter are almost cruel, such as his reply to his lordship's congratulations on the abolition of slavery.

A CONTROVERSY has been raging for nearly a week in the *Times*, *Evening Post*, and *World* as to whether Thurlow Weed did or did not "spurn" the proffered hand of Lucius Robinson on a certain day at "the south door of the Albany State House." No decision has as yet been reached, or is likely to be reached; and in the meantime the gravity with which the discussion is carried on is inexpressibly ludicrous. If Mr. Weed be as much impressed, as to judge from his letters to the newspapers he seems to be, with the importance of his own sayings, doings, and feelings to the general public, we would recommend the weekly or daily issue of a little sheet devoted exclusively to that subject. Most readers would prefer taking their daily dose of Weediana separate from the morning news.

Two recent judicial decisions are worthy of being recorded at this time. Three cases came up from the Supreme Court of this State to the Court of Appeals, involving the right of the State to tax the shareholders in national banks to the amount of their stock. The judgment was in favor of this power. The court admitted that the banking corporations themselves are not liable to taxation, in that they are instruments of the Federal Government, which, within the authority of the Constitution, is superior to the enactments of the several States. It is these corporations which are meant when the *bonds* of the United States are declared exempt from taxation—an elliptical expression for the owners thereof. The interest of an individual stockholder is collateral merely, and not proprietary, and that interest may be fairly taxed for the benefit of the State. The other decision to which we had reference is that of Judge Smalley, of the United States District Court for Vermont, who pronounces unconstitutional Section 4 of the Act of March 3, 1863 (empowering the President, during the rebellion, "to suspend the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in any case throughout the United States, or any part thereof"), which is as follows:

"*And be it further enacted*, That any order of the President, or under his authority, made at any time during the existence of the present rebellion, shall be a defence in all courts to any action or prosecution, civil or criminal, pending or to be commenced, for any search, seizure, arrest, or imprisonment made, done, or committed, or acts omitted to be done, under and by virtue of such order, or under color of any law of Congress, and such defence may be made by special plea, or under the general issue."

ANOTHER horrible accident on a Hudson River steamer makes it plain that something must be done to protect human life on rivers and railroads. And we can think of no remedy better than a modification of a police regulation which prevails, we believe, in Russia, under which, if an injury is inflicted on anybody by a vehicle in motion, no excuse is asked for or accepted from the driver or owner; he has to pay a fine *as a matter of course*. Now, what we want here is a mandatory law, compelling the attorney-general or district-attorney either of the State or of the United States to enter up judgment for a certain sum against any steamboat company or railroad company in whose vessel or on whose line a life is lost or injury sustained, and no discretion should be left to anybody as to the enforcement of the penalty. We shall give some reasons in our next for believing that this power can be and ought to be entrusted to the general Government.

THE New York *Times* publishes a letter from Mr. Edwin James to "a member of the British Cabinet" on the *Alabama* outrages, as something "well worthy of insertion." This is a very amusing waste of space. A letter from the Count Joannes to a member of the Austrian Camarilla, recommending the evacuation of Venice, would be about as important. What does Stephen H. Branch think about it?

SIR MORTON PETO and his friends are probably the first men who have ever had the term of "capitalist" applied to them as a kind of professional title. Wherever they have gone through the country they have been known by it, as if the possession of capital was a calling people could enter at pleasure, which it unfortunately is not. It would doubtless horrify the Westerners whom Mr. Greeley and the scarcity of money have taught to consider usury as a crime next in rank to theft or burglary, to know that there is not one of the "capitalists" who has the least hesitation in taking as much interest for his money as he can get anybody to give him.

WE are as a people proverbially restless, with whom, as with Milton's shepherd, it is ever "to-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." Hitherto the courses of migration have been tolerably definite and mainly from east to west. To-day they lead in all directions, including the long debarring South. In Indiana there is a movement towards Missouri amongst the better portion of its population, but this exodus is more than balanced, numerically, by the influx from over the river. We do not refer now to the negroes enabled to remove by General Palmer's passes, but to the whites. There has always been a kind of endos-

mosis between the States which border on the Ohio, and the flow northward seems now to be renewed with an activity proportioned to the counter-current excited by the abolition of slavery. The exchange is not relished by the citizens of Indiana, and we notice an appeal from the Germans for encouragement of European immigration.

THE *World* urges as much haste as possible in the reconstruction business, so that we may be ready next winter for a war with England, and it considers the Democratic party just the men to be charged with the conduct of these hostilities. It says also that the South is as much enraged with England as we are, and if reconstruction be consummated in December, will lend a helping hand. Of course it will, and we could not in common decency decline the services of such men as Lee, Johnston, Longstreet, Hood, and Wade Hampton, or refuse them their Confederate rank in our service. Governor Humphreys insinuates a complaint in his message to the Mississippi Legislature that we do not pension the scarred veterans of that State who have been fighting us. This matter might as well be settled next winter also.

ONE of the most curious signs of the times is (Catholic) Archbishop Cullen's advising the Irish to prepare for the cholera by general cleansing and fumigation. Ten or twenty years ago the same prelate would have scorned to recommend reliance on such ignoble, because carnal, means of safety, and would have counselled resort to prayer and penance. But science begins to tell even on him.

THERE are now two great loans about to be put on the market; one is that of the "Irish Republic," and the other that of the Mexican Republic. The Irish propose, we believe, to place no limit to their borrowing, but will supply well engraved bonds, neatly and tastefully illustrated, to as many careful investors as choose to apply and pay for them. The Mexicans ask for thirty millions, and offer as security an enormous quantity of lands not now in possession of the republic, and sixty per cent. of customs duties which are at present levied by his Imperial Majesty Maximilian. The bonds are to bear seven per cent. interest in gold, and are recommended by John W. Corlies & Co. to various classes of persons, amongst others to those "who are desirous of holding them simply as an investment." Business is business, and while wishing the Mexican Republic a speedy release from its present troubles, we would advise those to whom it is of importance to have the interest on their capital regularly paid to avoid making advances to either of these borrowers, until the United States have signified their intention of setting them up in business.

GENERAL IMBODEN, late of the Confederate service, is now in New York, raising funds for the establishment of a great express company in the South. When he last appeared in print during the war, he was proposing to strew Western Virginia with "vandal carcases," meaning the bodies of Unionists. When one reads some of the speeches of the Southern chiefs during the war, one wonders how they are not ashamed to sit at tables, eat bread-and-butter, and do the ordinary work of life like the rest of us. Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, solemnly promised on paper, only a year ago, to sacrifice himself when "all was lost," but is still alive and, we presume, in good health. Jefferson Davis, too, pledged himself under his own hand, in 1860, that if war broke out, a "small mound on the borders of his State would show where he and some of his neighbors met the enemy." The "mound," we will wager, is not visible, and he apparently means to keep out of it as long as he can.

THAT portion of Gov. Humphreys' inaugural address to the Mississippi Legislature which we quoted last week, proves, now that the entire document has reached the North, to have been an "elegant extract," by no means to be taken as a sample of what was left unreported. Thus the late rebel general, having announced that "to work is the law of God," with special reference to the negro, proceeds to point out the necessity of compelling him to choose some employment, and if that be in cultivating the great Southern staples, which require continuous labor from the beginning to the end of the year, to stick to it uninterruptedly. But then, "if he attempts to escape, *he should be returned to his employer*, and forced to work until the time for which he has contracted has expired." This is the odor of slavery still hanging about the shattered vase of Southern society. The martial governor also trusts "that the lessons taught by the rebellion will not be lost either to the North or the South—that freemen, once enlightened, will not submit to wrong or injustice—that sectional aggression will meet with sectional resistance—and that the price of political perfidy is blood and carnage." Evidently here is a pupil who needs to be put to school again; but instead, he receives a diploma of promotion from the President's own hands. It seems to us that the inference of *The South*, a disloyal sheet now published in New Orleans, is fully justified in this instance. After recalling Gen. Humphreys' consistent support of the rebellion, and the influence which this had in diminishing the vote which made him governor, by reason of his supposed ineligibility, *The South* says:

"Andrew Johnson appreciates such men as Gen. Humphreys. He knows that such men are the best reconstructionists. They have influence with the people. And so, Andrew Johnson immediately telegraphed to Gov. Sharkey that the governor elect was pardoned and made eligible."

What follows, in the opinion of this same newspaper? Why, that the President wants "no milk-and-water men sent to Washington," but "prefers men who truly represent the interests, the affections, the sympathies, of the great body of the Southern people." These, too, "the Democratic party at the North will open its big arms to receive." There is only one more striking commentary on the President's policy which the week has afforded; and that is the election of Wade Hampton to the governorship of South Carolina. For we shall not except the sanguine Perry's dictum, by which he seeks to hasten the election of representatives:

"Should those elected be in Washington with their credentials when the clerk calls the roll, they cannot be excluded more than those from Massachusetts. No man in South Carolina can take the test oath without perjury. It is not the policy of the President to enforce this, and I believe that it is not the policy of Congress."

And the following telegram, which covers the case of about thirty-four members elect of the Georgia Convention, is likewise of secondary importance:

WASHINGTON, October 18, 1865.

GOVERNOR J. JOHNSON: Your letter of the 7th was received. Send a list of the members elected to the convention in order that pardons may be issued and the amnesty oath may be obtained by the members.

W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary.

"IF Lee is fit to be president of a college," said Wendell Phillips in his speech at the Cooper Institute last week, "then for heaven's sake pardon Wirtz and make him professor of what the Scotch call 'the humanities.'" It is indeed most discreditable that the responsibility of Gen. Lee for the systematic starvation and maltreatment of Union prisoners in Southern keeping should ever be overlooked in an estimate of his character. That he has submitted quietly to Northern supremacy is not more astonishing nor praiseworthy than that he should know when he was beaten by Grant. His acceptance of the presidency of a college cannot be applauded as if he had merely assumed the direction of a railroad; for he undertakes to teach what he does not know, and must be conscious he does not know.

BY proclamation of the President, the first Thursday of December is appointed a day of national thanksgiving.

THE latest theory of New England's advocacy of negro suffrage is that of Gen. Frank P. Blair, at Rolla, Missouri. In his own ever elegant language:

"New England has had a very good time during this war with high tariffs. They laid the tariff on us, while the manufacturers of New England have been coining the money. They do not want the South to come back in the shape of white men, who have always been against the protective system, but they want them to come back with these negroes under the guidance of these New England men, so that they can maintain their political possession of the Government of the United States, and also that they may be able to pass these tariff laws, which

make us of the West the 'hewers of wood and the drawers of water' for these lords of the loom. These Yankees, my friends, there is one thing peculiar about them, they have always got an eye to the main chance. [Laughter.] They will talk very prettily—fine sentiments—very pious, and all that sort of thing; but they never forget—it is a religious duty with them never to forget—an eye to the main chance. They are now rolling in wealth, at a period of time when we in the West have been suffering from every sort of distress. They are rolling in wealth throughout New England, which has been amassed during this war, and they want the privilege of continuing that same aggrandizement by obtaining political power. Their principal men want the negro to be made a voter in the South, because they think New England will control the vote of the negro, and so their ambitious men are striving to accomplish their object by declaring that the negroes are the only loyal men in the South, and therefore should be allowed to vote, while the white men, who are all rebels, should be deprived of the right."

It will scarcely be believed that this reasoning was suggested to the orator by an allusion to the Connecticut election, with which, nevertheless, he prefaced it. Nor can it be claimed, in this instance, that the exception proves the rule; for where, if not in Connecticut, shall we find the typical Yankee—the man of thrift and of psalms—who annoyed the burghers of Manhattan with the odor of his Wethersfield onions, and cheated the South with his wooden clocks and wooden nutmegs? where else in New England are there manufactures, and by consequence manufacturers "rolling in wealth?" If the citizens of this State forget for a moment "the main chance" and pecuniary "aggrandizement," the general may as well abandon his theory. He would build more safely on such facts as the recent admission of a young colored man to Harvard College, and his winning the second prize for declamation against the competition of his classmates; or the promotion of a colored lad at the Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., above two Kentucky applicants at the same examination, who were mortified into leaving the institution on that account.

One of the results of the late teachers' meeting at Harrisburg was the forming of a national association of school superintendents, with Mr. B. G. Northrop, of Massachusetts, at its head, and Mr. L. Van Bokkelen, of Maryland, secretary. The gentlemen who are thus united together will assemble for the first time in Washington, on the 6th of February next, in the Old Theatre, or Campbell Hospital, on Seventh Street. What is to be the scope and what the influence of their action may be learned from their programme, which embraces a paper by Major-General Howard; another by Hon. Chas. R. Coburn, State Superintendent of Pennsylvania, on school statistics—their value, the points of enquiry, and the mode of obtaining them; a third by the secretary, on the practicability of greater uniformity in the school systems of the different States; a fourth by Hon. E. E. White, State Superintendent of Ohio, on a national bureau of education; a fifth by Hon. J. White, secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, on free schools as an essential part of each State school system. With these topics there will also come up for discussion the cost *per capita* of education in the different States; the leading features of a model State school system; and the greatest defect of prevailing systems.

Among the opinions expressed to Gen. Howard in his passage through North Carolina, by well-informed persons, was one that public sentiment was less disposed now to grant the negro his rights than several months ago. The reasons alleged were the moderated tone and demands of the Federal Government, the restoration to wealth of leading rebels by pardon, and the result of the Connecticut election. Gen. Howard left Charleston for Columbia on the 20th ult. Two days previous, he attended an extra meeting of the city council, which had been called by Mayor Macbeth. The general, besides his customary explanation of the objects of the Freedmen's Bureau, alluded to the hostile feeling of the community towards it, which he deprecated. So long as the atrocities committed upon the blacks were continued, and the testimony of the victims was excluded from the courts, the Bureau would remain to protect them, and the President would be very chary of surrendering the State to civil law. The mayor frankly avowed his own opposition to the Bureau, as an impracticable interloper, and reported a great diversity in the treatment of the blacks by Union officers, according to their political opinions. This occasioned great demoralization among the plantation hands.

Col. Osborne is making a thorough inspection of freedmen's affairs in Florida, in company with Gen. Foster.

Col. Thomas writes from Mississippi that he is confident there will be more suffering this winter among the white than the black poor. The former refuse to be aided in planning for the future, but are content to be fed by Government, and live in idleness. Nearly 10,000 acres in the State are being worked exclusively by freedmen on their own account, the profits, like the business management, falling solely to them. At Davis Bend, the families are organized into a laboring community, with an allotted portion of land for each. They have established courts for themselves, choosing the officers at large, and the decisions of the judge have been carried into effect by the superintendent of the colony. "The plan has worked well, and the people take great interest in their elections, choose their best men, and have recently elected a school-board to serve for six months." Their industry has been stimulated by their own ambition, "without the control of white men or threat of punishment." Physicians who practise among them receive their pay as among whites. The shop-keepers are colored. The Government rations are being repaid by crops. Camps De Soto and Hawley resemble this colony in their principal features, but are not so well regulated. Among them all there is a large number of aged, orphan, and infirm. The colonists "will all have money at the end of the year, and some as high as four or five thousand dollars." The freedmen are also carrying on wood-yards at Davis Bend, Paw Paw Island, and Islands 98 and 110, for the supply of steamboats on the Mississippi. The farms are taxed by the assistant commissioner for the support of hospitals, orphan asylums, physicians, schools, etc. During the summer the schools have been closed, except a few small ones which are private enterprises, but which number, in the various cities, 585 pupils. Three orphan asylums in the State contain 226 inmates, and are in no way dependent on Government.

Gen. Fullerton has relieved Mr. Conway as assistant commissioner for Louisiana, and will perform the duties of the office until the arrival of Gen. Baird.

There are two industrial schools in the District of Columbia which are self-supporting and making money. Two more are soon to be started. The intelligence office continues to furnish employment, averaging six persons daily.

—Mr. Reuben Tomlinson, of Philadelphia, has been appointed to the office of Superintendent of Education for the State of South Carolina. A more judicious selection could not have been made.

The New Orleans *Tribune* publishes "the Constitution of the First United States Colored Pioneer Association," drawn up by a late member of the 45th United States Colored Infantry, whose service in Texas has made him acquainted with the physical advantages of the lower valley of the Rio Grande. The association is designed to choose a suitable location for a colony, and to promote emigration thither. A military organization for self-defence is provided for. The region indicated produces two crops a year, embracing corn, sugar-cane, cotton, rice, tobacco, all garden vegetables, and the tropical fruits. Stock-raising may be carried on most profitably. Land is worth from twenty-five to a hundred cents per acre. So says Mr. S. H. Smothers, whose home is at Spartanburg, Randolph County, Indiana.

An independent, self-supporting colored school has been in operation in Memphis for the past five months. There is a day-session of six hours, and a night-session of three, with an average attendance of eighty or ninety pupils, of whom twenty-five are adults. Some of them are white, yet were once slaves. The principal is Rev. W. C. Hubbard, who was the unaided founder of the enterprise.

The barbarism of slavery is not yet extinct. An officer at Griffin, Ga., reports two cases of deliberate murder of colored persons by white, and an instance of torture that befits the darkest record of the late régime. John M. Ingram, a resident of Coweta County, punished a mulatto girl who waited upon him by tying her hands behind her back, drawing them up toward the ceiling by a rope, and then dropping from above on her bent and naked body the resin of burning light-wood; after which he descended, and burnt the parts not reached in this way.

MAXIMILIAN proclaimed to the Mexicans on the 2d of October that Juarez had abandoned the warfare against the empire by quitting the country. The Emperor, therefore, conceives that the clemency hitherto exhibited towards the irregular bands by which opposition has been maintained under a show of authority, has reached its limit, and should now be exchanged for inflexible severity, which is accordingly denounced against all guerrillas and their abettors. The friends of the republic deny the reported flight of its chief. On the 16th of September, Maximilian publicly adopted Augustus Iturbide as his heir to the throne of Mexico.

THE diplomatic correspondence between Earl Russell and Minister Adams has engrossed the discussions of the British press—if discussions they may be called, when the support of the Government seems unanimous. The commission proposed is not of a definite character, and will effect a settlement only so far as it helps to make clear the points in dispute. The Atlantic Telegraph Company has authorized an increase of capital by 160,000 shares of £5 each. On the 10th ult., a meeting was held in the London Tavern of the holders of bonds, stock, and shares of the Southern States of this country, whereon the coupons, interest, or dividends are now in arrears in consequence of the recent war. These debts have no connection with the rebellion, and are of nearly thirty years' standing. They are estimated for South Carolina at £700,000; Missouri, £5,000,000; Tennessee, £800,000; do., guaranteed, £3,300,000; North Carolina, £1,800,000; Georgia, £600,000; Virginia, £11,200,000; Louisiana, £1,100,000. £2,000,000 more will represents the debt of the cities, counties, railroads, banks, and other corporate bodies. The bonds of Mississippi, together with the arrears, now amount to £4,000,000, which sum will also stand for the total of arrears for all the States. Favorable accounts of the resources of the South, especially when developed by free labor, were given to the meeting, and a committee was appointed to confer with the State governors and treasurers, and ascertain how they intend to satisfy these claims. The troubles in Ireland still elicit odious comparisons from the continental countries. The *Journal des Débats* likens English encouragement of rebellion in America to America's encouragement of rebellion in Great Britain, and calls it "Fenianism *versus* Fenianism," but adds:

"There is, however, this difference, which it is well to note: that the very extravagance of the projects of the Irish conspirators forbids the admission that they have obtained in America the support of any sober man, while it was amongst the highest personages in English society that the secessionists appear to have met with the most precious encouragement."

So the *Journal of St. Petersburg* draws a parallel between Ireland and Poland, which the *Times* impeaches of course. At the Congress of Berne, one of the propositions broached in the section on hygiene was of an international commission to drain and purify the delta of the Ganges, which is regarded as the nest of the cholera. Messrs. Drouyn de Lhuys and Armand Behic, in a report to the French Emperor, conclude that the epidemic was imported this year into Egypt by pilgrims returning from Mecca and Djeddah. Not only is the cholera alleged to exist every year among the Mussulman caravans which arrive in these cities, but during the present a particular feast of sacrifices was the cause of an unusual congregation at Mecca. The consecrated ceremonies were reckoned at 200,000, and the sheep and camels slaughtered, of which the offal was left on the ground, at over a million. The pestilence bred by this corruption is developed on the crowded packets which now compete with the desert as a means of pilgrimage. At Djeddah, therefore, and Suez, the points of departure and arrival, it is desirable to establish international sanitary administrations, appointed after diplomatic conference by the powers interested in averting the Asiatic pest. It has been affirmed and contradicted that the French troops have begun to be withdrawn from Italy.

THE success which has attended the efforts of women to enter the medical profession has been too conspicuous to escape general notice, and, perhaps for this profession more than for any other, especially in the branch of obstetrics, it is difficult to frame an argument for their exclusion. A Miss Elizabeth Garrett, of London, though denied at St. Andrew's College the surgical diploma and degree of M.D. to which her proficiency entitled her, has obtained, after an examination, the customary license which constitutes the legal qualification of a general practitioner. It is reported that she intends to open a course on psychology, exclusively for women, at the Workingmen's College, Queen's Square.

"THE course of true love" runs no smoother for princes than for other men. We see it related that the heir-apparent to the new Italian crown, instead of dutifully falling in love with some eligible lady, has bestowed his young affections where, as Byron says, they must run to waste, or water but the desert. He has even allowed himself to be smitten by the charms of the Princess Marguerite, eldest daughter of the Duke of Nemours, one of Louis Philippe's sons. To this his father objects, because that father's ally and chief supporter—his creator, we may say, as King of Italy—refuses to sanction a marriage that would place a lady belonging to the house of Orléans on the Italian throne. Napoleon III., like a true politician, has no loves and few hatreds; but among the few persons whom he does hate may be placed every member of the Orléans family. He hates them, not because they have injured him, but because he has injured them. This is a sound reason for hatred, and even if he would not plead it, he might bring up a much better reason for hating them. The founder of Orléans royalty spared his life in 1836, after the Strasburg affair, and let him depart in peace on very moderate conditions—which conditions the future Emperor broke through without much hesitation. Louis Philippe might have had him put to death in 1840, after the Boulogne affair, but he contented himself with consenting to his imprisonment. Twice did the first of the second generation of Bonapartes owe his life to the head of the younger branch of the Bourbons. Such generosity is not to be forgiven, and it leaves the Emperor at perfect liberty to hate all the descendants of the kind and magnanimous citizen-king. He did not create a new kingdom between the Alps and the Adriatic that it might afford a home for Orléans princes and princesses, and, perhaps, a base for operations having for their object the restoration of their family to the French throne. But it speaks well for the consideration in which the Orléans family is held, and of the impression that exists in royal minds that it is not destined to remain in exile, that the King of Italy is restrained from granting his consent to the marriage of his eldest son and the Princess Marguerite only because of his dependence on the French Emperor. No other fallen royal family ever stood so well in the eighteenth year of its exile. What king would have consented to the marriage of his eldest son to a princess of the Bonaparte family, eighteen years after Waterloo? That there is to be another restoration of the old line to the throne of France is borne in the minds of kings who are not so unlucky as to have lost their business; and they treat the Orléans family well, because they believe in its great expectations. The Comte de Chambord being childless, and his wife getting hard upon the fifties, a restoration of Henri V. would work eventually for the benefit of the younger branch. The Comte de Paris, who is a cousin of the Princess Marguerite, would be heir-presumptive should there ever be a Henri V., King of France and Navarre. The lady's hand is worth having, even if a future king is anxious to have and to hold it.

A FRENCH chemist, M. Emile Duchemin, has invented and put into practical operation a marine electric pile, which promises to be as useful as it is simple. He pierces a disk of cork, which serves as a buoy, with a cylinder of charcoal and zinc, and throws it into the sea. The water acts upon this elemental couple and produces an electric current. Several of these buoys grouped together constitute a battery which may be employed like any other. The latest report of an experiment by the inventor at Fécamp is, that a bell had been kept sounding by his apparatus for fifty-eight days and nights. A number of useful purposes to which this discovery is applicable will readily suggest themselves to every mind. If a bell may be rung on shore, it may on a reef. The coming-in of the tide can be announced by a provision for hoisting a signal. Telegraphing can be carried on between different points of a harbor, and many offices on shipboard might be performed by the constant, self-regulating agency of the floating pile. It has even been suggested that a sufficiently powerful combination might produce the electric light, and so feed every beacon on our coasts.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE GIST OF THE ALABAMA CONTROVERSY.

As the correspondence between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell, just made public, involves very interesting, and, to a certain extent, new questions, of international law, and will doubtless give rise to much discussion both at home and abroad, we propose to state in a brief manner the facts of the *Alabama* case, which may be regarded as a type of all others, and the simple issues raised between our representative at the Court of St. James and the British Government, stripped of all adventitious and extraneous matter. Into the merits of the controversy we cannot now enter. The voluminous despatches of the State Department and the elaborate dissertations of the English secretary and American ambassador, able as they are, do not exhaust this fruitful subject.

That the *Alabama* was constructed at Liverpool, by British builders, as a man-of-war for the Confederate States; that she there took on her outfit and most of her men and officers; that she left her moorings and dropped about forty miles down to Moelfra Bay, where she anchored and shipped the rest of her crew and materials for gun-carriages; that she thence proceeded to the Azores, and was met by a British vessel, sailing from a British port, having on board her guns and a few of her officers; that these guns and men were transferred to her under the British flag; that thenceforth Captain Semmes took command and raised the rebel colors; that she set forth on her work of destruction, and was subsequently received into British ports and treated as an armed public vesssel of a friendly power, until she met the *Kearsarge*, and was sunk—these are facts undisputed; they have passed into the history of the times.

In respect to the manner of her escape, there is some discrepancy in the accounts. These differences, however, are only in matters of detail; they are not substantial.

The *Alabama*, then called *No.* 290, was built in 1862. Mr. Adams had, from time to time, communicated evidence respecting her character and designs to the British Government. The law officers of the Crown pronounced this evidence not sufficient to warrant any steps being taken to arrest her. They seemed to require such proofs as would secure a conviction before a jury, and would not act upon any suspicions or presumptions. It may be remarked, in passing, that it nowhere appears that the British Government itself took any active measures to ascertain the status of this or any other Confederate vessel. The labor of collecting evidence to satisfy their own consciences or judgments they seem to have left to the American minister and his agents. All their movements seem to have been caused by an impulse from the American embassy; none were voluntary. At last, on the 22d of July, 1862, Mr. Adams laid before the British Government such proofs as were deemed by the law officers irresistible. Earl Russell and the Attorney-General state that the legal opinion to this effect was received by the administration on the 29th of July; that telegraphic despatches ordering the steamer to be seized were sent to Liverpool on that day, but on the very same day she escaped by stratagem. On the 1st of August messages were transmitted to ports in Ireland and to Nassau to detain her on her arrival. The collector of customs for Liverpool, on the other hand, states in a public, official letter that the telegram was received on the 31st, and that the gunboat had left before its reception. A "History of the Cruise of the Alabama," written by an officer on board, gives other particulars. Secret information having been communicated to the rebel agents that the order of arrest was to be issued, the steamer started on the morning of the 29th, as if on a trial trip, proceeded to Moelfra Bay, forty miles distant, anchored and remained there, shipping hands and material until the afternoon of the 31st. Finally, to bring home these facts to a responsible officer of the Government, the American consul at Liverpool, on the 30th, informed the same collector of the position of the missing vessel and of all her proceedings since she departed under false pretences. No steps were taken to arrest her.

We arrive, then, at the following conclusions, all founded upon British testimony, most of it of a high official character: The Government waited seven days after receiving information acknowledged sufficient before they moved at all. If the despatch was sent on the 29th, the collector at Liverpool wilfully neglected for two days to take any steps to seize the offending steamer, which he knew was anchored a few miles off, engaged in an unlawful enterprise, and in constant communication with the shore. If the despatch was not sent until the 31st, then there was a delay of two days on the part of the Government, after they had determined to act. These two days, during which either the cabinet or the subordinate were temporizing, caused the virtual destruction of the foreign commerce of the United States, or its tranfer to British bottoms.

On this state of facts the United States maintain that the British Government is bound, in honor and good faith, and by the principles of international law, to make compensation to American citizens whose property was destroyed by this Confederate cruiser, and proposes to submit the claim to arbitration. Great Britain denies the liability, and rejects the proposition to arbitrate.

What are the issues involved in this demand and refusal? In the first place, the United States do not rest their claim upon any interpretation of a British statute. Such a statute does exist, which provides that if any subject shall equip, furnish, fit out, or arm, or endeavor, procure, or aid in equipping a vessel with the intent that the same shall be used by one belligerent against another power with whom Great Britain is at peace, such act shall be a misdemeanor, and the vessel shall be forfeited. In the *Alexandra* case the English courts put such a construction upon this statute as rendered it virtually inoperative. With this decision, by the properly constituted tribunals, upon a point of the municipal law, it is conceded the United States must be content. The internal national jurisprudence is a matter entirely within the province of the national judiciary. Were this statute, therefore, the ground of our claim, the assertion of Earl Russell, that the "law officers of the crown were to be assumed the best interpreters of their own legislation," would be undeniable.

But the United States insist that beyond this or any other statute, and even in the absence of any positive act of parliament, the established principles of international law require that every neutral shall use all possible methods, all reasonable diligence, to prevent its own citizens from fitting out armed vessels to prey upon the commerce of a belligerent with whom it is at peace, and that it makes no difference whether the armed vessels are privateers or public men-of-war of one of the contending powers. They further insist that if such armed vessel is sent forth by the citizens of a neutral state, in fraud of their obligations of neutrality, even without any fault on the part of the government, that government is bound to seize her should she return to its ports, and to take possession of and restore to their owners any prizes which she may send into the neutral jurisdiction. The United States also insist that if the neutral government has been guilty of negligence in using measures to prevent the escape of such armed vessel, then it is chargeable with the further duty of making reparation to the individuals whose property has been taken or destroyed by the cruiser. It should be noticed that this latter claim depends, in fact, upon two elements, the negligence of the neutral authorities, and the rules of the public law growing out of such negligence. It is nowhere asserted that the mere fact of a mere surreptitious equipment and escape of a hostile cruiser entails the duty of reparation for losses upon the neutral power.

The issue, therefore, between the United States and Great Britain resolves itself into two simple questions, the one of fact, the other of law. The first, were the British authorities culpably negligent in taking measures to detain the *Alabama*? The second, granting such negligence, does the international law throw upon them the duty of making compensation to American citizens?

Such being the character of the issue, it is evident that if any case should ever be referred to arbitration, this should be. It would be imposing too much upon human nature to call upon Earl Russell, Sir Roundell Palmer, and other members of the ministry to acknowledge solemnly their own shortcomings, to concede their negligence in

reference to the *Alabama* and other rebel cruisers. It would be asking the very defendants to adjudge themselves guilty. We can also easily understand their unwillingness to permit any other persons to sit in judgment upon their acts. But if Lord Russell's declaration, that "Her Majesty's Government are the sole guardians of their own honor," is to be taken as the announcement of a rule of international law, applicable to all similar cases, then the method of settling national disputes by arbitration may be considered as henceforth virtually abandoned. Every such submission has involved, and must involve, an enquiry into the acts of governmental officials, and we cannot see that the rank or grade of the functionary implicated should distinguish one case from another. We repeat, then, that this dispute is peculiarly one which should be decided by arbitrators. The question of fact depends upon many circumstances, some of them trivial, but, all combined, tending to throw great doubt upon the good faith or earnestness of Her Majesty's ministers. The question of law is new, and of the highest importance to all the maritime powers of the world.

We believe, too, that whatever may have been the prevailing sentiment a year or two ago, there is hardly a man of intelligence or education in England who is not conscious that the cabinet has committed a number of deplorable blunders—deplorable, if for no other reason, for the effect they produced on the public mind in this country, in their manner of dealing with the rebellion. There has hardly been a step they have taken, from the proclamation of neutrality down to the withdrawal of belligerent rights this summer, which has not worn an air of hostility to this Government, or which has not been capable of a hostile interpretation. They maintain that they have been misunderstood, and hold up their hands in aggrieved wonder over American irritability. Now, there could not be a better way of allaying this irritation and justifying their own course, if it be capable of justification, than submitting it to the candid and impartial judgment of a disinterested third party. If the complaints of Americans be really due, as Earl Russell would have the world believe, to excitability, prejudice, and wrong-headedness, he has of course nothing to fear from having the grounds of them examined by an impartial bystander. If our charges are by such a tribunal pronounced untenable, we must, of course, for ever after hold our peace. If they are sustained, Earl Russell will hardly maintain that English "honor" calls for a persistent denial of what unprejudiced opinion pronounces to be justice. And he will certainly incur a weighty responsibility, both in the eyes of this and all future generations, if he deliberately refuses to sanction, on an occasion so great and solemn as this is, the adoption by the two greatest nations of the world of the only civilized and Christian mode of settling disputes, and, in obedience to the dictates of barbarous pride, leaves us to the most barbarous of all remedies.

RECONSTRUCTION THROUGH BANKRUPTCY.

It is a misnomer to call Congressmen and Parliament-men "law-makers." They make nothing of the kind. At best, they do but discover and state laws. Oftenest, they mistake them and state them wrong. Their efforts are but tentative and empirical, feeling after the ordinances of the only Lawgiver, if, haply, they may find them. They often try to repeal those ordinances and to set up their own devices in their stead; but are always brought to an open shame. The laws which the Creator has impressed upon physical nature, and human nature, and upon the course of human affairs—or the dealings of men with men in nature—may be discovered and announced, but it is no use trying to tamper with them. All this sounds as self-evident as Squire Thornhill's postulate in his discussion with Moses Primrose that "whatever is, *is!*" And yet how much of the legislating of the world since civil government was established has been ingeniously devised to organize injustice and cruelty and folly into law! We will not put our sermon over into our neighbors' pews, and speak of class legislation, artificial distinction of ranks, entails, primogeniture, and other attempts in the old world to build up a state in defiance of eternal laws. Our own endeavor to incorporate an injustice so black as to make all other national wickednesses look fair with our constitution of government, and to uphold it by laws and schemes of policy, forbid us to throw any stones at the window-panes of our neighbors over the water. Nobody will deny now that we made a signal failure of it, that the corner-stone of our republican institutions has been removed in spite of us, that a great part of the edifice has tumbled into ruin, and that we have now to set to work to reconstruct it as best we may.

It is to be hoped that the present Congress will profit by the blunders of its predecessors, and do its work in a workmanlike fashion, so that it will not have to be done over again. One would think that we had paid dearly enough for our attempts to reverse the laws of moral gravitation, and to make our pyramid stand upon its apex, to make us willing to try to set it, now that we have to build it over again, upon its broad base, instead. Of course, no enduring construction can be reared on any other foundation than that of equal justice to all the people. None other can stand, and any attempt to build it up on rotten compromises and cruel prejudices will be as futile as infamous. Any such must come to grief, and we with it. Eternal law will triumph, and right be finally done, in spite of presidents and congresses, should they set their faces against them like flints. But much suffering and loss and vexation may be avoided by a wise adaptation of the national action to the demands of justice and a wise expediency now, instead of waiting for another bloody lesson. Congress cannot stop the action of the laws of political justice and political economy, though it may disturb their normal workings and so hinder the blessings they were ordained to secure from flowing to the returning rebels—at least, as soon as they naturally would.

It is through the operation of these laws that the South must be reconstructed, whether it like it or not, and whether or not it be helped or hindered by the nation. The effect may be different from what the Southern people desire and may attempt to bring about, but it is none the less inevitable. The present race of Southerners must virtually reconstruct their institutions for themselves, by conforming to the laws of political justice and political economy, which are inseparable if not identical, or else be swept out of existence by them. And Congress can do little more than to try to hold their hands from hurting themselves until they come to "a realizing sense" of their condition. There never was so thorough, utter, all-pervading a revolution as that which the slaveholders' rebellion has worked in the social and political condition of the South. For revolutions in general have left the laboring classes just about where they found them, and the changes gained or sought touched only the rights and relations of a comparatively small proportion of the population. But this revolution enters every kitchen, every garret, every workshop, and every field, as well as every court-house and capitol. It is, indeed, a radical revolution, for it reaches to the very roots of society as well as to all its ramifications. Now the roots of a tree are the fountains of its life. The branches of an evil tree may be lopped off, and, if the root be sound, a good tree may be grafted upon it which shall bring forth good fruit and its leaves be for the healing of the nations. But if the root die it shall altogether perish.

Now, the root of every human polity is the laboring class, from which it derives its nourishment and its strength; and its true prosperity and power are in just proportion to the moral and physical well-being of that class. The revolution from which we are not yet extricated has completely changed the former relations of laborers and employers in all the rebel country, and it is for the latter to say whether they will, and can, so re-arrange those relations as to be mutually beneficial, or whether they shall go to the wall. The essential element of the old state of things in the South, swept away by the storm of war, was the purchasable quality of the negro. This was the corner-stone of their republican institutions, and now that it is knocked away, the old edifice must come down, to be replaced by one of fairer and safer proportions. Mr. Wendell Phillips, in his recent lecture entitled "The South Victorious," speaks of the abolition of chattelism as a fact of small moment, which may not necessarily make any material difference in the future of the negro. We submit that this is one of the paradoxes by which that brilliant but inexact and illogical speaker delights to startle his audiences. We hold that it is the one all-controlling fact that the war has established—the fact that is to give color and direction to all the history that is to grow out of the war. It was the purchasable quality of the negro that gave to the slaveholding States the imperfect measure of prosperity that they ever had to boast

of. It represented their reserved capital, which could be realized at any moment. A slave, from the moment he was born, had a positive market value. His blood might literally be coined to drachmas whenever its conversion into ready money became desirable. He was his master's savings bank, in which he laid away his spare *stealings*—for we cannot justly call them "earnings." Now the ruthless hand of war has broken all these banks and swept away all that gold locked up in human brains and sinews. In the old time, when the planter needed capital, he could always sell a portion of his human live stock, and as to the Border States, it was by the craft of making and selling these ebony images of God that they got their wealth—such as it was. It was the purchasable quality of the negro that gave to the slaveholding States the absolute command of labor by which they lived. That quality is now extinguished for ever, and with it the old state of things has passed away, and it is not in the hand of man to bring it back again.

We know that many of the present generation at the South will resist the irresistible, and strive to regain the irrecoverable. This can but happen. They know of no other way of winning bread or gathering wealth than by the compulsory labor of "sinews bought and sold." They will endeavor, if the nation permit it, to contrive some method of compelling the blacks to work without satisfactory wages. But the power of purchasing men in market overt being gone, and with it the command of capital, all such attempts must come to naught in the long run, and, generally, in the *short* run. They must either bring their minds to make it worth the while of the negroes to work on their land, or they must make them up to sell their land to men who can. *Diva Pecunia*, the goddess money, is the divinity that shapes the ends of mod ern society. It may be a pity, but it is true. Capital is the life-blood of production, and of this the body politic of the slave States is drained. The national sword has emptied its veins of four thousand millions of cash value. Capital must either be created anew by cheerful and well-paid labor, or it must be transfused from without. We read of combinations of planters not to sell their lands to Yankees! Combinations to prevent water from running down hill! We read of threats to kill all the negroes or to drive them out of the country. Four million threatened men, we may be sure, will live long and will stay where they choose. There will be enough of oppression, and cruelty, and wrong, and injustice in the process, and all the more if the nation withdraws its tutelage of the spendthrift South too soon, but the necessity of the case must compel the present race at the South to work themselves, and to make it worth the while of the blacks to work, or they must give way to a peaceful incursion of Northern hordes that will bring civilization, and prosperity, and Christianity in their train. It is in vain to kick against the pricks. This last will probably be the ultimate solution of this vexed question. The laws of political economy have always been fighting against slavery. They have now compelled it to surrender, and they will not suffer their victory to be a barren one. The stars in their courses did not fight more potentially against Sisera than those divine laws have fought against slavery and will fight against all its works. Wise or wicked action on the part of the nation may shorten or delay their blessed influences, but they must and will mightily prevail. If there be not a reconstruction of Southern society through its repentance and voluntary return to obedience to those divine laws, there certainly will follow, and in no long time, its reconstruction through bankruptcy.

OUR CONSULS IN CHINA AND ELSEWHERE.

THERE is an ethic fiction embodying the idea that no gentleman will insult you and no blackguard can, with which affronted philosophers attempt to console themselves, but we doubt if the comfort they draw from it is much greater than the slender satisfaction to be derived from letting a thief prove himself such by stealing out of your company. It is certain that in the political intercourse of nations, dignified indifference to contumely is not to be thought of, and that the only course is to resent and punish it at once, showing a just regard for the cause of universal good manners by teaching a barbarous power, if the insult comes from it, the value of international sincerity and courtesy, with a severity adapted to barbarous thickness of skull and skin. A duty of this nature has fallen upon us recently through the breach of treaty committed by China in refusing to surrender to the American Consul at Shanghai the person of Burgevine, a desperado well-known in connection with the Chinese rebellion, who was recently taken by the Imperialists, and who, in defiance of our Consul's protest, has been sent for trial into the interior of the Empire. If the English correspondents who write these facts are right in their conjectures, Burgevine has probably been starved to death before this, or has been executed by the Chinese authorities. The question, therefore, is not of Burgevine, but of national self-respect. Even if Burgevine were alive, Christianity and civilization would be but slightly served by his safety, and it is only in Burgevine as an idea that we can be reasonably interested.

It is known that in most countries of other than Christian faith consuls have certain extraordinary powers, including jurisdiction of criminal offences committed by their countrymen, and there is a clause of our treaty with China under which the American Consul felt himself bound to demand the surrender of Burgevine for trial in the consular court. But the Chinese authorities would not give up their prisoner, and have made no reply to the Consul's protest, in which he hinted that when the American fleet arrived in Chinese waters the affront offered us in this breach of the faith of treaties would not be forgotten. The affair, therefore, remains for our naval squadron to arrange, and it will no doubt be promptly and effectually settled. It is questionable, indeed, whether the Chinese government would have shown us this disrespect if we had maintained a naval force on their coast, and their contempt has fallen on us partly through fault of our own.

It seems that the Chinese have come to hold us in slight esteem because our consuls in their ports have been chosen from the mercantile class, or from among the missionaries resident there. The Chinese have a noble scorn for both traders and priests, and this scorn has not always been abated by the persons chosen for office, for they have seldom sunk the shop in assuming the consular dignity; the merchants have continued in trade and the missionaries have occasionally sought to say a few words on the atonement during their interviews with the Chinese officials. This is the account given by the correspondents of the English press, and though there is some malicious exaggeration and some unintentional error in it, there is still enough truth to make it mortifying to our pride and injurious to our interests.

Sooner or later our people must learn that we can have no perfect consular representation except as the English and French have, through men educated specially for their positions, paid salaries sufficient to lift them above dependence upon any other avocation, and continued in office during good behavior. We believe that our administrations have long felt the necessity of such representation, and there has been effort made to establish it as a system, though this effort has been permitted, by the ignorance and stupidity of congresses, to be only a half-success hardly less discouraging than defeat. In 1856 our consular anarchy underwent a complete revision and a slight improvement. The necessity of lodging consular functions in persons forbidden to trade was acknowledged by a clause forbidding commerce to all consuls receiving salaries above a certain amount; but this amount was made so small that none but a rich man able to live without salary, or a rogue determined to trade in violation of his bond, or a scholar with some cherished purpose of study to be fulfilled abroad, and willing to live poorly for the sake of it, could afford to accept the office. In the wisdom of our legislators a thousand dollars a year were believed sufficient to maintain in the proper dignity, and above the necessities of trade, a commercial representative in places where the French and English consuls were paid four and five times as much; and it was thought desirable that he should remain subject, as before, to removal by the first President of opposite politics who should be elected after his appointment. The manner in which we were represented under the administration of Mr. Buchanan was comment enough upon the improvements made in our consular system; and when Mr. Lincoln took his place, the necessity of some change was felt. The new head of the State Department had doubtless seen much of the evils of low-salaried consular representation abroad, and an effort was made to obtain better pay for the consuls who should be sent out to replace Mr. Buchanan's employees. This effort succeeded, and additional salary was allowed to consuls of such ports as the State Department should determine, as compensation for possible increase of duty during the war, the additional pay to cease with the

hostilities then existing. Under the law of Congress authorizing this additional salary, the income of several consulates was raised from $1,000 to $1,500, but in no case, we believe, increased to $2,000. Still, this was a great amelioration, and the efficiency of our consular service during the past four years witnesses the wisdom of the Government's liberality. Encouraged, doubtless, by the success of this effort, and the good results attending its success, its friends broached a project tending to make the consular representation permanent in adequate persons, and a bill was introduced into Congress for the appointment of consular pupils to be attached to the more important consulates, and educated in the duties of those stations. The proposed number of pupils was cut down from twenty-four to twelve, and the bill has become a law under which these consular *attachés* may be appointed with a compensation not exceeding $1,000 a year. They are intended, of course, to rise to the consular grade, which it is to be presumed their education will enable them to hold with credit to themselves and honor to the nation; and the sagacity of our legislation is nobly illustrated by the fact that as long as these young men remain pupils they are secure in their places, but as soon as they become consuls they may be removed by the fortunes of the next Presidential election. They shall be well paid to learn how to be consuls, and they shall be turned out when they know how, to make room for the new man who knows nothing of the duties of the post, but who is eminently qualified for it by services rendered in the political canvass.

In fine, our consular system remains nearly as it was before. It is not a career for any man ambitious of distinction and usefulness, and it is not a support for those willing to go into exile for a livelihood. Under these encouraging circumstances, the consulates will continue to be filled, as heretofore, by merchants who can make the office pay them in a business way, or by rich men going abroad for pleasure, or by poor ones going abroad for disappointment. The cost of living annually increases throughout the world, but our consuls are kept upon pittances that were beggarly when living was cheap. They go to their posts inexperienced men; and at the time when they have acquired the difficult art of representing the Government handsomely on nothing a year, when they have acquainted themselves thoroughly with their official duties, and have learned the language of the country to which they are sent, they are practically supposed to have outlived their usefulness, and are at any moment in danger of removal. Their fitness cannot save them, as no zeal nor excellence could advance them a step in the service.

Let us punish the Chinese as they deserve for their breach of good faith and good manners; but let us do something to remedy the fault in ourselves which led them to distrust our national greatness. If we wish our consuls to impress the Chinese with an idea of our importance (and it is necessary to do this in order to obtain justice from them), we cannot make consuls of men engaged in trade, nor of missionaries, whose hearts are naturally in a higher work. It is not to be supposed for an instant that the French or English consul in a Chinese port is a merchant or a clergyman. In fact, we must raise our representatives everywhere above necessity by paying them well, and then we shall have an influence through their dignity which will be commensurate with our own, we must make their tenure of office permanent, and must make their service a career in order to induce the right men to enter upon it. We chance, at present, to be represented abroad by fidelity and intelligence, and much of the respect felt for our Government comes through that felt for the personal, not official, character of our functionaries. But this is not enough; it is the office which must be made permanently important to our interests and honor, and not the accident of a good public servant. Our officers in China are able and conscientious men, according to the English journals, but they had no adequate official dignity to support them, and they failed to exact good faith and respect toward us.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Among the civic evidences of the superiority of democratic institutions which the future historian of our great rebellion will cite with just pride and satisfaction, the freedom enjoyed by the press during the sanguinary struggle will not be the least either in significance or interest. The few instances where the exigencies of the case demanded and justified interference on the part of the Government, only make the prevalent and permanent toleration more remarkable. Never in the world's history, in a period of intense civil and military conflict, was the utterance of men, oral and printed, less restrained, hampered, or modified by external power. Politicians made or tried to make capital out of the action of the Government when censorship was exercised by the War Office, and treasonable publications suspended; but the fact is indisputable that, considering the magnitude of the conflict, the complexity of the interests and influences at work, and the imminence of the national peril, the freedom of the press was sustained and protected to a degree and in a manner which reflect the highest credit on the candor of the popular mind and the forbearance of those in authority. No student of history, no resident of Europe, can fail to recognize herein a trait and triumph of free government and general education; and future explorers of the documentary history of the war for the Union will read, with complacent astonishment, the bold and emphatic, yet unchecked, expression of opinion in the current literature of the day—the freedom of criticism indulged in as to the administration of the Government, the action of generals in the field, the motives, character, and ability of prominent men while actually engaged in the public service, at a great crisis, and when loyalty and treason worked side by side in social and political life. Not less remarkable is the comparative absence of litigation growing out of this same freedom of comment and criticism. So healthful is public opinion in regard to the necessity and right of free discussion, where any public interest is involved, that there is no encouragement to prosecute unless positive malice can be proved. Our people seemed to have adopted the spirit of Milton's noble essay on unlicensed printing, and to be practically aware that political liberty and free expression are identical, and that every question of importance must be fairly and fully discussed to secure the ends of justice, truth, and progress. There are times when this unrestrained utterance tries the patience and perhaps mars the fortunes of the individual, but its social necessity is none the less acknowledged. It is painful to a generous and just mind to witness, as is so often the case, ignorance, vulgarity, and spite gauging the scope and branding the labors of the scholar, the man of genius, or the disinterested purveyor in the fields of knowledge; to see worth and wisdom profaned by low, narrow ribaldry, and the respectable and respected in the world of letters spattered with mud from the kennels; but all this, it is found by experience, never injures an honest reputation or mars true fame; and, as a nuisance, it is more than compensated by the blessings of free thought and expression in the testing and proclamation of truth and advocacy of right.

It was the opinion of the late Gouverneur Morris that the elemental foundation of American liberties is to be traced to the trial of Peter Zenger, printer of the New York *Weekly Journal*, for an alleged libel, in 1770, because that event "revealed the philosophy of freedom both of thought and speech;" and ever since it has been the noble distinction of our tribunals, sanctioned by enlightened public opinion, that the acts, the theories, the writings of every citizen shall be freely criticized to the utmost extent of investigation and animadversion—provided that no personal malevolence or violation of private character obtains. This distinction the civil war, with all its temptations to the opposite extreme, and the warrant it afforded for encroaching upon the great principles, has confirmed and renewed; and we repeat, this is one of those results which add to the credit and faith of popular government. Our attention has been called to the subject by a report, which appeared recently in one of the journals, of an argument on a demurrer in the Dawson-Jay libel case by Hon. William M. Evarts. His argument was conclusive to our mind, and stated with clear emphasis as an American legal principle. The case referred to a literary or rather political criticism of a standard work—a criticism altogether devoted to the vindication of national principles against partizan and disloyal ideas—promulgated at the most critical juncture, and deriving importance rather from their association with a work of established fame than from any personal influence of the writer. It was an excellent occasion to vindicate the great cause of the freedom of the press, and to show how essential its legal recognition is to the integrity of our institutions and the health of the body politic. Mr. Evarts stated the principle involved, not

merely as a lawyer but as an American statesman. It is significant that in feeling and practice we have reached, on this subject, the scope and spirit of the best English authorities:

"Liberty of criticism must be allowed," charged Lord Ellenborough, "or we should neither have purity of taste nor of morals. Fair discussion is essentially necessary to the truth of history and the advancement of science. That discussion," he adds, "I shall never treat as a libel which has for its object, not to injure the reputation of any individual, but to correct misrepresentation of fact, to refute sophistical reasoning, to expose a vicious taste in literature, or to censure what is hostile to morality."—1 *Campbell*, 355.

And again: "One writer, in exposing the follies and errors of another, may make use of ridicule, however poignant. Ridicule is often the fittest weapon that can be employed for such a purpose. Every man who publishes a book commits himself to the judgment of the public, and any one may comment upon his performance. If the commentator does not step aside from the work, or introduce fiction for the purpose of condemnation, he exercises a fair and legitimate right; fair and candid criticism every one has a right to publish, although the author may suffer a loss from it; such a loss the law does not consider an injury, because it is a loss which the party ought to sustain; it is but the loss of fame and profit to which he was never entitled. However severe the animadversion may be, the author has no right to complain, unless the private character be maliciously vilified."

In an action for libel upon an author, Lord Kenyon admitted evidence of the nature of the plaintiff's works, and it appearing that they were themselves of a libellous and scandalous description, his lordship threw his parchment at his head, and dismissed him from the court with contempt.

"The main question," said Lord Ellenborough, in a like case, "is *quo animo* the defendant published the article complained of—whether he meant to put down a nuisance to public morals, or to prejudice the plaintiff. To ascertain this, it is material to know the general nature of the plaintiff's publication to which the libel alludes. The plaintiff is bound to show that the defendant was actuated by malice, and the defendant discharges himself by proving the contrary."

Chancellor Kent recognized the vast practical worth and essential justice of the principles thus laid down—principles, be it remembered, opposed to the then prevailing traditional views in Great Britain, but slowly making their way, while, on various memorable occasions, they had been fully acted upon in this country.

"If the theory of the prevailing doctrine in England," says Kent, "(for even there it is now scarcely anything more than theory), had been strictly put in practice with us, where would have been all those enlightened and manly discussions which prepared and matured the great events of our Revolution, or which, in a more recent period, pointed out the weakness and folly of the Confederation, and roused the nation to throw it aside, and to erect a better government on its ruins? Whatever may be our opinion on the English law, there is another and a very important view of the subject to be taken, and that is with respect to the standard of the American press. In England they have never taken any notice of the press in any parliamentary recognition of the principles of the government, or the right of the subject; whereas, the people of this country have always classed the freedom of the press among their fundamental rights. The liberty of the press consists in the right to publish with impunity truth, with good motives and for justifiable ends, whether it respects government, magistracy, or individuals."

WAR ON THE RIVER PLATE.

THE armies in the field in this war are the largest ever brought into contact in South America, at least since the days of the Incas, and this circumstance has attracted more attention from the public than has usually been given to the chronic state of civil war which has so long reigned there. The general feeling is, both here and in Europe, in favor of the allies, who appear to be acting solely in defense of their invaded rights. A painful feeling has, however, been caused by the apparent cruelty at the late battle of Yatay, where, of three thousand Paraguayans engaged, seventeen hundred were killed. Details of the battle, since at hand, show that this great mortality was caused by the absolute refusal of the Paraguayans to yield. It seems that the allies, under General Flores, numbered eight thousand infantry, with thirty-eight pieces of artillery and a considerable body of cavalry, while the Paraguayans numbered but three thousand infantry, well armed but with little artillery. Their leader, Major Duarte, was captured early in the fight, and the force was soon scattered into small bands, which deliberately shot the bearers of flags of truce coming to beg them to cease a useless struggle, the only answer given to the messengers from Flores being that "we have no orders to surrender." Groups of even twenty men fought to the last, and with so determined a ferocity that it is only surprising so many as twelve hundred men were taken alive. While there is something in this desperate courage which excites sympathy, yet it is clearly a useless sacrifice of life, with an absolute indifference to death which a despotic government seems to have the power to create among its subjects. A similar state of feeling existed among the Russians in their late war. The Paraguayans are mainly of Indian blood, of the Guarani tribe, whose language is still in common use among them, though many speak Spanish indifferently well. The country, early in the history of the Spanish domination, was taken charge of by the Jesuits, and the law of implicit, unquestioning obedience inculcated by them has been preserved to this day, while the submissive character of the tribe to their rulers made it a peculiarly favorable soil in which to plant a despotism and to reap its fruits. The Jesuit rule was followed by the Dictator Francia, famous in history, who has been in turn followed by the Lopezes, father and son, the last being now the ruler. He is of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, and received the government of the country from his father by the last will and testament of the latter, though he rejoices in the title of President, and the country is called a republic.

The Paraguayan army actually in the field comprises nearly every man capable of bearing arms in the country, the officers being mainly European, as are the munitions of war. That Lopez should be wantonly cruel is almost a necessity for a despot who finds his hitherto supreme will now opposed by armed enemies. The bodies of those he has killed in some small engagements, as also of the many he has shot in cold blood, have been thrown into the River Parana, that they might be carried down to distress and irritate the Argentines down the river, at Buenos Ayres, while the state of Corrientes, which he has overrun, has been completely sacked and ruined, the families even being sent into Paraguay, and in every instance parents and children separated, many of them probably never to meet again, the reason given being that it would prevent "combinations to escape."

MORE FICTIONS.

THE President is a very excellent and very able man, and we have no doubt means well in all he is doing at the South; but his conversation with Major Stearns reveals a mental defect which makes us sometimes wish he would follow Lord Mansfield's advice to the country justice, and refrain from giving the reasons for his decisions. The course he is pursuing at the South may be the best; but the arguments by which he justified it to Major Stearns are so very bad, that it is a pity we should ever have heard of them. The practice of inventing and spreading little legal fictions, which has grown up since the war, is not creditable to those who indulge in it, and though many people consider it a powerful political engine, we confess we have too high an opinion of the public intelligence to suppose that it possesses the smallest value, or imposes on anybody whomsoever.

What is the use, for instance, in maintaining so stoutly that the revolted States were not and are not out of the Union, and could not get out? Who is deceived by this most transparent fiction? Its proper place would be in a royal speech; it is worse than useless in a presidential *épanchement*. Whatever the President or anybody else may *say*, the world knows that it has been decided that, for all practical purposes, the Southern States *are* out of the Union, and may be kept out as long as the North pleases. "Individuals," it is true, "may commit treason and be punished," and "individuals" at the South did commit treason; but if this were all, President Johnson's business would be simply to hunt them down and bring them to trial. He would have no more right, for this reason, to set aside the State government in South Carolina, or decide, as he has decided there, who should vote for the constitutional convention, and what provisions it should incorporate in the State constitution, than in Pennsylvania or Connecticut. The very fact that he has had to adopt any "policy of reconstruction" is of itself a proof that the States are out of the Union, *de facto* at least. The emancipation of the negroes rests on this assumption; all the

authority which Mr. Johnson is exercising at the South, over and above what Mr. Buchanan exercised, rests on it also. If the States were not out of the Union, we should like to know what there is in the fact of individuals committing treason to justify his interference with State elections, or his arresting the action of the State organization as he found it after the surrender of Lee?

The States are in the Union in the same sense that Victor Emmanuel used to call himself "King of Cyprus and Jerusalem." All that one hears about them "being in it," "of no power on earth being able to carry them out of it," etc., is simply words, and idle words at that, intended, no doubt, to make the public feel comfortably, but anything but complimentary to its understanding. The fondness of the Anglo-Saxon race for this kind of self-deception, and the coolness with which its members look one another in the face while covering the most monstrous absurdities in legal formulæ, is one of their most singular characteristics, and leads impudent Frenchmen to deny that they have emerged from the archaic stage of political development.

The actual position of the Southern States since May last has been that of conquered territory. If they were not conquered territory, they might have retained slavery, retained their old constitutions, and sent members to Congress without asking Mr. Johnson's leave, or even consulting him. He has no power, under the Constitution, to overturn State governments because individuals commit treason, except his power as the general of an army in the field, and, of course, he is too sensible a man not to know this. If we saw any good to be gained by bolstering up this little fiction of his, we should be delighted to do it. But we see mischief, and at this crisis great mischief, in all forms of falsehood, and particularly those that look most innocent.

"If I interfered," he says, "with the vote in the rebel States, to dictate that the negro shall vote, I might do the same thing for my own purposes in Pennsylvania." All this is painfully sophistical. He cannot, of course, interfere with anything in any State "for his own purposes." He has never done so; he is too upright a man to think of such a thing. He has interfered in the Southern States with the right of voting, for the public good. His very decision that those who possessed the franchise under the old State law should be the persons to vote for the State conventions was an interference. To permit implies a power to prohibit. He really decided who should vote, and he took his definition of the class who do so from the State law, simply as a matter of convenience or policy, not because he was in the least bound by that law. He knows perfectly well that any such interference with the suffrage in Pennsylvania would be a revolutionary act, and that it would be wanting in everything which distinguishes his conduct at the South from that of a usurping despot. If he could do all over the Union what he has done in South Carolina, as he says he could, instead of being the general-in-chief of a constitutional government, he would be simply an irresponsible tyrant.

His statement that if "they" (the Southern States) "go wrong, the power is in our hands, and we can check them at any stage to the end," is a capital specimen of the vague, and therefore in this case mischievous, use of language. What "end" does he mean? We can only check them till their admission to Congress. If the conditions imposed on them then be not sufficient, what becomes of our power of checking them afterwards? He surely does not mean to say that we shall have the power to go down and regulate their affairs for them by force after they are regularly re-admitted to the Union. That is a power which the people will not entrust for an indefinite period to any President. Mr. Johnson must make up his mind that now is his chance, and that any precautions he deems necessary for future peace and security must be taken at once. And if he is alarmed, as he says he is, by the possible effects of the immediate concession of the suffrage to the negroes, why not exact from the repentant prodigals some sort of security that they will concede it some time or other, that in one year, or two, or ten, the negro may by some process—reading, writing, declaiming, climbing a greased pole, or playing on the piano—cure the defect of color, and become an enfranchised citizen? Any barrier, however absurd, that a man can get over, is better than the utterly absurd and at the same time insurmountable barrier by which the colored race is at present shut out; and thus far no State has given evidence that it will ever at any time remove or modify it, nor has Mr. Johnson asked them to do so.

Mr. Johnson's opinions as to the mode of admitting the negroes to the enjoyment of political rights, as expressed to Major Stearns, are eminently sensible. The qualifications which he suggests should be exacted from them for the exercise of the franchise are not only such as must commend themselves to everybody as at least reasonable, but might, if made of universal application after a certain period—as Mr. Reagan advises that they should be in Texas—become the means of increasing the intelligence of the whole body of voters, and thus, as we believe, strengthen the foundation of our political system. But when the President informs us, in the next sentence, that letting the negroes have the suffrage now would "breed a war of races," we perceive that he has given the reins to his imagination, and is off once more into the regions of fiction. How does he know it would cause a war of races any better than he and most other Democrats knew four years ago, as they believed they did, that emancipation would cause a war of races? It is quite clear that we have not yet got at half the frightful consequences that are likely to flow from negro suffrage. "A Yankee" says it would lead to amalgamation,—that the white fathers would want to marry their daughters to blacks so as to have "mulatto grandchildren;" to the election of negroes to the Senate. The *World* says it would lead to the legal establishment of polygamy in all the Southern States, and the conversion of the negroes to Mormonism. Mr. Johnson now says it would lead to a "war of races." We shall probably hear next that it would cause an epidemic among the cows or a drying up of the oil wells. The powers of the "everlasting negro" are evidently not half revealed.

Correspondence.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The Anglo-American colonies were originally assemblages or societies of emigrant British subjects living on British territory under special municipal, or, if you will, political, organizations instituted by the Government of Great Britain for purposes of its own, and modelled in accordance with those purposes, and they were in all respects as completely integral and independent parts of the British Empire as the county of Hampshire, or as the city of London itself. I do not mean to assert, indeed, that the colonists were all, consciously, political agents of Great Britain. They had their special motives for emigration, the liberty of worshipping God according to their own consciences, the love of adventure, the spirit of commercial enterprise, and, in the high-born Adams and Eves of Virginia, still stronger reasons—escape from persecuting creditors, and very often a compulsory option between hemp and tobacco, the halter and the hoe. The colonies were encouraged by the crown as a means of extending the power and possessions of the British Empire. The colony of New England, too, afforded fine facilities for carrying out King James's high-minded and favorite plan of "harrying the Puritans out of the land," and Virginia was especially favored and petted as a retreat for broken-down gentlemen, and a place of banishment for convicted felons. The advisers of the crown determined the boundaries of the colonies according to their views of British interest, and no liberties were secured by the charter except such as were necessary to ensure the acceptance of the grant. The political existence conferred on the colonies by the royal charter was not a perpetual and irrevocable concession, but it was always modifiable or determinable by the will of the metropolitan legislature. An omnipotent Parliament could at any time have limited or even revoked the franchises conferred by those charters, to the same extent as it can lawfully interfere with the jurisdiction and rights of any municipal body lying territorially within the four seas. In fact, this exercise of power by the crown was one of the grievances stated in the Declaration of Independence, which also complained that the home Government often controlled and overruled the action of the colonial legislatures.

It is true that the power of Parliament, though theoretically unconditional has its limits; but these limits are moral, not legal; and the right of rebellion—a right of the "higher law" which belongs to every people whose rulers persistently and systematically transcend such limits—could justly be exercised by the colonies only upon such grounds as would justify the revolt of any other portion of the British Empire.

The colonies certainly possessed by their charters, and habitually exercised, many of the rights and powers appurtenant to independent sovereignties, as do the several States under the Constitution of the United States. The taking of private property for public use, for example, whether by taxation or by specific seizure, is one of the highest powers of sovereignty. This power was and is exercised by the colonies and by their successors, the States. But it is also exercised by almost every town corporation or other municipal body in Christendom, which, however, are not, for that reason, sovereign. But the colonies enjoyed and exercised other most important sovereign powers, which, by the acceptance of the Federal Constitution, were afterwards surrendered by the States. For instance, while still professing allegiance to the British crown, and long before the Revolution, they raised armies and fitted out ships of war for the defence of their soil and for offensive operations against the French and the Indian tribes; they coined money, emitted bills of credit, and regulated the currency within their own limits; they entered into compacts with each other, and, to a certain extent, legislated on the commercial relations of their own citizens, all of which were acts indicative of sovereignty, and all of which are expressly forbidden to the States by the Federal Constitution. The colonies possessed, then, not only all the *indicia* of sovereignty which South Carolina or New York can, or at any time could, boast, but many highly important prerogatives which the States have for ever renounced. But, notwithstanding all this, it never entered into the head of any man to contend that, while colonies, they were sovereign and independent states; and this for three chief reasons:

They wanted the characteristic token, the crucial test, of sovereignty—the right of negotiating treaties of commerce and maintaining political relations with foreign powers;

Their legislative power was limited by their charters, and in many cases subject to control by the home Government;

And their judicial proceedings were, under various circumstances, reviewable and reversible by legal tribunals not appointed by them or answerable to their jurisdiction.

In these cardinal particulars, then, the colonies were precisely on the footing on which the Federal Constitution places the States; for that embodiment of our organic law, Art. I., sec. 10, expressly forbids them to enter into any "treaty, alliance, or confederation," any "agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power;" their legislation is not only limited by the Constitution, but its validity is determinable by the Supreme Court of the United States, a Federal tribunal; and the decisions of their State courts in cases involving questions of constitutional law are subject to the judgment of the same tribunal; besides which, litigant parties who are citizens of different States may withdraw their controversies from the cognizance of State courts and transfer them to the jurisdiction of the Federal judiciary. In other respects, as we have seen, the colonies partook much more emphatically of the character of sovereign powers than do the States, and yet, we repeat, nobody ever dreamed of claiming the attribute of sovereignty for them.

In reply to this reasoning, it may be denied that the considerations I have urged are the real grounds for refusing this attribute to the colonies, and it may be insisted that their *dependent* political condition was a necessary result of their allegiance to a foreign prince. There is no force in this suggestion. George the Third was, neither historically nor legally, a foreign prince with respect to the people of Virginia; his parliament was not a foreign legislature. All alike, prince, parliament, colonists, were natives and citizens of British territory—all of the same origin, the same language, the same empire, the same organic law; and no one of them all was legally or morally more foreign to any other than is the District of Columbia to the State of Massachusetts. But admitting the fact to be otherwise, the supposed consequence by no means follows. The sovereignty of a nation resides jointly in the prince or other government and the people. A king, a president, a legislature without a people, a people without a king, a chief magistrate or a government which itself recognizes, neither is nor can be sovereign. When, upon the death of Elizabeth, James succeeded to the throne, England owed allegiance to a foreign prince, for Scotland, the place of his birth, his first inherited kingdom, was, to all intents and purposes, a foreign state. But the English nation did not thereby cease to be a sovereign people, nor did Scotland, which for some time continued to be an independent kingdom, lose her sovereignty because her king had taken up his residence in a part of his realms out of her jurisdiction. England and Scotland were two sovereignties accidentally united, by the chances of hereditary descent, under the same head. Like instances are too common in history to need to be cited. The true reason, then, why the colonies were not individually or jointly sovereign, is, not that they were subjects of a foreign prince or state, but that they had not, either in conjunction with the prince or without him, either individually or collectively, the essential political powers and attributes of a distinct and independent people.

Up to the outbreak of the Revolution, then, the colonies neither were nor claimed to be in any sense sovereign and independent. When and how did they become so? Certainly not by the mere force of the resolutions or declarations of their individual legislatures or conventions; for no man would contend that Boston, or New York, or the county of Essex, or a confederation of two or more counties, or any mere arbitrarily separated fragment of British-American territory, could have erected itself into a sovereign and independent state simply by means of a resolution to that effect adopted by its common council, its magistracy, or a convention of delegates of its people. For the transformation of a colony or other integral part of a political state into a sovereign and independent power there must be—in addition to the fundamental requisite of a distinct and visible, or at least ascertainable, geographical as well as national or administrative individuality—a consent on the part of the present government, or the right, the will, and the power to become such on the part of the colony. Nor is it clear that, *in all possible cases*, even the consent of the metropolitan government alone suffices. Doubtless Great Britain, while still retaining her dominion over the rest of her colonial possessions, might have set off a convenient territorial portion, and, with the assent of its people, have severed it from the British Empire and made it an independent state. But it does not follow that she could have divided her entire American territory into ten or twenty arbitrary districts, and, even with the concurrence of the inhabitants of each as to its own independence, have raised them all to the condition of sovereign states, for the people of the several colonies had reciprocal *rights and duties with respect to each other* which England could not abrogate, and which the individual colonies could not repudiate.

We come now to the consideration of the true force and value of the much-vaunted declarations of independence by the several colonies previous to the National Declaration of July 4, 1776.

First—admitting that the people of the colonies had just ground and good cause for severing their connection with the British Empire and establishing a new and independent government for themselves—let us consider the effect of these individual colonial declarations as respects foreign powers, and as determining the true political *status* of the revolting territory. Doubtless, as has been already intimated, a colony or other portion of a sovereign nation may in many cases be separated from the parent state and become, *at once*, a sovereign and independent power by formal grant from the metropolitan government. Such would be the condition of the Canadas, or of Australia, if Great Britain, with the consent of the people, were to acknowledge their independence to-morrow. But in the case of a revolt, justifiable or not, a new political power cannot create itself by mere words, and acquire a political existence by its own declaration alone. The *will* of the new people to be free, and to constitute an independent and sovereign political organization, must be accompanied by the *power* to carry that will into effect. Its sovereignty and independence must be, not declared alone, but conquered and maintained by successive acts which require time for their accomplishment. There must be, first, a settled and avowed purpose of the revolting territory to sever itself politically from the parent country and to establish a new and independent organization; secondly, an actual overthrow of the former government by the military force of the territory; and, lastly, the establishment of regularly constituted legislative and judicial authorities, possessing and exercising such governmental functions and such physical means as to enable them, not only to administer the public interests of the citizens and protect their persons and property within the territorial limits, but, at the same time, to maintain towards foreign powers a position sufficiently imposing to secure those international commercial and political relations which are essential to the well-being of society.

The importance of this latter condition is not to be overlooked. The mere exclusion of the old government and its agents and the establishment of a new, will not alone suffice. If Ireland should revolt and drive every British soldier, every British official, from her soil, and should succeed in establishing and maintaining regularly organized political institutions, with all their machinery, but, at the same time, her coast should remain permanently blockaded by the fleets of her ancient mistress, so that she could not maintain free intercourse with foreign states, she would not have become a sovereign and independent nation, because she would not have acquired that liberty of action and those international relations which are essential to the existence of a state. School-boys who have *barred out* their teachers, prisoners who have locked out their jailor, are not thereby emancipated and free, however large and roomy their place of confinement. So long as they themselves are locked *in*, they are still held to be under the sway of those who kept watch at their gateways. It was by force of this principle that

Great Britain and France, which, to say the least, were not unfriendly to the rebel cause, felt themselves constrained to defer recognition of Southern independence until the seceders should have practically both established their internal independence and opened to themselves free and unrestricted access to the great highway of nations.

Further, the conditions and constituents of sovereignty which I have indicated must have been, at least virtually, accomplished and acquired by the inherent strength of the new state; and so long as it is dependent on other states, powers, or territories for the enjoyment of these necessary elements of national existence, it is not a sovereign, not an independent, power, and no form or number of declarations or even foreign recognitions can make it so.

It would be idle to pretend, in the face of all historical evidence, that any one of the colonies had, previous to the national Declaration of Independence in 1776, individually acquired or enjoyed for an hour—a questionable proposition, that any one of the States which have succeeded to them could, even now, maintain—such a *status* as I have described. The people of no one of them ever had the right or the will, still less the power, to exist as a separate nation; not one of them did expel, or could have expelled, British troops from her soil without the aid of the rest; hardly could any one of the States, at this moment, defend alone its own frontiers and maintain the integrity of its soil against invasion from the others or from foreign States. Cornwallis was not compelled to surrender by Virginian troops, nor was South Carolina delivered from British sway by the unaided valor of her own sons. Our national existence was proclaimed by a national convention, our national victories were achieved, our national independence won, by national troops, and no soldier who shed his blood on the soil of another colony than his own imagined that he was dying a martyr to the liberties of a foreign land.

The early declarations of the several colonies, then, were but words, aspirations for a freedom the true nature of which those who uttered them understood imperfectly, and their mere opinions as to their true political interests were subject to the limitations of both their *powers* and their *rights*. That the colonies had no *power* to achieve their separate independence, is as certain as that the dozen or more nations and fragments of nations which compose the Austrian Empire are now physically unable each to conquer its individual sovereignty, and alone acquire and maintain a place as a member of the European system; and this brings us to the second point—the *right*, namely, of the colonies, severally, to individual independence and sovereignty. What *right* had a *colony* to declare itself sovereign and independent more than any *county* or *town* within its limits? Every one of these enjoyed some of the prerogatives of sovereignty, and the difference in this respect between them and the colony itself was merely in degree. The colonies did not differ from each other in nationality, in language, in fundamental legal institutions, in political principles, in any moral or material interest. They were not divided from each other by natural limits, and their respective boundaries were not framed with any view to their future political separation. In the ignorance of the interior geography of the continent which prevailed when the charters were issued, the most absurd mistakes were committed in defining the extent of the grants. In some cases the colonial claim reached to the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, to which England had no title. In others the boundaries described really enclosed nothing. In some instances the territories granted to different colonies ran across each other. If the separate declarations of independence of the colonies were valid, what common judicature was to determine the extent of the territory made sovereign by them, or to decide questions of title between colonies claiming soil embraced in the charters of both? The whole net-work of colonial boundaries was a cobweb of blunders; it was not merely an imaginary, but an impossible, division of territory which nature had made one, as the people were one, in origin, in allegiance, in tongue, in every great commercial, social, political, and moral interest. True, the respective founders of the different colonies were actuated by more or less different motives in seeking a new home in a new world. But in the century and a half which had elapsed since the first settlements in Massachusetts and in Virginia, the chasms between the opinions of the pioneers of emigration, like the vacancies between their territorial occupancies, had been filled up. Their civilization had a common tendency, their citizens were actuated by common aims, trained in common habits, pursuits, and views of social and political life, common interests had grown up, and the people had become fused into a nearly homogeneous mass, divided only by imaginary lines, which constituted no practical obstruction to the commingling and unification of the whole. In short, to change the metaphor, a new man-child had been born in the family of peoples, and the embryonic life of the colonies had developed itself into a nation. Even dialectic peculiarities of speech had almost wholly disappeared, and at the commencement of the war the people of the colonies were, in character, in opinion, in aspirations, in interests, and in speech, far more emphatically *one* than the population of Great Britain, or even of England itself. Under such circumstances, what right could a territorial jurisdiction, organized by the British Crown for purposes wholly of its own, separate itself from its neighbor colonies, and, because of grievances common to all and of which all complained alike, not only declare itself independent of the rule of the oppressor, but cut asunder all those links of common interest and a necessarily common fate which, in spite of local resolutions and declarations, bound, and still bind, indissolubly together the members of our great American commonwealth?

Nor let it be said that, on this point of sovereignty and independence, the colonies were bound by their reciprocal assent to each other's formal declarations. In those days of a vague political phraseology, of vague notions in regard to rights and powers now first questioned or now first claimed, men did not attach precise ideas to many of the terms which were bandied about by popular orators, by political writers, and even by legislators, and they had not yet come to a clear understanding of their own interests, their own necessities, their own mutual relations, rights, and duties. Hence such assent as is supposed, if, in fact, it had even been given—which, however, I do not concede as a historical fact—by no means proves that one party claimed, or that the other admitted, the pretensions which are now set up in behalf of the original sovereignty of the States. But there is another yet better answer. No one of the colonies being sovereign, no one could be made so by an assent which the others were legally incompetent to give. A family of infants does not become, respectively, *sui juris* because they agree to compliment each other on the attainment of a majority which none of them have reached, and the rights of an inchoate nation cannot be prejudiced, the organic development of an aggregate commonwealth defeated, by ill-advised concessions on the part of local authorities not legally empowered to grant them.

Upon the whole, I think the fact that, before the Fourth of July, 1776, colonial legislatures or conventions had declared an individual independence which they were unable to maintain, and which in the nature of things could not exist; and the further fact, if insisted on, that such declarations had been accepted as valid by other colonies as incapable of sovereign political action as themselves, created no rights, prejudiced no rights, as between such colonies. The colonies were legally released from British sway, not because they declared themselves emancipated, but because the abuse of all governmental power by Great Britain had worked a forfeiture of that power. They were discharged from apprenticeship *by operation of law*, not by their own will alone; but there was no principle of municipal or political law which could release them from their obligations to each other. As a formal acceptance of the legal conclusion that they no longer owed allegiance to a power which had betrayed its trust, as a renunciation of British sovereignty, their declarations were good. As the creation of a multitude of new, unrelated, independent sovereignties, they were impotent and ineffectual. Up to the national Declaration of Independence, then, no colony had become a sovereign State, and in future papers I shall endeavor to show that at no subsequent time did they attain to that condition.

G. P. M.

Florence, Italy, Oct. 1.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XVI.

Fayetteville, N. C., Oct. 20, 1865.

About fifty miles north of this city I came upon the upper edge of the sandy pine country, and left oak timber and red clay roads behind me. As I rode out of Raleigh the weather was bright and beautiful, and a soft wind blowing from the south suggested spring to the feelings, though autumn was visible in the many colored tints. But ten miles of the road were hardly passed before the few morning clouds began to spread over the whole sky, the first drops soon came down, and it was evidently setting in for a day's rain. The effect proper to the scenery of the pine barrens is produced best during an autumnal storm. Melancholy and sad always, it is dismal when the sky hangs low and gray over the landscape, when the tree-tops in the distance are obscured by vapor, and the rain, falling steadily on the sand and brown pine needles and rotten logs, forms wide sheets of water in the white road, and black pools where there is a little vegetable mould and the dead leaves are thickest. It is only necessary to come to a human habitation to make the scene appear still more lonesome and gloomy. The house itself is seldom more than a log-hut; in the brown expanse of cleared land many of the pines have been girdled, and hundreds of the lofty stems, bleached white, are standing and leaning at every angle, while the dark green forest,

withdrawn a little from the road, is still more sombre than when one rides among the trees.

Splashing slowly along, I got so thoroughly soaked with rain before reaching any house where it would be pleasant to stay for the night, that it seemed as well to go on to Barclaysville as to stop short and leave my intended day's journey unfinished. Having ridden, according to my reckoning, twenty-four miles, I came to a large white house with several outbuildings. Taught by experience, I dismounted and asked if that was not Barclaysville. The woman said it was, and, therefore, knowing it to be professedly a house of entertainment, I preferred a request for lodging. She listened, and turning away, walked through the hall without making any reply. It was not a warm reception, but one soon gives up expecting that in Southern taverns. I proceeded to bring my saddle-bags under cover and to wring the water out of my clothes. In ten minutes a negro man came round to the gate and led my horse to the stable. I ventured to take off my spurs and knock again at the door. I asked for a room and a fire. Nearly a quarter of an hour's waiting ensued before I was taken from the piazza to a chamber. By dint of many more knocks I was able to get wood enough in small instalments to keep my fire going till supper time. Meantime a Federal officer had arrived, and the presence of a Yankee in uniform seemed to intensify the landlady's disagreeable feelings: "Sherman's bummers had come to her house on several occasions," she said with asperity. "She never could forget it to the Yankees. They were worse when they had officers with them than at any other times. Wheeler's cavalry always behaved like gentlemen, but the conduct of Sherman's men would have disgraced savages."

After supper the farmer came home, and him we found much more companionable. He was a ponderous man, six feet high, with a good-humored, honest face, and apparently of rather more than ordinary education and intelligence. He put a live coal in a large earthen pipe and asked for news. I spoke of the convention and the two important ordinances to be submitted to the people. "That 's what I call nonsense," he said. "Every voter 's taken an oath to support Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, and they know we can 't vote against the abolition of slavery. What 's the good of pretending you can say no when you can 't?"

The declaration of the convention that the secession ordinance had always been null and void he also stigmatized as nonsenical. "But we sent them up there to do the work," he added, "and we 'll have to be content with their way of doing it. I 'm just as loyal as anybody, and I 'm going to be a good citizen, but I believe we 've had a government here this last four years. There 's a good many trying to make out that they 've always been sound Union men, when the fact is we were all rebels together. I 'm in favor of acknowledging we 're whipped and asking forgiveness, and then if the United States won't take us back, why it 's not our fault. We 've got to eat dirt anyhow, as Vance says, but blamed if I think much of a man that pretends he likes it. I never could keep up with the politicians though."

I remarked that the convention had done nothing in reference to the negro testimony question, and asked him what he thought of it.

"Well, sir, I 'll tell you what I think: a white man can 't live in this country if a nigger can get to testify. I want to wait till they have more of an idea of the nature of an oath before I let one of them give evidence against me. Why, our lives would n't be safe. They must be educated and elevated first. It won't hurt 'em to wait a little. Let every man, white and black, when he makes a contract, have it in writing, with two witnesses, and there 'll be no trouble."

I asked him what he would do in cases where contracts were not in question.

"That might be bad, sure enough, in some ways, but it would produce more evil to let a nigger swear to anything and everything. I have n't any prejudices against 'em because they 're free, but you see I can 't consider that they 're on an equality with a white man. I may like him, but I can 't let him come to my table and sit down like either of you gentlemen. I feel better than he is. The nigger has a kind of a scent about him that 's enough for me. You Northern men need n't think that we hate 'em; I rather like 'em myself, and I believe we treat 'em better than you would. I know I never got so much work out of a nigger as some Yankees I 've seen. In North Carolina it was the hardest kind of work to get a slave convicted for any serious offence. We were so tender of them that we would n't let a slave be tried except by a jury of slaveholders. That do n't look much as if we were inclined to be too hard on 'em, does it?"

We discussed the subject at some length. His first answers were dictated by prejudice, and he seemed to have never before made the question a matter of thought; but at the last he admitted that the country would be harder to live in if negroes could not testify than if they could. In this respect he was like almost every other respectable man with whom I have conversed in North Carolina.

Colonization was the best policy, he thought. A nigger hated work, and had no ambition; he would do just enough to keep him from actual starvation. His wife believed that pretty much all the niggers she knew would a little rather starve to death than work for themselves or others.

The farmer listened with much interest to an account of Minnesota given by the Federal officer. He wanted to know if that State was in the latitude of Ohio, and appeared astonished beyond measure at the idea of an acre of land producing sixty bushels of wheat. He would n't mind spending a winter in the snow for the sake of the game and fish, but reckoned he never should get there; all his life he 'd wanted to go down in one of those Massachusetts vessels and catch these here mackerel fish, but had n't been able to do it. The Minnesota Indians must be bad neighbors, sure. 'T was the British Government taught 'em that fashion of scalping prisoners; paid 'em so much a scalp in the Revolutionary war.

So we spent the rainy evening in conversation and in watching our wet clothes drying before the fire. Candles were not lighted till bed-time, but the hearth was kept supplied with light-wood, and there was no need of lamps or candles. In the morning, which was clear and cool, I set out in company with the officer, who was going as far as the ferry over the Cape Fear River. He was an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and was on his way to Harnett County to organize a species of court or mixed commission for the trial of causes in which negroes and white men are the parties. His orders, based on recent instructions from Gen. Howard, were to associate with himself certain designated gentlemen, and the board thus formed was to have final jurisdiction in cases of comparatively small importance, while serious criminal charges were to be transmitted to the authorities at Raleigh. The citizens acting in these newly-instituted courts receive no compensation for their services.

A nine miles' ride in the bracing air, and through a country seemingly almost uninhabited, brought us to the Cape Fear, with its sluggish stream and banks of mud, on which willows were growing. The negro ferry-man had appropriated to his own use about a hundred and fifty yards of telegraph wire, which everywhere lies along the roadside between Raleigh and Fayetteville, and, stretching it from bank to bank, is able to dispense with a pole in setting his scow across. His people in Harnett had no abuse to complain of now, he said. "They 'd feel more better if one of the Yankees was on the spot to see about the dividin' of the crop—that was all." He refused to take any money for ferrying over the Superintendent of Freedmen, and walked some distance up the road to show him the way.

From the river I rode on alone through a thin forest, which showed all the signs of a turpentine region. Almost the only large tree to be seen was the long-leaved pine, and of these nearly every one was disfigured by the axe; the bark having been removed from the trunk in strips of various lengths, the naked place in some being eight or nine feet long, in others no more than fourteen inches; their width was from ten to fifteen inches. These broad scars at the top were shaped like a fish's tail, and at the bottom of each, near the root of the tree, was the "box" in which the turpentine is caught. These are holes cut in the trunk of the tree. Their length is precisely the same with the width of the "hacking" which is to supply them; in width, from front to back, they may be five or six inches, and in depth four or five inches, measured from the outer lip downwards and back in a slanting direction towards the heart of the tree. A virgin tree loses only a foot of bark from the box upward, and at the beginning of each successive year a foot more is taken. In trees a foot in diameter, but one box is cut, and in larger trees the hacker leaves a strip of living bark between each hacking, that they may not be girdled and die. It is the rule that the tree large enough for three boxes shall have but two, and that large enough for two, but one.

A little after noon I stopped at a farm-house, to have my horse fed, and listened for awhile to the grumbling of the farmer. He was not without excuse, for the house and all its surroundings spoke of poverty. The chimney was blown down, so that a fire could not be made; his farm looked as if seed sown there would be wasted; his son lay on a bed wrapped up in his overcoat, and shaking with the ague, and, it being just after dinner, his wife was dipping snuff. "He did n't know how much land he had," he said; "he knew it was monstrous hard to git a livin' off it; he farmed about thirty acres. Had been away that morning trying to git a nigger to come and help in the harvestin', fur his boy was too sick to do anything. More ager round this year than he ever knew before; but the boy 'd been well, if he'd not gone off to a Baptist meeting, and got tuck down agin. He could n't hire the nigger he wanted; he 'd started off somewhar, like all the

rest. All wanted to travel, and go from pillar to post. One he had—never did own but one, a kind o' family nigger—was goin' off come New Year's. He did n't know what the old critter wanted, nor how she could live; had relations t' other side of the river, she said. He did n't want to keep her, for that matter; she was so old she could n't hardly see to thread her needle. The niggers used to be the happiest people on earth, with plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and no hard work, but they 'd find the difference now. On most farms they 'd been nothin' but a moth, and emancipation would n't hurt the farmers much, except some that had their wealth in 'em; but there was only a few large slaveholders in that country. Col. M. owned about a hundred black ones, and he was about the richest. The Yankees ought to colonize 'em in the territories, and he had heerd they was goin' to do it. He hoped it mout be, for a man that would n't work would have to steal, sartin'. An industrious one yer and thar 's nothin', and the best of 'em a man can 't put dependence in."

Within the past month I have heard a good deal said in favor of colonization, and said by owners of large plantations, who might be expected to desire a crowded labor-market. Speak to them about the vast expense, and other practical difficulties in the way of removing a whole nation from the country in which it has lived for generations, and which it loves, and one will say that the Government may have all his share in the public lands to pay it for taking away his niggers; another that he will gladly bear a heavier tax than has ever yet been imposed on him as his part of the expense, and that his acquaintances all say the same thing; and all cite Andrew Jackson's removal of the Indians as a case in point.

Thirteen miles from Fayetteville, I enquired my way of an old gentleman, who very civilly gave me copious directions, and with a crutch cane drew a diagram in the sand to make them the plainer. I spared him a quarter of an hour to give him the Raleigh news, and with the rest spoke of the new court then organizing in Harnett.

"That 's a very good thing; we needed something of that kind. Now, just to illustrate how the other system worked, I 'll tell you about my own experience. I 've been up before one of the Yankee officers myself. Sherman's wagons went along this road, you know, and of course some of the animals were pretty much used up, and they had to take 'em out of the harness. There were four or five that fell down between the bridge and the watering place—just could n't put one foot before the other; it was too bad to see 'em. One was an amazing lofty creature, too. I never worked so hard over a beast before. Well, I was out in the lot, and the captain came over and told me I was to pick up all these exhausted mules that could be found within a certain distance, and if I could bring 'em round again, the quartermaster at Raleigh would compensate me for my trouble. I was n't hardly able to do it. I 'd been confined to the house ever since '62, and could n't work much then, but I undertook it, not to see the beasts suffering, and I found five. I had feed carried out, and we raised 'em up on their feet again, and did all we could. Two out of the five I found right here by the pontoon, with a couple of niggers standing over 'em. 'Boys,' said I, 'you 've no business with these mules, they 're in my charge.' The mules were no good, they said; they 'd been working two hours to get 'em half a mile. 'No matter for that,' I told 'em; 'I was responsible for 'em, and they must leave 'em alone.' But they would n't; 'they were Sherman's men,' they said, 'and were going to take the mules to Raleigh.' 'Well,' said I, 'take 'em if you can get 'em there, though it 's plain they 'll die on the way; but remember that I 'll report you, and I 'd do the same for any man if he were white as the drifted snow from heaven. I do n't threaten this because you 're black; it 's my duty.' Luckily, for me, a soldier had come up and heard the dispute. Well, he began to swear at such a rate that the niggers started off. He was surprised at me to hear me talk so calm and mild with them. 'That 's the way a man ought to talk on business,' I told him. I reckon it was about a month afterwards that the same two men came to me with an order directing me at once to deliver to the bearers two mules, their property, or to appear on such a day in Fayetteville, and show cause why not. It was signed by one of these Freedmen's officers. Of course, there was nothing for it but to go to Fayetteville; so my son fixed up a side-saddle, and I went, though it was hard work, for I 'm sixty-nine years old, sir, and I had n't got well of my sickness, and never shall. The officer read me a written statement, that the niggers had made and qualified to, that I had forcibly taken from them, on such and such a day, two mules which they had purchased at the Government sales. Of course it was all a falsehood, and by means of what the soldier knew I convinced the officer that it was. I told him I did n't blame him for what he had done, for he could do no less if he believed their statement, but I thought it was rather hard to put me to the inconvenience of the journey, just on the assertion of the niggers. I told him I was sixty-nine years of age, and his court was the first I had ever been summoned before for any misdemeanor. I 'm very glad they 've established this court you speak of; it 's a vast improvement on the old one."

Leaving the old gentleman, I rode on over a solitary road through the forest, hardly seeing a house till I reached the outskirts of Fayetteville. "Yer seven miles and a half from Fayetteville," said an old woman, whom I found at her doorstep smoking, "and ye 'll hev to ride it to-night, stranger. But if ye ride a little peart ye 'll be thar early yit. Thar 's houses between, but ye won't git tuck in, for everybody 's too much worsted, and ye would n't git nothin' to eat."

It soon became very dark, and I rode along, wishing for the lights of the town, when suddenly I was startled by a loud whoop from the roadside. It was nothing but a negro trying to attract the attention of his companions at some distance ahead. Till we overtook them I walked my horse beside him, and listened to his talk. He knew I was a Yankee by my speech, he said. There was a heap of difference always between a Southern man and a Yankee, and he could tell one from the other very easy. He could n't help laughin' to remember what he used to think about Yankees—how they had horns, some on 'em, and on'y one eye. That 's what the rebels told him. He had n't felt sure which side would whip while the fightin' was goin' on; kept hearin' that the rebels was whippin' studdy, drivin' the Yankees back every battle he did n't know how many miles, so that he did n't know what to think. He pretty much give up. But he used to pray, and he knowed if the good time did n't come in his day it was sure to come sometime; that he knew, for the Scriptures said, "In the latter days all mankind, the small and the great, shall eat his bread in the sweat of his brow;" so the white folks would have to work as well as the black ones. But by-and-by Sherman came, and his army covered the face of the earth. "Great God, what a company!"

He was employed on a farm now, he said, and got six dollars a month; he should try to get work in a turpentine orchard. Wages were better in that business, and besides it was more agreeable to work in the shade, and the smell of the rosin was healthy.

Fayetteville is a pleasant town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, on the west bank of the Cape Fear River. Its numerous stores and warehouses are large and solidly built of brick, so that the city seems designed, not so much for the residence and workshop of its own people as for the business uses of a wide extent of country. This peculiarity belongs to the appearance of many small Southern towns as distinguished from those of the same size at the North. The chief business of Fayetteville is the shipment of tar, rosin, and spirits of turpentine down the river to Wilmington, and the sale of manufactured goods to the farmers round about. The river has been lower this season than for twenty seven years previous, and trade is inactive at present, but it appears to be a busy and thriving town.

The following conversation, which I had this morning with a colored citizen of Fayetteville, may serve to show what are the hopes and expectations that have been formed by the most intelligent men of this class—those who deserve to have and who have the most influence with their fellows—the men who framed the recent address of the colored people to the State Convention. He is a barber by trade, a light-colored man, good-looking, and with a face expressive of good sense and good-feeling. He had been a slave all his life till set free by the war, but had taught himself reading and writing, and his talk showed that he had made good use of those acquisitions. What he has read, his reflection upon it, and a careful study of events on which so much for him and his race was depending, has furnished him with a set of opinions in which there is nothing of violence, though they are very decided, and has fitted him to be a leader and counsellor among his own people. This prominence seems to affect his interests injuriously, for his white customers have withdrawn their patronage from the shop of a man who allowed himself to be sent as a delegate to the negro convention.

As to the question whether or not the South shall be re-admitted to the Union before granting the right of suffrage to the negroes, he says that he and his people are quite indifferent. Many care little or nothing about it at all, and many are perfectly willing to wait a few years, thinking that they will not have long to wait. He himself believed negro suffrage a necessary consequence of negro emancipation, if emancipation was made complete. If a black man could testify in court, and in all respects enjoy equality before the law, he would soon begin to educate himself and acquire property, and otherwise make himself respectable, and so prepare the way for his admission to the polls. Both of the great parties would be waiting for them by that time, for the colored population would be an element of such power that the Democrats would try to seize it if the Republicans were not beforehand with them. The South would need them, too, so that

all things considered, he expected to be a legal voter in his native State before he was five years older.

But the right of negroes to testify was something absolutely necessary, and he hoped that Congress would admit no State which had not granted it. If the North Carolina Legislature were to meet to-day, it would probably exclude the evidence of colored men; hardly a man could be found at present to say a word in favor of it. A year or two would probably change the popular opinion; but he hoped that Congress, to prevent the troubles of this year or two, would declare that no State had a republican form of government if every free man in it was not equal before the law, equal so far as the witness-box was concerned; he would n't insist on admission to the jury-box, for it required more sense to be a juror than to be a voter. But who could think it strange if a negro, ignorant and without friends, when he felt that he had no place to go for justice, should take the law into his own hands? Then white men would do the same, they would n't wait either, and there would be nothing but bloodshed and burning.

Very few of the former slave-owners would give a negro a fair chance, and for this reason, as well as to allow time for the minds of the people to cool and to make it possible for the Legislature to be just, he wanted the Freedmen's Bureau kept in existence another year.

He laughed at the idea of a negro insurrection, and said he wished those who talked of it could know his people as well as he knew them. The worst to be feared was the occurrence of individual cases of violence or theft, when some negro saw no other mode of redress; but there never would be a black rebellion. The negroes wanted nothing so much as to live in peace with the white people of the States. What they had done in this very town, in respect to calling in a garrison of negro troops, was sufficient proof of that. When Sherman's soldiers were first taken away from Fayetteville, and the town was put into the hands of the citizens, they showed a disposition to revive the slave code, and to enforce certain city ordinances that were full of the old spirit; negroes were not to be allowed to meet together for worship, unless a white man was present in the assembly; no negro was to carry a walking-cane; one man, after being convicted of some offence, was publicly whipped, and two men who lay in jail, awaiting trial, were taken out and whipped by persons who had no shadow of authority. The colored people did n't think such doings looked like freedom, and some of them began to talk about petitioning for a garrison of negro troops. The citizens were very much afraid they 'd do it, but after consultation among themselves, my informant said, "it was decided not to ask for a garrison, but for an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau to come up and adjust the difficulties. We knew that if we wanted to bring about a state of bad feeling between the white folks and the darkies, the surest way to do it would be to bring negro soldiers into town. Besides, we knew from what we had seen in Wilmington, that a negro regiment always has a bad influence on the other negroes, who learn to hang around the camp and be idle. The soldiers stir up strife of all kinds."

The action of the negroes in that matter might have been misconstrued if they had tried to keep white soldiers away. Certainly they prayed about as hard for Sherman to go as they had prayed for him to come. He did n't believe there was a darkey house in the town that the "Bummers" had n't ransacked. A negro with a good suit of clothes, or a new pair of shoes, was halted at once and made to exchange. He laughed heartily as he described a party of them stealing his razors and other implements of his trade. But at any rate the conduct of Sherman's army had produced this good effect on the minds of the Fayetteville negroes—they no longer believed that every man of Northern birth must necessarily be their friend, and they more clearly saw the need of looking to themselves for their own elevation. That was the true policy to be adopted, and the policy which eventually was sure of adoption and of success.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, October 7.

I TOLD you, when I closed my last week's letter, that the list of English holders of Confederate stock which was brought over by the mail, then just arrived, would create a stir. My expectation has been fulfilled. But before I speak of this, let me say something as to the authenticity of the document. Of course, it is impossible for me to know what grounds the New York *Times* may have had for accepting it as genuine. But any Englishman with any knowledge of the world could tell that, to say the least, it did not bear the impress of truth. In the first place, remarkably shrewd men of the world, like many of the supposed bondholders, would never have taken such a stock in their own names; in the second, they would never have held on to such large amounts when the bonds were falling day by day as they did for weeks; and in the third place, many of them were singularly unlikely to have risked their money in what, to take the most favorable view, was a very doubtful transaction. I am by no means a fanatical admirer of Mr Gladstone, nor have I absolute confidence in his political honesty. But I in company, I believe, with every person who has ever come in any way into contact with him, have absolute reliance upon his personal integrity. Throughout a long public life—himself a poor, almost a needy, man at times—he has kept himself pure from the very suspicion of jobbery. Even his bitterest opponents—and few men have been attacked more bitterly—have never ventured to accuse him of seeking personal advancement. And in his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and foremost among the ministers of the crown, it would have been a positive disgrace to him if he had dabbled in the loan in question. Every candid person who read the list on Saturday felt certain the insertion of Mr. Gladstone's name was a mistake; and if the list was wrong in one particular, the whole document was probably erroneous. [Mr. Gladstone's name was inserted in England.—ED. NATION.]

Everybody expected that on Monday morning we should see a vigorous disclaimer of the truth of the statements on the part of the persons inculpated. Strange to say, however, the *Times* allowed five whole days to pass from the arrival of the list without disputing its truth. And stranger still, the despatch of Mr. Seward with reference to the Prioleau case was passed over in complete silence. Topics of public interest are singularly scarce just now, and the only deduction even the most charitable could form from this suspicious silence was that, for some reason or other, the "Thunderer" thought it more prudent to hold its tongue. "Least said the soonest mended," is a wise maxim for men in a scrape; but the adoption of the policy recommended by the adage is almost an acknowledgment that there is nothing to be said. Acting on some conclusion of this kind, the *Morning Star*, which, as the representative of the late Mr. Cobden's friends, has a bitter personal grudge against the *Times*, wrote a very bitter article upon the supposed exposure of the venal motives which had induced Mr. Delane and his colleagues to espouse the cause of the Confederacy. The article would have been well merited enough if it had been founded upon fact. It brought out, however, a most furious onslaught from the *Times*, utterly repudiating the story that either Mr. Delane or Mr. Sampson, the city editor, had ever speculated or held shares in the Confederate loan. Ever since the *Times* became the chief English journal, one of its firmest traditions has been in all its original matter to ignore the very existence of any other newspaper. To such an extent was this rule observed, that even when it was found necessary to combat a statement in another paper, the most elaborate periphrasis was constantly employed to avoid the necessity of allowing its name to appear in the columns of the *Times*. But on this occasion the rule was disregarded, and we were treated to a savage article against the *Star* by name, as personal in its character as if it had appeared in the *Eatanswill Gazette*. The *Star* made a somewhat lame apology in reply, and there, as far as the two newspapers are concerned, the matter ended. With regard to the particular issue, the worst you could fairly say of either paper was that the *Star* was premature in giving credence to the story, and the *Times* was unduly dilatory in disavowing it.

As yet the only persons who have not written to disclaim the correctness of the insertion of their names amongst the list of Confederate bondholders are the commercial men, like Isaac Campbell & Co., Messrs. Bigbee, Fernie, Callie, Gilliatt, Forbes, Campbell, and the directors of the London Trust Stock Bank. Amongst men of rank, the Marquis of Bath, Sir Henry de Houghton, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Lady Georgiana Fane, Lord Campbell, Lord Donoughmore, and Lord Richard Grosvenor have, as yet, thought it unnecessary or imprudent to deny the truth of the charge; while I am glad to say that Mr. Spence, of Liverpool, is the only man of any intellectual repute whatever who remains silent beneath the imputation. If you ask me how far I believe these disclaimers, I must say I do so thoroughly. No man occupying a public position in this country could sign his name to a distinct falsehood without the certainty of losing his character in the event of detection.

To me, the most remarkable feature in the whole matter is the change of public feeling in England illustrated by this incident. Taking the views for granted which were current in English society not a year ago, it is very difficult to understand why it should be considered a discreditable act to have advanced money to the Confederacy. There is no sin in losing your money, and nobody is ashamed of having subscribed to the Greek, or Spanish, or South American loan, or any one of the many loans which have been introduced on the London market in behalf of some oppressed nationality supposed to be struggling for independence. I know scores of persons in London who are extremely proud of having sent out arms, and ammuni-

tion, and supplies to assist Garibaldi in overthrowing the Bourbon government in Naples; and yet if, as we were constantly assured by the chief authorities, in Parliament and the press, the cause of the South was that of "a gallant nation fighting gallantly for freedom," why on earth should it be wrong to have aided the Southerners with money as well as with good words and wishes? Of course, be the merits of the struggle what they might, men in the position of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Delane had no business to have any pecuniary interest in Confederate funds; but Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Gregory, or Mr. Lindsay were simply practising what they preached, if they assisted the Confederacy by any legal means in their power. Yet these gentlemen are as indignant now at the supposition of having held Confederate stock as if they were accused of having picked a pocket. To do Mr. Hope justice, nobody would suspect that his advocacy had been purchased by a bribe of forty thousand pounds of any doubtful stock. His wealth, apart from his character, would protect him from such a suspicion. The only possible explanation is, that public feeling has awoke to the conviction that the cause of Secessia was a disreputable one, in which England never ought to have taken any part, directly or indirectly. The growing unpopularity of the Southern cause is due very largely, perhaps, to its utter failure; partly, too, to the tameness with which, in the opinion of their former admirers, the Confederates have accepted their defeat, and, in no small measure, to a worthier cause. At last the British public cannot close its eyes to the fact that the triumph of the North ensures the destruction of slavery. It may seem astonishing to you that this perception should only just have reached us. As a nation, I admit freely, we were stupidly blind with reference to the real character of your contest. To a certain extent we were, no doubt, wilfully blind. But be the cause stupidity or obstinacy, our blindness was an undoubted fact; and till very recently the British public sincerely disbelieved that emancipation would be the result of the Northern victory. That illusion is now dispelled, and when once the English instinct recognized the fact that the support of the Confederacy had really meant the support of slavery, the pro-Southern feeling died rapidly away. This reaction of popular sentiment is the real reason why the whole tribe of pro-Southern sympathizers—the members of Parliament who put themselves out of the way to show civility to Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the writers who could never find epithets vituperative enough for the North, or laudatory enough for the South—now turn round and pretend to be indignant at the idea that they could have aided or abetted the Confederate cause by the loan of money. I, and I think most independent men, should have had more respect for them if they had stuck to their text. The "*causa victa*" may be a very bad one, but still it is scarcely honorable to desert it the moment its defeat is acknowledged. At the present time these pro-Southern sympathizers, who repudiate all connection with the loan, are very much in the position of the Scotchman who said he would swear to the truth of his assertion, but would not bet.

In spite of the heat of the weather and the manifold reasons which would naturally induce any reasonable being to prefer the open air to a heated lecture-room, the annual gatherings of our scientific and philosophical societies have been unusually crowded. Everybody who has any crotchet of his own to ventilate has gone to the Social Science Congress, at Sheffield. In itself, I do not wonder at this. Given a theory, the desire to diffuse it is stronger than almost any passion to which mortality is subject. But what is to me a mystery is why hundreds and thousands of rational human beings, who have no hobbies of their own to ride, should be found ready to listen patiently and willingly to the discourses of any one who has a theory to propound. Surely, England and America are the only two countries in the living world in which grown-up men and women find delight in attending lectures at local athenæums. Lord Brougham, of course, delivered an inaugural address, and mumbled forth the usual string of commonplace platitudes intended to be profound. There were the usual elaborate disquisitions, "de omnibus rebus et quibus dem aliis," and as much twaddle was talked as the audience could be induced to listen to. The one "live" speech, if I may judge from the reports, was that of Mr. Hughes, the member for Lambeth. Speaking in the model city of trade combinations, as the professed advocate of the working-men, and before a large assemblage of mechanics, Mr. Hughes had the courage to point out the absurdities and iniquities of the trade-union system. He dwelt upon the suicidal policy of opposing the introduction of machinery, on the unfairness of interfering with the private habits of the members, and on the injustice of interdicting mechanical improvements which would materially diminish the deleterious effects of working in an atmosphere of steel-dust. Unwelcome as many of his truths were, they were received patiently enough by the working-men, who admitted the substantial justice of many of his charges, but pleaded that the worst feature in the trade-unions—the system of intimidation pursued towards non-members—was now done away with. I hope the defence may be true, but in the height of a strike, when men are starving for want of work, they will never tolerate calmly the spectacle of other men performing their work on the very terms they themselves have struck to avoid compliance with. I have no love for trade-unions, as I think them injurious to the country; but if I was a working man I should assuredly belong to them; and all the papers ever read at social science congresses will not persuade working-men—or any other set of men, for that matter—not to study their own interests.

A church congress, too, has been held this week at Norwich, at which an enormous number of Church of England clergymen have assembled to discuss the condition of the religious world. The most noteworthy feature about the meeting to the laic mind was the determined stand made by all the clerical speakers in favor of the Establishment in Ireland. Some of the speakers went so far, indeed, as to acknowledge that a national church which was only the church of some sixth part of the population was an anomaly; but one and all declared it must be maintained, notwithstanding. And Archdeacon Denison, who has a fatal talent for saying what his own supporters would sooner have left unsaid, blurted out the remark that, if we once admitted the principle that a national church must be the church of the majority, it was by no means absolutely certain that the Church of England herself had any right of existence.

To turn from the pulpit to the stage, we have had this week a most unusual occurrence in the theatrical world. A play has been within an ace of being damned. Now-a-days, the words "subject to approbation"—with which a new piece is still announced at some of our theatres—have become a mere formula. A play may be successful or not, but it is run till it ceases to draw. The truth is, that the regular audiences of play-goers, who used to sit in judgment on new dramas in the days of the Keans and Kembles, have disappeared utterly. Each night the London theatres are crammed, but they are crammed with fresh audiences composed of strangers. The railroads have so united town and country that a new provincial public has been called into existence for London play-houses. The approval or disapproval of one night's audience has little, if anything, to do with that of the ensuing or preceding one. Amongst many other causes of the decline of our drama, I take this to be a not unimportant one. As things are, theatrical managers never contemplate the possibility of having to withdraw a piece the first night because it does not suit the taste of the public. However, for once, this fate was very near befalling Mr. Charles Reade's dramatized version of "Never Too Late to Mend," which was produced at the Princess's on Wednesday last. The novel was an immense success over here, and, I believe, was very popular in America. Several versions of it have already been brought out on the stage; but without the author's sanction or supervision. Considerable interest was felt about the play, by that small literary world which still cherishes the grand traditions of the English drama, from the fact that Mr. Reade is the only literary man of eminence who has sought, of late years, to gain fame as a play-writer; and the audience assembled on the first night was, as usual, a friendly one. Unfortunately, the famous prison scenes in the novel, where the boy Josephs is tortured to death, proved so disgusting in their ghastly literalness of reproduction, that the play was almost hooted off, and only brought to a close after much stormy opposition. Mr. Reade is a pre-Raphaelite amongst modern dramatists. Anything in his play was nothing it not real. We had a real tread-mill, and live wardens and felons in real gaol attire, and a real crank, and a real iron stair-case, and everything as like a real prison as art could make it. If our English theatre were flourishing, I should say this realistic tendency was a very dangerous one; but it has sunk so low, nothing could well injure it.

As a curious little scrap of history, bearing on the great question of your day, let me quote to you an opinion of the great Napoleon with reference to the negro question, which, I believe, is very little known. Half a century ago a certain Lord Vernon—one of the Fox and Holland set—called upon Napoleon at Elba, and had a long conversation with him on many subjects, the particulars of which he recorded in a long letter, which has lately been reprinted for private circulation. Amongst other subjects touched on in the conversation was that of slavery in St. Domingo, about which the Emperor expressed himself thus:

"The only mode of abolishing slavery altogether would be to permit polygamy. He had proved this opinion at Cairo, where he had observed that difference of color does not affect the estimation which belongs to individuals. He attributed this quality to the prevalence of polygamy. Men are 'gourmands en amour,' and, when permitted, will prefer having wives of various colors. The customs of the East allowing this indulgence, females of different complexion frequently meet together under the roof of the same husband from distant parts of the Asiatic and African continents. Thus the offspring of a white, a mulatto, and a black are brought up together, sit at the same table, and receive the same education, which

removes the prejudices prevailing generally amongst the whites against persons of color. He therefore had proposed once to a French bishop that polygamy should be permitted in the West Indian Islands; but monseigneur would not hear of it."

So much for the Napoleonic solution of the negro question.

RESTAURANTS AND THEIR FUNCTION.

When the "Physiologie du Goût" was written, the author conceived it to be his duty to set forth the actual and possible uses of restaurants It might have been thought by a less enthusiastic writer of the time when gastronomy was in its glory in Paris, and some of the great *restaurateurs* of the first dynasty in the zenith of their power and their fame, that this question was disposed of; but Brillat-Savarin gave the world a page on the advantages of restaurants with the gravity of a philosopher announcing newly discovered truths to an expectant world. Four good reasons he found why there should be restaurants—reasons which it is not necessary to quote or to translate verbatim, reasons quite sufficient and satisfactory, but likely to occur to every one, reasons which were certainly not needed to convince those for whom restaurants were intended—those "qui n'ont point de cuisine chez eux, ou qui en sont momentanément privés."

But this disappointing book—which we never open without renewed wonder that it has so long maintained unchallenged its position as the Koran of gastronomy, which fails to take high ground in considering the whole important subject, which treats the whole commissariat department of the world's industry as a mere means of luxury—fails in this also, that it scarcely alludes to the principal and only essential good quality, the highest and only very high value, of that important institution, the restaurant. As mere accidental conveniences or as places of self-indulgence they would be unworthy of our consideration.

It is to be regretted that Dr. Samuel Johnson never wrote the cookery book which he proposed to write. But it is vastly more to be desired that some modern philosopher should do so. The valuable works of Ude, Soyer, and Francatelli leave a gap yet unfilled. They are written by men of active life, engaged in the arduous duties of their profession, and treat of cookery and its attendant arts too much as these arts are practiced in their own kitchens. Soyer's experience, indeed, is wider and more general; but his published works are, nevertheless, too much the maxims of the empirical practitioner, too little the consideration of the subject from a stand-point whence it can all be viewed. Mr. Kirwan's "Host and Guest" is intended to supply the deficiency, but it is too hasty, too ill-arranged, too vague, and contains really too little matter of importance to be of any permanent value.

The restaurant is a potent civilizer. The restaurant is progress. The restaurant is as important a branch of that modern material civilization of which we brag so heartily as the railroad or the telegraph. The mere fact of rapid motion is not in itself more important than the fact of good and wholesome food. The restaurant offers such aliment as all men should have to the few who have ample means. In like manner, the railroad moves the tolerably rich rapidly, but in intense discomfort and at peril of life and limb. We expect that in the far future all the community will be able to travel swiftly, with tolerable comfort, and with comparative safety. In like manner, we expect that in the far future all men will be fed as nature certainly would feed them if the cooks would let her.

"God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks." There is no man of sensitive organs who has not felt that this task of the devil's has been discharged with all the vigor, completeness, and personal attention to details which that potentate gives to every work he undertakes. His emissaries of the white cap and apron are everywhere and always busy. Discomfort, sickness, and premature death abound, which are as clearly their work as if they uniformly mixed in what they prepare quicker-acting poisons than those in which they are accustomed to deal. And if the devil has cooks in his pay, he has wine merchants as well. It is a theme too unsavory to dwell on; moreover, it is a theme on which nearly every one can learnedly discourse. The dealers, indeed, have so vitiated the taste of the people that but few can tell where the poisons are, but everybody knows that they are almost everywhere. Go out of the city on any railroad you choose, stop at any station, hap-hazard (always supposing you reach the first station in safety), go to the best hotel, eat the best dinner you can select from the crowded bill-of-fare, drink the highest-priced or most promising-titled wine on the list—and be sure that you have dined very badly and shortened your life as much as added dyspepsia and internal disorder can do it. Does any one wonder why the farmers' wives and daughters are so sickly and wan, and either die young or live to withered and infirm old age? Probably not, for the three causes are known to everybody—over-work or, at least, over-anxiety, foul air in the dwelling, and ill-chosen and ill-prepared food, especially old pie. Of these causes the last is not the least. The execrable, astounding, *crushing* badness of the food of most of our rural population is a sad thing to think of; a most mortifying thing to think of in connection with the general excellence of the raw material from which it is made, and the expense and trouble that go to the preparations for the table. Nor have the dwellers in cities much cause to think themselves more civilized than their brethren of the "rural districts." They also live badly enough, so badly that worse would be thought impossible but for the experience of the country; for them also is the generous provision drawn from hill-side, prairie, meadow, and sea manipulated and tortured into a barbarous diet, to which the fare of Kalmuck, Abyssinian, or Tasmanian is at once an Apicius' feast and a Graham's wholesome regimen.

The use of the restaurant is to raise the standard of good living. It cannot be set too high. We cannot require too much of our purveyors. No dish is too plain, no process of preparation too simple, no article of food too cheap and popular, no stimulating or comforting drink too commonplace, to be made to conform to the highest standard of excellence which the wit of man can set up. And it is the influence of restaurants, and this influence only, which, up to this time, has been found available to establish and maintain any such standard of excellence.

Are there objections to restaurants? Let us consider them. Do they minister to luxury? If so, the blame is with the luxurious. Tailors and silversmiths—yes, and booksellers and painters—administer to luxury; but the blame is with the luxurious. If anybody spends his fortune on eating, the fault was in him from the beginning, and he would have spent his money other ways if not in this way. If anybody ruins his health by excess,

"—— the bane is in his shallow skull,"

not in the restaurant that filled his orders without question. Let us say, with Dr. Holmes,

"'Tis but the fool that loves excess;"

and go further and say, with Brillat-Savarin,

"The man of wit alone knows how to eat;"

and again:

"Tell me what you eat, I will tell you what you are."

And luxury itself should not be denounced as if it were unmingled guilt. Luxury is good, when it can be harmlessly indulged. The man who despises luxury, or does n't enjoy it when it is within his reach (as Theodore Winthrop has said somewhere), is an incomplete man; it is he only who cannot dispense with luxury that is "a weakling and a soft." The daily outlay on your table of sums of money that would give you the companionship of literature and art, that would give you a horse to ride, that would enable you to add in many ways to the world's wealth, is wrong; but, it being granted that comfort is absolute good, and worth striving for, it is hard to deny the additional proposition that luxury is good too—when it can be innocently enjoyed. And, at all events, whatever its possible evils, it has this certain good—that, but for luxury, comfort would not be so general and so accessible. If the restaurant found no patrons but health-seekers and very moderate diners indeed, fellows who

"——almost could dine on a *poulet au riz*,
(Fish and soup, and an omelet and that),"

and wine-drinkers who are satisfied with sound Medoc, or table sherry, the growth of the great interest we are considering would assuredly be slower. They who indulge "without limit" in the pleasures of the table, help to maintain in great perfection those great establishments which set up the standard of good living. As the Cossacks who, in 1815, carried away half a million bottles of champagne from M. Moet's cellars were capital advertising agents—Russian orders for his wine burthening the mails for years thereafter—so the Clos Vougeot and Steinberger carried away *en détail* by extravagant diners help to give a better wine at a lower price to those who limit their outlay to that which will buy the wholesome and pure. The expensive dishes, which it is well not to eat or pay for too often, help toward the providing of good soups and roast and boiled meats for people of abstemious habits.

Moreover, there is to be considered the inducement which is offered to men of ability to devote themselves to cookery. It is probable that those men whose names stand highest as cooks, who have not been in the devil's service, would have declined a trade that offered them no prize more brilliant than the satisfactory consciousness of having benefited humanity. Fame was not so to be gained, nor fortune, nor was even contemporary reputation so sure to follow merit. But as ministers to the pride of nobles and princes, and partners of their social celebrity; as inventors of dishes, by means of which their names would be immortalized, their ambition was gratified and their talent improved at once. Béchamel would not have begun the era of

modern cookery but by being satisfied to rule the household of Louis Quatorze, and give his name to an indispensable sauce. Carême *père*, immortalized in another way, took, not gave, a name, and is known now by the French title of that season of Lent whose rigorous diet he turned into enjoyment. Vatel, who killed himself because he thought his arrangements to entertain Louis Quatorze had failed, and would not survive the disgrace, would probably have felt less enthusiasm in the service of the world of common people whose daily food most needs the services of such men as he. And the restaurateurs, also—Beauvilliers, who first kept a restaurant on modern principles; the brothers Véry, who long reigned supreme; the famous and unforgotten Trois Frères Provençaux—such men have gained an enduring fame by service to the refined sensuality of the rich, which they might not have gained by helping the general public to that which they so much need. So that, without giving any credence to the transparent fallacy that the extravagance of the rich helps the poor directly by distributing money, we cannot lose sight of the good that may indirectly result from that extravagance when it tends to raise the standard of any branch of human industry.

The standard of good fare is raised, we have said, by the restaurant; not *should be* raised, but is, of necessity, from the very nature of the institution. What is a restaurant? We cannot object to Brillat-Savarin's definition of a *restaurateur*, which carries with it the explanation of the nature of his establishment, and which we thus translate:

"A restaurateur is he whose trade consists in offering to the public a feast always in readiness, the dishes composing which are separately furnished in portions, at a fixed price, at the command of customers."

We have been thus particular in defining a word which to many must seem to need no definition, because we exclude from the rank of *restaurant* all establishments which provide a "*table d'hôte*," and even those which offer meals "*à prix fixe*." The restaurant proper is altogether "*à la carte*." The permanent bill-of-fare of dishes served every day, and dishes which can at any moment be prepared to order, has a constantly changing appendix, the *carte du jour*. The *habitué* knows what the always-to-be-had dishes are; he needs only to consult the daily *menu;* that he studies with religious care, and the limits within which he can choose are thus laid down before him. The duty of a restaurateur is, then, to provide day by day a varied and abundant table, from which the chance comer may select, according to his taste and means, the dish or the many dishes which he may require for breakfast, *déjeuner* (a very different thing, in spite of the dictionaries), luncheon, dinner, supper, or snack or collation of any sort, and at any hour from daylight till midnight. But he adds to this first and, on the whole, most important duty, the consequent charge of providing, "*noces et festins*," dinners and breakfasts and feasts of all kinds according to previous order and agreement as to price. The agreement having been made with him to furnish a dinner for ten persons at blank francs or dollars a head, it is left to his skill and ambition to provide suitably and worthily for the occasion.

The tendency, then, of a true restaurant is necessarily upward, for the inducement is irresistible to provide constantly greater variety, choicer selection, more faultless cookery, and to charge such prices as will prove remunerative. Nor is the argument *à priori* at all needed in this case, for experience has shown that this is the tendency of individual establishments and of the whole restaurant system.

Where is the best cookery in Europe? In France. And where are the best and most numerous restaurants? Also in France. There are a dozen restaurants of name in Paris alone, each of which is better than the best elsewhere in Europe. With critical acumen the experienced *bons-vivants* declare that the establishment of the *Frères Provençaux* is eminently successful in two dishes only—*côtelettes provençales* and *morue à l'ail;* that Véry's restaurant made and deserves its fame because of its judicious use of the truffle, and that Robert and Philippe have but little success except in dinners ordered in advance; but all this is comparative only. All these, and Bréban's and Véfour's establishments, with others, are first-rate restaurants, and a first-rate restaurant is one where every dish served approaches absolute perfection. But in France good cookery is general. As no American can form any accurate conception of what is meant by these words, unless he has seen and experienced the delightful truth, we may be allowed a word or two in explanation of our apparently ridiculous assertion. First, then, the traveller steps into any *café* at the Palais Royal, or along the principal streets or on the boulevards, the refreshment that he takes will be well prepared and neatly served, the coffee hot, strong, and fragrant, the bread, butter, and milk excellent, the ices almost perfect, the cognac excellent and pure. At every corner boys thrust into his hand little bills, from which he learns that this *traiteur* and that offer dinners at one and a half francs, at two francs, and at three francs, and that for two francs he will have "a good soup, two dishes, one of vegetables, a salad, a dessert, and a flaçon of wine," and at other prices in proportion. Let him try any one of them, say at three francs, and he will find a better dinner than he will get at any American hotel table, and a half-bottle of wine of a quality as good as claret for which we are accustomed to pay long prices. But he can go lower and try the *crêmeries*, at each of which he will find an old lady who will make him an excellent omelet with two eggs or with three, at his choice, give him a great bowl of delicious *café-au-lait* and a mountain of sweet and delicate bread, for a price whose smallness will astonish him. Or he may leave Paris and wander forth over the land of France, and he will find strange things. He will find restaurants, *cafés*, and *estaminets* where what is set before him is really fit to eat and drink. He will find (incredible as it is) the *buffets* of the railroad stations the best restaurants in their respective towns. He will find skilful and savory preparation of food among the towns-people and the peasantry, with such economy of fuel, and such small space occupied by the work, as seems fit for doll-house cookery only. Now, we do not assert that the restaurants have brought all this about, but that they help it is evident, and that where restaurants are not, the good cooking is not, is as evident. Take England as proof negative. There are no restaurants in England. There are one or two eating-houses in London which have the air of restaurants, until a fair trial shows the hollowness of their pretensions. There are, or recently were, but two establishments in all great London that could even be mistaken for restaurants. And there is no nation in Europe in which there is so much bad cookery and so little good as in England. The saying is attributed to Ude, that cookery, when it is good in England, is better than it is anywhere else in the world. But where is it good in England? It is good in the houses of the very wealthy, and it is good in the great clubs. These, of course, exercise no appreciable influence over the general character of English cookery, which, therefore, remains very bad. One or two national dishes are generally well prepared—not the beefsteak, which is seldom good in England, but roast-beef and mutton-chops, which are nearly always good.

Not many months ago the English papers announced that a great restaurant was to be established in London, by a company formed under the Limited Liability Act, and under the name of "The Delmonico Company—Limited." The paragraphists then explained to their readers that "Delmonico's," of New York, was the greatest restaurant in the world; of an excellence of attainment equal to the best Paris restaurants, and of magnitude and splendor far surpassing the most important of them. These statements, which, very likely, the paragraphists only half believed, are nevertheless true. Their appearance in European journals is only a part of the wide-spread celebrity which, within the last four or five years especially, has been rapidly spreading wider. It would be impossible to write a full history of restaurants down to the present time without describing at length the rise and growth of this singular and most successful enterprise, the establishment of a perfect restaurant in a land where the cooking is almost uniformly bad. For our present purpose "Delmonico's" will serve as the living example of all that we have still to say about the nature of restaurants and what they ought to be. We are at no trouble to choose our example, for, while the restaurant in question seems to have taken rank as the most complete, and, on the whole, the best in the world, it is entirely without rival in America, and alone approaches perfection where all else is mediocre or worse.

If the history of the concern is ever written it will probably be interesting, for the growth of the undertaking from its commencement, in 1827, until now, has been contemporaneous with the progress of New York from a big town to a metropolitan city. New Yorkers do not know much about the history of their city, but it is not the less full of interest, and "Delmonico's" has grown with the city's growth, and strengthened with its strength, until each is full-grown and strong. The parallel cannot be carried far, for it is probable that good management of its affairs has had something to do with the success of the one, while the development of the other has been in spite of, and not in consequence of, such management as it has had.

The originators of the enterprise were two brothers Delmonico—Swiss—who had kept a confectioner's shop in Geneva, and who commenced the same business in William Street, New York, not far from the present restaurant building there. They also opened a *café*, and not long afterwards a restaurant. The latter change must have been about 1830, and it was in that year that the present head of the house, Lorenzo Delmonico, joined his uncles in their business. They were burned out in the great fire of 1835 removed to Broad Street, and there built the existing building at the corner of Beaver and William Streets, and began business there in 1837. For a time they also occupied the house 23 and 25 Broadway, where the Stevens House now is. We are coming to modern times now. Nearly every resident of New York will remember the old Irving House, which filled the block opposite Stewart's, on Broadway, between Chambers and Reade Streets. It

was in 1855 or '56 that this was abandoned, and the central part torn down and replaced by a white marble building. The south wing, at the corner of Chambers Street, was taken by the Delmonicos, and it still remains in their possession. The large dining-room *au premier* in this building is still the pleasantest public dining-room in New York—exception being made in favor of one room, which is *sometimes* a dining-room, of which more hereafter.

At each of these places—at the corner of Beaver and William Streets, and the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street—a full restaurant business was and is done; but there was but little display and splendor at either, and the facilities for private entertainments were limited. In fact, some of the characteristic features of a great restaurant were still lacking. Perhaps the demand for such a thing was not sufficient in the immature New York of 1856, although then we thought New York a great city, and Delmonico's a capital restaurant. These things are comparative. No judgment is valuable and no statement accurate until the standard of comparison is known and understood.

In 1861 the restaurant was opened which is the most widely known. It is since the beginning of this, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, that "Delmonico's" has become generally known outside of New York. At first, the corner house, formerly Mr. Grinnell's, contained the whole establishment, but after a few months the house next door was added, and the entire building, a hundred feet wide on Fourteenth Street, devoted to the purposes of a restaurant.

If there is any reader of this who has never dined or breakfasted at Delmonico's, he will like to know what the accommodations are. There are two large public dining-rooms, both on the ground floor (*rez-de-chaussée*, shall we say, when talking of a French restaurant?) and connected. Each of these is about twenty, or perhaps twenty-two, feet wide, and about seventy-five feet long. Back of these, also on the ground floor, is the *café*, an enormous room, perhaps thirty-five by an hundred feet. According to strict etiquette that fare only which is usually supplied by a *café* ought to be served in this room, to wit: coffee, chocolate, and tea; all wines and liquors and drinks of various kinds; bread and butter; raw oysters; boiled eggs, perhaps, or an omelet, if any one wants to spoil his morning's coffee with them; radishes, olives, cheese, and all the *hors d'œuvres;* ices. But the kitchen is near and the waiters obliging; you can have almost anything you want at the marble tables, if you are afraid to face the ladies in the dining room. Smoking is, of course, allowed here, but nowhere else in the building. Over the *café* is a room as large, amply lighted by large windows and skylight, smoothly floored—a ball-room all winter, but in summer, when balls are not and when the crowd is great in the evenings of those who seek ices and iced champagne, a dining-room. The pleasantest public dining-room, to us, is one so large that we are solitary and isolated in it, how near soever our nearest neighbor's table may be. The rest of the building is nearly all taken up with rooms for private parties; there are half-a-dozen pleasant little cabinets where not more than eight persons can be seated at table, and there are large rooms where stately dinners of two or three score guests are held.

There is skill in using a restaurant aright, just as there is skill in using a microscope: you shall work at your magnifier six months before you understand it; you may dine many times at the best restaurant, and not know how to dine there after all. There is no day that people do not sit down at Delmonico's tables and, if there are two of them, order roast beef for two and boiled potatoes and another vegetable for two, and then wonder what dessert (as they call it, meaning *sweet dish*) they shall have, finding no names on the *carte* of the pies and puddings they know. They are not only ignorant *what* to order, they do not know *how* to order, how to use the facilities offered them and get the full benefits of the cooks' labors. Two connoisseurs at the next table will order nothing which, like a joint, has to be cooked and kept hot; they order only those dishes which are freshly prepared at their order. And they order nothing "for two," but soup for one, fish for one, and so on, or very often leave it all to the head waiter: "A nice little dinner, Louis, and such and such wine;" or else to the waiter at their table, "such a soup and such a fish, and the rest as you please." They can trust the waiter to tell them if there is anything unusual in the *carte du jour*. To be sure there is a difference in waiters. And there may be a difference in the same waiter between his attendance on the gentleman who treated him politely and gave him a big fee yesterday and his attendance on an unprepossessing stranger. But the tendency at Delmonico's is towards first-rate attendance on all and at all times. We hasten to avoid the large subject of waiting on table and service in general, and hurry on.

The luxury attainable at a restaurant like this, ought to teach our people something about comfort. It ought to raise their standard. Hotel tables and private tables alike ought to be always compared with Delmonico's table—to their confusion, it is true, but to their bettering as well. Married people keeping house, unless they are very highly trained already, should dine at Delmonico's once a month at least, oftener if possible; vary their entertainment as much as seemeth to them good, and think of nothing but their dinner. If they do not learn something, it will be because they cannot learn from experience. The standard cannot be set too high. You need not grumble and scold because you know that the dinner at home is not as good as it might be; in fact, you ought to know that it is not as good as it might be (if that is the case), and you ought not to grumble and scold. Ignorance is very seldom bliss; it is only the painlessness of torpor. Know all about it, see where the fault is, notice how others avoid it, discover speedily that you might be very much better fed than you are without added expense. If you are the right sort of man or woman, you will be not a bit less comfortable yourself or less agreeable to others; but you will somehow help the matter, if your table can be improved, and influence others to advance the good cause of good living.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE existing understanding which, in the absence of an international copyright law between England and the United States, secured some remuneration to American authors abroad, is threatened with disturbance and a return to first principles—that is, the right of the strongest—from a very paltry cause. The bone of contention in the case is nothing more important than Artemus Ward's "Among the Mormons," though when we learn that one publisher, Mr. J. C. Hotten, has already sold eighty thousand copies of his shilling edition, even such ephemera assume a degree of consequence when viewed through trade spectacles. A rival publisher, S. O. Beeton, well known as an industrious compiler of some useful books of reference, had, or fancied he had, claims to Artemus Ward's lucubrations, and annoyed at being deprived of so salable a book, he has just issued advertisements announcing that he will reprint, in London, every successful American book, without any arrangement of, or benefit to, the authors, and in defiance of any courtesy or right that has been heretofore generally respected except by some professed pirates of the press. Even were the English law on the subject positive, instead of being deductive and inferential, there are so few single books that would pay the expense of a chancery suit, that Mr. Beeton may probably go on for some time unchecked. In the great case involving the copyright of Washington Irving's writings, between Mr. Murray and Mr. H. G. Bohn, it is understood that the expenses of each party were over £2,000, and a much larger outlay was impending, by the issue of a commission to collect evidence in America, etc., when the dispute was ended by a compromise, which left the legal principles at stake as far from being settled as ever. Mr. Beeton, of course, says his object is to make the state of things so bad that the United States will be forced to mend it, by the adoption of an international copyright, for the sake of their authors; but such general philanthropic professions have often been found before now in company with individual selfishness.

—Undeterred by previous failures, the publishers of Tennyson's poems announce an illustrated edition of "Enoch Arden," with designs by Arthur Hughes, one of the less known painters of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. This, it will be noticed, is a year behind the accomplishment of a similar purpose in America, last Christmas having seen two rival illustrated editions of the same poem produced at Boston. In England, at least, Tennyson's writings have not lent themselves felicitously to artistic illustration. The edition of the "Poems" published in 1857, illustrated by Millais, Rosetti, Dyce, and others of the same school, was a long time in preparation, and great things were expected of it. So little, however, was the public taste fitted for its reception, that the book was a commercial failure in England, and in America the importer who had agreed to take a quantity actually threw up his bargain in disgust at the character of the illustrations, so little in accordance with the prevailing fashion of the day. A very large edition, ten thousand copies, was printed and issued at a guinea and a half. The unsold portion of them—as many, it was said, as eight thousand—finally came into the hands of Mr. Routledge, for about six shillings per copy, and were gradually disposed of at a reduced rate until now, when we believe the book has become scarce. The embellished edition of "The Princess," with Maclise's illustrations, was not more successful. A much smaller number of copies were printed than of the "Poems," but they met with the same fate, and fell into the hands of the buyers of "remainders," through whose mediation books that disappoint expectation are dispersed at a price more consonant

with the public demand than the arbitrary rates affixed to them by the original publishers.

—A new literary adventure, in the shape of "The Argosy, a Magazine for the Fireside and the Journey," will start in London on December 1st. The distinguishing feature is the price, sixpence per number, each number to contain one hundred pages, and to be well illustrated. It takes the field in opposition to "The Cornhill," "Temple Bar," etc., that were lately considered miracles of cheapness at one shilling. A new serial story by Charles Reade will be a feature of the first volume. The publishers are Messrs. Low, Son & Co., well known for their connection with the American book market, and the liberal courtesy they have always displayed towards authors from the United States whose works they have republished, so that among the freight of "The Argosy" will probably be found some literary wares of transatlantic origin.

—The original text of the famous Asiatic traveller, Marco Polo, "Citizen of Venice, Privy Counsellor, and Imperial Commissioner of Khublai Khan," is now about being published at Paris for the first time, edited by M. Pauthier, the celebrated Oriental and Chinese scholar. It is curious that this should yet remain to be done for a book that has passed through sixty editions in the various languages of Europe, from 1496 to the present time and of an author whose information decided the purpose and enterprise of Columbus, while as late as the last century his authority sufficed for the great geographer, d'Anville, upon points in the geography of Central Asia, where no assistance could be gained from any other source. After Marco Polo had returned to Venice, like another Rip Van Winkle, from his twenty-six years' residence in the East, as a good citizen he soon began to take an interest in public affairs, and, fitting out a galley for the service of the republic, he was taken captive and thrown into prison at Genoa. Here he chanced to meet with a companion in misfortune, Rusticien de Pise, a literary man of Italian extraction, but whose books had been written in Northern French. To enliven the tedious hours of imprisonment, Marco Polo dictated his adventures to Rusticien in A.D. 1307, and after his return sent the original copy to Charles of Valois, son of Philippe le Hardi, King of France. Some manuscripts of the Imperial Library have been collated by M. Pauthier, one of which may be the original itself, and it is shown that the Italian text usually current, from which Marsden translated his edition, is an imperfect representation of the French, which is itself one of the most curious remains of the old and naïve language of France in the fourteenth century. The work will appear with every advantage of maps, geographical and historical commentaries, and remarkable confirmations of the credibility of the narrative, derived from Chinese sources by the learning of the editor.

—The most rising publishing firm in England at the present day is unquestionably that of Messrs. Macmillan & Company, of Cambridge and London. Their progress from obscurity to their present eminence is worth noting, because it is at once a consequence and a sign of the rapid growth of a party whose influence is daily increasing in theological and political questions. A few years since, the two brothers Macmillan were scarcely known beyond Cambridge, where they printed some of the mathematical text-books used in university tuition. The men since roughly classed together as representatives of the "Broad Church" party, and their friends and adherents in politics and literature, as Archdeacon Hare, Rev. T. D. Maurice, Charles Kingsley, Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, Thomas Hughes, J. M. Ludlow, Archbishop Trench, etc., mostly members of the University of Cambridge, were then coming forward in various stages of development. They seem naturally to have selected publishers with whom they were familiar, and who have now become the accepted medium through whom their works are given to the world. With the number and increased circulation of their writings, Messrs. Macmillan's business enlarged, until they opened a first-class establishment in London, and even got a footing in the rival University of Oxford, by becoming agents for the publications of the University or Clarendon Press, taking the agency of it out of the hands of the High Church publishers, Messrs. Parker, with whom it had been an heir-loom for a century or more. One of the brothers having died, the firm now consists of Mr. A. Macmillan and a literary gentleman with whom he has lately connected himself. Their list of forthcoming books includes more of pure literary interest than the announcements of any other house. Among those intended to appear during the autumn are: "Popular Epics of the Middle Ages of the Norse-German and Carlovingian Cycles," by John Malcolm Ludlow, 2 vols. post 8vo; Francis Turner Palgrave's "Essays on Art" and edition of Shakespeare's "Sonnets and Songs;" "Defence of Fundamental Truth, being a Review of the Philosophy of John Stuart Mill," by Dr. James M'Cosh, author of "Intuitions of the Mind," etc.; "Spiritual Philosophy, founded on the teachings of the late S. T. Coleridge," by the late Joseph Henry Green, F.R.S., edited, with a memoir of the author's life, by John Simon, F.R.S.; the completion of Messrs. Aldis Wright and G. W. Clark's "Cambridge Shakespeare," the first attempt to exhibit critically the growth, formation, and grounds of Shakespeare's text; Miss Christina Rossetti's new volume, "The Prince's Progress and Other Poems;" "Popular Astronomy, a Series of Lectures," by G. B. Airy, Astronomer-Royal; the second volume of Donaldson's "Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine to the Nicene Council;" "The Bible Word-Book: a Glossary of Old English Bible Words," by J. Eastwood and W. A. Wright; Professor Huxley's "Lessons in Elementary Physiology;" and numerous further instalments of the popular "Golden Treasury" series, including "Milton's Works," by Professor Masson; "Cowper's Poems," by. Rev. W. Benham; "The Song-Book, Words and Tunes from the Best Poets and Musicians," by John Hullah; Sir Thomas Brown's "Christian Morals, Urn Burial," etc., one volume; and "Robinson Crusoe," by J. W. Clark. A number of other books of nearly equal moment might be mentioned without exhausting the announcements of the firm.

—A movement is on foot in New York, under the auspices of the N. Y. Historical Society, for securing to this city the library and historical collections belonging to Peter Force, of Washington. To any one familiar with researches in the history of America it is unnecessary to explain who Mr. Force is or what he has done. His title to the gratitude of his countrymen is the conception and execution of the great collection, published by the authority of Congress, "American Archives—consisting of authentic records, state papers, debates and letters, and other notices of public affairs, the whole forming a documentary history of the origin and progress of the North American colonies, of the causes and accomplishment of the American Revolution, and of the Constitution of government for the United States to the final ratification thereof"—in fifteen volumes folio. To those unacquainted with the work, it may suffice to say that it will rank in future ages among the national literary monuments, such as Italy, France, and Germany owe to the learned labors of Muratori, Dom Bouquet, and Dr. Pertz—such as England has in vain spent millions to procure (through the various record commissioners, etc.) without yet finding the man competent to its achievement. In Mr. Force the historical sense was developed at an early period in the nation's life, almost before even educated minds could understand his objects. He first was struck with the importance of the *disjecta membra* of history then perishing around for lack of any attempts to preserve them, and set himself the task of collecting such a body of authentic historical materials—favored in some sense by the neglect of the time—as no care, trouble, or expense could now procure. It is difficult to give even an idea of Mr. Force's vast library. The choicest articles of bibliomaniacal pursuit, the early tracts, travels, and narratives connected with the discovery and settlement of America, "now cheaply purchased for their weight in gold," are abundantly represented in the collection; but, in addition, it contains, what is never found on the shelves of the *dilettante* book-buyer, the solid material from which history is evolved—laws, reports, surveys, maps, legislative documents, periodical literature, and newspapers (the largest collection in the country), etc., etc., the fitting furniture for a public library, where the enquirer might dig and dig without fear of exhausting the rich historical *placer*. Some idea of the money value of such a library may be formed from the fact that one hundred thousand dollars in gold has been offered for it as a money-making speculation. It is a library that, if once destroyed, could never be replaced; if once dispersed, could never be re-assembled together; and its preservation in its integrity by the means now offered should be assured by the co-operation of all who understand the importance of historic truth in its relations both to the past and the future.

—The Homeric question seems to be one that it is impossible to exhaust. To judge from the number of publications, translations, etc., bearing on its discussion, it may be called the chosen field of English scholarship. A new book is announced on the subject, that in the wideness of its scope reminds one of Mr. Gladstone's work. It is "Homer and the Iliad, in Three Parts. Part I., Homeric Dissertations; Part II., The Iliad, in English Verse; Part III., Commentary, philological and archæological," by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, 3 vols. 8vo, to appear in January next. Prof. Blackie is well known as a caustic speaker of a gladiatorial turn, an energetic writer, and a scholar whose translation of Æschylus testifies to his command of metrical expression. Whatever faults his book may have it will certainly not be commonplace. Messrs. Edmondston & Douglas, of Edinburgh, are the publishers.

—Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, of Edinburgh, have in press the literary remains of Professor Ferrier, of the University of St. Andrews, whose "Institutes of Metaphysics" ably continued the Scotch traditions of mental philosophy. It is entitled "Lectures on the Early Greek Philosophy, and other Philosophical Remains of the late J. P. Ferrier, Professor of Moral

Philosophy and Political Economy," edited by Sir Alexander Grant and E. L. Lushington. Professor Ferrier married a daughter of John Wilson, and edited the collected edition of his father-in-law's works. It is of his brother professor, Aytoun, who stood in the same relation to "Christopher North," that a story is told relative to the successful issue of his courtship. He took opportunity of "declaring his intentions" one morning when North was in his study, accompanied by the young lady. As soon as he had finished his explanation, whose purport the reader may conceive, and was awaiting with some natural anxiety the result, Professor Wilson, saying nothing, took up one of the numerous presentation volumes lying around, and tearing out a fly-leaf, with the inscription "with the author's compliments," pinned it on his daughter's dress and handed her to young Aytoun, without a word.

—One of the best general reviews of the whole circle of archæological science is given by the new Cambridge professor of archæology, Churchill Babington, in his introductory lecture, recently delivered before the university. Archæology itself he first defines as "the science of teaching history by its monuments"—history, not in the limited sense of dynasties and governments, but including "everything that concerns the domestic, the social, as well as the religious, the commercial, and the political life of all nations and of all tribes in the ages that have passed away." This definition is followed by a rapid survey of the field of action now daily advancing to the view, "from the rude implements and weapons of primeval man; the colossal structures of civilized men in Egypt and India; the strangely compounded palace sculptures of Assyria and Babylon; the exquisitely ornamented columns of Persian halls; the massive architecture of Phœnicia; the Gothic-like rock tombs of Lycia; the lovely temples, the incomparable works of art of every kind, great and small, of Greece; the military impress of the Roman conquest; the mediæval works of art in ivory enamel, in glass painting, as well as its glorious architectural remains, connecting the Middle Ages with our own time." A list of books of authority on the subjects indicated adds to the value of the lecture, which promises favorably for the zeal and learning of the new professor. A capital practical example of the lessons that he teaches is now in progress in England, where antiquarians are now at work revelling in the examination of a Roman city, whose site has probably never been touched since its destruction by the Saxon invaders in the fifth century. Archæologists have frequently cast a longing eye on the remains of the ancient Segontiacum or Silchester, in Hampshire, one of the largest Roman towns in Britain, with grass-grown walls nearly three miles in circuit. The site was, however, included in the estate of the Duke of Wellington, and the "Iron Duke" had no notion of his good old pasture land being broken up for such purposes. As long as he lived nothing could be done; but his son, the present duke, is more liberally inclined, and patronizes the explorations. A farm-house and a church are the only buildings within the walls, which include eighty acres, so that the whole area will be examined. The courses of the leading streets, etc., are ascertained, and excavations are laying bare the foundations of large public buildings. A faithful record of all "finds" is kept, and an account of the proceedings will be published by the rector of the parish. Such an opportunity for research is almost unique in Northern Europe, and enables the English antiquarians to boast of the "little Pompeii" at their own doors.

—The new volume of the "Bibliotheca Classica," directed by Professor George Long, will contain "Homer's Iliad," books 1–12, edited by F. W. Paley, M.A., whose editions of "Æschylus" and "Euripides" in the same series have met with general acceptance among scholars. "Plato," volume I., edited by W. H. Thompson, will follow; and the third volume of Prof. Conington's "Virgil," completing the "Æneid;" and the second volume of "Demosthenes," by R. Wharton, head master of Rochester School. Eighteen volumes of the "Bibliotheca Classica" have already appeared, and have caused the undertaking to be regarded as one of the most creditable achievements of classical scholarship in England. The second volume of Professor Long's "Decline of the Roman Republic" is also promised by the same house, Messrs. Bell & Daldy. The work has been announced for republication by Messrs. Harpers. Professor Long passed some years in this country as classical teacher at one of the colleges in Virginia, and while here published a treatise on Greek and Roman geography that is still occasionally met with.

AGUIRRE'S PHYSIOGNOMY.*

We think that Señor Aguirre de Venero will scarcely create that impression upon the American public which so enthusiastic a philosopher must expect to produce by a book like this. There is not enough in the whole system of physiognomy to compel the world's serious attention, and when the science is reduced to a study of men's characters from their eyes, the interest of mankind must be also greatly reduced.

Señor Aguirre has written a very funny book, of which we find it impossible to make fun; for it is not in the least mischievous, and it is the fruit of too much sincerity and conviction to be wantonly ridiculed. The author tells us that his life has been devoted to the development of what he earnestly believes a science calculated to benefit men; and there is visible in every line of his work a most profound persuasion that he has succeeded. Let us, then, receive his book with the respect due to the labors of an honest man, however misdirected and however absurd in effect. It comes to nothing, of course, and it tells nothing that every one did not know before concerning the revelation of character through the eyes. Señor Aguirre supposes that he has systematized the means of knowing men by the observation of their eyes, and refers, with an egotism quite lost in the intensity of his purpose, to the proofs which he imagines himself to have alleged in support of his theories. It must be confessed that he has misapplied reading and a great experience of life to lay the foundation of a structure which necessarily tumbles to pieces as soon as built. He lacks originality in his observation, and method in his madness. The old conventional ideas of character attached to the different kinds of eyes are his, and he tries to establish them in various amusing ways. A great part of his book, for example, is devoted to study of the eyes of the men and women of sacred and profane history, as he finds them depicted in works of art, where the portraits are almost invariably ideal. Behold Aspasia's character, as our author derives it from the contemplation of her eyes:

"The great genius of this woman is revealed in her intellect; the sublimity of her mind, in the mild, elevated expression of her eyes; and the firmness, dignity, and energy of her character, in her stern but beautiful eyebrows.

"With such precious mental endowments, what wonder that sublime woman shone as she did, and attracted Alcibiades, Pericles, and Socrates to her rhetorical conferences?

"Pericles, being struck with admiration for the talent of this woman, decided on making her his wife.

"Aspasia was famous as an oratress and politician, and her house was frequented by all the philosophers of Athens.

"Eyes large and open to the full extent; contour and lines of the eyes splendid; brows high and of a severe cast; all of which traits indicate the greatness of the woman whose immortal name occupies a bright page in history."

Then, also, we have the character of the Psalmist:

"The physiognomy of this great king, and prophet, and sublime lyrical poet differs widely in all the portraits in which we have been able to study it: in some, the artists gave way to an exaggerated inspiration; others reveal a want of fire.

"Notwithstanding these faults, in themselves of so grave a nature, the delicate lines and contour have not passed undelineated in the beautiful eyes of the inspired and immortal author of the Psalms, which have been translated into all the known languages, and have engaged the pens of a Marot, a Malherbe, a Bacon, and a J. B. Rousseau."

Concerning "Lucretia, born in Rome, and died B.C. 509," we learn:

"There is in the eyes of this woman an expression of modesty and resignation which, united with her long, depressed eyebrows and chaste and serene forehead, plainly attests the truth of her tragic end.

"Having been dishonored by Sextus Tarquinius, and deeming death to be the only consoler for her lost purity, she caught up a dagger, and with it terminated her existence; for she could not conceive life without honor to be possible.

"In the midst of her delirium, and before she struck the fatal blow, the chaste Lucretia demanded to be avenged of the crime committed against her virtue.

"It is important to remark that she made avowal of the outrage to her husband and her father; and then took away her own life, so to carry with her to the tomb the beautiful name of chaste.

"The high qualities of Lucretia have been celebrated by Shakespeare, and furnished Arnault and Ponsard materials for successful tragedies."

And so on, through the catalogue of celebrities down to Orsini, the assassin. Even the Saviour is not omitted from the list of those studies, completing which the author turns to contemplate character in the eyes of the lower animals. Here he is not less amusing than elsewhere, nor less mistaken. He says of the squirrel:

"Eyes soft, quick, gay, sparkling, lively, and playful. The animal is docile, extremely susceptible of domestication, and without aggressive tendencies."

This may be all true of the squirrel's eyes, but it is all false of its character; it is often caged, but almost never tamed; so far from being without "aggressive tendencies," it is known to bite abominably on every opportunity.

* "New System of Physiognomony; or, The Art of Knowing Men by their Eyes. By M. Aguirre de Venero." New York: John F. Trow, printer. 1865.

The observer of eyes is sometimes deceived, as Señor Aguirre consents, and he relates a case in point:

"In order to avoid disagreeable mistakes, it is well to bear in mind the rapid advances made in certain arts in our days; by this means observers will be saved from such ridiculous blunders as that which I once made in the physiognomonic examination of a particular lady from her portrait. I had, however, the good fortune to attribute to the fair one the very good qualities she lacked, and so gained her good-will by flattering her self-esteem.

"But that circumstance did not lessen in any wise the gravity of my error. As soon as I saw the lady, I observed that I had studiously examined two eyes, whilst in reality she had but one, for the second one was of porcelain. I carefully examined her graceful eyebrows, little thinking they were due to the hand of art and the painter's brush.

"I also took into consideration her complexion, which had been freshened by the artist's carmine.

"And it never struck me that, at her age, her pearly teeth might well be artificial, which proved to be the case.

"In fine, I formed a judgment altogether ideal, in which not a single point was correct; and when I beheld before me the bitter reality, the original turned out to be an old woman with one sparkling, avid eye, like that of a hungry cat.

"I am not ashamed to confess the deception, for it taught me for the future that, especially in portraits, strict attention must be paid to everything that can be possibly false or artificial."

It is good in an age so much shaken with doubt to find a man of Señor Aguirre's firm convictions, and we regret that we cannot pin our faith to them.

THE NEW YORK CIVIL CODE.*

THE Constitutional Convention of this State provided, in 1846, for the appointment by the Legislature of Commissioners whose duty it should be "to reduce into a written and systematic code the whole body of the law of this State, or so much and such parts thereof as to the said Commissioners should seem practicable and expedient"—and also Commissioners to frame a code of procedure. Both commissions were duly appointed in the following year. The Practice Commission reported the Code of Civil Procedure in February, 1848, as subsequently enacted, and the Code of Criminal Procedure in January of the following year.

The Code Commission, after various changes in the persons composing it, was abolished in April, 1850. It was revived in 1857, by an act appointing Messrs. D. D. Field, William Curtis Noyes, and Alexander W. Bradford Commissioners, to continue in office five years and prepare codes of all law not considered by the Practice Commission. Their term of office was subsequently extended to April, 1865. The results of the labors of the two Commissions are now contained in six volumes: the Code of Civil Procedure (including the law of evidence), the Book of Forms, the Code of Criminal Procedure, the Political Code, the Penal Code, and the Civil Code. The Code of Civil Procedure has been long in use; the Civil and Penal Codes have been reported complete to the Legislature, and await its action.

In an "Introduction" to the Civil Code, the Commissioners briefly discuss the various objections usually made to all attempts at codification, particularly in States under the English common law; such as its impossibility, or its inexpediency—including under this head the difficulty of providing for all future cases, the uncertainty of a code, owing to its necessary conciseness, and its inflexibility. We regret that we have not space to quote entire their able examination of these various points, brief as it is, and as, in a document of this nature, it has to be. The advantages of a codification of the law they sum up as follows:

"Assuming that it is possible to have a body of written law in a convenient form, and in scientific order, containing the materials and framed in the manner already described, what benefits will it confer? In the first place, it will enable the lawyer to dispense with a great number of the books which now encumber the shelves of his library. In the next place, it will thus save a vast amount of labor, now forced upon lawyers and judges, in searching through the reports, examining and collecting cases, and drawing inferences from the decisions, and so far facilitate the despatch of business in the courts. In the third place, it will afford an opportunity for settling, by legislative enactment, many disputed questions, which the courts have never been able to settle. In the fourth place, it will enable the Legislature to effect reforms in different branches of the law, which can only be effected by simultaneous and comprehensive legislation. Thus, for example, the closer assimilation of the law of real and personal property, and the changes in the relation of husband and wife, as to property, cannot be effected by any other means so wisely and safely as by a General Code. The making of a code involves a general revision of the law. It is, indeed, in this way alone that such a revision seems practicable. The occasion is thereby afforded to look at the law of the land, as a whole; to lop off its excrescences, reconcile its contradictions, and make it uniform and harmonious. In the fifth place, the publication of a code will diffuse among the people a more general and accurate knowledge of their rights and duties than can be obtained in any other manner. This is an object of great importance in all countries, but more especially in ours. If every person can have before him, in an authentic form, the laws which are to affect his property, and govern his conduct, he can have an additional guaranty of his rights, and a better acquaintance with his duties. Here, more than anywhere else, all classes of citizens interfere in all the affairs of the state. They elect, directly, nearly all the officers who make, administer, or execute the laws. If in Holland, or in Germany, or France, a Civil Code has been found beneficial, much more is it likely to be beneficial to us."

It is, of course, useless for us to attempt, within the limits at our disposal, to discuss the merits of the codes. There are few men living who are competent to pass judgment of any value on such a work either in this country or any other; none, perhaps, nearly so competent as the Commissioners themselves, and their opinion of the result of their labors is expressed in their report to the Legislature last spring, but in terms too modest to afford the public much aid in forming a judgment upon the extent of its obligations to them:

"The Commissioners will not presume to think that in the preparation of the codes they have foreseen all the cases which can arise in the multifarious affairs of men, or that they have even collected all the general rules which have been announced from the bench in the past history of our law. Some may have been overlooked, some may have been omitted from a mistaken belief that they were obsolete or inapplicable to our present condition, or were contrary to other rules of greater importance that ought to be retained.

"All that the Commissioners profess is, that they have endeavored to collect those general rules known to our law which are applicable to our present circumstances, and ought to be continued. They trust that they have arranged these rules in a manner which will be approved by the scientific student, while it will help the lawyer and the citizen to an easier if not a better knowledge of the law. And they flatter themselves that for the unforeseen cases which are certain to arise there are general principles, rules of interpretation, and analogies which will serve as guides for judicial decision."

The degree of success which has attended the labors of the Commissioners can, of course, only be fully known when the codes have been for some time in actual operation. There are few persons—we may say there are none, either here or in England—who have devoted enough attention to the science of legislation to make their opinion about a code, framed for the use of either country, of very much value. So that the Commissioners are condemned by the very nature of their labors to await the result of actual experiment before they can receive their reward. The very first qualification which anybody who presumes to criticize the codes must possess is an intimate acquaintance—if we may use the expression—with the chaos of common aud statute law, out of which they have sought to educe order. This the general public does not and cannot possess. The lawyers who do possess it are, as a body, notoriously disqualified by the nature of their training, and the habits of mind which it induces, to pass judgment upon any attempt at codification. This defect is peculiarly marked in countries governed, as the United States and England are, by judge-made, or, as Bentham called it, "dog-law." Where precedents are made the subject of a life-long worship, any attempt to use principles to cover cases not actually arisen, gets to be looked on by the profession as little short of either folly or sacrilege. There are few men who have passed many years in the practice of the common law who are not overwhelmed by the difficulty of making themselves even imperfectly acquainted with it, so vast and various are the sources from which it is drawn. The decision of every judge is an authority; hundreds of judges have been deciding under it for a thousand years; almost every case that comes up, of course, differs more or less from all others, and the law which governs it has to be extracted from a great many hundreds of volumes of reports, by the aid of what Paley called "the competition of opposing analogies." These are pressed on one side or the other by counsel, as far as they can discover or think of them; the judge endeavors as best he can to extract a rule out of them to cover the case before him. If he has much difficulty in doing so, he bends the rule to meet the case by a "forced construction," or else he takes the case from under the rule by a "distinction." In any event, there results complete uncertainty as to what the law is. The decision when once made is theoretically binding in all subsequent cases presenting ever so little analogy. But, in reality, it is nothing of the kind, for reasons of which Bentham made an amusing list in his "Letter to the Citizens of the United States"—such as doubts as to the accuracy of the report, as to the fulness with which the facts were before the court, as to the degree of attention bestowed on the case by the bench and bar, as to the ability of the counsel who argued it, or as to the probity or learning of the judges who decided it, or as to the existence or non-existence of some other report of a case, published or unpublished, overruling their decision. The glorious uncertainty thus produced

* "The Civil Code of the State of New York. Reported complete by the Commissioners of the Code." Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co. 1865.

has been expressed in a saying very common at the English bar, that "in nearly every case which has been seriously debated under the common law, the judge might, without any damage to his reputation either for honesty or learning, have pronounced a decision directly opposed to the one he actually rendered." And Lord Loughborough used to say "that no cause ought ever to be abandoned as desperate." If all this be true, it would be difficult to conceive of anything more alarming. It can be readily understood that men who have passed the best years of their lives in groping their way through this dark and tangled brake are apt not only to lose all taste and all capacity for scientific legislation, but to doubt the possibility of anything of the kind. The lawyer who really loves the law, and practices it successfully either in England or America, without ceasing to love and cultivate the philosophy of law, is a rare phenomenon, and may set himself down as one of what the French call *âmes d'élite.*

Codification has been talked of in England for centuries, but neither the profession nor the Government have yet had the courage to face the task. Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Prussia, France, and Sardinia have long had codes, and yet there is not in existence in any country in the world such a store of materials for such a work as is to be found in the English and American reports. Bacon proposed, in a memoir addressed to James I., the consolidation and revision of the statutes; but nothing came of it. Cromwell made some attempts in the same direction—proposing to try the experiment in Ireland as on a *corpus vile;* but "the sons of Zerviah" (the lawyers), to use his own expression, "were too strong for him." In 1666, after the Restoration, a commission composed of the most distinguished lawyers of the day was appointed by the House of Commons for the same purpose, but it was dissolved after a few meetings and accomplished nothing. In 1796, a hundred and thirty years later, another commission was appointed and reported favorably, but here the matter ended. In 1825-6, Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel inaugurated a reform by the consolidation of the statutes on theft, but it was only an experiment, and, despite the labors of Romilly and Mackintosh, the work went no further.

We have had a revision and consolidation of the statutes for some time in this and other States of the Union, but New York may claim the credit of having been the first to enter upon the work of codifying the common law. We have even reason to believe that the codes now before the public will stimulate the other States and England to enter upon the same task—first, by proving its practicability, and next, as we hope and believe, by proving its successful performance to be one of the greatest blessings that could be conferred upon the community. It would be hard to think of any one measure likely to do so much for security, industry, order, and mental and material progress as the infusion into legislation of the latest results of modern thought, and the adaptation of the whole body of the law to the popular comprehension. The work of the New York Commission has necessarily been one of immense difficulty. Not only has the field which they have had to traverse been of enormous extent, but they have been pioneers in a veritable wilderness. Mr. Field has been engaged in the work for eighteen years; all have had to devote to it every moment of the precious leisure snatched from arduous professional pursuits. Mr. Noyes fell by the wayside before he could witness the completion of the undertaking. The public may heartily congratulate his two colleagues upon the successful close of what, however it may answer the purpose for which it was intended, must always be regarded as one of the greatest enterprises of the century—"longæ finis, chartæque, biæque."

Speeches of Andrew Johnson. With a biographical introduction by Frank Moore. (Little, Brown & Co., New York.)—There is little to be said of the early life of our Chief Magistrate, except that it was spent in the three contiguous states of North and South Carolina and Tennessee, and received no other expansion outside of this limited area than was afforded at a slave-cursed capital in the days of Southern dominion. If Mr. Johnson had settled finally, like Mr. Lincoln, in a free State, it cannot be doubted that his strength would have been mortgaged to the service of freedom long before that service became synonymous with loyalty. He labored successfully for the adoption of the new constitution of Tennessee, in 1834, by which the free people of color were excluded from the polls, though they had voted hitherto. In Congress "he opposed the Smithsonian Institute, on the ground that it would be a burden on the public treasury, without commensurate good results;" opposed all appropriations to the District of Columbia, all increase in the salaries of Government officials; opposed the purchase of Madison's papers and Washington's Farewell Address. He supported the Mexican war both as right and as national, favored the admission of California and the protection of slavery. In 1844 he declared against the right to petition Congress on the subject of slavery. Up to Sumter time he was solicitous that slavery should not be harmed. The hatred of aristocracy, therefore, which his biographer represents as having animated and determined his political career, proceeded, it is plain, from no adequate appreciation of the cause of the social inequalities at the South, but rather from a galling sense of the inferiority of caste into which he had been born. He was not ashamed, when his means permitted, to rise to the grade of slaveholder, which had been at once the source of his own repression and the object of his tenacious warfare. He is not capable, even now, of relentlessly destroying what he lately called a "corrupt and damnable aristocracy," though he has the added motive which comes of their conspiracy against the national integrity; and in place of his senatorial avowal on March 2, 1861, that if he were President (as he is), he would have the leading traitors arrested (as he has had, to some extent) and tried for their treason (as he has not had them), and make them, if convicted (as they would surely be), "suffer the penalty of the law at the hands of the executioner"—in place of such an announcement, we now hear that the exclusions from his amnesty were merely nominal, designed to force the guilty parties to "sue for pardon, and *so* realize the enormity of the crime they had committed!" Against the insidious flattery of the humbled but not converted aristocrats of the South, Mr. Johnson exhibits no traces of former conflict with them, nor an inbred antipathy for them, nor even a warning instinct. How much, therefore, his biographer has mistaken his character, or he has mistaken himself, or has been altered by his sudden elevation, it may be difficult to decide; but error or change their seems to be, even when due allowance is made for the present restraints of office. Mr. Moore's volume is chiefly valuable for the half-dozen speeches which it contains. They are straightforward and sensible in style, often exalted in sentiment, but lacking in terseness. Their faults are probably concealed in delivery by earnestness of manner, but on ordinary occasions the orator would seem to be in danger of fatiguing his audience.

The Children in the Wood. Told in verse, by Richard Henry Stoddard Illustrated by H. L. Stephens. (Hurd & Houghton).—The success of Mr Stoddard's "Little Red Riding-Hood," last year, has encouraged a second venture in the same direction. Ninety-seven cantos compose the present pathetic—we were going to say ballad, but we fear must leave it unsaid. The author has produced a cross between an elevated poem and a juvenile ballad, which a grown person will find marred with simplicity, and a child with obscurity. Much of the amplification is devoted to a description of Yarmouth, where the cruel uncle dwelt, "in no manorial hall," but "in a plain and homely house," with "pollard willows set in front." The neglect of their relative leads the babes to wander among the taverns of the fishing town, and to meet "bold fellows" "whose faces bore the brand of Southern suns," which came of manning English guns against Spanish forts, but whose instruction in ornithology was not to be despised:

> "One held a parrot on his wrist,
> He brought from far Brazil;
> It pecked his hand. Said little Jane,
> 'It has an ugly bill!'"

Another set a bad example to the little ones by crying ("it was the captain spake") "Ho! Margery, wench, fill every can!" and drinking a health to Vice-Admiral Francis Drake. The retribution which overtook the unnatural brother is so overwhelmingly condensed in the last two cantos, that the catastrophe seems docked to suit the printer's requirements. Hence we have this appalling summary:

> "How fared it with the uncle, pray,
> Who thus his trust betrayed?
> His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
> His lands more barren made.
> His friends became his enemies,
> Or passed him coldly by;
> *And in a voyage to Portugal*
> *One of his sons did die!*
>
> "With tottering steps and thin gray hair,
> And features ghastly pale,
> He walked the world, a ruined man,
> Till he was thrown in jail;
> Where soon he died, and awfully,
> For near his pallet stood
> The phantoms of two children fair—
> The Children in the Wood!"

The pictures are a more successful attempt than the verses, and make up in color for what they lack in drawing. One of them reminds us rather forcibly of a popular engraving to which Mr. Stephens would lay no claim.

Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Joseph H. Barrett, Commissioner of Pensions. (Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, Cincinnati.)—This work comprises three periods of composition—June, 1860, May, 1864, and July, 1865. The first two portions, it is obvious, were prepared in view of the Presidential elections which followed in the fall of '60 and '64, and the last was necessary to round out the biography. In this large but not clumsy volume of nearly 850 pages is contained a continuous sketch of the entire career of Mr. Lincoln, from his birth to the end of his immortal service. The compiler, in condensing so much of his subject's history as antedates his election to the Presidency, has preserved sufficiently the marks of that strong character which could never conceal itself. A few of the speeches in his memorable controversy with Douglas thus answer for the whole, though, except for considerations of space, the omission were to be regretted. The administration is copiously portrayed in its civil and military aspects, and here will be found almost every production of the President's voice or pen that would be valuable for reference, or would complete our appreciation of his action and temper during the four most oppressive years of office that were ever experienced by any human magistrate. The assassination is briefly narrated, and the book concludes with various selected tributes to the character of the deceased, and the compiler's own summary. While there are no serious faults in this "Life," we are not persuaded that it possesses extraordinary merits, as the publishers' circular pretends. It may be something that "Mr. Lincoln himself furnished for it all the material facts of his early life," but we have failed to discover what other advantages Mr. Barrett derived from "official relations" and "personal intimacy" with him. Certainly there have been more

striking delineations of Mr. Lincoln's private habits, more elevated judgments of his nature and rank in the scale of greatness, than Mr. Barrett originates or appropriates. Witness the *naïveté* of his description of Mr. Lincoln's integrity as postmaster of New Salem:

"He discharged his duties well; and instead of even temporarily using any of the public money to supply his then pressing wants, he carefully laid up whatever belonged to the Government, from day to day, and at the final settlement he had a bag of coin, containing the proper amount, ready to be paid over" (p. 36).

In another place (p. 63) "the earlier struggles of Mr. Lincoln in acquiring his profession, the character of his forensic efforts, and the generous gratitude and disinterestedness of his nature" are illustrated by "the following incident, of which the narration is *believed* to be *substantially* accurate, from the pen of one who *professes* to write from personal knowledge." (The italics are ours.) But such "hedging" is not frequent with Mr. Barrett. As for the wood engravings, they are of little consequence, though the best seem trustworthy, as if from photographs. The print is good, and the price of the book moderate.

Golden-haired Gertrude. A story for children. By Theodore Tilton. (Tibbals & Whiting, New York.)—Mr. Tilton has an enviable reputation, outside of the lyceum, of being an excellent talker to children. We say enviable, because the power to interest the young by oral addresses is a very rare attribute of adult minds, which are apt now to underestimate and now to presume too much upon the intelligence of their hearers. To hit the golden mean—to cast aside the dignity of superior years and experience, and be born again, as it were, into the very thoughts, feelings, and desires of the age before you—requires either considerable mental effort or the liberal possession of what the phrenologists call "human nature." Mr. Tilton has shown beyond question that the process is altogether natural for him. He is gifted, too, in an eminent degree with the poetic, otherwise called the imaginative or constructive, faculty. Lastly, he is himself a father; and it is safe to infer that the pretty tale of Gertrude was rehearsed at home before its publication was ever dreamed of, and that the sense of the nursery was taken before its publication was consented to. We are inclined to approve the finding of such a court. The story is fresh, picturesque, and real-seeming, without a villain or bloody business of any kind, without a fairy, or a goblin, or a miracle, or sorcery, and with no greater improbability than that a king (no matter who or where) selects his queen from an humble station. No greater impropriety than Henry VIII. was guilty of, in Wolsey's estimation, when he took to wife Anne Bullen, "the late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter, to be her mistress's mistress! the queen's queen!" Marked and praiseworthy care has been bestowed on the apparel and illustrations of this little book.

The Abolition of Slavery in Cuba and Porto Rico. By several Cuban and Porto Rican Abolitionists. (William C. Bryant & Co., New York.)—The object of this pamphlet is to expose the true character of those provincials whose appeals to the mother country in behalf of emancipation are industriously circulated here, but who are well represented by the "many Cuban planters," owning an aggregate of one hundred thousand slaves, who, we were recently told, had "signed a petition to the Cabinet at Madrid, requesting the abolition of slavery on the condition that the negroes must work for four dollars a month for ten years, and that afterwards they shall be for ever free." Against this and all other similar schemes our authors lift up an earnest high-toned protest, asserting that the real aims of the pseudo-abolitionists is to secure the interests of the slaveholders by riveting the colonies more firmly than ever to the metropolis, and so walling out the spirit of democracy, which, on the other side of the Gulf Stream, has redeemed a continent from chains. The arguments employed in the Antilles against immediate emancipation are identical with those in which the South abounded. They are met in this pamphlet with ingenuity and ability, and even with considerable freshness. Every position assumed in the text is fully supported by statistics in the appendix, which are all instructive and some even startling. What need, for example, of a commentary on this single line, to which we must confine our quotations?—"There are in Cuba 34,046 Chinese, out of which only 24 are females."

The Works of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. Revised Edition. Vol. II. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)—The present volume contains, among other speeches, one on American taxation, delivered in 1774, at a date made memorable the subsequent year—the nineteenth of April; and one on moving resolutions for conciliation with America just a month before conciliation was rendered hopeless at Lexington. Also a letter to the sheriffs of Bristol on the affairs of America, in which, to meet the accusation of those who charged the opponents of violent measures towards America with encouraging rebellion, the orator declared that "*general* rebellions and revolts of an whole people never were *encouraged*, now or at any time. They are always *provoked*." Such may have been, as he pretended, the lesson of "the whole course of history" down to his time. To-day we could point him to a general revolt of a whole people which was void of all just provocation, and which was encouraged, not only unwittingly, but with the clearest foreknowledge of consequences. Such is the charge of history against the Democratic party at the North and its leaders, especially Franklin Pierce, both in and out of office.

The Magazines for November which we have thus far examined are:

Hours at Home.—The poem called "Grandfather's Pet" is the best thing in the magazine, and narrowly escapes unqualified praise; it is certainly to be liked for an unsolicited pathos of feeling, and a naturalness and simplicity of expression. The first stanza may be instanced:

"This is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago—
Quiet and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow;
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room—
With the fragrance fled away!"

The conceit is pretty, but not fine enough to be used three times. Mr. Tuckerman's essay on Matthew Arnold, in the paper on "English Criticism," though good, does not add much to the current thought concerning that writer; nor has the author of "Female Education, as it is and as it should be," apparently much to say on the subject, though he does say a great deal. It is rather odd and rather sad that any one should think it necessary to write and print, at this day, sentiments like these: "The *imagination* must be cultivated. It is a noble faculty. Bonaparte said that imagination rules the world. The sense of beauty resides there." How the imagination of woman is to be cultivated, Mr. Spalding does not say, but probably by "drawing her faculties out of her," a process recommended in "Barnaby Rudge," by Old Willet, who was, no less than Bonaparte, a friend of the imagination. The brief essay on Macchiavelli, by Dr. Spencer, is vehement but not forcible, and is written in evident ignorance of the fact that the best Italian criticism of our day tends to show that Macchiavelli had no purpose to serve king-craft, but rather to reveal to the people the perversions of which any but republican governments were susceptible.

The Atlantic Monthly presents, on a higher plane, the equality and flatness of surface observable in *Hours at Home.* "Why Putkammer Castle was Destroyed" was because there was no other way of getting the ghosts out of it, though why the author should have been at the trouble to tell us this is not so clear. "The Rhyme of the Master's Mate" has the ambition to be poetry which was said to animate claret with regard to port: "A poor, thin wine, which would be port if it could." The poet requires seven pages to tell, in the person of the master's mate, the story of the battle of Fort Henry, and his art is to inform the rugged language of the personality assumed with poetic feeling: a splendid triumph, if achieved; a pitiable defeat, if, as in this case, success is wanting. Yet the poet's theory was just; there is fine poetry in the sentiment with which great events inspire certain rude natures, and when this sentiment is suffered to find vernacular expression, it has singular sublimity, and the poet has created an heroic image of our common life. It is possible that this is the rhyme of the master's mate, as he would have written it; but we suppose the editor of the *Atlantic* would hardly have printed the verses (which have nothing but their vernacular to commend them), if they had come to him in the mate's hand-writing, and not in Mr. Brownell's. "The Visible and Invisible in Libraries" is a paper of pleasant enough gossip, without much news in it, about quaint books and their abiding-places. "A Letter to a Young Housekeeper" tells that gentle spoiler of provisions how to cook certain dishes, and malignly counsels her to cheat her husband out of drinking coffee by giving him, gradually, weakened chiccory. The letter also informs us that its author generally gives two hours a-day to beating a bowl-full of cream into butter enough for supper, which shakes our faith in her wisdom. "The Peace Autumn" is the poem which you would naturally expect to find about this place in the *Atlantic.* We are not reading "Dr. Johns." "Rodolphe Töpffer" is a pleasant sketch of the life of a Swiss caricaturist, concerning whom many acquainted with his works will care to know something. Mrs. Stowe's paper for the "Chimney-corner" is wise and witty as usual, and touches a point which interests rich and poor women alike in a just argument against the foolish prejudice American girls feel toward taking domestic service. Many suffer from this prejudice, both among those whom it keeps out of pleasant homes, and those who would be glad to offer them in return for intelligent service. The writer of "Jeremy Bentham," in speaking a great deal of himself, incidentally tells much that it is pleasant to know of Bentham. "The Forge" is a story of no great promise. Mr. White's "Shakespeare" is reviewed in a friendly spirit. The remaining articles are: "A Farewell to Agassiz," "The Progress of the Electric Telegraph," "The Field of Gettysburg," and "Alexander Hamilton."

Harper's Magazine opens with a pretty-well-written account of an "Ascent of Popocatapetl," in which the author has the advantage of going over a but little beaten line of travel in days when travel penetrates to every sea and summit. "The Monks of Basle" is a poem of some promise in the opening lines, but at last of slight performance. Who would have thought, but for this poet, that the beautiful old legend of the ascetic monks who walked out disputing into the fields and fled from the sweetness of a bird's song, as from a snare of the devil, meant only that

——"he who Nature scorns and mocks
By Nature is mocked and scorned?"

Let it console the poet that his verses, after all, are not worse than others in the number. Mr. J. Ross Browne continues his sketches of life and travel in the Pacific country, and we are too grateful to him for past pleasure to say with how poor effect. But one of these ages the public will be tired of so much Browne to the acre, and will not be so good-natured as we are. "Anna Maria Ross" is an interesting history of the life of one of those good women who died as heroically in the care of the sick and hurt in our late war as any man who fell on the battle-field. Mrs. Stoddard's story of "The Chimneys" is full of fidelity to some phases of New England life, which she depicts perhaps better than any other writer; it is disfigured by none of her excesses of intensity, and is admirable in many ways without at all tending, in the plot, to shake our faith in Solomon on novelty. "Pozzuoli and Vesuvius" is another sketch of travel, and it is done in a sprightly way; but why so much about the author and so very, very little about Pozzuoli and Vesuvius? All things considered, Mr. M. D. Conway's article on "The Great Westminster Canvass," in which the scenes of the late elections for the English Parliament are portrayed, is the best thing in *Harper* for November. We have all been too much interested in the return of Mr. Mill and the other radicals not to care to learn something of the manner in which their political campaign was carried on, and Mr. Conway had the opportunity to know all of this, and has the art to tell it very entertainingly.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HOME HEROES, SAINTS, AND MARTYRS. By T. S. Arthur. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE LOVER'S TRIALS. By Mrs. Mary A. Dennison. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

HANDBOOK OF THE STEAM-ENGINE. By John Bourne, C.E. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

OUR NATIONAL FINANCES. No. 10. By a Patriot. Baker & Godwin, New York.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD. Told in Verse by Richard Henry Stoddard. Illustrated by H. L. Stephens. Hurd and Houghton, New York.

LINCOLNIANA. In Memoriam. William V. Spencer, Boston.

AURORA FLOYD. By M. E. Braddon.—REBEL BRAG AND BRITISH BLUSTER. By Owls-Glass. American News Company, New York.

WALT WHITMAN'S DRUM TAPS. New York.

Fine Arts.

MUSIC.

IL CRISPINO E LA COMARE.

THE first opera season of Mr. Maretzek culminated last week in the representation of a new comic opera, new to us, but which has delighted Italy for a quarter of a century, written by the brothers Ricci.

Luigi and Frederico Ricci were born at Naples, in 1808 and 1809 respectively, and early showed musical genius. They were educated at the Royal College of Music, where they enjoyed the instructions of the famous Zingarelli in composition as well as of Sigismondi. In 1828 Luigi wrote for the school-theatre his first opera, "L'Impresario in Angustie," and in the same year for the Teatro Valle, at Rome, "L'Orfanella di Ginevra," which obtained a brilliant success. The two brothers then wrote together with varying fortune. Continued failures induced them to separate their work; Luigi wrote "Chiara di Rosembergh," which failed at Paris at the carnival in 1833, though it succeeded everywhere else. Frederico composed "Rolla," "Corrado d'Altramurra," "Le Prigione d'Edinburgo," which was for a long time very popular in Italy, and "Un' Avventura di Scaramuccia," a broad comic opera which has always and everywhere met with success. He directed music at Madrid and Lisbon, was poor, wrote for his bread, could scarcely make both ends meet, but was finally invited to Russia, in 1851, by Field-Marshal Paskevitch. He wrote to a friend that "fortune for the first time smiled on him." When he started on his journey he repeated an air from his opera of "Rolla," "a nameless stone shall cover my grave," and smilingly said it would be his own fault if it did—a prediction soon realized, for after a short success in Russia he died of apoplexy in the post-carriage between Warsaw and St. Petersburg. Luigi survived him, and became the director of the opera at Trieste, but was seized with insanity and died in December, 1859, in the mad-house at Prague. "Il Crispino e la Comare" was one of the joint products of the two brothers. Played for a long time in Italy, it was brought out successfully in Paris last winter, and is now being represented there at the Théâtre des Italiens. It is founded on the old story of a fairy who makes of a poor man a rich doctor, and which was a theme often handled by the marionettes and by the comic theatres of Italy. The old German version of the story can be found in Grimm's "Tales." The writer of the libretto, Francesco-Maria Piave, had little to do but to put this old story in verse, adding a little under-plot, which is mostly cut out in the version presented here.

Crispino Tacchetto (Rovere) is a poor cobbler who is pursued by his creditors, and by the suitors of his pretty wife, *Annetta* (Miss Kellogg), and who finally resolves upon drowning himself. A fairy (Miss Ficher) rescues him in time and promises him life and wealth, and that she will make him a great doctor. His medical theory is to be very simple: if the fairy does not appear, the patient will get well; if she makes her appearance, the sick man will surely die. *Crispino* comes home and puts up a sign as a doctor, and actually cures a man given up by the other doctors. This brings him into conflict with two leading physicians, *Mirabolano* (Bellini) and *Fabbrizio* (Marra), and gives rise to a very comic passage. Prosperity is too much for him, and he becomes haughty and miserly. He ill-treats his wife, who is innocently entertaining some guests with a banquet and a song, and even threatens the fairy. In punishment for this he is carried by the fairy through the floor into her subterranean abode, and there sees himself near death. The room is suddenly illuminated with lamps which mean so many lives. He sees that his wife's lamp has more oil than his, and proposes to pour some out into his own. The fairy prevents him, and shows him in a mirror his wife and children praying for his safety. She then accepts his repentance and restores him to earth, where he awakes in his own house as if from a dream. Such a story does not present opportunities for very great music, but this is light and pleasing as a whole. It has a certain old-time flavor about it, and makes one think of Paisiello and Cimarosa. The school in which the composers studied did not recognize the existence of Rossini, or of the loud and full style of instrumentation. The orchestration is confined principally to the stringed instruments, with the wind instruments in small proportion, and in accordance with the musical laws then received and implicitly obeyed by such men as Sigismondi.

The opera can hardly be compared to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and even falls much short of Donizetti's comic operas. The airs are not infrequent; though pleasing, they are of very moderate merit, and have nothing fresh or piquant about them. The accompaniment is nervous, and seldom rises above a mere support to the voice; sometimes, as is allowable in comic opera, it is altogether wanting, and the recitative degenerates into talking. The play begins at once, without an overture. The first thing that is noticeable is a romanza for the tenor in common time. This is to us the most pleasing piece of the whole opera, and we very much regretted that it came too early in the opera to be particularly attended to, and that Irfre was not able to make himself heard in it. It is a pathetic air, and admits of much expression. The modulation of the accompaniment in the first and third bars is very good. Next is a canzonet sung by Miss Kellogg with a very good appreciation of its meaning and of the part. A concerted piece follows of slight merit. There is a recitative and aria by *Fabbrizio*, which has one pleasing passage, commencing

> "Siate pur vedove,—siate zitelle,
> E brutte e belle—volete amor."

The scene between the fairy and *Crispino* is musically almost null. There are three or four lines sung by the fairy that have a certain solemn beauty, but the rest is a very hurried and very comic recitative. More ought to have been made of the part of the fairy; there are abundant opportunities for some weird, slow music suitable to a supernatural being, and it would have been a fine contrast to the rest of the work. The act closes with a duet between *Annetta* and *Crispino* in a quick dance measure. This was so well sung and acted as to be *encored* and applauded, though in itself not deserving it. The second act has an air in six-eigh ttime for soprano, "Io non sono più l'Annetta," which is light and lively, and a duet, followed by a sextet which is quite well managed. The trio in the third act between *Mirabolano*, *Fabbrizio*, and *Crispino* makes a better point than anything else. It was well sung and very well acted. Then follows an aria, "Piero mio, go qua una fritola," which, with its Venetian dialect and its piquancy, is very well suited to the character of the rich but vulgar *Annetta*. It deserved more attention and applause than it obtained, though we think a little more expression might have been put into it by Miss Kellogg. The remainder of the opera has nothing of much value, save a beautiful but very short prayer, and a sparkling and pretty waltz, "Non ha gioja in tal momento." We think we have noticed all the movements of any importance. The tenor air in the first act, the trio in the third, and the "*fritola*" song, are the pieces that will please the most and longest, and that have the most in them.

At the performances last week the singing was, with the exception of Irfre and Ficher, all good, and sometimes excellent. The acting was especially good. Miss Kellogg has created the character of *Annetta*, and has taken a very correct view of the lively ballad singer and the sometimes vulgar grand lady. She acted consistently and intelligently throughout. Bellini proves himself to be a good comic singer, a thing he showed signs of last winter in "Fra Diavolo." His rendering of his part of the trio was very fine, and his acting throughout deserving of much praise. In the famous trio he and Rovere contested the palm of excellence. They both know just how far to go. Rovere is the best humorous actor that we have ever seen on that stage. His motions and expressions and utterances are all funny. We were much struck with the way in which he smoothed off the encore, as if it was a part of the opera, by saying to Bellini, "Io non ne ho inteso ninguna parola" (I did not understand a word you said), and requesting him to sing it over again. The encores were all acted with more spirit than before, and always with telling variations. The subordinate parts were well filled. Mr. Reichardt did very finely.

This opera was shamefully put upon the stage. Words are inadequate to express the meanness and carelessness of the scenery and decorations. The first scene is laid in Venice. Now we know, from what we saw a few nights ago in "Lucrezia," that there is scenery belonging to the Academy which will convey a faint idea of that water-city. This was not used; at the back we see high, steep mountains, far too high and precipitous, and crowded by too many castles to be taken for the Euganean Hills, which can only be seen on a clear day with the setting sun behind them. There are no canals, no gondolas, no St. Mark's, or any of the well-known signs of Venice. A plaza

is represented containing a *café*, an apothecary's shop, an inn, and two dwellings. None of them are Venetian in character. The second scene should represent a deserted place, not surely a thick forest, in Venice too, with a well singularly placed among the trees, with a vine-covered curb. The deserted place intended in the play was probably some small corner shut in by high walls, paved with broken stone, and with an old, carved marble well-hole in one corner. In the third act we are told that we see the interior of an apothecary's shop. If that is so, they had strange pharmacies in Italy in those days. We behold what seems to us that very roomy and strange study of Faust, with its huge stuffed crocodiles, and its skulls, its rows of jars and gallipots labelled "Sanguis Nig." and "Elixir." These few shelves and the specimens are all that it contains; no boxes or bags, no scales or counters, no furniture of any kind except a rickety table with pen and ink, and three chairs. Next we are shown a rich apartment in the interior of *Doctor Crispino's* house. Very sumptuous, no doubt, with its panelled walls, and with a small table, with seats for six or seven, standing at the back. The table-cloth is dirty, the crockery of the cheapest description, and the whole entertainment such as *Annetta* would probably have given in her early poverty. The second evening this was better; the table-cloth had been washed, and the crockery was replaced by copper that seemed to have been once gilt. A small company of very plainly dressed people are ushered in, and look at the table with an expression that would seem to imply that they were not quite sure whether they wanted to sit at such a table. They cannot all sit down in any case. So some stand up, and all look wretched, and drink imaginary wine out of huge goblets.

The last act presents us with the subterranean dwelling of the fairy. It is a stone-built room in the midst of a cavern. Two tall cupboards, adorned with green snakes, stand on each side of what is supposed to be a mirror. Two huge statues stand in front—*Time* on the right and *Justice* on the left; both ugly, and very painty. Somehow the statues in the Academy are never white, but of some new kind of marble of a French-grey color. Suddenly vases of lights appear, and the cupboards open, displaying a singular mechanism of gas-fixtures, of no beauty and of not the slightest possible use. The wife and children of the cobbler are then seen in the mirror at prayer. That is a very pretty effect, and well done when the curtain will run smoothly, but praying is usually done in a kneeling and not a sitting posture. Then comes the grand transformation scene, when the lights go out, and the room changes to the house of the cobbler. The whole thing is poorly conceived, and very bunglingly managed. The carpenter would improve a little by study of the Bowery stage even. But of this scene the management is very proud, and mentions it in the bills. There may be some excuse for bad scenery in the bad construction and great size of the stage, but there is no excuse for a lack of effort to make the most of available means. The proscenium opening of the stage is by far too high, which necessitates the employment of painted curtains, and spoils all the effect of the scenery. The wings on either side of the boxes are set too far back, and are too large. The stage should seem set behind a frame, as in the Brooklyn Academy, and not, as here, a continuation of the body of the house. But, with care, even the difficulties arising from construction could be obviated. At all events, we expect more care given to the scenery than in any of the minor theatres. The reverse is the fact.

In "Il Crispino" we are willing to accept the costumes as correct (though we very much doubt it), because they were consistent with each other and were very good in color-effect. That is generally too little regarded. The principal characters here were very effective with their black velvet and their red brocade coats, their flowered silks, and their white tie-wigs, and looked as though they might have stepped out of one of Fichel's pictures. The chorus were, as usual, very shabbily and improperly attired. We hope the improvement last week will be a permanent one, as we were shocked, a few nights ago, to see in "Traviata," the scene of which is laid in Paris at the present time, all the men in the costume of the period of Charles I., while the ladies had on the latest style of dress and ornament.

In spite of all drawbacks and faults, "Il Crispino e la Comare" is a success. This is principally due to the acting. The play without the music would be almost as effective. The audiences each night were attentive, appreciative, and enthusiastic. More the manager cannot desire.

THE DRAMA.

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In this world of comedy lives a silly old woman with a weak, vain daughter of her own, and a beautiful and discreet daughter of her husband's. This silly old woman has a passion for medicine and offers; doses her husband and servants constantly with the one, and constantly contrives the other for her daughter, while she brutally snubs her step-daughter. Twice, with no visible reason that the spectator of the scene can understand, she gives her daughter away to men who have not asked for her, and once helps her to elope with an adventurer who supposed her an heiress. These interesting people are much visited by a fair, traditional being, whose father, dying on the field of battle, left a note in his pocket ordering her to marry Feargus Daly, a traditional Irishman, and son of the traditional friend of this traditional dead parent. As happens sometimes in real life, the young lady hates her betrothed before she has seen him, and, as often happens in comedy, loves him when they meet, and will evidently marry him in the last act. She is a fascinating creature, with sweet traditional ways of bullying the men, and exposing her conduct to misconstruction by every imaginable device which beings in this world would avoid. Acquainted with these traditions is the legend of the young man whose legendary uncle has made a legendary will cutting him off without a shilling if he does not marry a lady with ten thousand pounds (dear, familiar sum!) before he is thirty; and this legend is resolved to wed the silly old woman's step-daughter, who has not so many pence to her portion. At last an idiotic good genius, in the white hair, red face, and drab trousers expressive of the qualities of philanthropy, prevails on the silly old woman's husband to refuse her medicine and to give his daughter to the legend just before his time expires for marrying before thirty a lady with the familiar sum of ten thousand pounds, which the idiotic good genius (being a *non compos* retired rich from the tallow business) bestows upon the snubbed daughter of the silly old woman's husband. It follows from these circumstances, which cannot be strange to the reader, that in the last act the four young people wed, and the well-known flunkey marries the habitual serving-maid, and all, together with the silly old woman's husband, assist at a triumph over the silly old woman and her husbandless daughter and her wifeless son—she has a son, a *cretin* in the service of his country, with nothing of him but the eye-glass, the velvet coat, and the yellow whiskers which we know, and a habit of tottering through life on tiptoe.

All this is supposed to take place at a watering-place in England, and, as we inferred from remarks dropped by some of the characters, it is supposed to take place in one day. It is, therefore, a study of contemporary English society, and in that light is certainly very interesting. In this play, we behold a state of things which may well content us with our own civilization. There no one is actuated by any comprehensible motive except the sole purpose of marrying for money. It is curious to see with what ease these modern English people deceive themselves and one another, and one at last begins to understand why there was such general sympathy among them with our late rebellion; we behold them snared with as visible pretences and as shallow artifices as any employed to popularize the cause of the South among them. They have good qualities, however, and are very patient; they endure, all of them in this play, more insult and contumely than we had thought human nature capable of bearing; and it is curious to find that, with all the supposed severity of English deportment, young ladies suffer themselves to be embraced before they are made love to, and have habits of putting their hands on gentlemen's mouths and telling them to go away. Here we see, also, that two impudent adventurers may offer every impertinence to a lady in her own drawing-room, and not be kicked down stairs; while old gentlemen, retired rich from the tallow-trade, rather relish being alluded to as "persons," and addressed as "honest fellows," when these attentions are offered by people of gentle blood and breeding, on occasion of morning calls at their houses.

In fine, this new play of "The Needful," which a "Celebrated London author" has been good enough to bestow on our generation, and which was given to the New York public for the first time at Wallack's on last Thursday night, is a sum of melancholy absurdity, which nothing but superb scenery and all but faultless acting could render sufferable. We make the manager our compliments on the manner in which he has put the play on the stage, and offer him our condolence that he should have felt forced to put it there. In material and texture, shoddy itself is not more absolutely and worthlessly second-hand than this work of the "Celebrated London author." It represents no life that human beings ever led in the world, and only reflects the dullest and stupidest fiction to be seen on the stage. Its incidents are stale tricks, to be expected from the beginning; its characters are feeble coins of burlesque, with no claim to existence, and of their own motion could not pass from one action to another.

There was a large house to see the play, and the spectators behaved with angelic fortitude and patience, only a few persons, of delicate constitution, probably, leaving at the close of the second act, when the whole plot, such as it was, was developed, and nothing was left for the actors but to aimlessly walk through and talk through the three succeeding acts. This the poor souls

did with a sweetness and resignation hardly less admirable than the conduct of the spectators; they must have been frightfully bored, but they did not spare themselves nor us. Their acting alone saved the piece; and a generous applause from the audience hailed the beautiful new scene of a pier on the Isle of Wight, which was so well painted that it sustained fainting nature throughout one of the longest, weakest, most witless acts of the interminable, stale, foolish play.

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The Week.

THE cholera has at last reached our shores, or rather its victims have, which some doctors say is the same thing, while other doctors say it is not—that it will not spread until certain "mysterious atmospheric conditions" are present. What these "mysterious atmospheric conditions" are, nobody knows. What we do know is, that on every occasion on which it has reached this country, its advent was preceded by the death of persons in a ship on their way here, and that, soon after the arrival of the ship, people began to die of it on land. The use of talking about the presence or absence of "atmospheric conditions," of whose nature nothing is known, and of which nobody can detect the indications, is not very apparent. The truth is, that the cholera is now here; that cases of it may henceforth be looked for, in greater or less numbers; that dirty, ill-fed, ill-clad, badly-lodged people, drunkards, people living in filthy streets and near cesspools, drains, and nuisances will die like cockroaches, and even some people who enjoy every possible physical advantage; and that the best defences against it are good health, cheerfulness, good food, temperance, fresh air, and a plentiful use of the bath. All beyond this is pure speculation, and will not save a single life. It is some satisfaction to know, also, that cowards and selfish persons are, next to dirty persons, its favorite victims. Every preparation has been made for giving it full swing in New York, which is nearly as filthy as the Asiatic towns from which it comes. It is awful yet comical to learn that the Board of Health, which at such a crisis ought to reign supreme, is such a disreputable body that, nobody having the power to adjourn it if once organized, the Mayor is afraid to call it together.

THE Commissioners of Health are preparing an address to the public, in which, it is said, they will urge upon it the importance, on the approach of the cholera, of "assuming a horizontal position, and freeing the mind from anxiety." This is good advice, but superfluous, we imagine. A man lying on his back waiting for a possible attack of the cholera will, doubtless, do his best to be jolly, but whenever he succeeds in dismissing care he may safely sit up.

THE controversy between Thurlow Weed and Lucius Robinson has been raging with unabated fury. The question whether Mr. Weed "spurned" Mr. Robinson's hand having been found incapable of settlement, has been remitted to what Dickens calls "the illimitable prospective." The equally important question of the extent of Mr. Weed's private fortune, and of where he got it, is now before the public. Mr. Robinson says it was largely drawn from whiskey speculations of an improper character. Mr. Weed says it was not, and alleges that Mr. Robinson is a pluralist, an "oil speculator," "a deserter," and several other bad things. It would be impossible to conceive of anything more degrading or better calculated to disgust all decent men with political life, than this controversy as these two personages are carrying it on, and there is matchless conceit in the way in which they force their squabbles on the public attention.

ON the 30th of September the public debt was officially announced to be $2,744,947,726; on the 31st of October we now learn that it was $2,740,854,759, or quite four millions less. This reduction has been accompanied by a withdrawal from circulation of more than forty-four millions of the legal tenders.

THE dinner given at Delmonico's by Sir Morton Peto was sufficiently public to make it no impropriety to say that it was perhaps the greatest triumph of the gastronomic art ever witnessed. Everybody acknowledged that no such entertainment would be possible in any other capital in the world. In London it would have been out of the question to attempt it. The great dinners at the "London Tavern" are mere "feeds" compared to it. Dinners as well cooked are, perhaps, often eaten at some of the clubs on great occasions, but not by as many people at once. In Paris there is no restaurant capable of seating and serving half the number of persons assembled at Delmonico's with nearly the same attention, elegance, and profusion. It is safe to say that two hundred and fifty persons were on Monday week dined as well and as comfortably as any party of six have ever dined, and that there was, neither in the waiting, nor in the cooking, nor in the wine, nor in the table appointments, the slightest indication that the resources of the great restaurateur were any more severely tasked than they are on any other day in the year. The successful accomplishment of such a feat is the most striking indication that has yet been afforded of the rapidity with which New York is gaining on the cities of Europe in many of the arts which have hitherto been supposed only capable of successful cultivation in the old societies.

MR. GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS favored the Democracy in Brooklyn, on Saturday night, with his views as to the duty of President Johnson and of the people of the United States, but notably as to that of Mr. McPherson, the Clerk of the House, in the matter of putting the names of the Southern members on the roll. He says that Mr. McPherson's office office is a "ministerial" one; that, therefore, although the law under which he acts directs him to put on the roll the names "of such persons *only* whose credentials show that they were regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their States respectively, or of the laws of the United States," yet he has no right to exercise his judgment as to whether anybody presenting himself for admission to Congress has been so elected or not, so that, according to Mr. Curtis, he is bound to enrol everybody who presents himself with any paper purporting to be "credentials." He may not even "look into the credentials." Therefore, under this ruling, a hundred men might present themselves with forged papers; Mr. McPherson would be bound to enrol them, and they would actually be entitled to take part in the organization of the House, and *vote* on the question of their own eligibility.

THE activity of reconstruction is heightened by the approach of December. The President has been particularly prominent during the

past week, in pointing out the path of return to the reforming States. Thus, in very strong terms, he instructed the Georgia Convention to repudiate every dollar of debt contracted in aid of the rebellion, and allowed Mr. Seward to telegraph that "the President of the United States cannot recognize the people of any State as having resumed the relations of loyalty to the Union" until they have repudiated these debts. He also directed the Secretary of State to telegraph Gov. Marvin that the Florida Convention must ratify the anti-slavery amendment of the United States Constitution as an indispensable condition of reunion. He sent a despatch to Gov. Murphy, encouraging Arkansas to proceed with its present civil re-organization; for "all the aid in the power of the Government will be given in restoring the State to its former relations." The Georgia Convention abolished slavery on the 27th ult., "with a proviso that the acquiescence in emancipation shall be no estoppel to future claims for compensation." On the 31st, the convention repealed the secession ordinance of Jan. 19, 1861, and all subsequent ordinances and resolutions subversive of the national authority. It appears that Orr was elected Governor of South Carolina by about 500 majority over Wade Hampton.

THE Paid Fire Department of this great city is at last organized. The engines will all be "steamers," and, like hose and ladder carriages, will be drawn by horses. The firemen will be in uniform as constantly as the police. The clumsy bell-tower system of alarms will give way to the telegraph, which, as in Philadelphia, will inform, not the public, but each engine in its own house of the exact locality of the fire.

AMONG the numerous criticisms with which THE NATION has been favored, the most recent is also the most original, and perhaps the most difficult to meet. A subscriber reports that his little boy asked him: "Pa, why do you take THE NATION? It does n't make me laugh!" Herein, to be sure, we might have erred in good company if we had followed the example of the Macedonian monarch, as reported in the "Novo Guia da Conversaçaó, em Portuguez e Inglez;" a phrase-book printed in Paris for the use of Portuguese travellers in England:

"Alexander, was see to work Apelles in their workshop, and was resolved to speak painting. But he had play off very bad. Apelles told him laughing: 'Be quite, my lord, you does to laugh the boys which grind the colors.'"

MR. TOWNSEND HARRIS is, we find, mistaken in supposing that he has in his possession a translation of the works of Epictetus, of the year 1700, by Dr. Stanhope. Dr. Stanhope translated the "Manual," as others did, but he did not translate the "Discourses," which are by far the largest and most important part of Epictetus's "Works." Mr. Harris was probably misled by the title, "Morals," which seemed comprehensive enough to take in everything.

MISSISSIPPI finds her republican form of government to consist in two chief magistrates, the one potential or ornamental, the other actual. Secretary Seward has informed Gov. Sharkey that he is expected to exercise the functions of his office until further advised, in spite of the fact that Gov. Humphreys has been elected by the people and pardoned by the President. It looks as if the latter had begun to distrust his "experiment," or, at least, its reception by Congress, and considers it easier to prolong, if need be, an even nominal military rule than to overturn a restored and working civil establishment. Meanwhile the State appears to be given over to disorder, and the safety of every colored man, in uniform or out of it, to be highly precarious.

A BILL is before the Mississippi Legislature for the punishment of vagrancy. The vagrant, on conviction, is by it bound to find bail in a sum under five hundred dollars not to be a vagrant any more. If he or she, however, relapse, his or her bail is to be forfeited, and he or she is to be suspended by the thumbs three times, and two hours at a time, for the first offence, or else, at the discretion of the court, to receive not more than fifty lashes "on his or *her bare back, for three days in succession, well laid on;*" for the second offence, the punishment is to be "doubled in days of punishment." "No woman in a state of pregnancy, however," the Christian public will be pleased to learn, "is to be suspended by the thumbs." Minors are to be apprenticed or "*sold at public auction*, when not otherwise disposed of." The bill is nominally applicable to all vagrants, white or black, but the term of "vagrant" is not defined, and as no court will venture to hold a white man to be a vagrant, we may be sure we shall never hear of a white vagabond being tied up or flogged. Upon the humanizing and elevating effect of this legislation, it is unnecessary to comment. In the meantime, there is stout opposition to the reception of negro testimony, and no talk whatever of negro schools.

BOTH Houses of the Mississippi Legislature have forwarded a magniloquent petition to the President praying for Jefferson Davis's release. It declares him to be one of the noblest characters in history, a son of the State whose "purity," and "integrity," "fortitude," "generosity," "have endeared him to every heart." It says that "the accents of his voice are a remembrance on their ears"—whatever that may mean—and that "the glance of his eye is a sweet recollection." The petition is written in the best Southern style, and is fortified by two quotations from Shakespeare. But it is a mere waste of paper and of eloquence. We have very little doubt that Davis will before long be back in Mississippi, and that, to use the language of the petition, "the atmosphere of freedom's breath will soon invigorate his person."

THE Georgia Convention has also petitioned for Davis's release and pardon, as also those of Seddon, McGrath, Stephens, and various others. They speak in the usual high tone of Davis. They say he was simply their agent; that they imposed on him a responsibility not of his own seeking; that if he is guilty, so are they. Now, what about poor Wirtz? He was simply the agent of the Southern people. He is languishing in prison, probably under sentence of death. He has been condemned, too, for executing the "just vengeance" of an "outraged community" upon men whom Mr. Davis denounced as "hyænas," and declared to be unfit for human intercourse, and yet no voice is raised in his behalf.

THE New York *Times* published last week an able historical sketch of the Democratic party during the war. A more terrible indictment than this résumé of facts it would be difficult to meet with, and it certainly deserves more permanence and a more attentive perusal than it can receive in the columns of a daily paper.

ONE of the delegates to the South Carolina Constitutional Convention informs us that the best mode of clearing the negroes off plantations where they were not wanted, or refused to work, was a frequent topic of conversation amongst the members, although not brought formally before the convention. As there seemed to be no difference of opinion among them, this talk probably foreshadowed legislation. The plan which seemed to find universal favor was the passage of a law authorizing the arrest and condemnation of any negro who refused to leave a plantation after being properly warned, to be sold into forced labor for a term of years, like the Mexican peons. Let nobody say that this would be a revival of slavery, for South Carolinian gentlemen are, "if they know themselves," incapable of subterfuge.

GOVERNOR PERRY has sent a message to the South Carolina Legislature in which his "little game" is fully revealed. After a review of what has been done by the Constitutional Convention, he urges them to get their senators and members of Congress ready as fast as possible, so as to have them in Washington "ready to take their seats on the first Monday in December." He says that under the act of Congress of March, 1863, the clerk will be obliged to enroll all persons with credentials showing them to have been regularly elected. And as for the oath prescribed by the act of July, 1862, he says it is not the policy of the President to have it administered; that it ought not to be the policy of Congress; that it would exclude all South Carolinians; and, finally, that

the Southern members, after being put on the roll by the clerk, can take part in the organization of the House, and vote against the administration of the oath. There is clearly no contingency that Mr. Perry has not foreseen. It is a significant circumstance that the *World* takes exactly the same view that he does of the clerk's duty in the matter of the enrolment.

Governor Perry also relies a good deal on the conservative doctrine that the Southern States have never been out of the Union, and cannot get out, and his deduction from it, that, the rebellion being now over, they cannot be kept from sending members to Congress, is unanswerable. In fact, the attempts to reconcile the President's policy with his theory of the position of the revolted States have all ended in logical muddles.

THE general public is particularly helpless everywhere, it seems to us. In America we continue to be crushed and killed on our railways without a murmur; and in Europe they submit sweetly to be locked up on theirs into cells where, if one's fellow-prisoner happens to be a murderer or maniac, or monster of any sort, there is no earthly relief from him till the train stops at the next station. In England Müller illustrated the advantages of this system in cases of assassination; and in France a young man named Albert-Edmond Langerfeld, of Strasbourg, has recently shown that it is favorable to rape. He is arrested, but the system remains, and will doubtless receive from others the improvement of which it is susceptible.

AN Ohio railroad corporation granted the exclusive right of way along its line to the Western Telegraph Company. A rival company, by proceedings before a probate court, secured the unoccupied side of the track, but was not allowed to build unmolested. The Western company sought to cover all the space by a system of diagonal wires on alternate poles, and finally made application for an injunction against the intruders, in the United States Circuit Court. The decision was, that the railroad corporation exceeded the powers of its franchise, and its grant, being grossly contrary to public policy, is not to be enforced. It is well that a monopoly which would in time have become grievous and intolerable, has received this timely defeat.

PRESIDENT GEFFRARD has again vindicated his own ability as a ruler, and, so far, the capacity of the black race for republican self-government. His life has been threatened and nearly taken we forget how many times, and one insurrection after another has risen to unseat him. The latest and most formidable, at Cape Haytien, has now succumbed to his merciful persistency, though we were more than once assured that it was succeeding and would succeed, and another page of bloody disorder be added to the history of the island. Meanwhile a rising of the Jamaica negroes is reported, with sufficient circumstantial evidence to put it beyond doubt. British and Spanish war vessels are reported to have been sent to the rescue. There are the usual tales of atrocities on the part of the insurgents. Some months ago we referred to the prevailing discontent in this colony, occasioned primarily by the unequal and odious legislation of the planters against the interests of the laboring classes, and latterly by the contempt with which a petition of grievances was received in the mother country. Already we are told that the present outbreak is due to the unhappy experiment of British West India emancipation. It is nothing of the kind, but on the contrary a warning, which we shall do well to heed, lest we repeat the folly of committing a freed population to the tender mercies of their former masters, to harry and grind and render so miserable that re-enslavement or violent resistance seems the only alternative.

LORD PALMERSTON died on the morning of the 18th ult., in the last week of his eighty-first year. He was worn out, and having held his position for some time solely by dint of prestige, his loss possesses no great political importance. His character is discussed elsewhere.

IT appears tolerably certain that Earl Russell will be the successor of Lord Palmerston as the head of the Cabinet. He is steady, well known, experienced, and, above all, blessed with a large and powerful family connection. Gladstone will probably not be able to make his way to the front till Russell has retired or is dead, as he has several formidable difficulties to contend with. His utterances on the suffrage question, a year ago, brought him into discredit with the conservatives; and he is too good a churchman to be entirely in favor with the Liberals, and yet not good enough to be satisfactory to the Church, for there are strong rumors that he looks on the Irish establishment with an evil eye, and that its destruction is part of the somewhat imperial policy which he is said to be tracing out for that island.

THE rumors of cholera on the Continent grow with hideous rapidity. Fame has even carried the epidemic as far north as Dresden, but this report has been denied. It has certainly, however, broken out at Trieste, and all intercourse between Istria and Venetia is subjected to very severe restrictions. Doubtless people will find their best protection in the approach of winter, which has already set in with unusual sharpness. There have been falls of snow in Venetia, and the Euganean Hills were covered with it early in October.

THE Mayor of Nice has made haste to deny the existence of the cholera in that charming watering-place; and people have now the word of authority that they may go thither to enjoy the delicious climate, and buy bouquets from Alphonse Karr's garden, without fear of the cramps. The sojourners have begun to arrive already, Sir Henry Bulwer among them, and the kings of Belgium and Bavaria are expected.

GARIBALDI was pressed for money some weeks ago, and offered for sale, at Genoa, an Arab horse and colt, for two thousand francs. The minister, Merotti, heard of the proposed sale, and wrote to delay it, saying that a better price could be got. In due time a purchaser appeared who gave five thousand francs for the horses, and a few days later came an order to send them to the king's stables at Turin. The Italian government had taken this indirect method of succoring the necessity of the hero who refuses all reward for the services rendered his country—even a seat in Parliament, which has been tendered to him.

BY the report of the syndics of the Prussian Crown, just published in Berlin, Prussia acknowledges that the German Powers had no claim to Schleswig-Holstein before 1864, when it was ceded to them by Denmark. Since this time, however, they have acquired a right to the Duchies, which the *Journal des Débats* calls by its name of right of conquest. The *Débats* hardly knows which to admire most, the *naïveté* of the syndics, who fancy themselves to have categorically established the rights of Prussia to the Duchies, or that of the Prussian Government, which seems to believe itself justified in the document which condemns it.

SOME of the Parisian journals (which are interested in the restrictions placed anywhere on the press) discuss the late suspension of the Fenian *Irish People* with a good deal of pleasantry, intentional and unintentional. *Le Temps*, for example, is of the opinion that although the English Goverment has not permitted *The Irish People* to appear since the 7th of November, "it has not been suppressed nor even suspended; it has only been *impeded*;" which the *Constitutionnel* thinks a charming and delicate locution.

IT seems that the amiable Hungarian people are greatly contented with the little liberty of which Francis Joseph has robbed his German subjects to give them. The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* describes the elections at Pesth and other places, for the national assemblies, as very enthusiastic, and the people as quite ready to build their hopes on the faith of a prince who breaks his faith to please them. Not that the suspension of the constitution of the Empire of Austria is so great in fact as in theory. The Reichsrath, which has amused itself with meeting at Vienna for the past few years, has had neither Venetians, Hungarians, Croats, nor Dalmatians among its members; and the popular represen-

tation accorded even to the Germans there has been of the doubtful quality of the proverbial *liberté comme en Autriche*. It is not strange that Francis Joseph should lightly disregard his obligations to a constitution of such partial effect; but it is surprising that any of the numerous peoples over whom he rules should believe that he means them to rule themselves a moment longer than he likes. Meantime, the policy of Austria grows less popular in Germany every day, though the dislike will naturally vent itself only in words, which the Germans love to fight with. It is a complaint that there is yet no treaty of commerce between Italy and the Confederation, and that German trade and industry are shut out from the pleasant places which the English, French, and Belgians are rapidly filling up in Italy—a state of things which is attributed in good measure to Francis Joseph's personal enmity to any sort of accommodation with Victor Emanuel.

THE Pope finds it hard, in spite of the *Moniteur's* declaration of September 27, to believe that the Emperor will at last withdraw his troops from Rome; incredulity in which, we confess, we had shared, not seeing clearly the Emperor's interest in the justice proposed. But the *Moniteur's* words have had the best effect, in favor of the government, on the Italian elections, and everybody at Rome, except the Pope and cardinals, expects the French troops to retire. We have nearly finished the history of a great wrong, it seems, and the sealed book of a new epoch is before us; who can guess its contents? Does it treat of a completed Italian unity? Is it of peace or war? We must content ourselves, as we best can, that nothing, apparently, could be worse than a continued French occupation of Rome for the interests of freedom and man; and tremble when we reflect that the seeming good comes through him who loves neither.

THE vintage in North Italy is very abundant this year, and wine will be plenty and cheap. During the last five or six years of scarcity of wine, drunkenness, a vice once almost unknown to Italians, had greatly increased, especially in Venetia, where the malady of the wine was severest. In the absence of their healthful stimulant, the people drank a villanous brandy, called *Sciampagnin* (little champagne), a name which it lost after American coal-oil began to be generally known in Italy. We there heard it jocosely cried in Venice as "petroleum."

THE hermit of Caprera is a neat hand at epistolary composition, and he has just written a letter which we translate as a model of method for our own letter-writing politicians. He addresses a friend at Milan, who asked his support for certain candidates:

"CAPRERA, ———.

"I do not and will not take part in the elections. The Italian people are no longer under age. Let them choose. And woe to them, and sorrow to us, if they choose ill. G. GARIBALDI."

How much a single letter may alter the whole sense of a word is illustrated by certain of our newspapers which have been printing *k*inderpest for *r*inderpest. By this conversion of kine into kin the cattle-plague in England becomes the destroyer of children.

THE Viennese authorities are making preparations for the erection of a monument to the great Prince Eugene of Savoy. Court and people will take part in the ceremonies, which will also have something of the character of a religious fête.

A DAUNTLESS young Englishwoman made, on the 3d of October, the last ascent of Mont Blanc for the season. There had been thirty-five ascents during the summer. The Swiss journal, *Mont Blanc*, remarking this fact, reminds its readers of the first ascent ever made, which took place in 1786, and since which the arduous feat has been repeated two hundred and ninety-three times. More than half of the whole number of ascents have been made during the last five years.

A DROLL comment on the value of much of the political gossip in the European journals, is the announcement that the thief who stole the jewels of the Queen of Naples is said to have had no political motive in the robbery.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. HOWARD passed from Charleston to Edisto Island, on the 19th of last month, in company with Gen. Saxton and a number of the former owners of the island. This was one of those set apart by order of Gen. Sherman for the residence of the colored people, who have settled there to the number of 3,000 and upward. The order of the President, under which Gen. Howard is acting, contemplates the restoration of their estates to the old proprietors, provided both planters and freedmen can be brought to a satisfactory arrangement. The Government appears to claim, not the *title*, but only the temporary *custody* of the colonized lands. The late owners agree to retain and employ all the people on the island, if they are willing, and to interpose no obstacle to the establishment of schools. One object of the general's visit was to ascertain the disposition of the freedmen to serve their employers, under the protection of Government, for wages or on shares. Hundreds met him and his party as they landed, and their largest church was crowded to listen to him. The scene was a sad one, for the congregation were evidently disappointed. They objected to working for their old masters, and trusting them for pay. They complained that the lands were to be taken from them after actual possession had been promised and thus far secured to them. They desired either leases or ownership. So decided was the spirit thus manifested, that the owners themselves, on their return, expressed a wish to Gen. Howard to lease their estates to any who would pay them a fair rent, and relieve them of both lands and people. On the 20th the general visited Columbia, by appointment, to meet the provisional governor, the governor elect, and others. Mr. Orr, however, failed to be informed in season to arrive. The whole of the upper part of South Carolina is filled with refugees from Charleston and the seaboard, including many officers and soldiers of the Confederate army, who still retain their rebel uniform, feelings, and manners. They imperil the lives of our officers, insult our soldiers, and unmercifully abuse and wantonly murder the negroes. Officers dare not go beyond their lines, and the negroes have formed "Union Leagues" for self-defence. The most loyal citizens, while conceding that slavery is dead, still talk of "the sovereign State of South Carolina." All are filled with a hatred of whatever appertains to, or is associated with, the North, together with an especial hatred of "niggers." So ripe, indeed, are the elements for a conflict between the two races, that Gen. Howard thought it advisable to issue a circular on the 24th, in which he enjoins the agents of the Bureau to avoid giving offence in the language of their official reports, to bear themselves calmly amid the hostile sentiments of the community, and steadily to preserve a just course toward employers and employees, instructing both in their reciprocal duties. On the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 22, he addressed an intelligent audience of some 4,000 freedmen in Zion's Church, Charleston. In private conversation, at the close of the ceremonies, the same feelings were betrayed by the city blacks as by those on the plantations. They protested against the course of the Government in regard to the land; they dreaded the restoration of their oppressors to political power. On the 26th, Gen. Howard spoke to the freedmen in Savannah.

Gen. Canby has revoked the order of Gen. Fullerton by which vagrant freedmen were to be arrested in Louisiana.

Lieut. Smith, assistant superintendent for Fairfax County, Va., says that all the refugees and freedmen there are self-supporting, and no camps for either now exist. There is not a school in the county, although there are one hundred and thirty-five freedmen in the vicinity of Fairfax Court House, fifty at the station, and the same number at Lewinsville. The behavior of the people is in every way exemplary, and few cases of oppression have come to his notice. Education is the greatest want.

Captain Spurgeon, assistant superintendent for Washington, reports a large number of applications for servants from Maryland, the Eastern Shore, and the North. The last are the hardest to fill; the freed people are averse to going North.

—A number of the colored men of Norfolk, Va., have combined to purchase a farm of 1,000 acres for $10,000, on Currituck Sound, twenty miles from the city. They expect to subdivide their purchase.

—The National Freedmen's Savings Bank has already more than a quarter of a million of dollars on deposit.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE REAL ROAD TO LARGE PRODUCTION.

THE plan sketched out by Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, for the "regulation of labor" in that State, is one of striking simplicity. He says that, first of all, negroes must be compelled to work for their living. Idleness or vagrancy cannot be allowed. Next, that the cultivation of cotton, the great staple of the State, requires constant, steady work from January to January; that contracts between planters and negroes must, therefore, be for this period, and any negro leaving his employer in the interval must be restored to him by force. Plans very similar to this are evidently in contemplation in other cotton States, and if carried out they will, of course, result in the reduction of the negro, not certainly to slavery, but to prædial serfdom, which is the stage above slavery, and in several important respects a marked improvement on it, but still is a condition to which it would be highly improper to allow the freedmen to be reduced by State legislation, without greater precautions against the abuse of the arrangement than, we fear, State legislators would ever prescribe. It would, of course, be a mockery to call that "a contract" which a man is forced to enter into on pain of going to jail, or to suppose that the power of changing masters once a year, on the first of January, would give the negro any real control over his own destiny. Nothing would be easier, as we know, than for the masters to enter into an agreement not to employ the discontented "hands" of their neighbors, and even if they came to no formal understanding on the subject, the cohesive bond of caste would always be strong enough to make it an "ungentlemanly" thing to do, and cause anybody who was guilty of it to be tabooed socially.

Any system of compulsory yearly contracts which is intended, as Governor Humphreys' language clearly indicates, to determine permanently the relation between the negro and his employer, would simply furnish the South with a degraded and ignorant peasantry instead of slaves, and any system which the State legislatures would provide, and which would enjoy complete exemption from Federal inspection and control, would certainly not contemplate the elevation of the negro at any period to the rank and privileges of a free citizen. No legal or official notice has as yet been taken in any Southern State even of the possibility of the negro becoming at any future time competent to make his own contracts, or of the possibility of the ordinary remedies provided by the law for the regulation of white men's affairs sufficing for the regulation of his relations with his employer. Governor Humphreys insists upon it that he shall never attain to social or political equality, or even emerge, or be considered capable of emerging, from a condition of a ward or serf, or whatever it may be proper to call a man who can only keep out of jail by entering into engagements prescribed for him by other people. We do not mean to maintain that a negro ought not to be compelled by law to provide himself with some means of earning an honest livelihood, or that when he enters into a contract he ought not to be compelled to keep it, or that in fixing the duration of contracts regard should not be had to the peculiar nature of Southern industry and the length of time it takes to bring the leading Southern crop to maturity, but we maintain that whether the States are in the Union or not, the regulation of these matters ought not to be left to them alone. The whole country, through the general Government, ought to have its voice in it and its eye upon it, and any provision that is made for the peculiar wants of the freedmen at the present moment ought to take notice of the fact that his condition, just now, is exceptional and transitional.

The fact is, we fear very few people at the South believe in the educating influence of freedom. And yet, not only does it exist, but it is the influence of all others of which the negro just now stands most in need. It cannot well operate, however, on people whose choice as to the nature of their employment, place of residence, mode of life, wages, can only be exercised one day in the year. We want the negro to learn to take care of himself as rapidly as possible, and he can only learn this by having himself to take care of, not on the thirty-first of December only, but on every day in the year; by having the opportunity of bettering his condition, or seeking to better it, constantly open to him; by his possessing full liberty to seek his fortune elsewhere, if he does not feel that he has found it where he is, we will not say every day, but at tolerably frequent intervals. There are some who imagine that men can have their wits sharpened and their morals purified by learning the catechism, or listening to sermons or lectures, no matter what their daily life may be; but the experience of mankind does not justify this belief. The best and most improving lessons which people receive, and especially people who, like the negroes, are emerging from a state of barbarism, are those which they learn from living in the world, or managing or trying to manage their own business; and we are satisfied, and everybody else may be, that the negro will never be fitted for freedom except by having freedom given him—not modified, or curtailed, or watered freedom, but just the same freedom as everybody else. You may preach to him till you are hoarse of the beauties of industry, and enforce your arguments by the tread-mill; but he will only learn to love industry by suffering from idleness, as white men have learnt it. A negro bound by a contract for a whole year to one spot and to one master, with the certainty that he will, if he hesitates to renew it, or find another employer at the expiration of his engagement, have to go to jail as a vagrant, cannot possibly have much occasion for the exercise of prudence, forethought, or self-restraint. Chained from year to year to one spot, he would soon cease to be moved by any of the higher motives for a change, and would never learn to plot or plan, to feel the promptings of ambition, or that "divine discontent" which is not only the root of all that is noble in human character, but the very foundation of individual and national growth.

We shall probably be told, that without legislation of this kind cotton cannot be grown at the South as it has been grown. We think it very likely; and, in fact, all the accounts from the South warrant the belief that there will, for a year or two at least, be a great falling off in the cotton crop, owing to a variety of reasons, perhaps more than all others to the change in the condition of the laborer. But we really must get over the notion that the great mission of the American people, or of any part of it, is the production of goods for the market. We are far from underrating the influence of industry on progress in the highest sense of the word, but no industry can ever attain to assured and permanent prosperity that is not based on human freedom and intelligence. The chief concern and chief aim of this nation is, and always must be, if it is to achieve lasting greatness, not to export or import largely, but to make human beings wiser, happier, freer, and more self-respecting than they ever have been elsewhere; and the nation which keeps this always in view as its first great object is very sure, in the long run, also to be the richest. In individual cases we do not always see prosperity follow good conduct; but it may be safely said that Providence has so arranged it that the rigid observance of the great laws of morality, rigid respect for justice and individual rights on the part of communities, is always the surest road to material wealth. We have only to look into history to find that the countries which have been most successful in heaping up riches have been so almost in the ratio of their love of freedom and equality.

The experiment of "letting the negro alone," at the South, may seem a losing one this year and next year. It will, undoubtedly, raise the price of calico for the present, but it will most assuredly *pay* in the end more than any other device that can be thought of. No great social revolution ever took place without causing great temporary loss and inconvenience. Real prosperity will never come there until the laborer has become intelligent enough to take care of his own interests, and is aided by the law in doing so; and if measures be now taken to keep him in the condition of a serf, for the sake of making "big crops" in 1866–7, it will show that the planters are as wanting in business foresight as they have already shown themselves to be in political insight. Jails, and contracts, and coercive legislation will never make men good producers; nor will moral lectures. There is but one way by which the condition of a peasantry has ever been improved, and that is by awakening in them new desires and the love of material com-

forts. Nothing makes a man begin to work really hard or earnestly except the wish for better clothes or food, or house or furniture, and this wish can only be awakened by freedom, by change, by constant contact with new people, and visits to new places. The negro in America has been managed now for over a century on the theory that he was a peculiar and incomprehensible being, and he has proved a deplorable failure. Suppose the experiment be now tried of treating him as a badly used, well-robbed, well-kicked white man; as a commercial speculation, we warrant it will pay. To be sure two, or three, or four years may elapse before satisfactory returns begin to come in, but may not this be said of some of the most promising ventures of the day—railroads, mines, and canals?

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE death of a man who for thirty years has played so prominent a part as Lord Palmerston, not only in the politics of his own country, but in those of Europe—whose vitality was so strong that he wore his harness to the last hour of a life of unusual length, naturally makes a profound impression upon the whole civilized world. But there has probably been no man who has ever made the same figure on the political stage in his own country, and exercised so potent an influence on the affairs of others, whose disappearance from the scene is less calculated to cause confusion or embarrassment, or to fill even those who most loved and admired him with the sense of bereavement. He was not eloquent; he was not a thinker; he represented no order of ideas either in church or state; he neither loved nor hated with passion; his personal character was not such as to elicit the moral sympathy or confidence of the best portion of his countrymen. He was the author of no policy, and never gave the slightest evidence of being troubled with a single theory which he desired to see embodied in legislation or adopted by society. He probably never uttered in public a sentence by which one heart in England was fired or one eye moistened. His *bon-mots*, many of which betrayed his lurking contempt for the popular morality, will probably be remembered long after all his speeches are forgotten. To call him a statesman in the sense in which Peel, or Gladstone, or Cobden are called statesmen, would be an abuse of language. The statute books and parliamentary journals, during his half century of office, may be searched in vain for a trace of his influence on the social or political progress of Great Britain. How much the indirect support which he lent to revolutionary movements on the Continent may have done for the cause of good government it is impossible to determine. All we know for certain is, that at his death English influence abroad was at its lowest ebb, and that there was diffused through the ranks of foreign liberals a distrust of English professions which it would need but very little more disappointment to fan into hatred of the English name. The movement which, of all others, has given the European peoples the fairest promise of approaching redemption—the Italian rising of 1859—met with his heartiest opposition. And the event which, of all that have happened since the French Revolution, has done most to spread doubt and despondency amongst those who rest their hopes of the future happiness and progress of mankind on the possibility of uniting liberty with democracy—the *coup d'état* of 1851—met with his heartiest support.

If all this be true, the position which he retained for so many years in the ranks of English liberals will, to most people, seem hard to understand, and to Americans doubly hard, owing to the total absence amongst us of the class of which Palmerston was the type, and to our want of familiarity with the way of looking at life and its objects in which he was bred and in which he lived. He was essentially a "gentleman" of the eighteenth century, but gifted with a tact and quickness of perception such as few gentlemen of the eighteenth century could ever boast. He was an aristocrat from the top of his head to the sole of his feet; was permeated with that conventional morality by which aristocratic societies are governed, and which elevates the exhibition of strong feeling, or the subjection of one's conduct to its influence, almost to the rank of crime. And the yoke of this code was made all the easier to him—was made, in fact, the only one he could live under—by a temperament such as few men ever possessed, and the buoyancy of which was preserved to the last hour of his life by a rare combination of what are called "worldly advantages." He was handsome graceful, and accomplished; well born, "well off," and blessed with a constitution so vigorous that the vigils of fifty years of parliamentary toil—under which so many English politicians succumb, and from which Lord Russell had to seek refuge in the House of Lords ten years ago, found him at eighty one of the most sleepless and wary debaters that ever rose from the Treasury bench to reply at two o'clock in the morning. He was thus exempted from most of the cares by which a political career in England is always beset and is often marred. He never had to fight his way under that "cold shade of aristocracy" which blighted Canning, which often made Peel's steps tottering and uncertain, and which has had much to do with leaving Disraeli high and dry in his old age on the beach of opposition—an influence which, though much weakened now, was, in Palmerston's younger days, all powerful. His success in the House of Commons was, first of all, due to his social success, the political value of which in England can be but imperfectly appreciated here, where political and social life are so completely dissevered, and next to his debating skill and his party fidelity.

He was not, as we have said, a great orator; he never made a really "great speech." But he was what is, for parliamentary purposes, better than a great orator—a "telling" debater. The distrust of rhetoric in the House of Commons has been growing steadily for many years. Two-thirds of the flowery orations which are delivered in Congress, and afterwards distributed in pamphlets, would, if attempted in Westminster Hall, fall on empty benches. The House of Commons will not bear instruction; since the growth of the newspaper press, it will hardly bear persuasion. Passionate appeals to its feelings only excite smiles. It wants of all things to be entertained, and nothing entertains it so much as exhibitions of intellectual fence between ministers and the opposition, in which the speaker shows his skill in hitting hard without resorting to personalities—and in which parliamentary and social experience, historical knowledge, familiarity with the feelings and prejudices of the peculiar body of men who compose the House of Commons, a ready use of the current social philosophy, and a strong sense of humor, and skill in the display of it, are better weapons than any amount of declamatory power. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. Cobden showed what may be done by prodigious mastery of facts and power of logical statement; and Gladstone shows on great occasions, as in the yearly production of his budget, the prodigious fascination which scholarship, eloquence, lore, and sincerity of character can throw round the driest of all subjects. But Palmerston, who had none of these things, was, nevertheless, the typical debater; and his influence was greatly increased by his rigid party fidelity, by the loyalty with which he stuck to every colleague or supporter, through no matter what blundering or *gaucherie*, to his unfailing good temper, and that reluctance to press even opponents too hard, that religious respect for the *convenances* which was one of the results of his aristocratic training, and through which he rarely allowed the aristocratic feeling, by which he was really saturated, to break. One of the few occasions on which he let his high-born insolence get the better of him, was in that attack on Mr. Cobden, a few years ago, in which he bid him stick to commercial affairs and not meddle with war and peace—"*ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

The hold which Lord Palmerston retained on the affection of the English people is less difficult to explain than his popularity with the educated classes. Many of the latter hated him; others distrusted, and others barely tolerated him. His philosophy of life and of politics was abhorrent to the thinkers and reformers of the country, but in the hearts of the crowd he bore more unquestioned sway than he ever did at London dinner tables. He was a lord, and there is no Englishman, from the scavenger up, who does not dearly love a lord. But he was more than this; he was one of the manliest of men, the very embodiment of the qualities which the nation, not, we admit, in its highest, but in its prevailing mood, most strongly admires. He was plucky, audacious, self-satisfied. He never quailed before an enemy at home or abroad. He never shrunk from the consequences of anything he ever said or did. He was cheery, tolerant, kind-hearted—a lover of sport, shot well, rode well to hounds, and remained down to the last year of his life an indefatigable horseman. He liked all "manly

sports;" would have enjoyed seeing a good "set to" in the ring; was as happy as a king in the grand stand at Epsom or Ascot, and had wonderful powers of "chaff." His encounters on election days with Rowley, the butcher at Tiverton, were read of with pride and delight by millions who never saw him, but adored him as above all things every inch an "Englishman."

And although, as we have said, at heart an aristocrat, he had learnt well the lesson in which the English aristocracy has shown such thorough proficiency, that for a "gentleman" to secure influence and authority in a free country in our day, he must rest them on other things than rank, or birth, and if he will rule the people, must lead them through their own ideas. We must do him the justice, too, to say that he was a hearty lover of fair play. Through long years his voice was invariably raised in support of law, and justice, and equal rights, and popular governments, within those limits, narrow as we consider them, which English political philosophy has placed to political progress. During the last four or five years most of his political influence had died out. He was able to retain his position at the head of his party mainly owing to the popular admiration of his pluck, and endurance, and vitality. And in truth it was difficult even for those who were not his countrymen to avoid feeling a profound human sympathy with the wonderful struggle which he was so long able to maintain with old age. A more brilliant example of the resistance which a happy temperament, fortified by a rigid resolution not to be troubled by the ordinary ills of life, may enable an ordinarily healthy man to offer to the approach of natural decay, was probably never witnessed. And he must be strangely constituted who can see without honest human pride the gallantry with which the old man continued to do the work which he loved, and which, whether well or ill done, was set him to do, as long as his well-worn frame held together.

A DYNASTIC REVIVAL.

On the 16th of September, Maximilian, Emperor of the Mexicans and so forth, adopted as his heir a grandson of that gentleman who is sometimes spoken of as Augustin the First, but who is better known as Iturbide, as Napoleon's marshals are well known by their names to thousands of persons who would be severely puzzled were they required to mention the titles that they received from the first Bonapartean emperor. Iturbide was the first and only emperor of genuine native growth that America has known, the Braganzas of Brazil being Europeans, while the black emperors who have figured imperially in Hayti had too much of the African in them to be allowed to count for anything in the estimation of democratic republicans of the American stamp. He was a native of Mexico, but his father came from Old Spain, being a Navarrese, we believe, or a Biscayan. Iturbide was distinguished as an upholder of the royal authority in Mexico for about a dozen years after the Mexican revolution began, and had he remained faithful to Ferdinand VII., it is difficult to comprehend how the line of Castilian viceroys could have been cut off. Mexico might have been as much a Spanish possession at this hour as Cuba or the Philippines, had he not, apparently without provocation, thrown off his allegiance, and established Mexican independence. His conduct has always appeared to us inexplicable, as it was contrary to what might have been expected from his long military career, and, indeed, was almost as strange as would have been that of Sir William Howe had that British general, after the battle of Brandywine and the seizure of Philadelphia, declared for the American cause, and proceeded to put an end to whatever of authority George III. still had in the Thirteen Colonies. One can understand the conduct of Guadalupe Victoria, who was a consistent liberal from first to last, but Iturbide had been one of the most successful of the enemies of independence. Personal ambition, as in so many other instances, probably was at the bottom of his conduct, though that ambition may have been combined with the intention to do well by his country. "The plan of Iguala" was, we presume, the first of that long series of *pronunciamientos* which we associate with Mexican history for almost fifty years. Iturbide became emperor in 1822, as Augustin I., but his reign did not last a year. He abdicated, and the Mexicans treated him liberally; but when he returned to Mexico, in 1824, he was easily disposed of, being taken and shot. He threw for a crown, and got a coffin, the better prize of the two. His family lived in the United States for many years, highly respected, his wife dying but recently.

The Austrian Emperor of the Mexicans, according to a current statement, raised the family of his predecessor to princely rank, but it is said that one of the sons of Augustin I. refused the honors proffered him. A grandson, if the late report be true, has been selected by Maximilian as his heir, and will, should he live, and should Maximilian himself succeed, become emperor of the descendants of the men who refused to be ruled by his grandfather. It would be one of the most wonderful of the curiosities of history if this young Iturbide should one day wear the imperial crown of Mexico, obtained for him by a Bonaparte, for without the action of Napoleon I. Maximilian would have had no more chance of becoming emperor of the Mexicans than he had of becoming Grand Lama. But something may occur to deprive the young Mexican of his chances of reigning, even if he should live, and if his adoptive father should become a monarch in fact as well as in name. Maximilian is yet a young man—about thirty-four—and he has a young wife who belongs to a fruitful family, she being a granddaughter of Louis Philippe. What if a son should be born unto the imperial pair? Would not such an occurrence operate to the setting aside of the adopted son? A daughter would be preferable, as she might become young Iturbide's wife, and so a happy family alliance be formed. As the Emperor can hardly be supposed to despair of offspring, we may suppose, without being considered too censorious, that his adoption of a Mexican as his heir is of the nature of a "dodge," and that, as we should say in the United States, he is making "political capital." He would reconcile Mexicans to his rule, by holding out to them the prospect that the crown which he has forced them to place on his head will one day be worn by one of their own race; but he reserves to himself the right to make such disposition of it as events and time shall decide to be most likely to promote his policy.

THE STREET COMMISSIONERS TO THE CHOLERA.

INVOCATION.

I.

Cholera, Spirit of Orient, hail!
Over the wide deep cometh a wail;
For the fell Shape, that stood cloudy and vague,
Guarding hell's gate, has arisen to plague,
In thy port, grimmer than famine's or war's,
Nations that send forth their cry to our shores.

II.

Born of the curse of the East, to the West
Onward thou journeyest ever, O Pest!
And where thou passest, the billowing graves
Rise multitudinous, as the sea-waves
Billow and roll in the ship's wake, and far
Troubled like waters the peoples' hearts are.
Cairo, and Constantinople, and she
Sitting in sorrow by Adria's sea;
Leghorn, Marseilles, and the darlings of Spain,
Heap thy course thick with their myriad slain;
And the North, winter-kept, early shall be
Pale as her snows, in the spring-time, with thee:
Then thou wilt rise with the breath of the South,
Honeyèd poison and bane in thy mouth,
And from the North's desolation wilt turn
Hither thy face, where the summer shall burn
On such a harvest as the earth bore,
Ripe for a pestilence, never before.

III.

Cholera, cholera, cholera, come!
Come to the city we deck for thy home!
Come to Manhattan! New York never gave
Prince, hero, charlatan, exile, or knave,
Cholera, such a Reception as we,
Queen of men's terror! have plotted for thee!

IV.

Come in the lustiest joyance of June,
When the earth's heart is in perfectest tune
With her Creator's will, and all the days,
Touched with His benison, utter His praise;
When from her woodland dells Nature's wild health
Breathes over fields that are crowned with her wealth;
Then, when contentment unutterable
In every motion of being shall dwell:
Then with thy tremors, and cholics, and cramps,
Then with thy pallors and death-boding damps,
Come to the city we deck for thy home—
Cholera, cholera, cholera, come!

V.

Come to a city of orient filth,
Orient spirit! and bathe in the spilth
Nameless and loathly of gutters that run,
Stink in the shadow and steam in the sun!
Nest in the dung-heaps that border these rills,
Ancient, eternal, and fixed as the hills!
In putrid sewerage quarter the still
Host of invisible slaves of thy will:
Hold in the tenement houses thy court;
Make of the poor thy sovereign sport;
Hunt them by basement, by garret, by stair,
Where'er they cower and lurk, hunt them there!
In the light sickening, in the dark dying,
Hunt them, and smite them, and set their souls flying,
Till from their poisonous anguish the air
Wide through the city thy power shall bear,
And on soft couches the sick shall be strown
Thick as they languish on straw and on stone;
And the doors misery knocked at in vain
Open shall fly at the touch of her slain;
And at all hearthstones and boards thou shalt loom,
Presence of terror, and sorrow, and doom!

VI.

Come, thou, whose terrible coming shall make
Love hard as fear, and the bridegroom forsake
Her that is stricken with death in his arms;
Come, with thy rumors and endless alarms:
Make men abhor one another; make sons
Fly mothers flying their fatherless ones;
Make kindred cruel to kindred, and blood
Venom to blood; let night's silence brood
On the noon's heart, now beating so high;
Let all the voices of traffic be dumb;
Pleasure's gay speech, and youth's laughter free,
Children's sweet treble, and babe's babble, be
Hushed at the banquet devoted to thee;
Nought but the mourners' slow feet going by,
With the dull wheels of the hearses that creep,
Harnessed to nightmares, trouble the sleep
Of the great city we deck for thy home!
Cholera, cholera, cholera, come!

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XVII.

LUMBERTON, N. C., Oct. 23, 1865.

LUMBERTON stands on the left bank of the Lumber River, at a distance of thirty-three miles from Fayetteville. The village is small, with only four or five hundred inhabitants and without pretensions to beauty, for it lies scattered over a sandy level and on all sides is closely encircled by the pine barren, which here and there pushes itself into the streets and among the straggling houses. It is the capital of Robeson County, and carries on a small trade with Wilmington in the products of the forest, the two towns being connected by a railway on which trains run up and down every other day. The country to the north I found in most respects like that between Fayetteville and Raleigh; the clearings, however, are considerably more numerous, and the road oftener leads across small morasses where sand and pines are replaced by a dense growth of gums and creeping vines, and cypresses, each tree, amid the surrounding water or black mud, standing on a little hummock of earth which its roots hold together. By the roadside in such places a string of hewn logs, raised on props two or three feet high, gives a narrow foot-way to pedestrians, while the horseman finds the swamp water, sometimes for several rods of the road, washing against his stirrups.

The houses of this district are commonly low black buildings of one story, with roofs projecting so as to form a gallery or piazza, and apparently contain two or three rooms. Plaster is often dispensed with in the interior finishing, and sometimes the walls are faced with pine, smooth and unpainted, which becomes quite handsome as it darkens with age. At various distances from the dwelling are half a dozen small out-buildings, which can be distinguished from the negro huts by the absence of mud chimneys and the looser structure of their walls. Corn is the principal crop, but the wealthier farmers raise some cotton, and a good deal of rosin and turpentine is made. Although the soil and the people seem so poor, more than half the inhabitants of Robeson were formerly held as slaves.

I stopped at one of the poorest houses on the road to-day and tried to buy a dozen ears of corn, but could only get a sheaf of fodder. Four rickety cabins in the middle of a corn-field, which the wind was whirling into clouds of dust, formed the homestead, and the family consisted of an old woman and five or six white-headed children of all sizes. She civilly set a chair for me beside the hearth, and as I sat down all the household gathered round, a stranger, I suppose, being an unusual sight. One little boy stretched himself out on the floor, with his feet in the ashes, and made many remarks on my dress and equipments: "Mister, be you a Yankee? you wear a Yankee coat." "Them 's a bully spurs; gi' me one, mister?"

"Hit a' n't," said his mother; "a Yankee wears a blouse coat. Git up an' go 'long. Ye laugh so large! why can 't ye behave smart?"

"I suppose he do n't see a man from the North very often."

"Ye be from thar, then. I reckoned ye was. No, he's seed Yankees, but he behaves just so ugly. Sherman's companies come along here, an' they was dreadful. I allus liked your nation afore, but I can 't niver git it over to them soldiers."

"What did they do—rob?"

"No, sir, that war n't hit; 'peard like they thout I warn't worth comin' to see; but they tuck off my man. 'T was a Sunday mornin' when we heerd the Yankees was comin', and I was scart bad, for my son thar was up to P'int Lookout; they tuck him for a prisoner at Fisher, and the old man had gone off to the dam. The children come running to tell 'Here 's the Yankees, here 's the Yankees,' and I began to wish the old man was to home, or I warn't. But the first company of 'em went right along that same road, and they looked, but they did n't come into the lot. My man hed been in the army, but he come home; I think 't was two days before the Yankees come; nor he did n't git leave nuther. Well, mister, he allus was sickly, an' he niver thout the war was right; an', I tell you, he got right sick of it, an' so did a meny, and he jist tuck home, an' I do n't blame him; I dunno as I do—not a bit. When he heerd the Yankees was comin', he knowed I 'd be scart, and thout he 'd come back to the house. He was crossin' the lot, an' hed his uniform on, an' they seed it. I do n't reckon they 'd ha' come except for that, but a parcel of 'em rode their critters right up to the door, an' filled the house full in a minute. They begun to talk to the old man, an' he talked too. They said he was a Johnny Reb; he said he war n't, and told how he was a deserter; but they swore they would n't believe a word he 'd say. One of 'em told him to pull off his shoes, an' he hed to. Some of 'em was smart men, you know, mister, an' some was low down. They said he must go with them, and then I began to be scart bad, for I did n't know whether they wanted him for a good thing or what, and I begged 'em hard. But they told me 't was no use, they was agwine to take every rebel soldier along an' keep 'em prisoner, for they was the very ones shot your men. That was March, an' I niver seed him agin till July, an' then he was a mighty sick man; you could n't hiv him to take that journey agin, he said, for he was amost starved to death; his feet was so sore he could n't walk for a week, an' he did n't live long, nohow."

"Well, mister," said the son, "is the fightin' all done now, do ye reckon, or how is it?" I assured him that the war was entirely over. His next question was in relation to the negroes: "D' ye think the niggers is r'aly free?" I thought there could be no doubt of it.

"Well, what 's gwine to be done with 'em? Some say they 's to be sent off into another country, into some island somewhar; but no island would n't take 'em, would it?"

"Oh no, they 'll be kept here where they are."

"Well, then," said the woman, "the Government is agwine to give 'em land, I reckon; we heerd that too."

"No, what land they get they must buy, I believe, as other people do."

"Well, how 'll they live then? The rich people won't sell 'em land, nor yit they won't hire 'em."

"No, they hate 'em because they 's free," said the son; "an' a many of em 's got to die this winter, for they turn 'em off all they can. But, I say, mister, if a nigger 's free, is he to hev his vote like any man?"

"Is he gwine to hev his oath?" asked the woman.

"I think it 's pretty likely that he will be allowed to testify; I do n't know about the voting."

"Well, do n't it seem kind o' hard to hev a nigger come an' make oath agin ye—a right coal-black nigger? How is that? Is it right or a' n't it?"

I showed how easily it would be possible to inflict great injustice upon the negroes if they were declared incapable of testifying.

"Well, sartin it does look like it, an' I reckon they will hev to hev it."

"They do hev it now," her son said, "whenever the Superintenders of Freedom arrests yer. Thar was McM——, ye know. He 's a man lives about six miles from here. He licked an old nigger woman o' his so 't she could n't lift up her hand, an' they let her give in her evidence. I heerd it made McM—— mad; he 's a proud feller. But the colonel, or the superintender, told him if he was gwine to talk, talk, an' mind himself, or he 'd git into trouble. He hed to pay seventy-five cents a day to her till she got well, an' the doctor's bill, an' two or three more bills."

After a little talk about the national currency, which they said some of their neighbors refused to receive, and which they had been told would soon be good for nothing, I bade them good-bye, and rode on to this place, which I reached just before sunset. The landlord, smoking with a friend in the tavern parlor, seems to be angry beyond measure because the State Convention has repudiated the rebel war-debt.

"It 's Bill Holden did it," he says, with many expletives, "and it 's just like him; it 's exactly Bill Holden. I 'll tell you the whole story. I had it from our representative. When he went up to Raleigh to attend the convention, he went down to the Yarborough Hotel, and there he found Judge Reed, and Judge Gilliam, and eighteen or twenty more prominent gentlemen, who asked him to go up with them into a private room, for they had a document from Washington they wanted to show him. He went up, and they read him a letter written by our State agent in Washington, Doctor—what is his name? You know who I mean. He said that he had been admitted to interviews with every member of the cabinet, and it was the opinion of every one of them, and it was supposed by them to be the opinion of Andy Johnson, that the question of the war-debt had better be left alone; it would only make trouble and divide the people to discuss it now. So the convention did let it alone, and when any ordinances or resolutions touching on it were brought forward, they were staved off in some way or other, and the whole thing was left to the Legislature; that was the general understanding. And now Bill Holden's part comes in. On Wednesday morning Jonathan North was first announced as a candidate for governor. As soon as Holden knew it he telegraphed to Washington—what he telegraphed you know as well as I do—and down comes this telegram of Johnson's, commanding the convention to repudiate, and it obeyed. Now, I do n't care if it keeps the State out of the Union for forty years, I 'll never vote for Bill Holden to be the governor of it; no sir, never while my head is hot."

MARION COURT HOUSE, S. C., Oct. 25.

Just at dusk yesterday, after wading through Ashpole swamp, a dreary morass several miles long and a quarter of a mile broad, I crossed the State line and entered South Carolina. The last North Carolinian with whom I talked was an old lady living not far from the swamp, who owns a large farm and cultivates a few acres of it.

"But it 's more," she said, "than I 'll crap next year; I 'll do well, I expect, if I can make a livin' off it, for the niggers a' n't gwine to do any more steady work. Eight and ten dollars a month they want, and twenty days idle time. One o' my gals, Jane, told me they was to have land given to 'em for themselves. 'Do n't think you 'll git mine,' I told her, 'for I 'll cut your throat first.' Confound her impudence! But every one of 'em goes off by the first o' January, and what corn and taters we need my son 'll have to make, and if he can't I can. The niggers is jest gone to ruin, and I wish old Sherman had taken 'em every one when he freed 'em. I never did have no use for a free nigger anyhow. Some o' my neighbors thinks these poor white men round here is gwine to hire out and make cotton, but I know better. The white men here that di n't own land never was raised to work, and they won't work. Not gwine to do it. I can tell the Yankee nation it 's jest cut off its own nose to spite its face, for it 's not gwine to git cotton any more, nor corn to eat, and their manufactures is ruined. They 've ruined the niggers too, and there never was a happier people than they was. Why do n't the Yankees move 'em off? If they do n't, they 'll be killed up jest as sure 's your born. One was killed last Monday was a week, and lots and cords of 'em 's goin' the same road."

I asked for the particulars.

"Stealin'. It happened about seven miles from here. Mr. —— had been havin' a corn-shuckin', and he give the niggers a supper afterwards; that 's the rule in these parts. Well, he thought it mout be some of the corn would go that night, so after supper he took his gun, and went down to the corn-house. Sure enough, in a little while a man came down with a basket and filled it up full. Mr. —— let him walk off about twenty steps, and then he fired and the man fell. Come to find out, it was one of his own niggers, that he 'd raised. He lived the night out and died the next mornin' at ten o'clock."

"What was done about it?"

"Well, I do n't jest know. I heerd that Mr. —— went and delivered himself up to the lieutenant o' the home guard; he said he had n't nothin' to do with it, but to go over with him to the captain, and I believe the captain car'd him up to Lumberton."

These same facts were recounted to me again by the farmer with whom I lodged last night, and, in addition, he told me that the defendant was tried on Saturday last by the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and having proved, by negroes living on the farm, that the deceased was shot while in the act of stealing, was thereupon discharged from custody and exonerated from blame. The farmer approved of this decision, for it seemed to indicate what he had been hoping for, that the agents and superintendents had recently had orders to be much stricter in their government of the negroes. They needed sharp watching, and one or two such examples as this case furnished would have a good effect. All the stealing, however, was not done by negroes, he said. He had been down to the village that day to tell a man that he could n't undertake to buy cotton for him, nor engage any, until the country became a little quieter. Sometimes the bales are quietly taken away in the night; sometimes a party disguise themselves and seize the cotton by violence; sometimes they go with a pretended order from the district-commander. Last week three bales had been taken out of that neighborhood by men dressed in the Federal uniform, who demanded the cotton as property formerly belonging to the Confederate government. But the owner knew some of the gang, and next day, with a few of his friends, tracked the thieves and took their plunder away. He had never known such times.

"Well, how do you punish the robbers?"

"We have n't had any law all this time, and we could n't do much. I expect it 'll be better now that we 've got back into the Union, and the soldiers are going to be removed."

This last remark somewhat surprised me, but I found on further conversation that he really held the opinion that South Carolina had been fully restored to her place in the Union and to all her powers by the action of the State convention. It was a new idea to him, he said, that Congress had any authority to keep a State out. The war was done, and the convention had freed the niggers; what more could be wanted? The State must be back, for he had seen the representatives going up to Columbia that day.

The dearth of newspapers in Marion District was equally shown by another of his opinions. It was very likely, he thought, that the Congress would pay former slaveholders for the loss of their property. Perhaps a man had been laboring all his life for his money, and had it invested in niggers at the time of the emancipation; it seemed too hard that he should lose it, and he heard a good deal of talk about Government paying a part of the value anyhow. That would be no more than fair.

I thought it would be generally considered unfair.

"Why, I do n't mean for the North to pay it all," he explained; "I mean for the United States to pay it in bonds, and then the whole country, South as well as North, could be taxed to meet the interest on 'em. That would n't be any harder on the North than on the South, would it?"

He seemed quite nettled because I failed to see the justice of the scheme even in this aspect of it, so much so that I thought he might perhaps be the original author of it; but he said it was a good deal talked about among the neighbors, and that he 'd heard it first at the court-house. He did n't care much for himself; had n't but three or four niggers.

Upon the questions of negro suffrage, negro testimony, and colonization of negroes, he had brought himself to the same conclusions which I have so often heard expressed in this region, and so often presented at length: A nigger's oath was n't worth a chew of tobacco; any one of 'em would cut a white man's throat for that any time; as to nigger voting, it was n't worth while talking about it—it meant nigger equality, and white men could n't and would n't stand that; niggers would have to be moved off, they were so lazy that they would n't work more than two days at a time, and so

worthless that the other five days of the week would be spent in stealing; they could n't live among white folks.

This man owned a farm of more than two hundred acres, he lived in a very neat log-house, with a trim yard around it, his out-houses and fences were regularly disposed and in good order, nine or ten books were on the mantelpiece, and his surroundings generally, as well as his manners and conversation, showed him to be a good deal above that class commonly called "low-down, triflin' people," or poor white trash.

A ride of twenty miles from his house brought me to this place, a very quiet, pretty little village, full of trees and gardens, and light, elegant houses, among which a huge bare court-house, made of bricks and stucco and iron, seems strangely out of place. In Marion I find, for the first time, the magnolia growing, and not many miles from the village I first noticed branches of the mistletoe, and saw the Spanish moss hanging from the pine and the water-oak.

ENGLAND—THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

LONDON, October 21, 1865.

PALMERSTON is dead. You must be an Englishman born and bred to understand thoroughly the impression conveyed by those three words so curtly written. I cannot hope altogether to make intelligible to you the mixture of surprise, regret, and pain which was felt throughout England when, on Wednesday last, the telegraphic wires carried far and wide the news that the Premier's life was ended. Till the morning of that day, the public hardly knew that he was ailing. In my letters I have frequently told you that his state of health gave great alarm to his friends, and that grave doubts were expressed in political circles whether he could ever meet another Parliament. But though I wrote this, and though my reason told me the chances were against his surviving the summer, yet I own candidly I could not realize the truth to myself. You must remember that, ever since I knew what politics meant, Lord Palmerston has been one of the foremost figures amongst English statesmen. I can never recollect the time when he was not spoken of as an old man, whose tenure of office could not be prolonged. Yet I have seen one public man after another fall from out the ranks, and still the Premier was left erect and standing; so that, at last, I, in common with the country, got to have an unreasoning scepticism in the possibility of his death. We had all been told so often that he was breaking, that he could not survive another session, and that he was about to relinquish office; and, session after session, we have seen him so hale and vigorous and full of life that we got to look upon him as a sort of Wandering Jew of politics. The grandsons of the men with whom he had served in office had made their mark upon the world and passed from it; and still he survived. And now that the end has come, we can scarcely comprehend that it has come in very truth.

Towards the close of last spring Lord Palmerston had an unusually severe attack of gout. The attack passed away, but he was never the same man again. For the first time in his life he became irregular in his attendance at the House. The duty of answering questions addressed to the Premier devolved upon Sir George Grey; and on the evenings that Lord Palmerston made his appearance he left early, and took little part in the debates. I saw him often in the House during the last months of the session. He looked fallen to pieces, if such an expression can be fairly used. He would sit for hours dozing on the Treasury bench, with his hands supported on his stick, stuck between his crossed legs, and every now and then shifting his position irritably, as though he was trying to find some attitude so that he could rest easily, and trying in vain. But still, on the rare occasions when he was called upon to speak, he spoke as vigorously, as lucidly, and as curtly as he ever did throughout his career. He had no pretence at any time to oratorical ability; but his faculty of speech, such as it was, remained unaffected to the end. Whenever he entered or left the House, he made an extreme and almost painful effort to walk without leaning on the sticks he used as crutches; but the moment he thought himself out of sight, he betook himself to their aid, and hobbled on feebly and wearily. His friends, and he himself, believed that with the rest of the recess he should recover his strength; but the expectation was not realized. The exertions of mental labor began to tell upon him. Since the elections were over, he has never, I think, appeared at any public meeting, and the occasions on which he came up to London to transact business grew rarer and rarer. Still, not longer than a month ago, a friend of mine, who was constantly in the habit of seeing him, called upon him about business, at Cambridge House, and assured me that he had seldom seen him brisker and brighter than he then appeared. This, I believe, was about his last appearance in an official character. Throughout our hot summer and hotter autumn he kept in comparative health. The first cold of winter killed him. On Sunday last he got chilled when out driving; inflammation of the bladder ensued, and there was no vigor left to resist the attack. On Tuesday his constitution began to give way, and by the forenoon of Wednesday he expired, almost without suffering. Nothing of any note is recorded of his last hours. His mind wandered latterly, rather from weakness than from pain, and he talked a good deal to himself about the treaty securing the independence of Belgium—one of the chief diplomatic acts of his life—and about his approaching birthday—that, if he had lived till yesterday, he would have entered on his eighty-second year.

The first intelligence of his illness was published in the papers of Wednesday morning. Before noon it was known in London that he was dying, and by the afternoon we heard that he was dead. The sensation created by the news was very great; business was pretty well suspended; and throughout the country towns, where public feeling always manifests itself more keenly than in this overgrown, unwieldy metropolis, the signs of mourning were general. Neither at the death of Peel nor Wellington nor Cobden can I recall anything like the general popular regret expressed at the death of Palmerston. The circumstances of Prince Albert's death in the very prime of life created a far more vivid excitement; but for the late Prince Consort there was nothing of the genuine sorrow which all men of all parties gave token of when they learnt that Palmerston was dead.

As I said before, the meaning of this grief is not easy to explain. Even in popular estimation Palmerston was not a very great minister. He was identified with no particular party or cause or measure; he was not a statesman to win the idolatry of the multitude or to command the respect of educated and thoughtful men. My own belief is, that somehow or other he was, if anything, underestimated by his contemporaries. I remember, three years ago, Hawthorne saying to me, as we walked over the field of Manassas, that, little as he appreciated then the merits of Mr. Lincoln, he believed he must be the right man for his post; because, in some way not to be accounted for, the popular instinct was always right in the selection of its rulers. Now, if this doctrine be true, as I hold myself, Lord Palmerston had the infallible testimony of merit conferred by being the choice of the people. If we had had a republic, he would have been returned president time after time by a majority, not only of the counties, but by a majority in every county. The nation loved him; and there must have been in him something to justify that national affection. It was not his fame as a foreign minister, for diplomatic triumphs the English public cares for next to nothing. It was not his reputation as a home minister, for he never promoted any single act of reform till its success was well-nigh assured; and he opposed many of the measures for which the country is now most grateful. A good deal of his popularity, no doubt, was due to his age and the gallantry with which he bore it. Young men were proud of him because he was so old, old men because he was so young. I fancy, though we hardly confessed it, we had a feeling it was eminently creditable to us to be able to breed so fine a specimen of an octogenarian. We cited his shrewd wit, his devil-may-care courage, his personal loyalty to his friends. I am not sure, even, we did not secretly cite his good-humored scepticism on abstract truths, his lack of faith in political principles. Still, all these characteristics may explain why a highly civilized and perhaps even cultured society liked him without greatly respecting him. But they will not explain the affection of the people. He might go where he liked, whether to the agricultural or in the manufacturing districts, and the working-men would walk for miles and miles and flock in multitudes together to catch a sight of that pleasant, homely face. No English popular tribune had ever such a following as awaited this kindly cynical aristocrat in his later years. As far as any one cause can be assigned for this strange regard that the nation bore him, I believe it arose from the conviction that he was emphatically an English minister. You must have lived very long in England before you appreciate in its full strength the pureness of our national feeling. We can pardon almost anything to a statesman who serves England before all and above all. We know of no forgiveness for a man who is suspected, rightly or wrongly, of preferring the interests of another country to those of our island land; and of this sin no one except some Russo-phobist lunatic, like Mr. Urquhart, ever suspected Palmerston. Both for evil and for good he was a representative Englishman. If the welfare of the human race had lain on one side and that of England on the other, he would have preferred the latter without a moment's hesitation. But, on the other hand, he would, I think, have hesitated as little if his own welfare had been balanced against that of his country. It was this dogged, warm patriotism which especially endeared him to the country. His standard was not a high one, but such as it was, he acted up to it faithfully and loyally. In the preface to her last work, "Napoleon III. in Italy," Mrs. Barrett Browning wrote:

"I confess I dream of a day when an English statesman shall arise with a heart too large for England, having courage, in the face of his countrymen, to assert of some suggested policy, This is good for your trade; this is necessary for your domination; but it will vex a people hard by; it will hurt a people further off; it will profit nothing to the general humanity; therefore, away with it; it is not for you or me."

Now, Palmerston was the very representative type of the patriotism the poetess thus assailed. It was, I fear, exactly because he was so, that his name is dear to Englishmen—dear as those of Nelson, and Pitt, and Wellington. I am not saying that our hero-worship is of the noblest form, or that our idol was the worthiest, even in a low grade of idolatry; but I do say, our superstition, if you call it so, was of a kind that Americans, more than any other nation, ought to judge of leniently.

However, in a living world like ours, the dead must bury their dead, and future years may well be left to decide the question whether the dead Premier had about him aught of true greatness. He is gone, and an era has closed with him. By the mere force of his personal popularity he kept alive the traditions of a by-gone time; he retarded the action of forces that had sprung into existence during the last thirty years. Though nominally a Liberal, he was, in the true sense of the word, the most conservative of ministers. With him there has died out the policy of the old anti-reform-bill period, the statecraft of the great Napoleonic time of struggle. The aristocratic rule has lost its ablest defender, the party of progress its most dangerous opponent, in the person of Lord Palmerston. And, therefore, the breath had scarcely left his body before the one question which everybody was asking, was not so much who would succeed him, but what would be the policy of the new government.

It is a striking proof how little even those in daily contact with him had seriously contemplated the imminence of Lord Palmerston's death, that no arrangements whatever had been made for filling up his place. The ministers were almost all away from London, many of them out of England, when the Premier died, and the Queen was in the Highlands. Still, there was not much doubt about who would be called upon to form a ministry. The choice practically lay between Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone. Had the vacancy occurred before the last election, Lord Derby would probably have been sent for by the Queen. But in the face of the overwhelming Liberal majority returned by the country, the idea of a Conservative government was for the present out of the question. In the ranks of the Liberal party the only two available candidates were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Minister. Just as on a race-course there are always people who place their confidence in a rank outsider, so in politics there are always quidnuncs who have certain information that something is going to happen which nobody expects. By these authorities all sort of rumors were circulated as to the Premiership having been offered to Lord Granville, or Lord Clarendon, or Lord Wodehouse. But I believe the only serious discussion was as to the respective merits of Russell and Gladstone. The first object was to form some temporary government as rapidly as possible. With a new and untried Parliament, any administration now formed must necessarily be of a doubtful tenure of life. It was, therefore, thought desirable to patch up the present ministry as quickly as possible, and to defer any fundamental changes till after the opening of the session. With this end in view, Earl Russell was, no doubt, the best Premier to choose. With his historic name, his great experience, and his immense family connection, he stands so high that his colleagues could hardly object to serve under him. Whereas, if Mr. Gladstone had been called to the front at once, he would have encountered extreme difficulty in persuading many of his colleagues to accept a subordinate position. It is now tolerably certain that Mr. Gladstone has consented to act with Earl Russell, he assuming the leadership of the House of Commons. If this is so, I do not expect any great change at present in the *personnel* of the ministry. Lord Clarendon, it is said, will succeed Earl Russell at the Foreign Office, and Lord Granville will become our minister at Paris in lieu of Lord Cowley. But about all this nothing definite is settled, and therefore, I need hardly say, nothing positive is known.

Meanwhile, I feel convinced that the Russell-Gladstone cabinet can only be regarded in the light of a stop-gap. In the House of Lords any Liberal ministry is always in a minority; but this of itself is of no great importance, except in as far as it renders the presence of the Premier less pleasant to the Upper House. The real question is whether the new cabinet has any chance of holding its own in the House of Commons. No doubt the Liberal majority is a very good one upon paper; but then it includes men as different as Mr. Bright and Mr. Lowe, Mr. Potter and Lord Elcho. Of the ministerial phalanx, I should say, at the very least, a hundred sat on the right hand of the Speaker, not because they are Liberals, but because they are or were Palmerstonians. Now, I have no belief that their allegiance will be transferred at once to Mr. Gladstone, whom they disagree with as much as, perhaps more than, they do with Mr. Disraeli. Then, too, an assembly used to the easy, genial good-nature of the late Premier will not tolerate, easily or readily, the ascendency of a statesman like Mr. Gladstone, whose weakest points are a want of temper, exaggerated earnestness in matters of minor importance. If from Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Gladstone became Premier, the responsibility of the position he has so long ambitioned might possibly give him a prudence and temper he has not yet manifested. But as leader of a ministry whose Premier sits in the House of Lords, he will not have the authority requisite to a very difficult position. It is not as if Earl Russell was a cipher, in whose name Gladstone could act. Palmerston was powerful enough not to be jealous of the position of his great finance minister; but "Lord John," as the public still calls him, is not big enough, morally as well as physically, to be content to allow a subordinate to occupy the chief post of the ministry in such a manner as to obscure his own importance. Moreover, there is one fatal rock ahead, on which I think the new ministry must make shipwreck. Either they must postpone all idea of reform, in which case they lose the support of the advanced Liberals, or they must introduce a reform bill, in which event they split up the Liberal majority. If I had to make a prophecy, it would be that, before next year is over, we should see a Conservative government in power, and that then Gladstone would become the leader of an united Liberal opposition.

With regard to American affairs, I think Lord Palmerston's death will not be without importance. In a cold and ungracious way Earl Russell has been all along a friend of the Federal cause; while, in a pleasant and careless way, Lord Palmerston, as far as he had any sympathies at all, sympathized with the South. But yet I think it is a blessing for England that Palmerston and not Russell was in power during the last four years. No other Premier could have resisted so successfully the cry for intervention which at one period was so prevalent in the House. As long as Lord Palmerston recommended the maintenance of neutrality, even the warmest partizans of the South acknowledged that the course *he* recommended could not be inconsistent with the national dignity. But any supposed accession to foreign demands would have far less chance of acceptance if endorsed by Gladstone or Russell instead of Palmerston.

"NEW YORK SOCIETY."

THE subject of society in New York has been a puzzle to those who think on social subjects. New York itself is such a changing phenomenon, made up of such constantly shifting elements, that what one says of it to-day will hardly be true to-morrow. We think, however, it must be admitted that, in the best sense, New York society has not been thus far a success, that is, if one compares New York with a European city—London, for instance. A cultivated man, or a "family man," of hospitable habits and moderate means, does not get the same social satisfaction out of life here which he would there. In fact, most men of this stamp with us, after a few years of experience, give up even the expectation of "society" in the European sense, and subside into their own families and literary pursuits, or devote themselves to business and public objects.

Of course, we except from this statement certain persons not sufficiently defined yet even to be called a "class," such as public men or literary men of large means, who entertain much and freely, and a few very refined families, who have inherited some property and habits of hospitality. These people really gather about them "society," which they see in a pleasant way, and which brings forth its very best at their tables. Some circles of this kind in New York could not be exceeded in the world for vivacity, grace, and intelligence, and for the knowledge and interest in general affairs which is the great charm of life in large cities. Relatively to the population, we believe there are still more of these in Boston than in New York. But such little *nuclei* of society do not give it its character. The mass of the middle-class in our city are not at all of this kind, socially considered. In means, they are better off than the corresponding class in England. They live in handsomer houses, and have richer furniture, though showing less equipage—probably, on the whole, spending more annually, and more easily recruiting their means from losses or extravagance. But they do not get as much with their money. Their current idea of "society" is a grand ball once a year, or a "party" in the evening, where the crowd, of course, prevents anything like conversation, but where the hosts perform their social duties in one grand annual act of sacrifice. For the rest of the year, their magnificent drawing-rooms are shut up, cold and dark, and they receive a few chance callers in the "library," or a small closet off the hall—the lady's "boudoir."

Evening visiting is out of the question in such houses. The very aspect of an unused stately room, just lighted up for your benefit, and only half-

warmed, freezes conversation; and the gentlemen who courageously make a few such efforts become disheartened, and give up "society" for clubs. In such houses there is seldom a dinner-company, or lunch-party, or breakfast for guests; there is really no lively conversation, no sparkle of wit, and eager furnishing each of his stores of experience, anecdote, and knowledge, so far as guests are concerned.

Society is a throng of people, just exchanging salutations and admiring or criticizing beautiful toilettes, and crowding to a very late and rich supper. We would not in this be understood as objecting to levees or balls. It is something for people in a large city just to see and exchange a few words with so many acquaintances, whom they could not otherwise meet. Then pretty toilettes, lights, flowers, music, and the dance, are pleasures which no one would wish entirely to lose; but all that we urge is, that they are not "Society." One of the greatest pleasures of life, to a social man, is to see a few intelligent men and women *about a table*. Wine and good cheer warm the wits; men forget their cares and selfishness at a dinner; the day is over, and the faculties which business and anxiety have closed, open at the genial touch of easy social sympathy; the quick joke flies to and fro; the generous statement, the lively argument, the story of adventure, the thousand novelties of the day circulate through the little company, and at an early hour the guest is back at his home, not broken of his rest or his digestion ruined by a late supper, and fresher the next morning for his work.

Or, if the host is so circumstanced that he cannot give a dinner, a "lunch-party" or a breakfast is a pleasant substitute, bringing men of like sympathies and of thought together, and really drawing out *conversation*. Man was made to talk as he eats, and the taking the food alone and morosely is one of the well-known indications of barbarism, seen now among our Southern field-hands and in savage tribes.

The fault with dinners in New York is, that people attempt too much and are too extravagant. No dinner seems to be thought *en règle* without champagne and a dozen courses. But the fact is, the majority of people would prefer a few excellently cooked dishes and one good wine, with a hearty and easy manner, to all the doubtful wines and badly-cooked experiments which make up some of our grand dinners. Then, moderate people cannot give expensive dinners, and so give none at all, which is a great mistake. How often does a stranger in New York receive that most doubtful of hospitalities—the invitation "to come in and see us *at any time*," or, as we knew in one case, "*come to my office!*"—merely because his friend could not give a handsome dinner, and was a shamed to inviteto a plain one. In England, one is invited often to good family dinners, or plain meals where very pleasant people meet, many persons getting over the difficulty of a formal dinner by a lunch or a breakfast. The result of our habit is that there are few houses where society, in the best sense, gathers year after year. New York has an abundance of intelligent, lively, agreeable men and women of the world, but there is great difficulty in getting them together. They are scattered, busy, distrait. After a while, having abjured balls and forsworn party suppers, they drop out of society, and one hardly knows where they are. We see them, indeed, at occasional meetings of a more important kind, and now and then at clubs, but to fairly pin them down to a table and "have a chat" with them, we seldom succeed. The consequence is, New York society exists, like her up-town districts, in a most broken and chaotic condition, mainly interesting as showing what it will be hereafter. Even clubs do not remedy the evil, though they are rapidly drawing young men from the inane life of balls and levees; one reason of their want of success being that they are not sufficiently dining-clubs, and another that their sociality requires late hours, heavy smoking and punch-drinking, which are not favorable habits for the work of the next day, not to speak of their moral tendency.

What we need in New York is a more general and simple hospitality and a stronger sense of the responsibility of people of means in the matter of showing it to others, as well as returning it. There is no city in the world where there is so little conscience about accepting and giving back hospitable favors. People accept one's invitations (or disregard them) year after year, and it never seems to occur to them that they must do anything in return. You never hear of a dinner or even a "party" at *their* house. And some of them, to escape even the appearance of obligation to entertain, fly to hotels, that most self-indulgent refuge for lazy housekeepers.

The two great obstacles, however, in the way of forming a hospitable and agreeable society in New York are, first, *the want of permanence of people in their homes;* and, second, *the lack of trained servants.*

Where the whole population changes its residence every five years, and a portion often every year, there cannot be much permanent society. One does n't know where people are; we lose trace of our friends for three months out of the eight they are in town. The rich of to-day are the men of moderate means to-morrow, and live in a different style. We fall out of the habit of "dropping in" to certain houses, which have always been occupied by the same families, as is the pleasant experience in London, and somewhat in Boston. Society, to be good, needs solidity, permanency.

Then, with our raw, awkward servants, our wives and sisters dread to give dinners, and so we drop out of the habit of and finally the taste for hospitality, and at last lose the flexibility and ease which true society requires. Our community, besides, contains a large number of very active, clever men of business, who have not had culture enough to make them appreciate social intercourse. They are willing sometimes to make a display, but intelligent, cultivated conversation, and the mental effort of entertaining, they do not care for, and would rather avoid. There is no class here that lives solely for social life, as in England and France. Few people have the long experience and tact in bringing out and attracting men and women of mark which Europeans show, and which is transmitted in the foreign social system. One measure of the civilization of a country is the value it sets on society. We have not reached as yet the point of complete culture in this matter which belongs to older communities.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

A CREDITABLE literary enterprise is announced by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, of a kind that we should least expect from what the laureate calls "the grey metropolis of the north." Scotland, the headquarters of Presbyterianism, where popery and prelacy were alike held in equal horror, would seem to be relenting from its ancient severity, when a "Library of the Christian Fathers of the Ante-Nicene Church" is actually to appear under the auspices of one of her leading publishers. Messrs. Clark have done good service to theological literature by their numerous translations from German divines and commentators, and have probably been encouraged by the success their "Foreign Theological Library" has met with to attempt this new undertaking. The "Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers" is intended to present translations of all the extant writings, after the New Testament canon, that appeared before the Council of Nice, with the possible exception of the commentaries of Origen, on account of their bulk; but these also will be given if the series meets with success. It will include works of doubtful paternity, though of unquestioned antiquity, as "The Apostolical Constitutions," etc. Introductory critical and biographical notices will be given with each work, and accuracy of translation will be assured by the employment of competent scholars, among whom we are glad to see the names of James Donaldson, author of a "History of Christian Literature," the first volume of which was recently published by Macmillan, and Dr. Alexander Roberts, author of "Dissertations on the Gospels." It is calculated that the series will make about sixteen volumes. Full indexes, etc., will be given at the completion. The Oxford "Library of the Fathers," the only other collection of the kind in England, is more general in its scope, coming down as late as the time of Gregory the Great. It now comprises forty volumes. Many of them have found a large sale, and had the series been well managed it would have met with success. Being, however, the property of Dr. Pusey, who has sunk a large fortune in it with very inadequate returns, it has not been conducted with the business tact that an energetic publisher could employ, many of the volumes being suffered to go out of print, etc. The growing taste for the study of Christian antiquity is shown by the co-existence of two works of this class. Messrs. Clark's undertaking promises well, and will meet with many supporters in this country.

—Gustave Doré, that wonderful artist, is keeping up the reputation for facility of execution already acquired by his astonishingly numerous works. His Bible, "La Sainte Bible d'après le Vulgate, avec des Desseins par Gustave Doré," is already completed at the press of Messrs. Mame & Sons, of Tours, and will be published in London and Paris early in the present month. It forms two volumes folio, with two hundred and thirty full-size plates, and hundreds of additional vignettes and minor illustrations interspersed with the text on every page. With characteristic love for the terrible, M. Doré has made two drawings of the catastrophe that befell the party who scaled the Alpine height of the Matterhorn; one representing the ecstacy of success, and the other the dreadful accident that caused the loss of four lives. They portray with wonderful ability the majesty of nature contrasted with the comparative insignificance and fragility of man, though it is probable it was less the artist's intention to point a moral than to illustrate a striking and painful incident from the wealth of his unbridled imagination.

—After a long interval, Mr. John Russell Smith has recommenced the

issue of his "Library of Old Authors," with much spirit, by an edition of the writings of a genuine English worthy, Roger Ascham, whose "Whole Works, now first collected and revised, with a Life of the Author, by Rev. Dr. Giles," form four volumes of the usual size. He is also bringing out new editions of Chapman's "Homer's Iliad," and the "Morte d'Arthure," both of which were out of print. It is to be regretted that so late a version of "The History of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table" as that of 1634 was adopted for this valuable series. It was probably done with the idea that it would make a more readable book, but there is a charm in the rugged simplicity and *naïveté* of Caxton's edition of Sir Thomas Malory's romance, as reprinted by Southey, in two volumes 4to, 1817, that renders it far superior to the later dilution by succeeding story-tellers. The primary form of these legends, too, is in all respects more interesting to the antiquary and the philologist. A delightful volume as an aid to the study has just been published by Mr. Furnivall, well known for his services to old English literature. It contains the metrical romance of "La Morte d'Arthure," printed from a manuscript in the Harleian collection, the earliest form in which the story exists in English. The text is accompanied by an excellent glossary, and a prefatory essay on King Arthur by the late Herbert Coleridge, the first of an intended series, stopped by his premature death, full of information and fine critical sagacity.

—The success met with by Miss Bunnètt's translation of Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo" (though not entirely well deserved, as our critical columns have shown) has led to her undertaking for the same publishers, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., a version of "Raphael Santi: His Life and Works, by Alfred Baron von Wolzogen," to form one volume crown 8vo. To the English and American public we believe the name of this biographer is new, the life by Passavant being generally accepted as the chief authority on Raphael and his works. The same publishers announce a work with an attractive title for lovers of *diablerie*, "The Book of Were-Wolves," by Sabine Baring Gould; it is probably a collection of northern legends gathered by the writer in Iceland, on which island he has published a handsome illustrated volume. Also, a new series of "Reminiscences, by Captain Gronow," whose gossip pleasantly recalls the days of the Regency, and "Three Years among the Working Classes of the United States during the War," a subject that if honestly treated, will have interest for both sides of the Atlantic.

—Mr. John Stuart Mill's two articles on "The Philosophy of Auguste Comte" and "Positivism," which lately appeared in the "Westminster Review," are being republished in a handsome octavo volume of 200 pages, by Trübner & Co., of London. They are accounted among competent judges as ranking with his best works; and will provoke less controversy and difference of opinion in England than was excited by the criticism of Sir William Hamilton. Beyond the Tweed, the justice of Mr. Mill's strictures on that philosopher is universally disallowed. The article in the last number of the "North British Review" on the controversy, and Dr. McCosh's forthcoming book, are only some of the symptoms of the energy shown by his countrymen in their defence of Hamilton's character as a metaphysician and logician.

—The verbal criticism that expended itself in attempts to collate from various sources a perfect text of a classic author, has long been a subject of undeserved ridicule. A late writer, Hon. J. Leicester Warren, has just shown, by an article in the "Fortnightly Review," how wide a scope there will be for our posterity for the exercise of the same class of researches, even in the case of one of our best known and most popular poets. The paper is entitled "The Bibliography of Tennyson." Commencing with the small volume "Poems by Two Brothers" (1827), attributed to Alfred and Charles Tennyson, and so scarce as to be "the greatest prize for collectors of this literature," and Alfred Tennyson's prize poem, "Timbuctoo" (1829), he reviews the various editions of his poems, noting very briefly some of the prominent changes of the text, the poems omitted or remodelled, etc., and their progress to their present form of permanence. Thus, in the volume published in 1830, "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," the germ of the current collection, when the author was nineteen, are one hundred and fifty-five pages. Sixty-two of these are retained in the standard edition of the "Poems;" the remainder have been discarded by the author, including the remarkable effusion, "The Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself," a deeply pathetic poem with many exquisite passages; "The Mystic," in blank verse, "a truly marvellous effort for the mind of a boy of nineteen," in this strain:

> "He often, lying broad awake, and yet
> Remaining from the body, and apart
> In intellect, and power, and will, hath heard
> Time flowing in the middle of the night
> And all things creeping to a day of doom," etc.

and "Love," of which the first stanza is,

> "Thou foldest like a golden atmosphere
> The very throne of the eternal God;
> Passing through thee the edicts of his fear
> Are mellowed into music."

A stanza, since suppressed, in "The Palace of Art" will show how early, in advance of the philosophers, the broad harmonies of creation were apprehended by the poetic instincts of the writer's mind:

> "All nature widens upward, evermore,
> The simpler essence lower lies,
> More complex is more perfect, owning more
> Discourse, more widely wise."

The picturesque astronomical stanzas of the same poem, first given in the edition of 1842 and afterwards suppressed, must not be omitted:

> "Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
> Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
> And, as with optic glasses, her keen eyes
> Pierced thro' the mystic dome.
>
> "Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
> Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
> Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
> Of suns and starry streams,
>
> "She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
> That marvellous round of milky light
> Below Orion, and those double stars
> Whereof the one more bright
>
> "Is circled by the other," etc,—

all showing the same love for contemplation of the cosmos, as seen by the mingled lights of philosophy and poetry. The majority of the miscellaneous poems took their present shape in 1842, after much rewriting and number less retouchings. In the edition of 1851 several poems are revived that had been dropped since 1830. To "The Princess" one hundred and seventy lines of blank verse and several of the lyrics have been added since the first edition in 1847. "Maud" has been considerably altered and remodelled; but it is worthy of notice, psychologically, that there have been only five or six alterations made in "In Memoriam" since its first appearance in 1850. As mere studies of poetic manipulation, all the variations of these different editions should be collected, and doubtless will be at some future day. Whether the exquisite taste in polishing and resetting his gems, shown by Tennyson, does not degrade the author from the rank of a poet, carried out of himself by the rushing fire of inspiration, to that of the mere artist whose distrust in his own impulses leads him to over-refinement in the mere workmanship, is a question for his admirers to settle. Mr. Warren does not notice (we may mention) the savage answer to Bulwer Lytton's attack on Tennyson, in the "New Timon," in which the baronet is contrasted with the lion-hearted old Timon, as "the padded man who wears the stays," etc. It appeared in *Punch*, and is probably a unique specimen of personal satire by the poet.

—The Narragansett Club, of Providence, R. I., are preparing to issue, in fac-simile, reprints of the various writings of Roger Williams, the apostle of religious liberty. In so doing they will confer a benefit on historical literature, and set an example worth following to other literary societies whose funds are too often wasted in undertakings of little intrinsic value. The works of Roger Williams are so scarce that no library in the world possesses them all. They consist of seven distinct publications, most of them in small quarto, including his "Key to the Language of America" (1643), the first attempt in English to preserve or illustrate any of the Indian dialects; and his "Bloody Tenent of Persecution Discussed" (1644). Of one of the greatest personal interest, addressed to his wife on her recovery from a dangerous sickness—"Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health, and Their Preservation" (1652)—only two copies are known to exist, one in Philadelphia and the other in the choice collection of Mr. Barlow, of New York, to whom it came among Col. Aspinwall's books on America, that were only partially saved from a fire in Broadway last year. Of another book of Williams's, an account of his controversy with the Quakers, "George Fox digged out of his Burrow," etc. (1676), a quarto of 327 pages, only a single copy remains, now placed in the library of Harvard University. The propriety of rescuing from the chance of total destruction historical monuments like the works of Roger Williams needs no insisting on, and, if rightly managed, the enterprise might become a source of income instead of being an expense to the society.

—The death, on the 6th of October, of Dr. Charles Richardson, author of "The New Dictionary of the English Language," at the age of ninety-one, removes from us probably the most aged literary man of the present generation. His "Dictionary," it is well known, was first made public in the columns of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and first appeared in a separate form in two volumes quarto, in 1836. He also published "Illustrations of English Philology" (1805) and "On the Study of Language" (1854). They show no grasp of his subject, and do little more than retrace the ideas, often

erroneous and exploded, of Horne Tooke. The dictionary partakes of many disadvantages, from the date of its compilation, that a similar enterprise at the present day would be free from. The quantity of old English texts quoted in exemplification of the use of words, made accessible since that time, is probably double what Dr. Richardson was able to consult, and the progress of comparative philology has rendered the portion of the dictionary treating of derivation and etymology of no value. Yet the work will always deserve the merit derived from the intelligent execution of a good plan by all the lights that the author could command. That it *could* be superseded by a better book, more in agreement with the present state of philology, is certain; that it *will be*, is more doubtful. Nothing has been heard of late of the great English dictionary projected by the Philological Society. It was to be composed from materials furnished by persons who read through systematically all the ancient authors in the English language, to stated eras, and noted each remarkable or peculiar word as it occurred. The only defect of this plan was, that as the labor above mentioned was to be performed by volunteers there was no security for the average intelligence of the collaborateurs, and as the edifice itself must depend on the perfection of the individual bricks which compose it, a few incompetent persons might seriously damage the unity and completeness of the work.

—Probably no public man in our times has filled a position of equal eminence with Lord Palmerston who could claim so little connection with literature himself or as even inspiring it in others. Though an M.A., and representative for many years of an English university, no lettered associations cluster around his name. When comparatively a young man, he was supposed to have joined, with Croker and other Tory wits, in the somewhat vapid and personal pleasantries with which, in "The New Whig Guide," Messrs. Brougham, Tierney, Lambton, Ponsonby, Burdett, and other opposition members of Parliament were attacked. This, if correct, is a solitary instance; not even a collection of his speeches has ever been published, and though at some periods of his ministerial career he was literally pelted with pamphlets, he was never provoked to a rejoinder outside of the House, where lay his true sphere of action and influence. He inherited none of the blood of Sir William Temple, the author, who was the uncle of the first Viscount Palmerston. It is a curious exemplification of how few generations bridge over the long stretches of historic time, that the grandfather of the man a few days since flourishing in life and vigor was born in the reign of Queen Anne. A fabulous pedigree imputes a far-descended antiquity to the Temples. The real foundation of this branch of the family was, however, honorably laid by the first Sir William, secretary to Sir Philip Sydney who died in his arms at Zutphen. He afterwards settled in Ireland, in which country the family acquired the peerage, now extinct by the death of the late Premier.

—The professorship of rhetoric and belles lettres, rendered vacant by the death of W. E. Aytoun, at Edinburgh, has been filled by the appointment of David Masson, from a crowd of competitors, by Sir George Grey. He resigns for it a similar professorship in University College, London. The foreign look in Professor Masson's name arises from the duplication of the middle consonant, which he is said to have adopted to distinguish him from the numerous "Masons" of whom he was one; in the same way that, in the last century, Malloch softened his name to Mallett, as still found extant among the minor poets of the day. Mr. Masson was born at Aberdeen, in 1822, and has, probably, got through as much literary work as any living man of his age. He was the original projector of "Macmillan's Magazine," and has continued to edit it from the commencement. His most important labor, the "Life of Milton," was undertaken on so large a scale that the one volume published unfortunately remains only a beginning, and no notice has appeared of the resumption of the work.

ATALANTA IN CALYDON.*

THE last serious attempt, previous to this work of Mr. Swinburne's, to produce a tragedy in English founded on a Greek story, and after the Greek form and manner, was the "Merope" of Mr. Matthew Arnold. That two attempts of this sort should be made within so short a space, by poets of so much original power as Mr. Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, is evidence of the strong allurements with which the Greek tragic art still draws those who come within the circle of its charm.

> Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
> Musa loqui.

But another sense has given other genius and another style to the modern nations. No modern hands can strike the ancient lyre. The Greek Muse allures her modern votaries but to baffle them. Nature and the human heart are the same as of old; the rules of art do not change from generation to generation; but each generation looks at nature with fresh eyes, its heart beats with new pulsations, and it gives new forms of art to the expression of its thought and of its sentiment. The ancient forms are no longer natural to it. The attempt to reproduce them is foredoomed to the inherent weakness of imitation. At its best it can be nothing more than a high order of *jeu d'esprit*.

However penetrated with the spirit of the Greek dramatic art a modern poet may be, however great the genius which he may possess, however subtle his skill in adaptation of his thought to the Greek methods of expression, he engages, if he undertakes to reproduce the Greek tragedy, in a task beyond mortal powers. He, moreover, exposes himself to a comparison which can result only in the display of his own inferiority to the great masters whom he follows. His genius may be equal to that of Æschylus, or Sophocles, or Euripides, but it cannot be *as* theirs. The genius of Goethe, comprehensive as it was, could produce only a German "Iphigenia." No reader familiar with the Greek tragedians would ever take it even for a translation of a Greek drama. The "Phidian Minerva" is not to be remade.

But there are certain things to attempt which is praiseworthy, and manifests a lofty spirit, even though to achieve them be impossible. *Magnis excidere ausis* might be the well-chosen motto of the poets who try their powers in the production of a drama of the Greek school. For the attempt indicates, if it be a serious one, not only susceptibility to the beauties of one of the highest styles of art in literature, and the possession of a rare culture, but also a willingness to submit to a general failure for the sake of certain partial successes. The poet addresses himself primarily in such an undertaking to a very small audience—to those capable of appreciating merits not obvious to the common reader; he gives up the reward of popularity for the sake of the discriminating praise of a selected audience. He voluntarily relinquishes the sympathy of the mass for that of the few.

Such praise belongs to Mr. Swinburne. For his "Atalanta in Calydon" proves that he possesses powers which, if wisely employed in the production of poetry of modern style, would secure to him a place among the popular poets. His tragedy, however widely read, cannot become, in a true sense, a popular poem. The common reader has not imagination enough, or at least has not a sufficiently cultivated and instructed imagination, to answer to the demand made upon it by a poem so remote in construction and intention from modern interests.

But "Atalanta in Calydon" is, in its own kind, a remarkable and an interesting poem. It shows on the part of its author a genuine appreciation, not merely of the beauty, but of the moral intention of the Greek dramatic art. It gives evidence of a poetic genius of great susceptibility, yet so controlled as to be able to work effectively within imposed limits; of a genius whose original powers have been disciplined and confirmed by the faithful study of noble models; of a strong, quick fancy; and of deep, natural feeling. Perhaps, indeed, the chief evidence of Mr. Swinburne's fit preparation and ability for the special task he set before himself in this work, is the exhibition it affords of the quality mainly characteristic of the Greek drama, and which may be described as the pervading of the whole thought and action by a single prevailing sentiment, by which all the characters are to some degree unconsciously inspired, and to which the course of the story is subordinated. It is this characteristic which explains and renders necessary the unities of time, place, and action, and which gives to the Greek drama its peculiar and altogether special power. It is to this characteristic that the Greek tragic art mainly owes its perennial interest. For while our modern tragedy in its highest displays satisfies the need of the spirit for variety and range of emotion, the ancient tragedy satisfies a no less positive need for simplicity, depth, and concentration of impression. It was the aim of the greater Greek tragedians, and the chief end of their consummate art, to exalt and refine the spirit of man by exhibiting to him "the mastery of the human spirit over its own stormiest agitations . . . and to produce a sentiment of sublime acquiescence in the course of fate, and in the dispensations of human life." But though Mr. Swinburne seems to be fully conscious of the simplicity and concentration of sentiment required in the Greek drama, he has failed to do justice to the nature of the Greek sentiment, by introducing into his tragedy a conception of fate and life very far removed from that which the Greek tragedians in the main present. We shall be better able to illustrate what we mean after giving in his own nervous words the argument of his drama:

"Althæa, daughter of Thestius and Eurythemis, queen of Calydon, being with child of Meleager, her first-born son, dreamed that she brought forth a brand burning; and upon his birth came the three Fates and prophesied of

* "Atalanta in Calydon. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. 12mo., pp. 113.

him three things, namely these: that he should have great strength of his hands, and good fortune in this life, and that he should live no longer when the brand then in the fire were consumed; wherefore his mother plucked it forth and kept it by her. And the child being a man grown, sailed with Jason after the fleece of gold, and won himself great praise of all men living; and when the tribes of the north and west made war upon Ætolia, he fought against their army and scattered it. But Artemis, having at the first stirred up these tribes to war against Œneus, king of Calydon, because he had offered sacrifice to all the gods saving her alone, but her he had forgotten to honor, was yet more wroth because of the destruction of this army, and sent upon the land of Calydon a wild boar which slew many and wasted all their increase; but him could none slay, and many went against him and perished. Then were all the chief men of Greece gathered together, and among them Atalanta, daughter of Iasius the Arcadian, a virgin; for whose sake Artemis let slay the boar, seeing she favored the maiden greatly; and Meleager having despatched it, gave the spoil thereof to Atalanta, as one beyond measure enamored of her; but the brethren of Althæa, his mother, Toxeus and Plexippus, with such others as misliked that she only should bear off the praise, whereas many had borne the labor, laid wait for her to take away her spoil; but Meleager fought against them and slew them: whom, when Althæa, their sister, beheld, and knew to be slain of her son, she waxed for wroth and sorrow like as one mad, and taking the brand whereby the measure of her son's life was meted to him, she cast it upon a fire; and with the wasting thereof his life wasted away, that, being brought back to his father's house, he died in a brief space; and his mother also endured not long after for very sorrow; and this was his end, and the end of that hunting."

Mr. Swinburne having been thus happy in the choice of a fable compact with the elements of dramatic interest, has been scarcely less happy in his treatment of it. The action of the drama is confined to the day of the hunt and of Meleager's death. From the opening speech of the huntsman, and the entrance of Althæa upon the scene, the sense of coming woe is felt through the seeming confidence and gladness of the action, and inspires a foreboding anxiety. There is great art in the manner in which the tone of the drama rises, and lifts the emotions of the reader up to the final catastrophe. The little gloom darkens and spreads till it involves the day in blackness. The lyrics of the chorus, which takes the place of the ideal spectator, break the action, while deepening and intensifying its effect. But it is here that our chief objection arises to Mr. Swinburne's conception of the Greek notion of the relation of the gods to man, and of fate and life. The part of the chorus in the Greek tragedies is, speaking generally, to give utterance to the impression which the successive tragic situations would make on one witnessing the scene without passion, but with sympathy for the actors within the bounds of reverence for the controlling gods. The natural direction of its emotion is toward piety. But the chorus in "Atalanta in Calydon," at the moment before the catastrophe, bursts into a lyric of great power and beauty, but wholly against the gods. It is not atheistic but antitheistic, and to our feeling it injures the whole dramatic conception, and is untrue to the Greek model. "None hath beheld God," says the chorus:

> "Who makes desire, and slays desire with shame;
> Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his hand,
> Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,
> Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand,
> Smites without sword, and scourges without rod;
> The supreme evil, God.
>
> "Yea, with thine hate, O God, thou hast covered us,
> One saith, and hidden our eyes away from sight,
> And made us transitory and hazardous,
> Light things and slight;
> Yet have men praised thee, saying, He hath made man thus,
> And he doeth right.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Therefore, because thou art strong, our father, and we
> Feeble; and thou art against us, and thine hand
> Constrains us in the shallows of the sea
> And breaks us at the limits of the land;
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Because thou art over all who are over us;
> Because thy name is life, and our name death;
> Because thou art cruel and men are piteous,
> And our hands labor, and thine hand scattereth;
> Lo, with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
> Lo, with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
> At least we witness of thee ere we die
> That these things are not otherwise, but thus:
> That each man in his heart sigheth, and saith
> That all men, even as I,
> All we are against thee, against thee, O God most high."

This is very striking and powerful poetry, but it is far from being in harmony with the prevailing tone of religious feeling in the Greek tragic poets. Even in the "Prometheus," where the chorus complains of the hard-heartedness and wrath of Zeus, no such blasphemy against him is found, but, on the contrary, a prayer that

> "Never may the all-ruling
> Zeus put into my mind
> Force antagonist to him.
> Nor let me cease drawing near
> The gods with holy sacrifices;
> Nor let me transgress in words."

The very idea of a cruel and wanton god who is over all, irresistible, uncontrolled, is adverse to the deepest religious conceptions of the Greek tragedians. They represent Zeus himself as subject to Fate. The reply of the pythoness of Delphi, "It is impossible even for god to escape fate," is repeated in the speech of Prometheus, "By no means can Zeus escape what has been fated." And this fate was felt in a dim, imperfect way to be an image or allegory of the absolute, eternal law by which the universe was ordered, an obligation superior to all power, a law to which the lawgiver must submit. Bitter as may be the expressions against the gods, there is nothing which we recall in the Greek tragedy which exhibits the spirit of this passage in Mr. Swinburne's drama.

It might not be difficult to point out in the "Atalanta" other passages of which the tone is more that of modern than of ancient feeling, especially in the mode in which nature is regarded; but, as a whole, the work is remarkably consistent with its design in sentiment and in expression. The fault which will strike most forcibly the majority of readers, is an occasional obscurity of diction, produced in some instances by an unusual collocation of words; in others, by ellipses by which the easy train and connection of the thought are broken, so that a pause of reflection is required to discover the author's meaning. But the fault disappears in the passages of most animation and passion, and in these the diction is always clear, vigorous, and instinct with power. The account of the hunt given by the herald is a noble piece of poetic description. And, indeed, Mr. Swinburne's control over the various forms of verse which he employs, and especially the great and varied beauties of the lyrical portions of his drama, place him high in the ranks of the living masters of verse, and give promise and hope of future poetic triumphs. It is rare, indeed, that the first work of a young man affords such assurance of excellence as this, for the "Atalanta" presents a combination of youthful freshness and abundance, with self-restraint, dignity, and conscious strength. There is neither extravagance in it nor over-excitement, nor, on the other hand, is it marked by any sign of unseasonable maturity. It is in a lofty tone throughout, and the imagination of the poet acts most freely and with most natural expression in the highest regions. If Mr. Swinburne's career should be such as this volume gives us the right to hope, the short list of English poets will be lengthened by the addition of his name.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

No historical work of our time has commanded more attention than this, and this attention is due to a variety of causes. Mr. Froude writes so well that had he chosen a subject of small interest for his labors, he would not have failed to secure many readers; and the subject he selected happens to be one of the most attractive passages of modern history. The history of that England which the world best knows, and which has had so great a part in the leading transactions of more than ten generations, dates from the time that the Tudor dynasty had fairly established itself on the English throne; that is, from the year 1509, when Henry VIII., a young and magnificent prince, with generous thoughts and high aspirations, succeeded his grave and unpopular father, who had reigned by the right of conquest, in fact, whatever may have been thought or said of his parliamentary title and Lancastrian blood. Henry VII. never sat firmly in the seat from which he had hurled Richard III. by the aid of foreign mercenaries and domestic traitors. The crown which Sir Reginald Bray took from the hawthorn-bush at Bosworth Field seems never to have fitted the head of the first Tudor sovereign. Every one knew that his Lancastrian claim would not have served to establish a title to an estate; and that Parliament would have been as prompt to recognize the Earl of Lincoln as King of England, had he been victorious at Stoke (in 1487), as it had been to recognize the Earl of Richmond's royalty after the day of Bosworth. Nothing that Henry VII. did during his reign was calculated to make him popular, and it is probable that nothing that he could have done would have won for him the good-will of either nobility or commons. He was, as old Coke says of him, "an exceedingly wise and politic prince," but it was not given to him to be popular. The country submitted to his rule because it was weary of civil war, which had existed, or threatened to break out, from the day of St. Albans to the day of Stoke; but it would have submitted just as readily to Richard III. or to Lord Lincoln, had the decision of arms been favorable to their cause. When Henry VII. died, England felt as much relieved as Sinbad when he had succeeded in "throwing" the Old Man of the Sea. She had submitted to him because she knew that submission was necessary, and she had no choice in the matter; but she had disliked him none the less because of the fact that he was, as she looked at affairs, a necessary evil.

* "History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford." Volumes I.-IV. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1865.

Very different was the situation of Henry VIII. Men even forgot that he was the son of Henry VII. in the recollection that he was the grandson of Edward IV., his mother being the eldest daughter of that popular monarch, whom Henry VII. had been forced to marry. He united the claims of York and Lancaster, and for many years he was the most popular of sovereigns. This popularity seems to be well deserved, for he had ability, was of moral life absolutely a pattern for kings, attended closely to his duties, and generally acted justly. Of all the brilliant monarchs of the sixteenth century, Henry VIII., if we look only at the first half of his reign, was unquestionably the best; and his talents were equal to those of Charles V., of Sultan Solyman, and his own daughter Elizabeth, and superior to those of Francis I. and Philip II. Had he died in or about 1528, we doubt if it would have been possible to find in history a more popular king, or one whose popularity would have been better deserved. But toward the middle of his reign a change began, and one of the effects of this change has been to make of Henry one of the most odious of historical personages to the minds of the majority of men, though it did not make him odious to the majority of his subjects—while it is undeniable that when he died he was far differently regarded from what he had been when he began to reign.

Mr. Froude's work opens at the time when it had become clear that a great change had taken place, if not in the king, in the circumstances of his position—say 1529—but there is necessarily much introductory matter, which runs so closely into his general subject, that it is impossible exactly to date his opening. So far as the American edition goes, it embraces the last half of Henry VIII.'s reign, or very nearly those years which form that half of it, the fourth volume closing with Henry's death, at the beginning of 1547. The English edition carries the work down some twenty years later, when Elizabeth had long been on the throne. Though intended to form a whole, which it will form when completed, it really divides itself into three parts. The first part is contained in the four volumes already republished here. The second covers the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary I., including the melancholy episode of Lady Jane Grey. The third will contain the reign of Elizabeth, some nine years of which are treated of in the seventh and eighth volumes. As a whole, the work promises to be voluminous, and probably will make twenty volumes when finished, judging by the number of years that are included in the eight volumes now out. But then it is also luminous, and, considering the extraordinary themes which are handled in it, and the talents of the author, we do not think the extent of the work really can be objected to. Then the volumes yet to come must appear at long intervals, and many who now read the first eight in the warmth of youth will find their blood wonderfully cooled by the time that Mr. Froude shall have written his colophon—if so obsolete a thing as a colophon be mentionable in these fast and changing days.

The seventy-four years that are embraced in Mr. Froude's plan are the opening time of our modern world, the period in which Western Europe, or the northern portion of it at least, achieved freedom of mind, and prepared the way for the establishment of yet greater freedom in North America. The world had got so far forward on the road to grand change that it is certain there would have been a great revolution in the sixteenth century had the Reformation not occurred, and had Luther and Calvin been the victims of measles, or teething, or cholera infantum, or scarlatina. The day on which Guttenberg struck off his first printed sheets not only settled the fact that the world must change, and rapidly, too, but decided the manner in which the change must be wrought. Sentimental people, who think with regret of the alterations that the world has undergone in four centuries, ought to know that it was inevitable, and be thankful that its processes were productive of so little that truly can be called evil. It was as impossible that the world could remain in the "middle ages" as it is that men and women can always be twenty-one and eighteen. Manhood and womanhood are as proper to nations as to individuals; and as the fifteenth century closed, European communities began to feel that they had outgrown that ecclesiastical ascendency which had been proper to them when the priesthood was the most enlightened and intelligent portion of the Christian world. It was no more possible that the ancient system should be maintained than that England's American colonies should remain portions of England's dominion after they had grown to a condition to "set up for themselves." As the American nation would have existed had Washington, Henry, and Jefferson, the Adamses and Hancock, never been born, so would there have been a great and successful revolt of the laity of Europe against the priesthood had not one of the Protestant leaders whose names we now hold in honor ever emerged from obscurity.

Circumstances gave to England the first place in the work of the Reformation. Strike her out of the movement, and we can no more associate with it the idea of success than we can associate it with the idea of the Albigensian movement, which was so completely checked. England, even when most Catholic, was strongly anti-Papal. She felt the yoke of Rome to be a yoke indeed. Hence it was that the revolt against Rome took a peculiar form in England, causing Henry VIII. to seek the maintenance of Catholicism while he sought to crush Romanism. He was no Protestant, though forced to do the work of Protestantism. The Reformation was singularly complicated in England with the fortunes and the passions of individuals, and this it is that gives a strange charm to Mr. Froude's "History." The first four volumes may be called the history of Henry VIII., during about eighteen of the most eventful years of his life and of England's annals. Henry is the central figure of a group of remarkable characters, who, at the distance of more than three centuries, interest us quite as much as we are interested by our most eminent contemporaries. Cardinal Wolsey, Katherine of Aragon, Thomas Cromwell, Anne Boleyn, Cranmer, the Seymours, the Dukes of Norfolk and of Suffolk, Latimer, Gardiner, Katherine Howard, the Earl of Surrey, Lady Salisbury, Cardinal Pole, and many others, are all but living beings to us long after they have slept in bloody graves, or have died by the axe, or at the stake, or from grief. They are the persons who meet us in Mr. Froude's pages, and who excite our sympathies as we see them cast aside or sent to prison and the scaffold. The same interest is created in this instance that Mr. Merivale has created for the Romans in the days of the first and second Cæsars, but with this difference, that Mr. Froude's coloring is the richer, because his materials are more abundant, and we find it easier to sympathize with Englishmen and Christians who were the contemporaries of the grandfathers of the founders of our country, than with Romans and Pagans who died almost two thousand years ago The manner in which the history of the English Reformation was "mixed and brewed" with that of individuals, though unquestionably deleterious to it in a moral sense, gives to it a fascination that it would lack were there nothing but the Reformation itself concerned in the business of change. It is this mixture which renders Mr. Froude's work a grand picture gallery, and will win for it admirers who would never have had the patience to go through a score of volumes on the same subject that should be written in the style of the Chronicles.

Mr. Froude writes from original materials principally, from laws enacted in the Tudor times, and from the correspondence of public men, kings, statesmen, diplomatists, and soldiers. This adds to the excellence of his work, beyond question; and now that England is making known her state papers on a liberal scale, it is not to be doubted that many things that have long passed for truths in her history will be degraded to the place appointed for lies, while things that were supposed to be false will be discovered to be truths. The state papers of other countries are also, to a very considerable extent, open to the truth-seeker. The Simancas collection appears to be inexhaustible. But of this sort of historical material, without undervaluing it, we have this question to ask: How much of it is really trustworthy? Laws, that is, statutes, enacted by legislatures, or other bodies empowered to enact them, speak for themselves, if we know the circumstances under which they came into existence. With correspondence it is not so. That must depend for its value upon the character of the writers—not their reputation, which may be very high; but their character, which may be very low. It is well known that the diplomatists and other public men of former times were by no means so devoted to truth as to wish to see her in all her naked charms. It was never supposed of them that they were ready to jump into very deep wells in the hope of plucking her out of them. These men of the sixteenth century were in an especial sense the most abandoned of liars. They reduced falsehood to a system, and became so very perfect in their art, that, as Varney says to Alasco, having imposed upon all mankind, they at length, in some measure, imposed upon themselves. The trouble is, in using the materials they have furnished, to ascertain to what extent they carried their practice of lying; and until that is done we must confess that we cannot have anything like a profound faith in their writings as historical authorities. Who shall assure the world that the Spanish despatches from London to Philip II. were not seasoned with lies? If we find a Castilian ambassador lying to Elizabeth regularly and on system, is it uncharitable to suppose that sometimes he lied to Philip? And if it is not uncharitable thus to suppose, is it to be too critical to say that these despatches of ambassadors and other similar writings are not precisely that absolutely faultless material which they are commonly supposed to be? If the minister found it for his interest, as he understood that interest, to lie to his master, lie he would to him; and the monarch "near" whose court he resided may have found it for *his* interest occasionally to give the minister very good and substantial reasons for supplying his employer with falsehoods. We can trust the Venetian *relazioni*, for their writers had no inducement to be false, and it might have been dangerous to attempt imposition at the expense of the

Signiory; but we are not quite prepared to admit that all the ambassadors of the sixteenth century were so conscientiously scrupulous when writing home as never to go beyond facts. Besides, very often they must have been ignorant, or have been victims of deception, and thus they may have been made to write falsely when desirous of setting down only the truth. A critical historian, however, such as Mr. Froude, is entitled to use these materials, but he should use them with much care. On some occasions, as it seems to us, he has relied upon them, to speak moderately, as much as they deserve, and further than we should have been disposed to rely upon them.

Lord Byron declares that wrath and partiality are virtues in a historian, as they make him write in earnest. Mr. Froude cannot be charged with giving way to wrath—quite the contrary, for he maintains his coolness on all occasions, and sometimes, we doubt not, to the indignation of the warm-blooded reader; but he has been accused of partiality, because he has made a hero of Henry VIII., to whom he all but applies, in the historic sense, the English constitutional maxim, that the king can do no wrong. He goes almost as far in one direction as ignorant Romanists do in the other direction, when writing of Henry. We must say that he has sometimes tried our temper severely when he defends some of Henry's worst deeds, as we estimate them; but we are bound to add, that we are convinced that he acts in all honesty, and that he supports his positions with wonderful skill, and by the use of ample resources. If he does not convince his opponents, mostly, he manages to silence them. The course that he pursues with regard to Henry, which he resolved upon after beginning his work, adds much to the interest of his history for readers, whatever may be its effect on it as a work of authority.

The American edition of this work is finely printed, and pleases the eye better than it is pleased by the English edition; but there is something in our climate that is unfavorable to the preservation of good printing, and we use neither so good ink nor so good paper as are used in England, and therefore our most beautiful specimens of typography are often doomed to have but a summer's life; but we are not the less proud to mention the efforts that publishers of good taste make to excel in the most important of all the arts.

MISS BRADDON.*

Miss Aurora Floyd, as half the world knows, was a young lady who got into no end of trouble by marrying her father's groom. We had supposed that this adventure had long ago become an old story; but here is a new edition of her memoirs to prove that the public has not done with her yet. We would assure those individuals who look with regret upon this assumption by a "sensation" novel of the honors of legitimate fiction, that the author of "Aurora Floyd" is an uncommonly clever person. Her works are distinguished by a quality for which we can find no better name than "pluck;" and should not pluck have its reward wherever found? If common report is correct, Miss Braddon had for many years beguiled the leisure moments of an arduous profession—the dramatic profession—by the composition of fictitious narrative. But until the publication of "Lady Audley's Secret" she failed to make her mark. To what secret impulse or inspiration we owe this sudden reversal of fortune it is difficult to say; but the grim determination to succeed is so apparent in every line of "Lady Audley's Secret," that the critic is warranted in conjecturing that she had at last become desperate. People talk of novels with a purpose; and from this class of works, both by her patrons and her enemies, Miss Braddon's tales are excluded. But what novel ever betrayed a more resolute purpose than the production of what we may call Miss Braddon's second manner? Her purpose was at any hazard to make a hit, to catch the public ear. It was a difficult task, but audacity could accomplish it. Miss Braddon accordingly resorted to extreme measures, and created the sensation novel. It is to this audacity, this courage of despair, as manifested in her later works, that we have given the name of pluck. In these works it has settled down into a quiet determination not to let her public get ahead of her. A writer who has suddenly leaped into a popularity greatly disproportionate to his merit, can only retain his popularity by observing a strictly respectful attitude to his readers. This has been Miss Braddon's attitude, and she has maintained it with unwearied patience. She has been in her way a disciple as well as a teacher. She has kept up with the subtle innovations to which her art, like all others, is subject, as well as with the equally delicate fluctuations of the public taste. The result has been a very obvious improvement in her style.

She had been preceded in the same path by Mr. Wilkie Collins, whose "Woman in White," with its diaries and letters and its general ponderosity, was a kind of nineteenth century version of "Clarissa Harlowe." Mind, we say a nineteenth century version. To Mr. Collins belongs the credit of having introduced into fiction those most mysterious of mysteries, the mysteries which are at our own doors. This innovation gave a new impetus to the literature of horrors. It was fatal to the authority of Mrs. Radcliffe and her everlasting castle in the Apennines. What are the Apennines to us, or we to the Apennines? Instead of the terrors of "Udolpho," we were treated to the terrors of the cheerful country-house and the busy London lodgings. And there is no doubt that these were infinitely the more terrible. Mrs. Radcliffe's mysteries were romances pure and simple; while those of Mr. Wilkie Collins were stern reality. The supernatural, which Mrs. Radcliffe constantly implies, though she generally saves her conscience, at the eleventh hour, by explaining it away, requires a powerful imagination in order to be as exciting as the natural, as Mr. Collins and Miss Braddon, without any imagination at all, know how to manage it. A good ghost-story, to be half as terrible as a good murder-story, must be connected at a hundred points with the common objects of life. The best ghost-story probably ever written—a tale published some years ago in "Blackwood's Magazine"—was constructed with an admirable understanding of this principle. Half of its force was derived from its prosaic, commonplace, daylight accessories. Less delicately terrible, perhaps, than the vagaries of departed spirits, but to the full as *interesting*, as the modern novel reader understands the word, are the numberless possible forms of human malignity. Crime, indeed, has always been a theme for dramatic poets; but with the old poets its dramatic interest lay in the fact that it compromised the criminal's moral repose. Whence else is the interest of *Orestes* and *Macbeth?* With Mr. Collins and Miss Braddon (our modern Euripides and Shakespeare) the interest of crime is in the fact that it compromises the criminal's personal safety. The play is a tragedy, not in virtue of an avenging deity, but in virtue of a preventive system of law; not through the presence of a company of fairies, but through that of an admirable organization of police detectives. Of course, the nearer the criminal and the detective are brought home to the reader, the more lively his "sensation." They are brought home to the reader by a happy choice of probable circumstances; and it is through their skill in the choice of these circumstances—their thorough-going realism—that Mr. Collins and Miss Braddon have become famous. In like manner, it is by the thorough-going realism of modern actors that the works of the most poetic of poets have been made to furnish precedent for sensational writers. There are no *circumstances* in "Macbeth," as you read it; but as you see it played by Mr. Charles Kean or Mr. Booth it is nothing but circumstances. And we may here remark, in parentheses, that if the actors of a past generation—Garrick and Mrs. Siddons—left with their contemporaries so profound a conviction of their *greatness*, it is probably because, like the great dramatists they interpreted, they were ideal and poetic; because their effort was not to impress but to express.

We have said that although Mr. Collins anticipated Miss Braddon in the work of devising domestic mysteries adapted to the wants of a sternly prosaic age, she was yet the founder of the sensation novel. Mr. Collins's productions deserve a more respectable name. They are massive and elaborate constructions—monuments of mosaic work, for the proper mastery of which it would seem, at first, that an index and note-book were required They are not so much works of art as works of science. To read "The Woman in White," requires very much the same intellectual effort as to read Motley or Froude. We may say, therefore, that Mr. Collins being to Miss Braddon what Richardson is to Miss Austen, we date the novel of domestic mystery from the former lady, for the same reason that we date the novel of domestic tranquillity from the latter. Miss Braddon began by a skilful combination of bigamy, arson, murder, and insanity. These phenomena are all represented in the deeds of Lady Audley. The novelty lay in the heroine being, not a picturesque Italian of the fourteenth century, but an English gentlewoman of the current year, familiar with the use of the railway and the telegraph. The intense probability of the story is constantly reiterated. Modern England—the England of to-day's newspaper—crops up at every step. Of course Lady Audley is a nonentity, without a heart, a soul, a reason. But what we may call the small change for these facts—her eyes, her hair, her mouth, her dresses, her bedroom furniture, her little words and deeds—are so lavishly bestowed that she successfully maintains a kind of half illusion. Lady Audley was diabolically wicked; Aurora Floyd, her successor, was simply foolish, or indiscreet, or indelicate—or anything you please to say of a young lady who runs off with a hostler. But as bigamy had been the cause of Lady Audley's crimes, so it is the cause of Aurora's woes. She marries a second time, on the hypothesis of the death of the hostler. But, to paraphrase a sentence of Thackeray's in a sketch of the projected plot of "Denis Duval," suppose, after all, it should turn out that the

* "Aurora Floyd. By M. E. Braddon." American News Company, New York.

hostler was *not* dead? In "Aurora Floyd" the small change is more abundant than ever. Aurora's hair, in particular, alternately blue-black, purple-black, and dead-black, is made to go a great way. Since "Aurora Floyd," Miss Braddon has published half-a-dozen more novels; each, as we have intimated, better than the previous one, and running through more editions; but each fundamentally a repetition of "Aurora Floyd." These works are censured and ridiculed, but they are extensively read. The author has a hold upon the public. It is, assuredly, worth our while to enquire more particularly how she has obtained it.

The great public, in the first place, is made up of a vast number of little publics, very much as our Union is made up of States, and it is necessary to consider which of these publics is Miss Braddon's. We can best define it with the half of a negative. It is that public which reads nothing but novels, and yet which reads neither George Eliot, George Sand, Thackeray, nor Hawthorne. People who read nothing but novels are very poor critics of human nature. Their foremost desire is for something new. Now, we all know that human nature is very nearly as old as the hills. But *society* is for ever renewing itself. To society, accordingly, and not to life, Miss Braddon turns, and produces, not stories of passion, but stories of action. Society is a vast magazine of crime and suffering, of enormities, mysteries, and miseries of every description, of incidents, in a word. In proportion as an incident is exceptional, it is interesting to persons in search of novelty. Bigamy, murder, and arson are exceptional. Miss Braddon distributes these materials with a generous hand, and attracts the attention of her public. The next step is to hold its attention. There have been plenty of tales of crime which have not made their authors famous, nor put money in their purses. The reason can have been only that they were not well executed. Miss Braddon, accordingly, goes to work like an artist. Let not the curious public take for granted that, from a literary point of view, her works are contemptible. Miss Braddon writes neither fine English nor slovenly English; not she. She writes what we may call very knowing English. If her readers have not read George Eliot and Thackeray and all the great authorities, she assuredly has, and, like every one else, she is the better for it. With a telling subject and a knowing style she proceeds to get up her photograph. These require shrewd observation and wide experience; Miss Braddon has both. Like all women, she has a turn for color; she knows how to paint. She overloads her canvas with detail. It is the peculiar character of these details that constitute her chief force. They betray an intimate acquaintance with that disorderly half of society which becomes every day a greater object of interest to the orderly half. They intimate that, to use an irresistible vulgarism, Miss Braddon "has been there." The novelist who interprets the illegitimate world to the legitimate world, commands from the nature of his position a certain popularity. Miss Braddon deals familiarly with gamblers, and betting-men, and flashy reprobates of every description. She knows much that ladies are not accustomed to know, but that they are apparently very glad to learn. The names of drinks, the technicalities of the faro-table, the lingo of the turf, the talk natural to a crowd of fast men at supper, when there are no ladies present but Miss Brad don, the way one gentleman knocks another down—all these things—the exact local coloring of Bohemia—our sisters and daughters may learn from these works. These things are the incidents of vice; and vice, as is well-known, even modern, civilized, elegant, prosaic vice, has its romance. Of this romance Miss Braddon has taken advantage, and the secret of her success is, simply, that she has done her work better than her predecessors. That is, she has done it with a woman's *finesse* and a strict regard to morality. If one of her heroines elopes with a handsome stable-boy, she saves the proprieties by marrying him. This may be indecent if you like, but it is not immoral. If another of her heroines is ever tempted, she resists. With people who are not particular, therefore, as to the moral delicacy of their author, or as to their intellectual strength, Miss Braddon is very naturally a favorite.

WILLSON'S "OUTLINES OF HISTORY."*

Of the manuals of universal history written or published for the use of the American youth, but few deserve a detailed criticism. M. Willson's "Outlines of History" is one of the few. It is the product of both knowledge and labor. Its contents are ample, its narratives well arranged and connected, its style is lucid and pleasing, its chronology, with few exceptions, correct, its geographical notes are abundant and full, and, what is more, its tendency is humane and moralizing, its views of things are mostly fair, and its quotations from standard authors well chosen. But its defects, too, are numerous, and for a "university edition" inexcusable; and inasmuch as it is doing duty very extensively as a school and college text-book, we feel bound to point them out. The principal ones are owing to the following three reasons.

Firstly, the book, which bears on its title-page the date "1864," was "entered according to act of Congress," as the other side of the leaf informs us, "in the year 1854," and has since, as we can easily discover, not been revised. In consequence of this, it not only discontinues the history of the world, commenced "with the first act of creation," on reaching the new epoch inaugurated, in 1852, by the establishment of the second French empire, but it is also completely ignorant of all the important discoveries recently made by archæologists, philologists, and critics concerning some of the most ancient empires of the world. Its chapters on the history of Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt may therefore be regarded as entirely antiquated, and, in parts, as worse than useless.

Secondly, the author has allowed his theological views to usurp an influence over his pen which is not at all in accordance with the duties of an historian, and especially of a writer for schools. The third part of the work, inscribed "Outlines of the Philosophy of History," indulges in a wide range of decidedly more theological than historical speculations on "the antediluvian world," "miraculous interpositions," "the origin of discord," and "the struggle of opposing races," "coincidences between sacred and profane history," "Bible chronology," "historical prophecies," and chiefly the vision of Daniel concerning "the four kingdoms," as illustrated by the "beasts" of the Revelation, in connection with which we are even told "that most Protestant theological writers suppose that the three great angels described in the Apocalypse were the three great heralds of the reformation, Wickliffe, Huss, and Luther." These curious speculations, embodied in separate chapters, would still be excused as more or less instructive or amusing digressions of an ingenious or fanciful character, but we find with regret that the whole of the Jewish history, in the narrative, is written in the same vein, precluding almost all critical discrimination. Not only are references to prophecies frequent on those pages (68, 69, 198, 225, 244, 285, etc.), and predicted facts sometimes represented as effects of the prediction, but chronology itself is adapted to the wants of orthodoxy, profane history is violently made to agree with the Scriptures, and exaggerated accounts are generally preferred. Thus the Cyaxares of Herodotus—not the later one of Xenophon—is converted into an Ahasuerus, Sardanapalus made to carry away King Manasseh, and consequently to reign after Sennacherib, the Jebusites are supposed to have been Hyksos, and Jerusalem is stated to have been defended against Titus by no less than six hundred thousand men.

But the most vital defects of the work are to be attributed to the third reason, which is the author's excessive care "to keep the attention of the student fixed on the history of the most important nations—grouping around them, and treating as of secondary importance, the history of others"—to bring out "in bold relief the main subjects of history, to the exclusion of comparatively unimportant collateral details," on account of which "he has given greater fulness than would otherwise be possible to Grecian, Roman, German (?), French, and English history," "while the importance of rendering the whole as interesting to the student as possible has been kept constantly in view," causing also the transfer to the notes of much that "could not be introduced into the text without frequent digressions that would impair the unity of the subject." To attain these objects the author has sacrificed so much as to diminish materially the value of his "Outlines" as a universal history. Entire subjects, not to speak of numberless details, have been omitted, or treated in notes, simply because they were not ample or interesting enough to form a separate chapter, and could not easily be connected with other narratives without impairing their unity. A few examples will show what is to be understood by "the exclusion of comparatively unimportant collateral details."

The whole history of China, from the earliest times down to ours, is given in, or rather thrown out, by the following note, appended to a mention of that country in connection with the conquests of Genghis-Khan (p. 286):

"China, a vast country of Eastern Asia, may be almost said to have no history of any interest to the general reader, it has so few revolutions or political changes to record. The authentic history of the Chinese begins with the compilations of Confucius, who was born B.C. 550. From that period the annals have been carefully noted and preserved in an unbroken line to the present day, forming a series of more than five hundred volumes of uninteresting chronological details."

Not even an allusion to the character of those "compilations" of that "Confucius" or of the people; no mention of its peculiar civilization, early progress and inventions, and subsequent stagnation and decay! India and

* "Outlines of History, illustrated by numerous Geographical and Historical Notes and Maps." By Marcius Willson, author of "American History," "History of the United States," etc. University edition. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1864.

its people, religion, and literature are treated in the same way, in a note appended to the narrative of the conquests of the Saracens (p. 253):

"Hindostan, a vast triangular country beyond the Indus, and south of the Himalaya Mountains—the country of the Hindoos—has no authentic early history, although there is evidence to show that it was one of the early seats of Eastern civilization. The incursion of Alexander (325 B.C.) first made Hindostan known to the European world. In the early part of the eleventh century it was repeatedly invaded by the Mohammedans of Affghanistan."

Jewish history is amply told wherever it can form an interesting narrative, but most indifferently where it ceases to be amusing or exciting. Its post-biblical part is scanty, and gradually dwindles down into nothing. There is no mention of the sects of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes; of Ezra, Hillel, or Gamaliel; of the Mishna, the Talmud, or the mediæval rabbis; of the persecutions or of the literary and commercial activity of the Jews in modern times. Even the history of Herod and his house is entirely passed over in silence.

The history of the Byzantine empire is still more defective, "its annals being so obscure and devoid of interest that we pass them by for subjects of greater importance." And so we pass by, without mention, all the Constantines, besides the Great and his son, all the Leos, the whole period of the inconoclastic commotions, Irene, and almost every other Byzantine name.

The early Christian sects and schisms, the rise and growth of the Roman hierarchy, and its struggles against the imperial power, are equally crowded out. The most celebrated of the Roman pontiffs are not mentioned. The long struggle of Pope Gregory VII. with the emperor is not even alluded to. Neither is his protector, Robert Guiscard, mentioned, or any of the Norman princes of Southern Italy and Sicily, or the event of the Sicilian Vespers. The history of the Italian republics, down to the latest times, is told in a few scattered passages, in which not a single name occurs—no Dandolo, no Doria, no Cosmo, no Lorenzo. Neither can the names of Albert of Brescia, Rienzi, and Savonarola be found.

The history of the three Scandinavian states, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, before the Reformation, is contained in three sentences of the text and in a note attached (p. 308.) The contemporaneous history of Russia and Poland is almost equally poor. Bohemia, Moravia, Servia, and Transylvania, each of which has had its flourishing period of independence and power, are mentioned only as geographical names. The history of Hungary begins with the events of 1848, preceded by an introductory remark on the earlier periods, which, however, ignores such names as Arpád, Saint Stephen, Louis the Great, Hunniades, Matthias Corvinus, Zrinyi, Tökölyi, and Rákóczy.

Nor is the history of the German empire much more complete, in which you look in vain for a mention of Henry III., Henry IV., Rudolph of Hapsburg, Adolphus of Nassau, and Charles IV.! Of German literature there is no trace in this book, though it devotes two hundred and fifty out of its eight hundred and fifty pages to a "compend of the history of civilization."

The treatment of literature and culture is altogether discursive, unsystematic, and defective. Not only such German minds as Leibnitz, Kant, and Hegel, Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe, are passed over in silence, but also Abélard, Descartes, and Spinoza, and such of the ancients as Euclid, Zeno, and Aristippus, Hippocrates and Galen, Zeuxis and Apelles.

Inaccuracies of detail are also of no rare occurrence. We shall notice here a few. In the enumeration of the states of Peloponnesus (p. 21), Arcadia is omitted. For the conquest of Nineveh by Cyaxares we find two different dates, 606 and 612 B.C. (pp. 18 and 67). Severus, "afterwards emperor," who was born after the death of Hadrian, is made to command against the Jews in the reign of the latter (p. 204). Calais, a town of Artois, is placed in Picardy (p. 299). "Gaul" is used for modern France (p. 278); "Turks" for "Moslems," speaking of the seventh century (279). We read of "ancient Greece, Thessaly," etc. (p. 310), the latter of which is comprised in the former. Podolia is incorrectly included in Ukraine at one place 390), while it is correctly mentioned as a separate province at another (p. 528). John Sobieski is designated "the deliverer of Poland" instead of "the deliverer of Vienna" (p. 410). The grand-duchy of Warsaw is called "grand-duchy of Poland" (*ib.*) Ypsilanti is erroneously stated to have fled to Trieste (p. 516). The modern Greek Odysseus is called Ulysses (p. 518), which is like calling Diana of Poitiers, Artemis of Poitiers. The kingdom of Prussia is designated as an *empire*, in contradistinction to the *kingdoms* of Bavaria, Hanover, etc. (p. 539). The Banat is made identical with "Hungary-beyond-the-Theiss" (p. 551), of which it is a division. Debreczin is erroneously placed in *South*-eastern Hungary. The population of Pesth, which was upward of 100,000 when the book was written, is stated to be about 65,000 (p. 549).

The last-mentioned errors may be attributed to the inaccuracy of the gazetteers used by the author, and his carelessness in verifying their statements. How far he was occasionally misled by them, though his materials generally belonged to the better class, will best appear from a number of notes attached to *one* page (313), which contain the following: "Bohemia, having Moravia . . . on the *south-east*," and immediately after, "Moravia . . . lies *east* of Bohemia;" "Lusatia was a tract of country having . . . *Bavaria* on the south," on which it never bordered; "Brandenburg the most important of the Prussian *states*," meaning provinces; "*West* Prussian Saxony," which does not exist; "the Prussian *Empire*," meaning kingdom; "Holland has the Prussian German States on the south-east, Belgium on the south, and the sea on the west," which ought to be thus: "Holland has Hanover and Prussia on the east, Belgium on the south, and the sea on the west and north;" and "Rhætia" for "Rhætia."

This last error may be a misprint, as probably are "Piazenza," "Vind*a*bona," "Pel*e*usium," etc., and a small number of false dates. The following, however, we must attribute to that carelessness, mixed with ignorance, so common among us in spelling foreign names: "Radz*v*il," "Czartor*i*ski," "Skr*y*znecki," "Gorgey," "Rossba*c*k," "Torgo*u*," "W*i*rtemberg," "W*i*rtemb*u*rg," "W*u*rtemb*u*rg" (the correct form, Würtemberg, alone does not occur), "C*u*str*i*m," "Kats*b*ach," "Kotzim," "Windischgr*a*tz," "Gross-B*e*ren," "Tessin*o*," "Radets*k*y," "Poi*c*tiers," "Louis Phi*l*lippe" (throughout), "Guadalquiv*e*r," etc., etc. "Frederic" is consistently used of German emperors and dukes, and "Frederick" of Prussian kings. The French accents are generally either wanting, as in "Vend*e*e," "Fr*e*jus," "Lamorici*e*re," and "*e*tat," or misapplied, as in "Caussidi*é*re," "Angoul*é*me," "Barr*é*re," and "Barb*é*s."

In conclusion, we cannot refrain from expressing our opinion that the book well deserves to be issued in a new, thoroughly revised edition.

PALGRAVE'S CENTRAL AND EASTERN ARABIA.*

Chief-Justice Marshall is reported to have said to a lawyer who was talking business against time, "Sir, there are some things which the Supreme Court of the United States should be supposed to know." The range of this inevitable information varies, of course, in different persons, and Mr. Palgrave evidently supposes that a decent courtesy towards his readers implies that the situation of Ma'an is too familiar to them to require explanation. Perhaps our readers are sufficiently *up* in Arabic geography to justify Mr. Palgrave's assumption, and will find it *caviare* to be told that Ma'an is situated in the north-western part of Arabia, very near the intersection of the parallel 36° east longitude and 30° north latitude. From this point Mr. Palgrave, who is one of the travellers appointed by nature, sets off on his journey across Arabia with the firm intention, even at the risk of life, of filling up the disgraceful vacancies in the map of Arabia.

It is certainly a blessing to the larger part of mankind that there are a few men whom the blanks on maps affect so poignantly that, after a time, it becomes intolerable, and they say to themselves, as Mr. Palgrave does in his first paragraph:

"It is time to fill up this blank in the map of Asia, and this, at whatever risks, we will now endeavor; either the land before us shall be our tomb, or we will traverse it in its fullest breadth, and know what it contains from shore to shore."

Especially is it a blessing when the traveller is furnished, like Mr. Palgrave, not only with "l'instinct de voyager," but with tact, resolution, thorough general education, and a special knowledge which, in this case, fitted him for his work in an altogether exceptional manner. Able to discuss Arabic literature and Mohammedan theology with their professors in the vernacular—observant, resolute, and enduring, with a fund of deep-seated enthusiasm—Mr. Palgrave's fitness for his work has produced a book of which it is scant praise to say that it is as interesting as a novel. Disguised as a Damascene physician and merchant, he traversed the peninsula in a diagonal direction; was an Arab among the Arabs in speech, costume, and habits, and has given us a treasure of fresh knowledge and suggestion, such as only such accomplishments could have collected. We have heard that Mr. Palgrave is of Jewish origin; that he was a Roman Catholic, as he tells us in his preface; that, at the time of his journey, he was connected with the order of the Jesuits, and that, since his return from the East, he has renounced his Roman Catholic creed, and is now Prussian Consul-General for the East. We cannot vouch for these items, but they imply a variety of culture which accords well enough with the indications of Mr. Palgrave's book.

* "A Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia, 1862-3. By William Gifford Palgrave." London. 1865.

Like other pioneers of sound knowledge, Mr. Palgrave begins by sweeping away the fanciful statements of empirics. The fascinating stories of Bedouin faith; of the ideal nomad life; of the desert maidens, pure as the fountain and wild as the gazelle, vanish before the quiet record of a disposition to treachery requiring perpetual vigilance on the part of the traveller; of filthy and licentious habits, and a freedom permitted to women which fills the streets of an Arab village with shrill chaffering. Against this, on the other side, Mr. Palgrave tells us of the politeness and the prudence of the Arabs, an attachment to form worthy of the fiercest conservative, and a religious bigotry beyond the dreams of Glasgow or the early Connecticut lawgivers.

Indeed, we think the first sensation of most readers will be astonishment at the radical incorrectness of their previous notions of the peninsula. Towns like Djowf, with picturesque walls and watch-towers; Riad, an important centre of population; negro officials in costly clothing of the type of the "Arabian Nights," are not such as one had believed, but are now definite as a photograph, and students of the Eastern question will find Feyrull and Tetal interesting personages. Among other notions which Mr. Palgrave destroys is that of a difference between the camel and the dromedary. He says that the dromedary is only a higher type of camel, but of the same formation—the difference being not between one hump and two humps, but such as between a cart-horse and a race-horse. Lovers of coffee must be content to know that there is no probability that the true Mocha coffee ever reaches Europe, unless they recognize the rounded, semi-transparent grains which Mr. Palgrave describes in the dirty, broken stuff which is handed to amateurs over civilized counters. Arabian horses are placed by Mr. Palgrave at even a loftier point of excellence than was before supposed, but these, also, are never fairly seen out of Arabia.

Throughout the book there are pictures of nature given with most unpretentious brevity: the black desert, the Bedouin praying at sunrise, the "palm-tree cinctured city" will remain vividly in the reader's memory.

Mr. Palgrave's profession of physician gave him means of access to the interior life of the Arabs, of which his readers share the benefit, and his remarks on disease and climate are interesting to the non-medical. He speaks constantly of the delightful climate, "the mistless air," the stars such as only Arabs see—yet his list of prevalent diseases includes chronic bronchitis, rheumatism, and scrofula, in spite of an abundant meat diet.

Occasionally a very good story enlivens Mr. Palgrave's pages. We give one at page 87, of an Arab who was asked, "Who is your God?" "Fadee was," answered the man, naming a powerful provincial governor lately deceased; "but since his death I really do not know who is God at the present moment." My readers (who may, perhaps, remember a parallel saying in North Wales, "When G—— dies Sir Watkin will succeed him") will, I hope, excuse the apparent irreverence of the story. Among other interesting subjects suggested by this admirable book of travel, is the present recession of Christianity from these lands, where it apparently held former sway, and where now the fierce sect of Wahabees proves that virulent fanaticism is of no age or country.

We heartily commend Mr. Palgrave's book. It is long since we have seen one so thoroughly interesting and well written.

UNITED STATES CAVALRY.*

This interesting work commences with a description of the first mounted force authorized by Government, organized in 1793, and gives an account of the gradual development of cavalry until it reached its maximum importance at the climax of our recent war.

Considering that the book was written by a cavalry officer, for the purpose of placing graphically before the public this arm of the service, by recording the results of its battles, and the dashing gallantry of individuals, it deserves a place in every library as a work for information and reference. The descriptions of engagements are brief, and drawn from official reports, and fulsome praise is gratifyingly avoided, which can rarely be said of special military histories, which seem to exhaust the superlatives of the language.

It is amusing to read the serious "provisions for a 'squadron' of cavalry to serve for three years, to be under a major commandant of cavalry, act of March 5, 1792. The squadron was made up of four troops, consisting each of one captain, one lieutenant, one cornet, six sergeants, six corporals, one farrier, one saddler, one trumpeter, and sixty-five dragoons. The pay of the major was fifty-five dollars a month; captains, forty; lieutenants, twenty-six; cornets, twenty; sergeants, six; corporals, five; and privates three dollars a month."

The campaigns against the Creek Indians, in which General Jackson made himself the hero of the day, are agreeably sketched, and afford the reader an excellent insight into the character of that self-reliant and determined man.

The "Black Hawk" and "Florida Wars," and the parts taken by the first and second regiments of dragoons, formed in 1833 and 1836, are described with all their cavalry incidents. The author also gives an account of the Mexican war, and the services rendered by volunteer cavalry regiments.

The name of Lieutenant-Colonel Frémont appears among the battles of California, and the events which led that officer to leave the service.

The special history is relieved by anecdotes of our eminent generals, including Scott, Wool, Taylor, Gaines, and others, when in Mexico.

An extract, portraying the guerrillas, will serve as a specimen of the entertaining and concise style of the book:

"The costume was picturesque, and they were generally mounted on horses which, though small, possessed much spirit, and were capable of enduring great fatigue. These horses were descended, no doubt, from those which were brought to that country by the Spaniards during and even after the conquest of Mexico, and many of them bore traces of Arabian blood. Their progenitors had some of them escaped, or had been reared on the immense plains of North-western Mexico or Texas, where, to this day, large herds of them, perfectly wild, may frequently be seen. Some of the horse-raisers of Mexico have great numbers of horses; and it is related of one widow lady, who had a hacienda near the city of Durango, that she fitted out a Mexican colonel's regiment with a full supply of horses which were perfectly white, all of which was a free gift. The story is so well authenticated as to leave no doubt about it. Their horse furniture consisted of a bridle made of white leather or horsehair, some of which were very beautiful, with an immense bit and curb, which was capable of breaking a horse's jaw by one jerk of the rider. The saddles were also very tastefully ornamented, generally with silver, with a high pommel and cantle. They all carried a long rope, or lasso, called by them a *riata*, and by our people a lariat."

"The men wore large broad-brimmed hats, which are most unpleasant things to wear in the wind, but which are excellent to shield against the sun's rays. Their jackets were made of leather, velvet, or cloth, and generally embroidered most elaborately by some fair senorita. Their trousers were wide—open at the sides, which were buttoned up by long rows of silver or even gold buttons, and sometimes little bells. They had also tiny bells on their hats and on their immense spurs. Their weapons were a sword, carried under the left leg, whereby it was prevented from dangling about; a pistol or two; an escopet, or short musket, not generally very available; and their lasso, which they could throw with amazing dexterity and effect."

The early military careers of Robert E. Lee, Wm. H. Emory, John Sedgwick, George B. McClellan, and other graduates of West Point who have become conspicuous of late years, are given; and we will close this notice by the mention of the well-known Southern general:

"Robert E. Lee, the lieutenant-colonel of this regiment (the 2d U. S. Cavalry), and since commander-in-chief of the rebel army, a son of 'Light-horse Harry Lee' of the Revolution, was born in Virginia, and graduated at the West Point Military Academy. He was first in the Engineers, and gained a fine reputation in the Mexican war, at the close of which, although but a captain, he had the brevet rank of colonel. For some years he was superintendent at West Point, and held that position when he was promoted lieutenant-colonel of the 2d Cavalry. He served some time with the regiment in Texas, and for a time had command of that department. Lee was not a secessionist at heart, and deplored the sad state of things brought about by the then approaching attempted dissolution of the Union. In a letter to me shortly after the Presidential election in 1860, in referring to it, he says: 'I fear the liberties of our country will be buried in the tomb of a great nation.' His heart was sore over disunion, but this strong man gave way before the tempter, and he, too, took the fatal step which led to the abodes of darkness. Lee was a refined American gentleman, courteous and affable in his deportment, and kindly in his feelings. His personal appearance was striking, and impressed one with the idea that he was a great soldier, which he proved himself to be. He was wounded at Chapultepec."

* "History of the United States Cavalry, from the formation of the Federal Government to the 1st of June, 1863. By Albert G. Brackett, Major 1st U. S. Cavalry." Harper & Brothers, New York.

NEW SCHOOL-BOOKS.*

We had used Andrews and Stoddard's Latin grammar so long, and found it so available for ordinary purposes, that, although we were not blind to its defects, we hardly thought that a better grammar, or one even equally as good, could be written. We were therefore very agreeably surprised to find, upon taking up Prof. Harkness's book, that it was superior in nearly every respect, but especially as regards clearness and conciseness. These

* "A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Albert Harkness, Ph.D., Professor in Brown University." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865. Pp. 355.

"A Latin Reader, intended as a companion to the author's Latin Grammar. With References, Suggestions, Notes, and Vocabulary. By Albert Harkness, Professor in Brown University." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1865. Pp. 212.

"A Common-School Grammar of the English Language. By Simon Kerl, A.M." New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. 1865. Pp. 350.

qualities are at once noticeable, and there is a lucidity of arrangement apparent in even the smallest details which commends it to the use of the class-teacher. The definitions are all compact and well stated, contain just enough, and are unencumbered with useless verbiage. The rules are general, with the exceptions carefully arranged under systematic heads. Many lists of words are abbreviated or omitted which really contained nothing necessary to be learned, the peculiarities of which could more readily be ascertained by the student from the dictionary. Such are the lists of defective, redundant, and heteroclite nouns. But, so far as we have found, nothing of importance is omitted. The endings in declension and conjugation are printed in heavier type, and present at once to the eye the formation of the various cases and tenses. In the declensions the whole subject of gender has been carefully studied, and the rules and exceptions are systematically arranged; much care also has been given to the rules for the formation of cases in the third declension, and the irregularities are all noted. A new feature is added to a school grammar by the introduction of a comparative view of all the declensions, with a close analysis of their endings, and the demonstration of the manner in which the five declensions grew out of one from the changes occasioned by contraction of vowel and consonant stems. A similar view is also given of the conjugations, with a reference to one simple original form, with changes arising from contraction. The irregularities in the tense-formation of verbs are given with better system and in smaller compass than in any other grammar we are acquainted with. The formation of words is very well treated, although endings are occasionally omitted which are either of frequent occurrence or are found in some one or two common words. Among such omissions are the abstract ending *-edo*, the noun of place formed from the supine stem by adding *-orium*, and the characteristic adjective endings *-atilis* and *-icius*. The composition of words is a subject that we would gladly have had handled at greater length and with fuller detail.

It is in the syntax, however, that this grammar is especially superior to others. It has not the abundance of examples to be found in Zumpt, nor are all the subjects considered so particularly; but there is a plan which far outweighs these excellences, and the question is thus more lucidly solved in fewer words; what examples are given are carefully selected and illustrate the points. The theory of Latin syntax is first drawn out, and then the syntactical relations of all the parts of speech, nouns, adjectives, verbs, etc., are investigated, which is really a simpler arrangement, though less logical, than a consideration first of the subject and all its modifiers separately, and then of the predicate and all its modifiers. In Zumpt and in Andrews and Stoddard the principles of syntax are stated one after another, as mere individual facts, with little attempt to give them connection and coherence. Here they all crystallize around some central idea. The difficult subject of the subjunctive mood is a most excellent example of this philosophical mode of treatment. In no ordinary school grammar is this topic more thoroughly or more satisfactorily dealt with. Metre and rhythm might have been presented in a better form, and some idea given, as far as is known, of what Latin poetry really was and how it was intended to be read. We also regret that the work was not made more complete by the addition of some remarks and notes on special peculiarities of some of the different parts of speech, especially of the distinguishing uses of various pronouns and adverbs. We are very glad, though, to commend this grammar to the public, for we consider it quite an advance in the art of school-book writing. It is philosophical, and shows the influence of the latest results of philological study.

The Reader by the same author is well adapted for its purpose, though not possessing the great merit of the Grammar. A reader, indeed, ought not to be used in any proper method of teaching Latin. The only really sensible way for boys to study the ancient languages is the same in which all agree that the modern languages should be studied, on the Ollendorff system, or one containing the same principle. A language can be most readily acquired and understood by using it, and by beginning at once to speak and write simple sentences in it a large stock of words is obtained, and a good and continually enlarging acquaintance with the forms of words and the modes of expression is gained. The student is not overburdened at once with rules and exceptions and lists of irregularities, but learns all these gradually as he needs the knowledge. A grammar has its use as a book of reference and a systematic presentation of all the knowledge which should have been previously acquired in a simpler way. The use of grammars and readers solely, and the disuse of Latin in speech or writing, has brought in a system of philological and grammatical study of the language, and has hindered an acquaintance with the literature. Compare the results of the college education of late years and of a hundred years ago. Then graduates kept up their knowledge of Latin and Greek, because they knew the language and could appreciate and understand the literature. Now, in most of our colleges, the students are drilled in verbal peculiarities, and are compelled to study grammar and nothing else, the works which they read being regarded almost solely as a means to that end. The result is that they undergo a fine mental discipline, but know nothing of the author's sentiments or style, because they have never paid attention to them, and are generally unable to translate fluently a page of the easiest book. They do not study the ancient tongues for their own sake, or to acquire any knowledge that those languages are the key to. The study becomes distasteful, and they gladly relinquish it. The method of teaching the ancient languages should be reconsidered and revised, and the study itself less regarded as a mere mental drill. It is well fitted to make a fine scholar, but not to make cultivated men.

The same considerations do not apply to the study of the English grammar. This subject should be taught early and late, for a critical enquiry into our own language cannot be carried too far. Just as it is not essential to a cultivated man to have a minute and accurate knowledge of the nice points of Latin grammar, provided he has a good and general knowledge of its literature, so it is most necessary to every person of broad culture to have a most perfect acquaintance with every nook and corner of English. For such study Mr. Kerl has made a very good preliminary book. His English grammar is better than any of those which are in ordinary school use, and deserves to supersede them. It presents in a convenient form all those facts and principles which it is necessary for the young student to know. There is enough here, if carefully studied and well remembered, to make the scholar a correct speaker and writer, and give him a valuable insight into the theory of our language. The book is intended for schools of the lower grades only, and, therefore, does not enter upon some subjects which can only be understood or profitably studied by those whose general education has made considerable progress. The subject of etymology and derivations is treated, perhaps, rather too slightly, and the history of the language and the older and obsolete forms are hardly considered at all.

Pronunciation and orthography are briefly but sufficiently discussed. It would have been better, if even for form's sake, to have introduced a table of the alphabet and of the sounds of the letters, and we notice a rather singular statement concerning syllables: "Every syllable must consist of one or more vowels, or of one or more vowels *enclosed* on one or both sides by one or more consonants." We have nothing but praise to give to the grammar until we come to the subject of verbs, and there we do not so much object as question. The verbs are well classified and arranged, unless it be that the scheme of conjugation is deferred too long. Mr. Kerl uses substantially the same system of tenses ordinarily accepted by grammarians under different names. He gives us the six tenses of the indicative under the names of present, present-perfect, past, past-perfect, future, and future-perfect, and three tenses in the subjunctive, the present, past, and past-perfect. He has the ordinary indicative, subjunctive, potential, and imperative moods, besides the infinitives and participles. If we regard the usual theory of tenses as correct, Mr. Kerl's nomenclature, though unusual, is intrinsically good. But tenses are modifications of verbs to show the distinctions of time. Such distinctions of time the present, past, and future tenses show. But the perfect, pluperfect, and future-perfect, as they are usually termed, show the same distinctions of time and the still further distinction of completed action. Would it not, then, be more philosophical to consider these so-called tenses as other forms of the present, past, and future, denoting completed action?

In the Russian language, besides moods, tenses, and voices, there are what are called *aspects*, one of which denotes completed action, another continuing action, and another simple action. The first would be represented in present time by our perfect, e. g., *I have written;* the second by our present compound form, *I am writing;* and the third by the usual present, *I write. Aspects* or *forms* of this kind we really have in English. There are in the present tense the indefinite, *I write;* the progressive, *I am writing;* the emphatic, *I do write;* and the completed or definite form, *I have written.* Similar forms exist in the past tense; in the future the emphatic form is wanting.

According to the author's theory of the tenses, he introduces three into the subjunctive, making use of the pluperfect. His distinctions of time and of the manner in which the present expresses future time, and the past present time, are well thought of, but why does he omit the perfect? It may be unnecessary, but it certainly has at times as much of a subjunctive force as the pluperfect. Some writers would even make a future subjunctive by means of *should*, which would be equally allowable. In fact, all of the auxiliaries of the so-called potential mood have a subjunctive as well as indicative power, which goes to prove that the potential is really no mood at all, but a mere *aspect* or form of the verb in every mood, except the infinitive and participle. Here the potential form is in disuse, and we have to substitute some roundabout expression. We think that the theory of the verb would gain greater consistency if this view was adopted, and the potential mood and perfect tenses banished. Still another aspect might be added, the periphrastic form, *I am about to write*, or *I am going to write.*

The scheme of conjugation presented in this grammar is imperfect in the omission of the second person singular, and the substitution of the plural in its place. The polite use of the plural for the singular does not make it singular. The different uses of *shall* and *will* in the future are not set forth with sufficient distinctness. The distinctions between the predicate use of adjectives and adverbs, in which so many mistakes are made, are, on the contrary, very well marked. The rest of the book is excellent, disfigured by a few slight errors or oversights only. The definition of a preposition in sect. 538 is not quite correct. Compare sect. 543. The distinctions between the different classes of conjunctions are not given. In the example given in sect. 511, the participle does not govern the possessive case, but is itself in that case, and the statement should be corrected. The syntax is very methodically treated and arranged, and its great simplicity is shown to much better advantage than in the ordinary grammars. The examples of false syntax are sufficient and well chosen, and all mistakes in the use of language are reduced to four heads. 1. Too many words; 2. Too few words; 3. Improper word or expression; 4. Improper arrangement of words. This Common-school Grammar, though smaller, is better and more philosophical than the Comprehensive Grammar by the same author, and we hope to see it extensively used, until some better one is written.

American Criticism; or, The "North American Review" and the "Life and Times of John Huss." (American News Company, New York.)—Mr. E. H. Gillett, a Presbyterian minister at Harlem, published, in 1863, a work entitled the "Life and Times of John Huss," which was, in the following year, criticized somewhat sharply by the "North American Review," pointing out some rather striking errors in a book of such pretensions—some of history, some of grammar, some mere misprints, and pronouncing the work, on the whole, to have but little, if any, value. The review was short, and considering the size and character of the work reviewed, the number of inaccuracies cited may have seemed, to people not accustomed to read critically, too small a basis for the sweeping condemnation with

which the book was visited. But the fact is, that all narrative works, and especially histories, are valuable only for their accuracy. If they want this, they are good for nothing, let their style be what it may, and their accuracy has to be tested by the same rule as the credibility of a witness. If a witness is mistaken or lies about half-a-dozen points of sufficient importance to have attracted his attention, a judge or jury is released from the trouble of rigidly examining all his other assertions one by one. A cloud of untrustworthiness is thrown at once over everything he says. In other words, the greatest strength of his testimony, like that of a chain, is that of its weakest point. In like manner, if a critic only dips into a book, and finds at haphazard even half-a-dozen important misstatements, errors of dates, of citations, or gross misprints, such as a careful and well-informed writer is not likely to have passed over, he is fully justified in advising the public not to buy or read it. He is under no obligation whatever to search every page for the discovery of proof, which would be merely cumulative, of the author's dishonesty or incompetency.

Mr. Gillett's publishers thought proper after this to resort to a practice for the purpose of pushing his book which, however "energetic" or "enterprising" "the trade" may consider it, ought not, in our opinion, to be permitted, if he has the power to prevent it, by any writer who means, as all high-minded writers ought to mean, to rely mainly on the merits of his work to secure its circulation. They issued, we presume with his sanction, a circular in pamphlet form, entitled "Notices of the Press," containing, first, a preliminary puff of the book by themselves, written in the usual extravagant style, a cross between that of the travelling showman and that of the "explanatory notices" which the dealers print for the edification of the people who come to see their "great pictures on exhibition," followed by extracts from twenty-nine reviews of the book, which had appeared in various journals throughout the country, most of them what are called "religious newspapers." Of course every one of them contained extravagant laudation, many of them just the kind of fulsome, ignorant flattery which to writers of real honesty, conscientiousness, and delicacy of feeling is the most loathsome of inflictions.

We do not mean to say that every one of these "notices" was the composition of persons whose praise was worthless. Several of the journals from which quotations are made do make an honest attempt to criticize books, and when they fail, fail—as writers must now and then fail—through lack of knowledge rather than of high purpose. But the great majority were cut from weekly newspapers whose praise or blame of literary efforts is notoriously valueless, and which do not even profess to publish critiques. What passes under the name of "literary criticism" in their columns is simply puffs, put in either to oblige the publisher in return for his advertisements, or for his civility in sending them the book, and is generally written by a "man-of-all-work," who is ready to notice everything from Grote's "Plato" to the last "Child's Book," or else by the editor himself, when he has nothing better to do. The worst offenders in this respect are the "religious" newspapers, and they are just the ones who were bound ex-officio to beslaver such a book as Mr. Gillett's most plentifully with their ridiculous praises. We have no hesitation in saying that the aid which this portion of the press lends every year to the sale of trashy books is one of the grossest and most repulsive forms of dishonesty known in trade.

The "North American Review" commented in strong terms on Mr. Gillett's "notices," and although we think the reviewer was not, perhaps, sufficiently careful in discriminating between the two classes of critics whom the circular quoted, we think his general observations on the taste and morality and trustworthiness of this kind of advertising were eminently just and sensible, and not a whit too severe.

"A second notice" of Mr. Gillett's work appeared in the "Review" last July, charging the author with having plagiarized very extensively from Bonnechose, while giving references to other writers, and quoting various passages from the two authors in parallel columns in proof of the accusation. These passages, as they stand, do certainly seem to furnish *primâ facie* evidence of pretty extensive appropriation, not only of other men's ideas, but even of their language, on the part of Mr. Gillett, aggravated by carelessness in the stealing.

To refute these charges Mr. Gillett, or some good friend of his, has published the pamphlet which lies before us. Seventeen pages out of twenty-eight are devoted to abuse of the "North American" reviewer, in the common newspaper style. He is "ignorant," "shallow," "superficial;" guilty of "downright falsehood, coupled with slander;" "assuming," "dull," "commonplace," a "pedant;" he is "uncomfortable in standing alone;" he is "abusive," "undignified." The author of the pamphlet "smiles at his irritation," and so on. Finally, he is accused of being "venal," though who was likely to pay him for attacking Mr. Gillett's history does not appear. Ten pages only are devoted to the refutation of the charges against Mr. Gillett's literary honesty. The sum and substance of it is that wherever Mr. Gillett has copied Bonnechose, Bonnechose had himself copied L'Enfant or Cochlæus (not Cochle*i*us, as the pamphlet has it). The "North American" reviewer cites nine passages illustrative of his charges; the pamphlet cites six in reply, one of which is not quoted by the reviewer, and maintains, in the first place, that Gillett did not steal; that if he did, Bonnechose and L'Enfant stole too; that where he does not refer to his authorities, it "was not necessary;" that where he does refer to them, it is sometimes merely to show, not that he has followed them, but that he has examined them. The pamphlet is, on the whole, a silly production; the style, tone, and temper would disgrace any man of education, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Gillett has had nothing to do with its appearance. We strongly recommend him, for his own sake, to suppress it. Such a defence would damn any book, and will certainly damn his, as this is just the way in which we might *à priori* expect a plagiarist to retort on anybody who exposed him.

The Knightly Soldier. A Biography of Major Henry Ward Camp, 10th Connecticut Volunteers. By Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull. (Boston: Nichols & Noyes. New York: Oliver A. Felt. 1865.)—Here is the story of a man, who, without love of war, became a soldier, and gave up to his country's need peace, friends, ambition, and, at last, life; who died as he lived, purely, unselfishly, religiously. It is our pride and our joy that such a story cannot be new to any one who knows the history of our late struggle; that such a man is but one impersonation of the generosity which animated thousands of our war's memorable and immemorable dead. But it is not the less to be studied for these reasons, but rather the more, for whoever reads this life of Henry Camp can hardly fail to have his faith in men strengthened, and all his good impulses quickened. There is electricity in good and great lives that makes their contact healthful and invigorating, and we commend this book to all people who lead little, and poor, and doubting lives, as an excellent tonic.

The biography is written by one who was the closest friend of this knightly soldier in his life, and who, after his death, celebrates his goodness and bravery discreetly and well. Indeed, Camp is, for the most part, suffered to tell his own story, and to reveal his own character, in the constant extracts from his correspondence, from the letters to his family and to friends, in which he expresses himself always with easy and graphic effect, and with an unreserve and unconsciousness of great value to the reader. One learns much from this book which one cares to know of the *feeling* of men in battle and the dangers of war, as well as those objective phases of the soldier's life with which books more commonly make us acquainted. The hero had nothing morbidly introspective in his nature, but he made that study of himself in the experiences of combat, of prison, and of flight which would naturally employ the thoughts of a man of quick intelligence, and he modestly and unambitiously noted the result in the familiar letters here given. Much that he wrote is now also valuable as contribution to the history of events, of which he was part; but it has chiefly the moral and æsthetic uses to which we have alluded.

There is too much good sense and good taste on his biographer's part to suffer anything like working up an interest in the progress of the knightly soldier, but the feeling is inevitably intensified as the narrative draws near its close with his death before Richmond, and the biographer describes with a true and manly pathos the last parting with his friend. He was oppressed with a heavy presentiment that Camp would not return alive from the attack into which he was going, and after once bidding him farewell could not resist the impulse to run after him and take yet a later leave. The chaplain says of himself:

"He turned once more to the left, and pressed on to overtake the major, whom he saw in the advance, pushing his way along toward the furthermost front of death. Every step was an effort. The struggle to reach his friend was almost as the hopeless chase in a nightmare dream. Oh for some superhuman arm to remove the intervening thicket ere the one or the other fell prostrate! At length they were side by side in the deadly race. As the chaplain laid his hand on the other's arm, Camp turned with a loving look of glad surprise. 'You said, Henry, that you could not realize you had a home in heaven. You do not doubt your Saviour, do you?' asked the chaplain as they pressed on together. Camp's face lighted up inspiringly, all aglow with excitement, expressive in its story of tenderest affection, of true courage, and of firmest faith. It was never more fair or bright or beautiful than in that hour and place of death, as the peerless Christian soldier said, with warmth and earnestness, 'No, no! dear fellow! I do not doubt. I do trust Jesus, fully, wholly.' With another good-bye the two friends parted."

Voices of the Soul Answered in God. By Rev. John Reid. (Robert Carter & Bros., New York.)—There will naturally be some question with men of opposite opinions concerning the value and soundness of the ideas Mr. Reid develops in this book, but there can be no doubt with any one concerning the singular bad taste of printing in a preliminary note the praises bestowed on his work by two eminent divines to whom he had submitted it in manuscript. We are willing to believe that these praises are sincere, and are published with the consent of those who uttered them, but they are so evidently the expression of feeling not originally intended for publicity, that the note containing them reads like a violation of confidence, and forms for Mr. Reid a self-puff which prejudices the reader against him from the beginning. One instinctively resents the attempt to spring upon him a conviction of the book's excellence before he has read a line of its author, and comes to doubt the quality of the untasted wine over which so much bush is so vain-gloriously flourished. But in spite of the weakness of this heraldic vaunt, it is a very admirable work, and the author reasons well of the nature of man in sin, and the demand of the human soul for divine pity, forgiveness, and repose. It is not a new thing to prove that humanity is not sufficient to itself in its highest needs; that men neither reform nor save themselves; yet this writer treats his theme with so much life and vigilance that he does not fail to awake in his reader the eternal interest which inspires all thinkers. His style is clear and pleasing, and his manner one in which nothing but the purpose of serving truth is visible. Even his errors, therefore, are respectable; and in a work almost necessarily axiomatic, occasional lapses from a logical train of thought into mere commonplace sententiousness may be pardoned. The introductory parts of the work, in which the author reasons of the nature of man, abound in the most careful observations of the principles and feelings which actuate him in evil; and the section devoted to study of the working of guilt is a most subtle and penetrative analysis of the subject. In many respects Mr. Reid's manner must remind the reader of the eminently simple and transparent manner of Robertson, the young English divine; but Mr. Reid lacks a certain affectionateness of appeal always present in the logical processes of Robertson.

It will have been inferred that Mr. Reid is of the evangelical school of theology. Theodore Parker is his antithesis, but not his bugbear; he cares rather to build his own system than to destroy another's, and he makes sparing use of the worn-out terrors, though we noted in his book one weak allusion to the torments of the death-bed of the wicked. The theologians are learning at last that men are to be touched by rebuke of their own ordinary bad qualities, and not by the spectacle of the sufferings of extraordinary sinners.

The Apple of Life. By Owen Meredith. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)—The Angel of the Lord came to King Solomon with an apple plucked from a tree in Eden that the king might eat it and live for ever; but Solomon, considering that he was old, and that an eternal old age would not be a blessing but a curse, carried it to his beautiful young wife, who, in her turn, considering that life without love was nothing, even if youth and beauty could last for ever, gave the apple to Azariah, the king's captain, her paramour. The honest soldier, who was troubled with the danger of loving a queen, did not care to be perpetuated in peril, but to live his little time jollily and recklessly, and so carried it to the Egyptian courtesan; and she, reflecting that an eternity of shame and dishonor was not to be courted, and that everlasting life could only be dear to a king, returned the apple to Solomon. When the wrathful king rent his garment, and demanded of the Egyptian who gave her the apple, he was aware that the Angel of the Lord again stood beside him, and he gave back contentedly the Apple of Life into the hand of Death.

The lesson is plain. The story reads like one from the Talmud, and it is told by Mr. Robert Bulwer Lytton in a poem, which the reader shall vainly read for news. The poem is admirable in its way; but as the father in prose, so the son in poetry; talent does its utmost, but fails of the last, fine success, being wholly unaided by genius. Old ideas tricked out anew; old feelings rouged up afresh; felicities filched from one poet; arts learned from another—the "Apple of Life" is but a Dead-Sea fruit, after all.

Home Heroes, Saints, and Martyrs. By T. S. Arthur. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—As literature, Mr. Arthur's writings are scarcely worth consideration. His style is lifeless, the plots of his stories uninteresting, his abundant dialogue is flat, insipid, and undramatic to a surprising degree. His ideas are commonplace, and he is absolutely without artistic effect. In one of the tales in the present collection, for example, he mars the pathos of a scene of sickness by carefully describing the symptoms of the disorder. His heroine is a seamstress, suffering from pneumonia, and in referring to her he politely speaks of her as Miss Carson. Nothing, in fine, could be worse than Mr. Arthur's literature, and nothing better than his sentiment. Regarded as homilies, his domestic stories are blameless, and, we dare say, do a great deal of good in cases which other preaching would not reach. We find it rather curious that an author of this sort should be able to beguile us into reading stupid little fictions of which we know the end from the beginning; that he should be able to move our sympathies by the stalest and shallowest tricks imaginable; and we are half ashamed to confess that we have read a great part of his book. We conclude that a writer of indifferent merit need but be in earnest in order to appeal successfully to the sympathies of readers, but do not on this account desire him to continue writing. He had better be in earnest outside of literature, which, after all, has some right to be considered as an end as well as a means.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Red-Court Farm. By Mrs. Henry Wood.—Speech of George Francis Train on Irish Independence and English Neutrality. Delivered before the "Fenian Congress" and "Fenian Chiefs" at Philadelphia, Oct. 18, 1865. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Adventures of a French Boy. By Alfred de Bréhat.—Paul Prescott's Charge. By Horatio Alger, Jr.—Countess Kate. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe."—The Little Gentleman in Green. By Una Savin. Loring, Boston.

The Scottish Minister. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

Review of Senator Doolittle's Speech on the Reconstruction of Rebel States. By John Y. Smith. Atwood & Rublee, Madison, Wis.

Hours at Home. Edited by J. M. Sherwood. Vol. 1. Charles Scribner & Co., New York.

Gunboat Series: Frank, the Young Naturalist; Frank in the Woods; Frank on a Gunboat; Frank before Vicksburg. By H. C. Castlemon. R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati; Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Old Mother Hubbard. The House that Jack Built. From Original Designs by H. L. Stephens. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

How to Play Croquet. A New Pocket Manual. Amsden & Co., Boston; Jas. C. Pope, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE RIGHETTI HERCULES.

It is not often that the summer quiet of Rome is broken in upon by such a bit of news as stirred in the Eternal City one day in August, 1864. Some workmen digging to strengthen the foundations of the Palazzo Pio (now belonging to Car. Righetti) had struck upon the hand of a colossal statue and, digging a little further, found evidence which persuaded them that the entire statue lay beyond.

It might have been a statue of Proteus, for the manifold story they told—one saying it was bronze, another Corinthian brass, another gold, then bronze again of Roman mixture; now a statue of Domitian, then of Commodus, Pompey, any emperor, and then Hercules. In the want of other matter of interest all the city talked of it and disputed about it.

Whatever it might be, there it lay flat on its back, thirty feet below the street level, one hand groping out into open air, as if to beg a lift into the sunlight and the sight of man after its ages of darkness and oblivion. Further digging determined it to be a Hercules, as all the world knows, though there are two opinions still among artists as to whether it is a portrait of an emperor *en Hercule* or a purely ideal work; and as the interpretations thinned out, the discussions were more energetic, the singular circumstances accompanying the interment adding not a little to the puzzling character it assumed. Laid in a water-drain, on its back, its limbs protected by pieces of marble guttered out to cover them the better, filled around with fragments of sculpture, architectural ornaments and statuary, and all protected by carefully chosen and laid slabs of travertine, forming a built-up sarcophagus, it had evidently been an object of tender care. Six feet above it was a massive pavement of Porta Santa marble in blocks of about eighteen inches square. Over that the débris of unknown ages of ruin and rebuilding had accumulated their protection to the secret, betrayed at last by the happiest accident for art which the century has met with.

The first of October it was raised from its ancient bed and laid in a room on the ground floor of the Palazzo Pio, whence it was to find its way to the Vatican. A jury of St. Luke's Academy, composed of thirty-six artists and archæologists, met to determine what it was and what might be its absolute as well as comparative value. The large majority of them gave as their verdict that it was a fine work of a fine epoch of Greek art—the minority that it was one of the *finest* works of the *finest* period, and we are inclined to respect the opinion of the majority in this exceptional case. All agreed that it was a young Hercules, and that he had been represented holding the apples of the Hesperides.

That it is of a period of art subsequent to the highest development is to us evident, and we have little doubt but that the ultimate judgment of the world will confirm that of the jury. Short of the consummate art, the Phidian, it certainly is not so purely ideal as the Apollo Belvidere, not to be compared in repose and majesty with the Elgin marbles, or in action and finish with the Torso of Apollodorus or the Combattant of the Louvre. The art of it seems to us (always reserving a right to change our judgment on seeing it on its pedestal) carried a little beyond the proper balance with nature—a little into the conventional and exaggerated, and away from the perfect simplicity which marks the best art. Greek it certainly is, and of the ripe if not over-ripe development of the great school; full of masterly execution and resource, and admirable in the knowledge and fidelity of its anatomy without being theatrical or ostentatious. One remarks the ordinary immense development of the lumbar muscles, which seem, however, a little *puffy*, wanting in muscular solidity, perhaps,—the head of the athlete with the prominent ridge of the brow, retreating and insignificant forehead; the head evidently small, though exactly how small we cannot say, owing to the loss of the whole coronal region, which had apparently been cast separate, leaving the aperture for the extraction of the core * at the top of the cranium, a wreath of laurel having concealed the junction, of which the traces are evident. The manner in which the ball of the eye is rendered is a capital example of masterly conventionalism—a single turn of a scroll terminating in a drill-hole for the pupil, and done like Giotto's O, tells the whole. The modelling of the ridge of the brow, and of the forehead itself, giving the central portion of the ridge the prominence, is vigorously expressive; and the muscle markings generally are admirable. The surface markings of veins, finishing of nails, etc., are most complete and anatomically correct, and the just springing beard, coming only half-way down the cheeks, is cut in intaglio in the metal instead of having been raised in the casting. The lion's skin was made separate, and we are inclined to think was not intended for the position it was ultimately given, not so much from the fact that the arm under it is finished to the same degree of delicacy as the other parts, and gilded, but because the arrangements for holding it seem to be slight and not contemplated in the casting: a rude hole is punched into the arm, indenting it considerably around, and it seems to us after the gilding was done. There is a small statue of Hercules in the British Museum, nearly or quite the same in action, but in which the skin is behind the statue and separate from it, but our recollection of that work is not distinct enough to say if it is a copy of the Righetti statue or no, though it is so pronounced by an artist friend who is perfectly familiar with both of them.

The attitude cannot be determined with absolute certainty—at any rate until it is raised—owing to the want of the left foot; but it seems to us that Visconti, and, in fact, most of those who have given their opinion on it, err in supposing it to have been in an attitude of repose. From careful examination we are inclined to believe that the god was represented in motion, resting his weight on his right foot as he lifts the left for a leisurely step (the distance taken in the last being scarcely the length of his foot), and

* Visconti attributes this to a defect in the casting, "common in those days," and an ingenious book has been published in Rome to prove that the statue was one of the oracular ones, and that the head was left open for the priest to speak into, some wind-holes in the chest being made to let the voice out.

perhaps about pausing. The weight is thrown too much over to the right of the base for repose; and the heel of the left foot is lifted, judging from the leg, the foot resting lightly on the toe and ball. The club was held in the right hand, trailing backward at a considerable angle; and the action of the flexors shows considerable power to be exerted on it, which could only be the case with the club in that position when he was pushing himself forward, using it as a staff rather than leaning on it. Again, it would hardly be that a man in repose would throw his weight on the right leg and foot at the same time; but, if leaning on the club with the right hand, would share the work with the left foot; and in either case the arm holding the club would naturally fall towards the thigh and rest against it, while in this statue it is held off at a considerable distance and in a position which would require a muscular exertion to keep it there if the attitude was one of repose, but which would be perfectly just to a man pushing himself along by a staff as he walked. The action of the glutæus and the muscles of the left leg generally indicate rather a lift of the limb than a pressure on it. The right sartorius and the rotator quadriformis (the latter marked strongly) show a swinging or rolling motion, as if the body were in the act of moving to another base of support, an hypothesis which the position of the head, alert and straight forward, confirms. But the shortness of the step indicates action leisurely beginning or ceasing, and as the bringing of the apples of the Hesperides was considered the closing feat of the twelve labors, we can only suppose that the latter was the intention of the sculptor. In this respect it resembles the Combattant, which also is shown as if in the act of changing position, and actually rendered in mid-motion, but as energetic and rapid as the Hercules is leisurely. It probably, then, represents the hero in the ideal moment of his life, his last work just finished, and before the rust of idleness has attacked his energies.

The above analysis, if just, would indicate a perfection of art and knowledge of the human figure which would place the statue but little below the greatest in most of the essential qualities of great sculpture; and whatever may be determined about it in minor respects, it must stand as a noble expression of Greek genius—as one of the highest, but, we believe, not the *very* highest, which remain to us. Yet, considering the size, the perfection of preservation, as well as the admitted excellence, we venture nothing in saying that the century has brought to light no work so valuable, everything being considered.

Of course, the circumstances of its concealment set all the antiquarians at work to determine what is unknown about it, and speculation has exhausted itself. In disinterring it a portion of the substructure of the theatre of Pompey was laid bare, from which it appears to have been hidden under the *encinte* of the theatre, towards its outer portion, to the right of the spectator facing the scene, and about ten feet below the ancient level. The place of concealment thus led the archæologists to connect the statue with that dedicated by Pompey in the temple erected by him near the Circus Maximus, and spoken of by Pliny as the work of Myron; and some are still of opinion that it is identical with that statue. But it is far from the Circus Maximus to the Campo de Fiori, and there are signs that the statue was dismounted in great haste. It was thrown down from its pedestal, striking on the upper part of the back, and it evidently struck squarely, as a hole is punched through the centre of the back by a stone or other object on which it struck, and the back itself across the shoulders is slightly broken in, while both arms are fractured as if from the shock of striking, the fractures being on the front of the arms, and reaching only a small part of the way round. To have thrown down—thus hastily and without other precaution against injury than that of choosing the safest position for it to strike in—this enormous mass of bronze, and then to have carried it so far, and buried it with such care, would hardly be consistent. It must have stood near to where it was buried, and the fact of its being where it was found ought to be considered presumptive proof that it belonged in some way to the theatre. And is not the work mentioned by Pliny? The travertine which covered it seems to have been a part of the theatre, and the pieces of marbles guttered out to receive the round of the limbs have the appearance of having been cut for some architectural purpose, and selected for this later use on account of their peculiar shape. The known facts that Hercules was the patron deity of Pompey, and that he erected many statues of the best workmanship, render it more than likely that one of the principal statues of his theatre was a Hercules, and that the one in question is such.* We know, too, apart from the probability that among the "artifices" mentioned were many Greeks, that about that period many excellent Greek artists did come to Rome—Pliny mentions several; and we find Greek work continually in Roman portraits, especially on gems, while also Pompey brought many works from Greece to decorate the buildings, as, for example, among others particularly mentioned, the Hercules by Myron. But, besides the reasons above adduced, the statement of Pliny which alludes to that statue,* whether true or not, would scarcely be said with the Righetti Hercules as a text, since, if formalism there be, it is on the side of grace rather than ugliness. Nor does this statue agree in character with the signed Myron in the Vatican.

The left foot lacking, there being no trace of it to be found, as it probably adhered to the pedestal, the presence of the other apparently broken off before the inhumation, as the iron on which it was cast and the masonry core appear to have broken off with the bronze just below the ankle, with the presence of all the other fragments in the pit, show that it was not merely as valuable material that it was secured, as the smaller fragments might have been carried away; while the care taken to preserve it from injury in the ground would be useless to mere bronze, but very natural to a reverenced statue. We should deduce as the probability, from all these facts, that it was concealed from some public enemy, an enemy at the same time of the religion by which the Hercules was cherished. From any pagan enemy there was nothing to be feared for the statues of the gods, since none of the enemies of Rome carried them away, and we must look to the first coming into power in Rome of the Christians as the probable date of its inhumation. The presence of fragments of fine architecture with the statue would indicate previous ruin of the public buildings, while the size of the excavation and the time necessary to make it, even in the greatest haste, would render concealment unlikely if not impossible—an indication of public sympathy with the concealment, and, therefore, of its being performed while the city was threatened from without, and before even the general prevalence of Christianity. Visconti, to whom we are indebted for the collection of authorities, fixes it during the fifth century. Rome was first sacked by the Goths in 409. This would account for the ruinous condition of the theatre, and the fragments in the pit; the next invasion was in 455, by the Vandals under Genseric, who were Arians animated by a fierce hatred of the false gods and their memorials, and as they are reported by Procopius to have even plundered the palace of the emperor of its copper vessels, we may conceive that the statue of Hercules, being so richly gilded as to pass at first sight for gold, was far from safe from their ravages. It seems most unlikely that the hiding of the statue was later than this, and we may safely reckon, then, that it has lain where it was hidden for fourteen centuries, and though, when first discovered, encrusted with a coating of earth and fragments of stone, which required great force to separate them from the metal, and under this a formation of oxide which promised little else than a pitted and corroded surface, showing only the intention of the work, on the cleaning up it proved that the *leaf-gilding* was preserved for at least five-eighths of the surface, and the modelling is almost as delicate as when finished.

A few words on the terms of sale and the effect of them on future excavations may not be amiss. It is generally known that Roman law forbids the exportation of antique works of art without permission of the Government, which, while avoiding any declaration of a right to seize private property, makes it almost worthless to its owner until the consent to export has been given. But in the case of the work being of very great value, this is never given, and therefore the Vatican gets all the best things at its own terms. In the case of the Hercules there is no doubt that the statue was ridiculously under-estimated or that either of the principal governments of Europe would have given double the maximum price named by the jury—little more than £10,000. But such a price being beyond the means of the Roman Government to pay, it is evident that the owner is directly defrauded of a portion of the value of his property by being obliged to sell it for the low price it could give, and this through a regulation which has all the sanction of legality. The Government does not claim any ownership in it beyond a sort of waif-tax, since the title may be transferred to any one in Rome, but it will not be allowed to leave the city at any terms, no matter by whom it is purchased. It may be good local policy to retain all great works in Rome; but what kind of justice is it, and what must be the effect of such a policy on exploration if not to discourage it by the uncertainty of adequate reward even when successful? If to-day the Roman Government pays half the trade-price, to-morrow it may pay only a quarter, but will have the same policy of forbidding the exportation of art treasure-trove. When we consider the number of valuable works already found and the probable unexplored quarries, does it not seem a wiser policy to offer every inducement for excavation? Will not the owners of property in which works of art

* "Pompeius Magnus in ornamentis theatri mirabiles fama posuit effigies, ob id diligentius magnorum artificum ingeniis elaboratas."—Plin. Hist. Nat., vii.: 3, 2.

* "Nondum Myronis signa ad veritatem satis perducta, jam tamen quæ non dubites pulchra dicere. Pulchriora etiam Polycleti et jam plane perfecta, ut mihi quidem videri solet."

are supposed to be hidden wait for a more liberal régime before adventuring? It is not long since a gentleman resident in Rome, presenting a picture to the National Gallery, was absolutely refused permission to send it away! What, under such circumstances, are works of art but dead property? and who will venture into investments on the chance of reward by the Roman Government?

MUSIC.

THE FIRST CONCERTS OF THE BROOKLYN AND NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETIES.

THE Brooklyn society gave their first concert of the season on Saturday evening, Oct. 28. The orchestral works presented were the symphony in B flat major, No. 4, of Beethoven, the overture, "Prometheus," by Bargiel, and the grand polonaise from the music for "Struensee," by Meyerbeer. The solo performers were Bellini, Miss Kellogg, and Mr. Mills.

The fourth symphony of Beethoven, often as it has been played here, was never rendered so well as on this occasion. Mr. Bergmann displayed his own skill as a leader, and brought out the fine qualities of his well-selected orchestra. They played with more intelligence and feeling than ever before. The Brooklyn concerts have for the last year or two been better than those given in New York. It has been the practice there to have but one leader for the season, and the players have been habituated to be guided and led by one man. The New York concerts were led alternately by Mr. Bergmann and Mr. Eisfeld, and the society was divided in its support, and actuated somewhat by personal feelings of regard and jealousy for the two men. The partisans of one did not feel that they could play well under the leadership of the other, and there was not the unanimous spirit which should animate the orchestra so that it should be one vast living instrument. We are glad this state of things has ended, and that it has ended in Mr. Bergmann being made the permanent leader. With much respect for Mr. Eisfeld's knowledge of music, we think Mr. Bergmann far more fitted to conduct an orchestra. He is more careful in study and rehearsal, and feels the music more strongly—at least his sympathy acts through the orchestra much more efficiently on the emotions of the listeners than ever Mr. Eisfeld's did. In one other respect the Brooklyn concerts have been superior. The directors have always taken care to engage some of the best attainable talent for the vocal and instrumental solos. The New York society has thought principally of its dividends, and has relied either upon the voluntary contributions of resident artists, or has engaged inferior singers at a low price.

The fourth symphony was written by Beethoven just after the failure of his opera in the year 1805, or, more probably, in the earlier part of 1806. It was perhaps intended as a statement of the questions then in the composer's mind, and an answer to them. His spirit was then in a cloud: music which he had drawn from his inmost soul had been misunderstood, and had been rejected by the public—who had previously understood and sympathized with him. The symphony begins with an impressive *adagio*, in slow, deep, measured tones, pierced by a single questioning voice, finding no answer but sighs. The question wanders from the violins to the flute, and back, the flute takes it to its greatest hight, and then all sinks down again into the dull B of the brass instruments, with the string accompaniment with which it began. Then comes the answer, and then a feeling of content and quiet. But from content arises joy and exultation after a short struggle of conflicting feelings. In the *minuet*, the *trio*, and the *finale*, these feelings rise to their height. The symphony is a page from the history of Beethoven's life, showing his progress from gloom and despondency to enjoyment and happiness, in giving himself up again to nature. It does not tell us, as it has to some, a tale of melancholy and successful love. It expresses rather the conflict of the soul with the gloom of distrust and despair.

Bargiel is one of the modern German writers who are little known here. His "Prometheus" overture merely adopts the form of an overture to express certain feelings and ideas regarding that long-suffering, divine man, Prometheus, without being intended as an introduction or a prelude to any drama or other piece. It is a work displaying fine imaginative power and is clearly written. We have promise of hearing it again this winter, as well as a symphony of the same composer, which will introduce us more thoroughly to his merits and characteristics.

The first concert of the New York Philharmonic Society was given on Saturday evening, November 4, to an audience small on account of the rain. The orchestral pieces on the programme were Schumann's symphony, No. 4, Op. 120, in D minor; Liszt's symphonic-poem, "Mazeppa," and Beethoven's overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C. Mr. Mills played as solos Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor, and a Tarentelle by himself, and, with the orchestra, a posthumous concerto in C by Mozart. Lotti was to have sung, but was prevented by illness. His absence, however, was not much to be regretted. The progamme was thus rather meagre in quantity, and only made up for it by the quality of the pieces.

The symphonies of Schumann are all well known here, as they have been given over and over again year after year. The fourth and latest one is not so interesting as some of the others—the one in B flat for instance. It was written just at the close of Schumann's career, and displays some of the last workings of his powerful mind, before it finally gave way. It contains a very beautiful *Romanza* and *Scherzo*, but the finest portion is the short, slow movement, and the subsequent triumphant burst of the *finale*.

The great piece of the evening was the symphonic-poem of Liszt, "Mazeppa." It was suitably placed to be compared with the overture of Beethoven, whom many ultra-classicists regard as the greatest master of music, and with the symphony of Schumann, whom the same men reluctantly admit to be a great composer, and to follow closely in the path of Beethoven. This is their last bound. Beyond this they can see nothing good. Wagner and Liszt they abhor, in the interest of good music and pure art, as they say. And the great objection they make to the class of works of which "Mazeppa" is one, is with regard to the *form*.

We would not say that the votaries of this school look to nothing besides form; but they certainly seem to make that a primary consideration, and their first condemnation of the works of the new school rests on the alleged ground of their formlessness.

Now the forms which are so hallowed by the usage of the great composers are, in orchestral music the symphony and the overture, and in piano music the sonata. All these forms are primarily referable to the dance or the march form—some of the earlier sonatas, for instance, are nearly all minuet—and the sonata or the symphony is a mere collection of three or four of these forms. Usually the subject is begun in a quick movement; then a slow intervenes; as a contrast to this a very quick one is introduced, and then the subject is repeated in nearly the first time, but usually in a different key. An overture has generally but two of these movements, and was intended, as its name denotes, for a prelude to an opera or a drama. Now, however, it is used for any subject which is not to be treated at great length as an original piece, without regard to anything following. It is evident that these forms, from their nature and from the manner of alternation of movement and repetition of the subject, are calculated rather to retard than to aid the expression of the ideas of the work. A subject cannot be conceived as one whole and contemplated in its varying relations from the beginning to the end; but it must be cut into bits, and those bits must be arbitrarily arranged. It follows that subjects that will not admit of this Procrustean treatment cannot be musically developed, if the old rules and forms are clung to. These forms were not at once originated, but were developed out of what was already existing; they were not voluntary shackles which great composers made for themselves, but which they found already upon them, and which some men of the highest order so wore as not to be seen, and almost succeeded in overcoming all the difficulties produced by them. As the composers of the transition period emancipated themselves from the old forms which were without life, the composers of whom Liszt is a type wish to free themselves from the binding forms left by Mozart and Beethoven, and introduce a more complete development of a poetic definite subject. Such a subject is again a cause of complaint. "Programme-music" they cry out against, music of which we have to have a written explanation to comprehend it. Music is indeed a language of the emotions, but emotions can be definite, and it surely is as well to have some certain subject to cause them. The poet tries to sing his feelings by words which appeal to the head, and thence to the heart; the musician tries to express them by sounds which appeal to the heart more directly. This is what Liszt does in "Mazeppa," and the name which he has chosen of symphonic-poem is as expressive of his intentions as the form is of his ideas.

"Mazeppa" is one of the series of twelve which were published in 1856 by Breitkopf and Härtel, and which were at once the subject of much adverse criticism. Two of them, "Tasso" and "Les Preludes" have been given before. The remaining nine, one of which is "Hamlet," have never been heard here, though most are better works than this, which is an enlargement of a piano study. The theme of "Mazeppa" is not the poem of Byron, but the ode of Victor Hugo in "Les Orientales." The piece commences with the third stanza:

"Un cri part, et soudain voilà que par la plaine
Et l'homme et le cheval, emportés, hors d'haleine,
Sur les sables mouvants,
Seuls, emplissant de bruit un tourbillon de poudre,
Pareil au noir nuage où serpente la foudre,
Volent avec les vents!"

This cry is finely rendered by the cymbals, with which horse and rider

start on their rapid course; through valleys and over mountains they go; they are but a speck in the desert sands, they fly through the woods, which crash and echo behind them; they cross swollen streams, they fall in with troops of wild horses through which they madly rush. At last the sun goes down, the birds of prey gather in flocks, night comes, the weary horse falls, and the rider lies swooning on the ground to awake and find himself king. Such is the story of Mazeppa, which is here made symbolical of man carried away by genius.

"Il crie épouvanté, tu poursuis implacable.
Pâle, épuisé, béant, sous ton vol qui l'accable
Il ploie avec effroi;
Chaque pas que tu fais semble creuser sa tombe;
Enfin le terme arrive . . . . il court, il vole, il tombe.
Et se relève roi!"

The work is one of great power, and is a remarkable piece of instrumentation. The burden of the subject is chiefly carried out by the wind instruments and the bassos, the violins and other strings having little to do but to fill in their coloring. It was well and carefully played, with the exception that the harp was left out entirely, for reasons best known to the pockets of the members.

The overture to "Leonore" was the third one written for that opera. The first had depicted the mild gentle image of Leonora; in the second or the third, which is a mere enlargement of it, Beethoven was further in feeling from his opera. His ideas of Leonora are changed. He now regards her as a heroine, and the overture is written in a triumphant tone which would speak almost of Joan of Arc, but which badly falls in with the aria of *Marcellina* and the duet with which the first act opens. It is a beautiful symphonic work, but no overture which introduces us to the opera. In it are introduced the air of *Florestan*, the trumpet signal, which called forth such derision from the contemporary Vienna critics, and the air of deliverance which immediately follows it. This air is wanting in the second overture. This anticipation of the opera, which subsequently has become so common, is bad in an introduction, however well it might do in an epilogue. The trumpet signal, for instance, is quite meaningless. We have only space more to allude to the concerto of Mozart, which was beautifully played with Mr. Mills's clear and always correct touch.

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Science.

THE meeting of the British Association for 1865 was commenced Sept. 6, at Birmingham, and was attended by an unprecedented number of members, including many of the distinguished geographers and travellers of different countries of Europe. Mr. J. Phillips presided. The first day was occupied by the ceremonies of opening the Central Free Library of the city, after a breakfast at the Mayor's of above two hundred savans. Mr. E. Youmans and party were present from the United States. The president, in his address, spoke of Birmingham as the place where Priestley analyzed the air and Watt obtained the mastery over steam, and of the society as uniting fresh discoveries and new inventions with the solid and venerable truths treasured and taught in academic halls and colleges.

The meetings of the sections commenced the second day. In section F, "Economic Science," Lord Stanley presided. He remarked: "Of the large class of human evils which are reparable as well as preventible, there are few to which the principle of *insurance* may not be applied. Insurance is the opposite of *gambling*. The gambler, desiring to gain something which is not his, risks something of what he actually possesses. The insurer, seeking to preserve what he has, submits to a certain small fixed deduction, and so prevents a much larger possible loss. And whatever creates a sense of security is an element of human progress. In this light he looked upon insurance." The president thinks the decimal system of weights and measures desirable, but not likely to be soon adopted. He wished the Board of Trade would assimilate the form of census to that of other European governments. Europe inclines more and more to become one community in thought and action.

"Mechanical Science," Sir G. Armstrong presiding. Mr. Thomas Levick read a paper on machinery for compressing air, and the application of it to coal-cutting and other underground work. The air is conveyed to the machinery underground in four-inch cast-iron pipes, along the main headings, and thence in 1¼ inch gas-piping by india-rubber hose. The engine moves a pick which digs the coal. The pick may be worked at any angle, and on the upper, middle, lower, or any other part of the coal bed, by shifting it on the axis where it is keyed. A hand-wheel moves the machine forward by bevel wheels acting on the machine wheels. A self-acting valve obviates many difficulties, and the steadying arrangement counteracts vibration caused by the blows. The machine has been applied to coal and Bath stone.

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The president of Section A, "Mathematics and Physical Science," said that it is now established that the spots on the sun are at a lower level than the penumbræ, and the faculæ at a higher; the photosphere or luminous surface is gaseous, and the spots appear and disappear according to the position of Venus. The central mass of the sun is less brilliant than the photosphere, but whether it is solid or not is not known. Of Mars it seems certain that the redder part is land, the greyer part sea, and snow is visible in the polar regions. The temperatures of the latitudes are believed to be nearly those of the earth, the dense atmosphere retaining much heat. The number of known minor planets is increasing. Luminous meteors and shooting-stars are now within the range of law and observation. The orbits of comets are generally parabolical or hyperbolical. They do not belong to our system. Many of the unresolved nebulæ appear to be gaseous. Professor Tyndall has separated the rays of light from those of heat, so as to produce fire in a dark focus. Numerous improvements have been made in eye-glasses, and a very thin kind of glass has been manufactured. In geometry and algebra new schools have arisen in a few years tending to separate the two. Gutta-percha is inferior to india-rubber for insulating telegraphic conductors at ordinary pressures, but may be superior under great pressure or under deep water. It is believed that the Atlantic cable failed only through a mechanical accident. M. Claudet exhibited photographic pictures, through two lenses, which appeared to be in motion, from the known principle that the retina of the eye retains an image for a short time.

The Chemical section had several interesting subjects submitted to them by their chairman, Dr. Miller. Birmingham is the place where Priestley laid the foundation of modern chemistry by the discovery of oxygen, on the 1st of August, 1744. The first experiment in lighting with gas was made at Soho, by Murdoch. In Birmingham, Dr. Roebuck, a century ago, erected the first leaden chamber for making sulphuric acid, now the most important chemical manufacture of Great Britain. The need of scientific education in schools was urged. The "atomicity of elements" was regarded of fundamental importance among the doctrines of chemistry. Elements are divided, in reference to their atoms, into four classes; but it is a not infrequent phenomenon that two bodies identical in chemical composition have quite different properties. A new nomenclature is needed for newly discovered complex organic acids. Improvements were made last year in preparing magnesium and in separating the newly discovered metals, cœsium, rubidium, thallium, and indium. Deville and Troost have proved that certain metals are permeable by gases at high temperatures.

The Torquay cavern, and the report of its fossil and human remains, afforded the most interesting subject of the Geological section of the association. This cavern, called Kent's Hole, is about a mile east of Torquay harbor, in a small, wooded, limestone hill, and has been known from time immemorial, but was first scientifically examined in September, 1824. Dr. Buckland afterwards prosecuted the investigations. A committee of the society have made systematic excavations, and some of the articles found were on the upper surface, and supposed to be 1,500 or 2,000 years old. Human implements are found with remains of the mammoth, the cave bear, and other animals; no human bones, but pottery, bone implements, stone and metal ornaments, remains of fossils, etc. The excavations are to be continued.

In the section on Zoölogy and Botany, Mr. Jeffreys stated that there are about 520 species of testaceous mollusca (shell-fish) in the British seas, of which 80 are not found in Shetland. Probably as many more are in Shetland and not in the Channel Isles.

In the section on Physiology, Dr. John Davey read a paper on the effects of scanty and deficient food, and said he had never known it to produce disease, and believed occasional fasting beneficial. Scarcity in Lancashire and Ireland does not produce disease; and Welsh cattle are ill-fed, but hearty.

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Government Sec., value - - - - - - - - - -		144,514 00
Cash on hand - - - - - - - - - - - -		18,042 34
Interest due - - - - - - - - - - - -		3,085 58
Premiums due - - - - - - - - - - - -		6,785 26
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NET SURPLUS - - - - - - - - - - - -		198,733 26

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 20. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1865. { SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM / SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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The Week.

THE event of the last week has been the total defeat of the Democrats in all the State and other elections at the North. It has been, on the whole, one of the most crushing defeats any party has ever received, but the *World* and *Albany Argus* consider it, as the rebel papers considered the fall of Fort Fisher, a "blessing in disguise."

THUS far the cholera has not spread, and the alarm inspired by the *Atalanta* cases has subsided somewhat. But something is being done, and we trust the respite given us by the cold weather will be used by the Legislature to pass the Health bill.

WE reprint elsewhere an article from the London *Spectator*, commenting on the letters of our correspondent at the South. But the writer is mistaken in supposing that this is the first time that correspondence of this kind, giving a simple, unvarnished account of things seen and heard, without much comment, has been attempted in this country. Mr. F. L. Olmsted wrote a series of letters of the same kind to the New York *Times*, ten years ago, afterwards republished in a volume as the "Seaboard Slave States," in the same spirit, and with the same purpose, and as a piece of "special correspondence" it has, we think, never been equalled in any country both for truthfulness and vividness. The deduction which the *Spectator* draws from our correspondent's letters as to negro suffrage is not very clear. If it be that the negro is likely to have considerable difficulty in getting the suffrage, or that without it he is likely to be terribly kicked about, we certainly agree with it. If it be that he ought never to get it, we think such a conclusion can only be extracted from our correspondence by regarding defencelessness as a mark of permanent incapacity.

THE article on American cattle which will be found on another page, and those which will follow it on kindred subjects, will be from the pen of perhaps the best authority in this country on this class of subjects.

THE papers contained on Monday morning a long account, coming through that eminently trustworthy source, "a special despatch" from Washington, of the energetic services rendered to the rebellion by the English Consul at Havana, as despatch forwarder and, in fact, general agent. This story, like the list of the Confederate bond-holders in England, ought to be named, as the French papers say, "*avec toutes les réserves.*" The Consul at Havana, like Messrs. Delane, Sampson & Co., doubtless loved the Confederacy dearly, but he loved his place better, and it is not fair to deduce his being a fool from his being a knave. Nobody who considered all the circumstances ever believed that, if the editor of the *Times* had got part of the Confederate loan, he left it in the power of anybody to blab about it, and we cannot help thinking that, if Mr. Crawford has been forwarding despatches and money for the Confederates, he has kept his own share in the transaction a little too close for our "Washington correspondents" to be able to tell all about it. Why does not some morning paper try the experiment of publishing no despatches, however "interesting," which come from any quarter previously found untrustworthy? We have no doubt that in the long run it would pay, though at first the columns of the paper might be pronounced "heavy."

GENERAL KILPATRICK has been appointed minister to Chili. There is no braver or more deserving officer, or one more utterly unfitted for a diplomatic position. We consider the practice of rewarding either military or political services by appointments to foreign embassies, without any reference to the fitness of the appointee, to be one most potent cause of the dislike and disrepute into which the Government and its cause were found to have fallen during the late struggle. If our relations with foreign powers, or the good opinion of the civilized world, be of any consequence to us whatever, our diplomatists ought to be trained for their work. We have luckily had first-rate men in several of the prominent positions since 1860, but it was more by accident than design. In utter want of diplomatic capacity, it would be difficult to find anybody surpassing General Kilpatrick, unless it be Cassius Clay. The general deserves honor and reward, but not the ministership either in Chili or any other place worth a minister. And what makes the matter worse is, that he goes there at the outbreak of a war in which we shall fill the delicate position of a neutral.

A MAJOR BARNES (Federal) in Mississippi has been making a speech to the negroes in which, it is said, he informed them truly, but perhaps injudiciously, that they "had a right to protect themselves at the click of the pistol and point of the bayonet." This speech is considered "incendiary" by the Jackson *News*, which openly recommends a resort to Lynch law, in the old style, for the purpose of driving out of the State every Northerner who instigates the blacks to "incendiarism." The editor adds, "We must keep the ex-slave in a position of inferiority. We must pass such laws as will make him feel his inferiority." To force negro suffrage on such doves as these would clearly be an atrocious outrage.

WE believe Mr. Seward is abundantly satisfied with Lord Russell's decision in the Alabama case, as the precedent it establishes will furnish a far more potential means of revenge than war ever could. But it is still very doubtful whether the English public, whatever Lord Russell may say, will be satisfied to let the matter lie as it now is.

A DEMOCRATIC club, intended, we presume, to be an offset to the Union League Club, has been established in this city. It is to be a close corporation—the board of management being armed with full powers, including that of filling up its own vacancies. Clubs ostensibly, and to a certain extent really, formed for social purposes, are evidently destined to play a very influential part in our politics hereafter, as they have done in England. But they will never be a thorough success until they supply more conveniences for less money.

A LARGE number of Baltimore ladies have petitioned the President for Jefferson Davis's pardon. The petition is a curious document, and draws its most prominent argument for mercy, as have other petitions from the South, from Mr. Davis's own sufferings, and those of his wife and family. The "sunniness" of the South is also much relied on in these appeals, as if there would not be much to be said for the poor fellow if he came from a rainy or foggy district.

THE enquiry into the "accident" on board the St. John, in the Hudson River, has ended in the usual way. Like most other human events the catastrophe was due to a combination of causes. Nobody was to blame, but if anybody was to blame, the jury hopes he will be more careful another time.

ANY reader of the *World*, during the late canvass, might, judging from the amount of space it devoted to the discussion of the question, have fairly concluded that the issue really was whether General Slocum was or was not "a cotton thief." The result of the election has hardly been calculated to satisfy the general with this mode of advocating his claims to office.

A RALEIGH newspaper points out an error in our Southern correspondent's letter (No. 15) concerning the North Carolina Convention. It was said, in explanation of the absence of the Hon. George E. Badger, that he "is now an inmate of the State Lunatic Asylum." He is, on the contrary, at his own residence in Raleigh, and is afflicted, not with insanity, but with partial paralysis. His intellect is untouched. Our correspondent was, of course, misinformed.

ACCORDING to the Washington *Republican*, Chief-Justice Chase refuses to sit in Richmond for the trial of Jefferson Davis because that district is under martial law, and it would not, he thinks, be proper or becoming to open the civil courts subject to the permission express or implied of the military authorities. This objection, however, seems just as applicable to Washington as Richmond.

IT is rather late to speak of the release of John Mitchel, which was never an event of great import, and has now, no doubt, passed out of a public mind filled with thoughts of cholera. But we think the reasons given by the President for letting Mitchel go are too remarkable to be slighted in any notice of public events. The Fenians, who demanded Mitchel's release, said winningly that while they could never forget that he had risked all a patriot should for Ireland, they remembered nothing of his American career; and Mr. Johnson sweetly responded with a compliment to the delicacy of this observation, adding that he yielded to their prayer as a mark of respect for the large number of Irishmen who sympathized with Mitchel in his rebellion against the English Government rather than in his disloyalty to ours. We like the neatness and naïveté of this, and find it of a piece with the little wisdom by which the world is governed: A man has attempted to cut your throat, but you forgive him at the request of friends who ignore the offence against your own life, but who have a proud remembrance of the assassin's greatness in setting your neighbor's house on fire.

WIRTZ was, it appears by the finding of the court-martial, *convicted* of "conspiring and confederating" with Jefferson Davis, James A. Seddon, Howell Cobb, and others, to do what he did at Andersonville. Now, when a subordinate "conspires and confederates" with his superior, the superior is certainly the principal in the crime. Davis was President of the Confederate States, and Seddon the Secretary of War, and if they connived even at Wirtz's offence, and yet are sent about their business, we do not see that much of injustice will be done, but certainly Wirtz's case will seem rather a hard one. However, we are bound to say that the evidence in support of Davis's or Seddon's moral complicity with his crime produced so far, has been remarkably scanty, and if there is nothing more conclusive forthcoming, we shall all wish heartily that the Government had not committed tself so fully to the support of the charges against them by its proclamations. We say this on its account, certainly not on theirs. We learn, moreover, that Dr. Lieber's researches in the captured "archives" at Washington have resulted in just nothing. The "archives" are a mass of rubbish, and may be handed over to the paper-makers any day.

MR. EDWARD A. POLLARD, "of Virginia," as it is his sovereign pleasure to subscribe himself, advises the people of the South of his intention "to write a full and complete history of the war of the Confederates in America." His qualifications for this ambitious task are the fact that his "Annals of the War," first published in Richmond, were reprinted in London and New York, and that in his capacity of a rebel editor in the first-named city he was "trained to the best sources of information in the Confederacy"—whatever that may mean. Mr. Pollard's motive is not concealed. He will endeavor to justify Davis's treason, Floyd's thefts, Ruffin's shot at Sumter, Wirtz at Andersonville, Forrest at Fort Pillow, Kennedy among the New York hotels, Blackburn's yellow-fever dispensation, Booth's butchery, and all other acts which the North will employ "to hand the Confederates down to posterity as savages and assassins." In short, he means "to rescue the lost cause of the Confederacy from defamation, and to enlighten and erect again the name of his peculiar country in the eyes of the world." The peculiarity of the country to which he refers, like that of a certain institution which made it notorious, consists, we suppose, in its non-existence.

A CLERGYMAN of St. Louis has been visiting the prisons of that city, and reveals a shocking disregard of health and morals in their present condition. The calaboose is underground, and differs from the stable which it once was only in containing human beings instead of horses. It is dark and noisome, flagged with rough stone, through or over which waste water from the hydrants is constantly passing, and dripping from above with the filthy leakage of neighboring vaults. Each cage is twelve feet square by nine high, and often contains a dozen inmates, only half of whom find refuge from the damp on a rude bench about the sides. Sex is the only distinction made in confining prisoners together. The city work-house, being out of the city, is a less infamous place than the calaboose, but is likewise deficient in ventilation and classification. "The county jail has been regularly reported as a nuisance, once in every two months, by every grand jury for the last ten years." Its prisoners are packed so closely that each one is scarcely allowed more air, not subject to renewal, than if he were kept, says Dr. Eliot, in a hogshead or the box of a grand piano.

WIRTZ has furnished somebody with an account of his life which has been published. From it he appears to have been an exemplary physician of retiring disposition, and afflicted with a conscience too sensitive for this rough and somewhat unscrupulous world. He was entrusted with the charge of prisoners owing to Winder's accidental discovery of his merits. The misfortunes which followed he ascribes partly to bad luck, and partly to the perjury of his enemies, whom he is said to intend to haunt after his death. That mode of revenge has, however, lost all its terrors now-a-days, as people are used to spirits.

IT has been well remarked that our Government securities before the close of the rebellion fluctuated alike in the domestic and foreign markets according to the varying successes of our arms. Now, however, the London and Frankfort quotations are affected by considerations of our national policy, especially where Europe is involved. Thus the Monroe doctrine as applicable to Mexico is a permanent element of disturbance, and a rumor of war with France, no matter how unfounded or unfathered, sends five-twenties down as quickly as a hurricane the barometer. These panics, of which we Americans can generally have no warning whatever, are certainly an inconvenient consequence of foreign confidence in our permanence as a nation.

THERE is a wonderful story afloat of the attempt of Wirtz's wife to furnish him, *osculando*, with a strychnine pill, frustrated, however, by a vigorous dash at his throat on the part of General Baker.

THERE has been a smart and partially successful attack made on Matamoras by the Liberals, led on, according to one account, by seventy Americans. It was repulsed after two hours' fighting. The "imperial" account of the affair is a model of "imperial" writing. The "outlaws" treacherously surprise the regulars, are momentarily successful, but are speedily routed, and "flee" in the most cowardly manner amidst the execrations of the inhabitants, etc.

THERE is little news from England by this mail. Lord Palmerston has been buried in Westminster Abbey, and Lord Russell, to the ill-concealed disgust of a large body of his supporters, is to be his successor. But the general impression seems to be that he is but a stop-gap, and that, at his age, another change must speedily occur. He is the last of the great Whig statesmen who have, except at short intervals, ruled England ever since 1688.

THE "ultimatum" which the London *Times* announced as having been sent to France by Mr. Seward, dwindles down in the columns of that same journal to a friendly remonstrance against the despatch of troops to Mexico.

THE reason has been ascertained why the Social Science Congress sat at Sheffield, England, last month. There are social abuses there which need correction, and which have received ventilation—the first step toward correction. Public attention has been roused to the employment of children in the factories and furnaces, and it is found that it is a common thing for them to be put to work at the age of nine, and even eight years, and tasked for ten, twelve, or thirteen hours daily. "One large house in the crinoline trade had a staff of children working night after night, dining at midnight instead of mid-day, where they could; they were turned into the street, and no one had the slightest control over these children while they were away from these works at midnight." Such practices, as the London *Times* very justly remarks, are "a crime almost amounting to manslaughter."

EVEN the Zoölogical Gardens have been invaded by the cattle plague now ravaging England. Three noble specimens of Italian cattle, the gift of Victor Emmanuel, and two bison, have already perished.

DR. LIVINGSTONE had reached Bombay, intending to make preparations there for his new expedition into Africa, in which he will explore the water-courses of the continent northward from the Zambesi. He expected to set out at the close of last month.

THE King of Würtemberg has issued an order scolding his officers for want of respect. He says they do not salute him with proper concert of movement in the theatre. They should all rise together when he enters. He complains, too, that the guard does not "turn out" for him with the necessary rapidity, and in order that all sentinels may know him when they see him, every guard-house is to be provided with an "exact photograph of him at the expense of the regiment." To prevent mistakes, also, every sentinel is to salute every court carriage, but to be careful not to give a royal salute to any but princes in "the direct line," unless accompanied by princesses in the direct line. When he was a student at the university, attending the lectures of Ranke, the historian, he had a private box constructed for himself and his aide-de-camp, so that he might not be contaminated by contact with the common herd on the benches. But the students, to their honor, would not stand it, and refused to allow the lecturer to be heard till the aristocratic abomination was removed, as it was. Middle-aged Germans are more patient.

WHILE all the doctors in France are pressing forward with specifics for the cholera, M. le Curé d'Elbeuf-en-Bray has thought to turn an honest sou in offering to pious acceptance the image of the Blessed Virgin. M. le Curé says very justly that we are in the cycle of the Immaculate Conception, and begs good Christians to do as their fathers would have done: to pray to the Virgin, and to wear her image on their stomachs. M. le Curé has a church which needs repair, and he has published the offer of the image in question, with a list of tempting advantages in masses, for those who shall contribute something in return. Give and pray, says M. le Curé d'Elbeuf-en-Bray; and the correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* likens his reverence to those who made a mart of the temple.

THE loss of her daughter has been so heavy a grief to Madame de Girardin that she has resolved to withdraw from all the familiar objects which could remind her of her bereavement. Consequently, the beautiful new house of M. de Girardin, one of the most elegant in Paris, is to be sold, with all the furniture and works of art now in it.

ONE of the editors of the *Constitutionnel* has bought the little place called Mont-Louis, to which Rousseau retired after his quarrel with Madame Lépenay. He wrote "Emile" in this house, and his cabinet and table are still preserved there.

ON the 15th of August three hundred tons of coal were floated through the temporary Suez Canal. Still more recently a load of coffees, gums, etc., was also transported by the same means direct from the Red Sea to the Levant.

AT a Parisian theatre, lately, when they were to give a pleasant piece, called "Supplice d'un Homme," the principal actress was seized with illness, and could not appear. Another offered to replace her; but the audience, with a ferocious tint from the drama, cried: "Madame Thierret or death!" The ingenious manager suggested the compromise of returning the spectators' money, which they accepted with enthusiasm.

THEY have lately erected in the village of Monthard, where Buffon was born, a bronze statue of the great naturalist. The statue is by Dumont, of the Institute, and represents Buffon in the costume of the court of Louis XV.

THE attitude which Austria, jointly with Prussia, has assumed toward the minor German States, in the note lately dispatched to the Senate at Frankfort, is one that attracts an attention different from the speculative regard with which we view her experiments with subject nationalities. In this note the two great Powers demanded of the Senate the prevention of certain reunions of the federal deputies, in which sentiments of hostility to Austria and Prussia were expressed, and threatened an armed interference if the Senate refused to obey. According to the latest news, the Senate has refused, very peremptorily, to obey, and it now remains to be seen whether the machinery of the German Confederation, so efficient for mischief, can be made to work for the protection of a weak German Power against the oppressive insolence of two strong German Powers.

A DISCOVERY, most valuable to literature, has been made by a German writer, who has found in the family archives at Baireuth twenty-five authentic letters of Voltaire, addressed to the Margravine of Baireuth. The letters are presently to be published (with a commentary, of course) in Prussia and France. In the latter country the great literary expectation was the new volume of poems by Victor Hugo, to have been published the 23d of October. It is called "The Songs of the Streets and Woods," and is a book, says some prophetic gossipper, of lively and familiar odes, such as streets and woods might sing, and pitched, not to the grave and lofty note of Juvenal or Dante, but rather to that of Horace and Anacreon.

ACCORDING to English correspondence (which is not always to be trusted, as we have reason to know) Russia is treating the Poles with such rigor that it is impossible for them to remain under the government of their conquerors without renouncing country, language, and religion. Catholic churches are destroyed, and parents are fined heavily for baptizing their children in the Latin faith. A fine is also imposed for the possession of Polish books, and the Poles complain bitterly of the removal of their national libraries to St. Petersburg. 300,000 volumes

and a magnificent collection of manuscripts were sent from the Zulaski Library, and the business was entrusted to those ardent bibliophiles, the Cossacks, who neatly cut the books to fit the boxes prepared for packing them.

In Russia the first warning (*avertissement*) under the new law regulating the press has been given to the *Gazette de Saint-Pétersbourg*, which had published an article denying the Government's right to alienate the public lands, and declaring that these should be held as a guaranty for the redemption of the paper money of the state. The article was thought injurious to the public credit, and the paper was warned: an action which produced a painful impression among those friends of reform who had hoped that a real liberty was to be given the press, and that the *avertissement* would not be employed. But the very first discussion of a public question has provoked the admonition. Meantime, the Emperor's minister of war is studying a reform of great importance, by which the term of military service shall be virtually reduced from twenty-five to seven years. A certain number of men, who have been seven years in the army, are to be annually dismissed, but to remain at the disposal of the Government for eight years longer, after which they are absolutely discharged.

The cordial relations between Russia and Italy have lately suffered some change, through an indiscretion of the *Gazzetta Ufficiale d'Italia*. Certain Italians, who had taken part in the Polish revolution, were sent to Siberia, but Prince Gortchakoff informed the Italian envoys that they would receive a pardon from the Emperor. The *Gazzetta Ufficiale* made haste to acquaint the public with this gratifying intelligence; and now Gortchakoff feigns to see a grave indelicacy in the publication which the Italian Government has permitted, and has informed its ambassador that Russia feels absolved from her promise of clemency toward the Italians in Siberia. The logic is striking, but will scarcely satisfy its victims, we imagine.

As for the removal of the French troops from the States of the Church, it creates in the country bordering on Italy a dismay as great as the satisfaction it gives in the capital. In Rome it is not desirable to have a strong military force, but in the provinces the condition of the people, abandoned to brigandage, with only the slender protection of the Papal troops, will be pitiable. It is well known how the brigands have constantly retreated from the Italian soldiers into the territories of the Pope, where they have always found succor and encouragement. But now Italy intends to strengthen all her posts on the border, so as to make incursions into the kingdom impossible, and it seems likely that brigandage will be forced to prey upon the dominions of the Church, which has so long and tenderly fostered it. Some detachments of Papal troops have been moved toward the frontier, but no confidence is felt in them, and the wealthier inhabitants of the border are deserting their country-seats.

One of the plans proposed for the destruction of brigandage in Naples is immigration—population of the infected districts with overwhelming numbers of honest and diligent colonists from other parts of Italy. Would it not be curious if this scheme should take effect through the existence of petroleum in hills that have heretofore teemed only with banditti? A Lombard chemist professes to have found a quality of the famous oil, superior even to our own, in the Abruzzi, and we shall no doubt hear soon of countless stock companies in Milan for working the new source of wealth and civilization. In the meantime, we commend to the Italians who shall go to the Abruzzi to seek the "*subiti guadagni*," and build the sudden cities of their oil regions, a translation of the graceful nomenclature of our oil regions. Villa di Tito, Cittadolio, Buca del Pozzo, would be pleasant and musical names for the future towns of the oil-bearing Abruzzi.

While a Lombard chemist has made this discovery in Naples, some one has found out the swindle of a statue of St. Mary Magdalena in Milan. This effigy wept when infidels and heretics came into its presence, and had a pious popularity. It was made of *terra cotta*, and was filled with water, which, being heated below, produced the steam that fell in affecting drops from the eyes of the saint. One thinks with horror of the chance of once heating the water too much, and of causing the saint to explode like a boiler.

But these wicked and shameful shams are growing to be obsolete in Italy, and in a little time it will be difficult to find there a winking Madonna or a crying Bambino. The evacuation of the monasteries has already begun, and early in October one of the oldest of these passed into the possession of the secular authorities. It is that of San-Domenico Maggiore at Naples, in which St. Thomas Aquinas lived and lectured in 1272, and the crucifix is still there which addressed the saint: "Thou hast written well of me, Thomas; what reward hast thou received therefor?" provoking the response, "Nothing but thee, Lord." The *Indépendance Belge*, which reports the evacuation of the monastery, says that the crucifix was quite mute in the presence of the municipal officers, and did not pronounce the smallest anathema against our perverse age.

Italy is about to send a frigate to Japan as a preliminary to commercial relations with that empire. That which interests us more is the fact, now fixed, that she is to send Ristori to us next autumn, with an Italian company. The contract with the impresario Grau has been made, and we may look for the famous actress in October, 1866.

At the Central Park on Wednesday of last week a middle-aged member of the medical profession, with a taste for geology and notoriety, was good enough to entertain the idle vulgarity of this city with a spectacle of which it is curious to read. It is not, perhaps, strange that a widower of mature years, and the father of a family of grown sons and daughters, should wish to marry a young lady of beauty and accomplishments; but we find it rather odd, even in America, where we are accustomed to baby-shows, that he should wish to make a public exhibition of his happiness, should suffer the proposed amusement to be heralded in the newspapers, and should on a certain day furnish sport to the multitude assembled to see his bridal party go up in a balloon. A bridal car had long been in a state of gorgeous preparation, and on the day of the ascent Professor Lowe's well-known amphitheatre was decked with garlands of evergreen and flowers; a floral arch spanned the pathway leading to the balloon, and young maidens, habited in robes of white and silver, strewed blossoms under the feet of the advancing pair, of whom the reporters give elaborate biographies. When the party entered the bridal car, however, it was found that the balloon had not strength enough to float so much folly, and the number of excursionists was reduced to four. Then the balloon went up, and at a certain altitude the bride and groom signed a matrimonial compact, as creditable to our literature as their whole proceeding is to our society:

"Sacred compact of holy matrimony, solemnized above the clouds, floating in mid air, and in accordance with the laws of the Empire State, this 8th day of November, A.D. 1865.

"Presenting ourselves fully impressed with the sublime presence of God and the joyous spiritual beings of his creation, heartily approving heaven's highest vouchsafed happiness, the blessed union of two souls in purity and glowing love emanating from the eternal fountain of truth and wisdom, hence deriving some primitive conception of the magnitude of Deity inspired unceasing humanity, and endowed with powers and attributes evermore approximating divinity, with assurances that uninterrupted progress remains dependent upon genial social relations, and possessing the approving sanction of cherished friends—

"We, the contracting parties, John F. Boynton, M.D., of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mary West Jenkins, of St. Louis, Mo., do now, henceforth evermore, give and devote ourselves, each unto the other, in holy wedlock, and we solemnly and unreservedly avow and promise that we will love, honor, and cherish each other as husband and wife during our whole existence, and, in the expressive language of Holy Writ, we hopefully pray—'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.'"

As the clergyman who united these two people in marriage at their hotel denies any complicity with their desire for notoriety, we indulge the belief that the language of the ceremonial, hardly less remarkable

than that of this compact, was also an emanation from the bridegroom's brain. The newspapers give it, with the prayer, in full; and abound, of course, in minute and impudent descriptions of the dresses and looks of the whole bridal party. Indeed, the occasion offered rare scope to the peculiar powers of New York reporting, and the accomplished gentlemen of the press have indulged in every luxury of witless invention and brutal drollery concerning it.

It is certainly possible that the subjects of this notoriety did not seek it all, though they provoked it, and the celebrity they have achieved may be owing in part to the ingenious management of Prof. Lowe, whom we compliment on having achieved the standing of master-mountebank. The exhibition had the charm of novelty, and yet we hope it was not altogether pleasant to the hero and heroine. We trust that, under the leering regard of all those spectators, the bridegroom felt a little honest shame, and repented of challenging for his wife the sort of jest and comment which must have passed round the crowd. Nay, since Dr. Boynton makes his family affairs so public, may we beg to know what his son and his daughters thought at the time of the father's bridal tour in a balloon? We wonder if the bride will care to preserve for her children's gratification the history of her exploit, so gracefully given in the daily papers?

Marriage was once supposed to have some claim to dignity and decency in its celebration; but if it has not, if it is merely part of a public show, why should not the next bridal party go down in a diving-bell or be passed through a pneumatic tube?

A PAUSE in the succession of the crimes which were of almost daily event in the earlier autumn gives a vivid and painful interest to the horror recently reported from Hartford. There an old citizen, who had held trusts of great importance, and was valued for many public and private virtues, yielding to an impulse of insanity, cut his wife's throat, and then made an attempt upon his own life. The deed has nothing of the guilt of murder; yet there is something so appalling in all its circumstances as to give it the cruel fascination belonging to the assassinations which De Quincey has celebrated.

It would be hard, indeed, to conceive of a tragedy more terrible than it was: terrible in its bloody dénouement, but infinitely more terrible for the lurking madness that wrought it out. Modern science has taught us to feel due pity for the miserable being on whom insanity steals, and it is known to those who care to read of such matters, that the victim of madness is usually aware of its approach, and maintains a long and secret struggle against its dominion, while to the indifferent regard he seems taciturn and depressed. His own physician may fail to note these symptoms, or may refer them to other causes; and none but those with whom he is in the closest intimacy are able to connect these appearances with other reasons—quite as subtle and intangible—for alarm.

In the case of Mr. Greene, of Hartford, his wife alone seems to have felt anxiety concerning his state. He had lost a daughter, greatly beloved, more than a year ago, and his grief had subsided into a despondent melancholy, in which he was known to say and do things expressive of a hypochondriac fear of poverty. But up to the very evening of the violent possession to which he surrendered himself, it had not been thought that his reason was unsettled.

The history of his lunacy, like the wild purpose of his deed, lies lost in the confusion of his disordered brain; and one can only think with profound compassion of the long strife of the maniac with his besetting demon before he responded to its awful bidding, and of the long fear and agony that must have gone before her death in the victim. She was the madman's wife, and her keen perception had discerned the signals of a presence to which she could oppose nothing but vain hope and a reluctance of belief. On her and on him a burden and bond of concealment rested; and there is now no clue to the anguish which she had doubtless suffered, except her words to those who arrived too late to save her: "My husband has killed me: *I was afraid to be alone with him!*" a revelation of infinite meaning and pathos. "Oh, you will not find him," she said to those that asked for him, as if the cunning of his insanity had become familiar to her; and in a few moments more, before the madman was found in his room, with wounds inflicted on his own throat, she expired. It seems that she sat reading at the table in the centre of the room, and that the maniac stole behind her, and gave the stroke before she was aware of his presence. A copy of the "Knightly Soldier" lay opened face downwards on the table, as if she had turned the book mechanically over in her terror, and its covers were stained with blood.

So ended the long tacit tragedy, breaking at last into palpable and horrible event. The apparent fatality of the violence paralyzes. It does not seem that it could have been averted by human agency, known as its source was only to its victims, and with this knowledge instinctively hidden by them even from one another. Yet it is strange that science, which, from the prevalence of insanity in our time, has won a subtle and profound comprehension of its character and mysteries, should have been as helpless to prevent a calamity like this as it would have been in days when maniacs were chained and beaten, and their violence was regarded, not as a development of an existing disorder, but as the first symptom of madness. It is admitted that diseases of the brain multiply with frightful rapidity under the stress of our high-pressure civilization, in which man's intellect is goaded to excessive activity by excitements and rivalries; but while medicine makes wise and humane provision for the treatment of the insane, slight regard seems to be given to those cases in which the awful malady has not violently declared itself. There are various reasons for this: the cunning which accompanies insanity prompts its victim to skilful concealment of its symptoms; friends are loath to credit the terrible visitation, and even when they can no longer doubt, are loath to acknowledge it by appeals for aid; physicans cannot always treat melancholy in their patients as incipient madness, and there is no commission before which low-spirited people can be tried for lunacy. But in spite of all this, it seems to us that in a case like that of Mr. Greene, enough was manifest to justify at least a surveillance of his actions, and it is hard to understand how the learning of modern medicine failed of practical effect under circumstances which had attracted the careless notice of mere acquaintance. Here the prompt and frank agency of the physician seemed to be imperatively called for, and due consideration of the invalid's symptoms might have saved a mind from ruin, a human being from death, and a family from desolation.

THE FREEDMEN.

THERE is little to report from the Bureau at Washington. Several of the assistant commissioners, including Gens. Fisk and Swayne, are here at the North, engaged in enlightening the public in regard to the actual condition of the South, and in obtaining succor for the poor of that section. Gen. Howard reached Fernandina, Florida, on the 27th of October, and in the evening addressed the colored people in one of the churches. His speech was marked with simplicity, directness, and sound instruction, and was not inappropriately followed by the singing of "Good News from a Far-off Land"—an original negro melody. Miss Merrick's orphan asylum was also visited by the general. On the 29th he arrived at Tallahassee, and on the 31st set out for Mobile.

—It is said the Louisiana planters have found it profitable to pay their hands according to the amount of cotton picked per diem.

—Gen. E. M. Gregory, the assistant commissioner for Texas, is warmly spoken of as a capable and upright official, whose personal influence on the freedmen is already perceptible. The notion which prevails among them, however, that there will be a general division among them of their masters' lands at Christmas-time, has inspired the white population with genuine fears of an uprising during the holidays. As it is, a collision is even now threatened, which the withdrawal of our troops would be certain to precipitate. Not only an attempt at re-enslavement, but at depriving the freedmen of a portion of their rights, would suffice to bring on hostilities. "This country," writes a correspondent, "appears to me to have more in common with the Empire of Mexico than with the United States."

—A letter from Southern Arkansas ascribes to the white population there a very unenviable character, in which laziness, ignorance, and conceit are combined with a remarkable adaptation for abusing negroes and stealing cotton and horses. The region being sparsely settled, it is impossible for the Bureau to control all parts of it, and slavery is only nominally abolished. The Freedmen's Farm, at Pine Bluff, on the Arkansas River, is prosperous under the charge of Capt. Mallory, who expects to raise at least 500 lbs. of cotton to the acre. The freedmen work well and steadily.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE DEMOCRATIC COLLAPSE.

THE result of the elections of last week will be, it may be fairly conjectured, to extinguish what there was left of life in the Democratic party. Whatever hopes the managers may have had of prolonging its existence have doubtless died out since the defection of New Jersey. Its defeat in that State is to it what the "collapse" is in cholera, an unmistakable symptom of impending and inevitable dissolution. Until the occurrence of that untoward event, there was hope even from such mustard-plasters as Governor Seymour's speeches, or such tickling of the soles of the feet as Mr. John Van Buren's jokes. But since New Jersey has given way, of course all the doctors have put up their nostrums and gone home, sadder and, we hope, wiser men. There is now little left to be done but to prepare for the decent interment of the old and once powerful and respected organization.

This sorrowful event can, however, hardly be said to have taken anybody by surprise—probably the chiefs less than anybody else. The symptoms of the malady which on Tuesday last terminated fatally showed themselves long ago, and the history of the party for the last ten years has been little better than a study in pathology. Such susceptibility to morbific influences was probably never before witnessed in a political organization. There has hardly a single question come up during the last ten years on which it has not taken ground which the country ultimately not simply repudiated as impolitic or inexpedient, but stigmatized as repugnant to its moral sense.

Not that there is anything very wonderful in party managers taking no note of the moral bearings of the measures they support, but the Democratic leaders have exhibited what they and men of their stamp consider far more discreditable than want of goodness, and that is want of skill in their own calling. The whole art of a successful politician in a free country consists in finding out either what the public is likely to do if left to itself, or what he is likely to be able to persuade it to do, and yet in this art the leaders of the Democratic party, with all their long experience, have shown themselves fatally deficient. We hear a great deal of late of the blunders into which the London *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, Lord Russell, and Mr. James Spence fell with regard to the course the American people were likely to take upon the various great questions which have agitated the country during the last four years; but their worst mistakes have, considering that they are foreigners who never set foot in the country, been trifling compared to those committed by the Seymours, Pendletons, Pierces, Vallandighams, and Curtises. We have no hesitation in saying, too, that the worst attacks on our national character which have appeared in foreign journals during the past four years, have not covered half so much really biting insult, so much deep contempt for it, as popped out from almost every step taken by the Democrats in opposition to the Government during the war, or in opposition to the anti-slavery agitation which preceded it. Almost every argument used by them in deprecation of the anti-slavery movement was drawn from the supposed indifference of the people to everything but material interests. To everything that was said, or could be said, of the moral or political evils of the growth of slavery, they had but one reply, and that was that to meddle with it would cause the loss of Southern custom. Whenever, too, they sought to present the possible dissolution of the Union in darkest colors, its probable effect in destroying trade was the consideration which they always put most prominently in the foreground.

In their efforts, also, to put a stop to the war, they relied almost exclusively upon appeals to the very basest and most selfish motives, fear, love of ease, love of money, and local jealousy, and they did so with a confidence which proved what a very low estimate they had of their audience. They did their best to ruin the Government credit by talking of repudiation as a thing sure to happen. They laughed at the notion that the American people would ever be such fools as to pay such a debt, even if they were able to do so. And they were not restrained even by personal pride from soliciting foreign interference, and trying to impress foreign governments with the belief that nothing else could save the country from ruin. When we condemn Louis Napoleon for taking advantage of our perplexity to invade Mexico, it will hardly do to forget what passed between the Democratic leaders and Lord Lyons in this city in the fall of 1862.

The moral of the history of the party is very plain and simple. It teaches, in the most unmistakable manner, that lesson which of all others politicians are apt to be most unwilling to learn, and that is, that nothing succeeds in the long run in America but principle. The plan of governing by arrangements, compromises, fictions, concealments, and so forth, has been tried for ages in Europe, and has there succeeded fairly. Social and political devices based on great wrongs, and setting moral laws at defiance, have, for reasons too numerous to specify here, achieved a considerable degree of success. But the two conditions which more than all others have contributed to their success—popular ignorance and submissiveness, and the force of tradition—are here totally wanting, and the Democratic party has come to grief simply because the leaders refused to recognize this difference. With all their abuse of Europe, and professions of exemption from its influence and from the yoke of its ideas, and loud proclamations of democratic feeling, the Seymours, Vallandighams, and Pendletons are European politicians, and measure the public by the European standard, and argue from European data, and have the European opinion of the popular sagacity and conscience. It has taken them a long while to find out their mistake, but we presume they have found it out.

These recent defeats are but illustrations of the truth that in our politics not only is honesty the best policy, but that it is difficult, if not impossible, for any public man to rate too highly the class of motives by which our public is actuated. In other words, he is pretty sure to come out best in the end who acts as if the people, instead of being selfish, timid, parsimonious, despisers of ideas, or, as it is the fashion to call them, "isms," were chivalrous, open-handed admirers not of what seems likely to pay best, but of what, in their very best moods, they think most nearly right, in the highest sense of the word.

One effect of the result of the elections will undoubtedly be to give greater elucidity to Mr. Johnson's ideas of what the North requires as a settlement. This is all the more important, because we think the events of each day make it clearer and clearer that he means to do right, and that his aberrations from the straight road, whether real or apparent, are due rather to dimness of mental vision than to a love of crooked ways. The dislike of the loyal States to half-way measures might, perhaps, have been revealed more strongly, but still it has been revealed. The vote of last Tuesday was a solemn confirmation, as solemn as could well be uttered, of all that has been uttered and done for truth, and freedom, and justice during the last four years. All that is to be feared now, it is plain, is too great credulity, too great disposition to rely upon professions and fine words, where written contracts or formal enactments can furnish the only security.

As to the Democrats themselves, we do not flatter ourselves, and we do not advise the public to do so, that we have got rid of them. Where change has become, as it has here, what might be almost called the animating principle of our political system, we are not likely to have, as in older countries, anything which can be fairly called a "Conservative" party, and the Democracy cannot be converted into such a party. The two great divisions of our political world will consist hereafter, not exactly of the knaves and of the honest men, but of those who think the great laws of morality are good political guides, and those who think they are for political purposes of little or no consequence. To this latter party, under whatever name it may be called, or for whatever purpose it may be organized, the débris of the Democratic party is sure to belong. We may rely upon it that wherever we can see a body of men rallying round an abuse with a fair chance of defending it successfully, Mr. George T. Curtis and Mr. Horatio Seymour and their associates will be found in the midst of them, with their hands under their coat-tails, showing that to touch it would break up the framework of society.

That the Democratic party was not simply the pro-slavery party, but the party of rascality and corruption, has, in fact, been thoroughly proved by the strenuous opposition it has always offered in this city to the work of municipal reform.

THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

An article which appeared in The Nation on this subject three weeks ago has called forth some comment from one or two journals, which evidently consider that nobody can be a real friend of the working classes who presumes to differ with them as to the best mode of improving their condition. In the article referred to we endeavored to show, not that it was not highly desirable that working-men should have more leisure for the cultivation of their minds and the enjoyment of social intercourse, but that more leisure was not to be secured by such legislation as they now seek, with such injury to their purely material interests as would deprive their leisure of all value. The answer we get to this is abuse of political economy as the "dismal science," so called by Carlyle, one of the worst enemies of the laborer that has ever put pen to paper, and accusations of "hard-heartedness." Amongst others which have reached us is the following letter:

Mr. Editor: In my younger days I had to earn a living as a mechanic, and worked hard in manufacturing villages in Massachusetts and Connecticut. I reside now in a village where there are woollen, cotton, paper, iron, and other mills; but my income tax paid to the United States collector last summer (assessed on invested property) was over $100. These facts may show that I know by experience the wants of working people, and am not an agrarian in any sense of the word. We have several churches, and grog-shops by the dozen, but no academy, library, lyceum, lectures, nor any organized recreations (except billiards), and the common school is not graded.

In a late number of The Nation I read an article on "the eight-hour movement" which seems to me (studying *moral* economy as well as political) about as much to the purpose as a treatise on the steam-engine might be. *This* communication is intended to stir up some one of your set who can conceive of the need that laboring people feel (or ought to feel) of time for recreation *and* mental culture, and who can write an article that may be suitable for your columns.

At the period of my life when I worked hard, I had a relative who one day enquired about my opportunities for mental improvement. She suggested that I could spend my evenings profitably in reading. I asked if she could take a book after a hard day's work or play (such as an excursion); she replied that she was too tired to read at such times. "Well," said I, "that is the way I feel every night; and I don't get really rested before Monday morning."

I was introduced, not long since, to a young person who boards near us, and works in a woollen mill. To my offer of books, she replied that she had no time to read. Her day's work is 11 hours. She dresses well, but not extravagantly.

I wish capitalists could realize the depression, the sense of drudgery, the jaded feeling of those who labor from 10 to 13 hours.

Several factory girls near us "put all they earn on to their backs," but I have never discovered any better way to cure that than to improve their minds.

If it is not the employers' Christian duty to promote the happiness of their laboring people by affording opportunities for cultivating the mind, then I have read my Testament without understanding, and we shall be no better than the English with their "white slaves." And those of us who have opportunities can be better employed in such business than in *patronizing* a set of men at the South who, having brain force to rule the country for two generations, may be trusted to work their own States out of their difficulties, and establish true relations between capital and labor.

I wish that the Republican partisans could learn that it would be good policy for them to take up as a political move the lessening of hours of labor. We are a *working people*, and they are short-sighted who cannot perceive that an intelligent population will not submit to be made such drudges as English operatives are; and that the party that first takes hold of a new issue, and nails it to their platform right-side-up, will get the votes.

One does not often meet with a better exemplification than the foregoing of the kind of mental fog into which even intelligent men may get by steadily looking at a subject through their feelings. Nobody laments more earnestly than we do the disadvantages of all kinds, physical, mental, and moral, under which the working-men labor. We suspect if it were possible to make a thorough comparison of our views it would be found that, ill-satisfied as our correspondent is with the condition of the class to which he belongs, we are far more so. When we glance at the enormous interval which, even here in the most favored country in the world, separates the great mass of the population, as it is, from what it might become with more leisure, more money, more means and appliances of culture, and when we think of the terrible depth of mental and moral darkness into which two-thirds of the rest of the whole human race are plunged, we are only saved from wishing that it might be saved from further misery by total and immediate extinction by a firm and abiding faith that a very different future is in store for it: a future in which most of the mere drudgery of life will be done by the powers of nature, and in which all men will enjoy at least a large measure of those means and opportunities of moral and intellectual enjoyment which are now restricted to the rich. But as to the means of hastening this period there is, of course, room for wide difference of opinion, and we are opposed to the eight-hour movement simply because we believe it will retard it, and we regret extremely to witness the agitation for legislation on the subject because it indicates great ignorance, on the part of the working classes, on a subject on which it is of prime importance to their welfare that they should be well informed.

Whether you can restrict the working day to eight hours without in the long run lowering wages, or, in other words, lessening the demand for labor, is not a question of "moral economy," as our correspondent seems to imagine; and in attempting to decide it on moral grounds he is making as great a mistake as he would have made had he, in his youth, attempted to make himself acquainted with the nature of elastic vapors by a diligent study of Dugald Stewart.

The working day has been in this, and we believe in other States, successfully restricted, or rather fixed, at ten hours by law, because this is about the number of hours which it has been found by experience in most countries that a man can work without injury to his health. It is the number of hours during which there is for the greater part of the year light to work. It is about the number of hours, too, on which calculations as to the productiveness of capital, and the prospect of success in industrial enterprises, all over the world, have been based for centuries. It is very rare that men will work for a longer period, on the average of the year, except for extraordinary inducements, such as large extra wages, or under extraordinary pressure, such as extreme poverty (that is, be it remembered, superabundance of labor), or under the lash. There is, therefore, little or no violence done to the ordinary laws of trade by fixing ten hours as the legal working day. It simply prevents excess in the few cases in which capitalists would be able or willing to exact from laborers sacrifices or exertions injurious to their health or morals, and therefore opposed to public policy.

But when it is proposed to force men to restrict their working to eight hours a day, not on the ground that this is the period during which a man can labor without injury to his physical powers, but on the ground that he needs the rest of the time for reading, society, and music, an entirely new class of considerations comes into play. It is simply an attempt to set aside or nullify one of the natural economical laws by a law of the State, and all such attempts must fail; and to cast imputations on people's humanity for pointing this out, is about as sensible as to abuse a doctor for discouraging a patient from taking a delightful-looking house in a malarious district. Those who are agitating for the change clearly intend that as much wages shall be paid for eight hours' labor as for ten, and they imagine that the value of the two hours of production thus lopped off will come out of the capitalists' profits. To accomplish this, however, the act must not only fix the number of working hours, but provide that the capitalists shall continue to invest as much money as ever in the State in which the act is in force; that they shall, in other words, be content with smaller profits; and shall not move away either with their funds or their skill and enterprise to any other State or country. The working-men, if they can get a majority in favor of their scheme, may try this experiment, but we tell them plainly that the result is just as well known as if it was before our eyes. You cannot prevent capital from going to places where it yields most returns by any amount of legislation, and no attempt to fix it in one place by regulations diminishing profits, or having a tendency to diminish profits, or to excite fears as to the freedom of industry, has ever had or can have any better result than to

diminish production, drive capital to more favored localities, lessen the demand for labor, lower wages, and plunge the laborer into a struggle, not for more leisure, but for food and rags. Manufacturing industry is being slowly driven out of this city by the enormous taxation caused by bad government, great as the local advantages are. It can be driven out of any State in the Union by this or any other mode of making profits lower than they are elsewhere. It can be, we will not say driven out of the United States, but diminished in amount all over the Union, and the wages of labor thus be lowered, by the exhibition of a fixed determination on the part of the laboring classes to use their numerical strength to interfere with the free use of it, by limiting the freedom of contract between employer and workman. There is nothing which would alarm capitalists more than such a manifestation as this in a democratic country. They would view it as but the narrow end of the wedge. If the rate of wages be once fixed with reference, not to its market value, but the laborer's desire for intellectual and æsthetic enjoyments, the capitalist is of course launched at once on an ocean of uncertainty. Two hours are wanted to-day for more reading; more may be wanted to-morrow for the higher mathematics, or for experimental chemistry; and six hours may be deemed sufficient for the sordid toil of the mill or the workshop.

We for our part believe that the elevation of the working classes must come, and we feel assured will come, from the gradual and now rapid increase of the world in wealth; from their gradual and now rapid rise in intelligence, thrift, and forethought, and their increasing power of combination. They will become to a greater and greater extent capitalists themselves, by the growth of the co-operative system, and by their economy. Individuals will be influenced more and more by the effect of their conduct on the class at large, and will avoid diminishing its power, and the proportion of wealth to be divided amongst it, by increasing their number too rapidly. But we confess we shall lose much of our hope for their future on the day when we see them abandon their dependence on their own sagacity, freedom, and intelligence, and fall back on the antiquated expedient of meddlesome legislation. We admit that the process we have described is a slow one; that generations may pass away before the consummation is reached which the promoters of the present agitation foolishly flatter themselves an act of the legislature can place before them this very winter. But there is nothing more discouraging in this than in the slow disappearance of any other social evil. This is evidently the way in which God cures the world of its diseases, and we confess we despair of "leagues" or "unions" discovering a better one. The complaint of want of time for self-culture which our correspondent makes, is unhappily a very common one, and is not confined to those who labor with their hands alone. Most of the business men and lawyers of this city reach their homes at night in that very jaded condition which he describes, unfit to converse even with their families, much less to study or play on the guitar. There is not a professional man in the community who does not mourn daily over the absorption of his time and his faculties in the daily task of supporting his family and making a provision for his old age, to the exclusion almost of all attempt to dip into literature or art, or cultivate the highest powers of his mind. Overwork is not the curse of working-men alone, but of all classes except the owners of large fortunes. It is the vice of the age, but its causes and the means of its cure would lead us into a field of discussion for which this is neither the time nor the place. We certainly do not expect to see it banished by an act of the legislature declaring that eight hours shall be the same thing as ten, any more than we expect to see specie payments restored by an act of Congress declaring the paper dollar to be of exactly the same value as the gold one.

THE NATIONAL HIGHWAYS.

In an article with the above title, printed in The Nation on the 5th of October, we endeavored to show that the safety of travellers ought not to be trusted to the railroad companies, nor the supervision of these to the State legislatures, because they are, for the most part, controlled by the railroad companies in all things connected with the interests of the latter. Therefore, if the dangers of travelling are to be diminished, it must be by the interference of the national Government.

There is another reason for this conclusion, and a better one, because founded on a principle which is permanent, and not on a fact which may be, and all must hope will be, temporary. The railroads form a great system, composed of many parts, organized and working together for a common object. This object is the carrying of persons and merchandise in every direction across our wide empire. The several parts of this system are the railroads in each State. But each State can govern only its own roads, and all the States cannot unite to regulate all the railroads, so as to make a harmonious whole. One government for the whole is, therefore, necessary to attain the object sought—safety for travellers everywhere throughout the country.

The railroad companies receive their charters from the States through which they pass. Hitherto they have been governed, if at all, by the laws of those States. Are they, therefore, State institutions and local interests? or, taken as a whole, do they not form a national interest? If so, they come within the scope of national power.

As already stated, railroads, because of the advantages they offer, have become a monopoly. By their superiority over all other means of travelling, they have thrust aside all other means, so that all who travel must travel by them. Stage-coaches have disappeared wherever rail-cars run, and although it is doubtless possible for a man to walk, or ride, or drive from New York to Washington or to Milwaukee, no one ever does it, or ever will, so long as he can go by the railroad without too much risk to life or limb. Thus all the travelling of the country is done by means of the railroads. The exceptions to this general rule are too inconsiderable to affect the argument.

Railroads have thus created the trade and intercourse of the nation—commerce between the States and with foreign states. They are the common highways of the people, and each is a link in a great system by which a continuous stream of travellers from all parts of the country is constantly passing to all parts. At every station "through tickets" can be bought for long routes owned by different companies and chartered by different States. All are supported, not by local custom, but by the travelling of the whole people, and they create and maintain that travelling, which but for them would be impossible. Are not the railroads, then, a national interest, thus sustaining and sustained by the trade and intercourse of the nation? Two interests, each co-extensive with the nation, are related and necessary to each other. To render their union more fruitful of good and less fruitful of evil, wise government by an external power is necessary. What power but that of the nation is equal to the task?

Obviously it is one which the several States could not execute, even if they were not, as before stated, controlled by the railroad companies. These, united by mutual arrangement for the purpose, form continuous lines connecting together the most remote parts of our extended domain. The management of each by the several States would be different. In some it might be judicious, in others ignorant and foolish, and in others there might be none at all, as at present. The traveller, therefore, might be safe to-day and unsafe to-morrow, or safe in the morning and unsafe in the afternoon. As the railroads constitute a great whole, used by the whole people, uniform good management is the thing needed—safety everywhere.

Not only are the railroads necessary to the trade and intercouse of the country, but they have become so to the operations of the Government. They carry the mails, which are essential alike to the Government and to commerce, which extend the influence of the press into every corner of the country, and by bringing to all homes letters, newspapers, and books add so much to the diffusion of knowledge and to domestic and social enjoyments. The post-office, with its present business and usefulness, would be impossible but for the railroads. They are equally important to the Government in time of war, as recent experience proves. Obviously, therefore, as they are at once the highways of the whole people and the chief instrument by which the national Government attains its objects, the railroads ought to be regulated by that Government, whose duty it is to promote the interests of the people and to secure the means necessary to the exercise of its own functions. Unless it can command the railroads, it is powerless both in peace and war.

The case is provided for by the Constitution, although railroads were unknown to those who made it. The general Government is invested with authority over the interests of the nation, and the State governments are confined to local interests. All the powers, express and implied, of Congress are given to enable it "to provide for the common defence and general welfare of the *United States*." Those which relate specially to our topic are the power "to regulate commerce among the several States," and "to establish post-offices and post-roads." It would much exceed our limits to discuss the various questions to which these clauses have given rise. It may be stated generally that whatever tends, directly and materially, to create and promote trade and intercourse among the States is within the scope of the first-mentioned power. A sound paper currency does this. Therefore, a Bank of the United States to furnish one was constitutional. Free passage over the lakes and rivers of the country does this. Therefore no State can obstruct such passage. Commerce means not merely trade in merchandise, but the intercourse of travellers. "Commerce among the several States" is held to mean "commerce intermingled with the States, and which might pass the external boundary line of each State, and be introduced into the interior," and "to regulate" implies full and exclusive power over the thing to be regulated (1 Kent's Com., 409).

Surely all this is just as applicable to railroads as to rivers, the former having become much the more powerful instrument of commerce among the States. Congress has interfered to provide for the safety of travellers in steamboats, and apparently with good effect, for accidents on these, once so common and so destructive, have, since the action of the Government, greatly diminished. The reasons which invoked and justified the exercise of regulating authority in the case of steamboats apply with even greater force to steam-cars.

The Post-office is a great general interest which it is the duty of Congress to control for the common good. It is needless to enlarge on its importance to the Government and to the people in every part of our wide territory. The present efficiency of the Post-office is due wholly to the railroads. To go back to the stage-coach would be to return to comparative barbarism. The railroads have become, through the force of irresistible causes, post-roads. Congress has power, therefore, to "establish" them, and this phrase has been construed to give authority to designate as post-roads roads already made, or to construct others and control them (Story's Com., chap. 18).

It is necessary for the purposes of the Government, whether in peace or war, that the railroads should be safe. Safety is equally necessary in the working of an instrument by which alone "commerce among the States," in its present condition, can be maintained and promoted. Congress, therefore, has constitutional authority over the railroads.

What Congress ought to do to diminish the risks of travelling, and whether, having the legal authority, it has the practical power to govern the railroad companies, we may perhaps consider hereafter.

"A YANKEE'S" ESCAPE FROM A "LOGICAL DILEMMA."

Some weeks ago we commented on the assertion made by "A Yankee," the New York correspondent of the London *Spectator*, that the negroes were regarded with loathing by the people of the North, and challenged him to reconcile this with his other statement that, if the negro got the ballot, the whites would soon meet him in the marriage-bed, at the dinner-table, and in the senate. He promised that he would make it all plain in a week or two, and here is his explanation, which has just appeared in the *Spectator*:

"But if there is an antipathy of race, may not that antipathy be trusted to keep the races apart just as well when they have equal political rights as before? 'Is it, then, compulsory in America to marry an elector?' Such is the *reductio ad absurdum* put before me, when I say that the negro at the ballot-box means the negro in Congress and the negro in the marriage-bed. This logical bugaboo may look very terrible to those who do not know what it is made of. It supposes that because the mass of people have an aversion for one kind of food, there may not be some whose stomachs or whose needs are strong enough to enable them to eat it. Opium is a soporific drug none the less because, as physicians will tell you, there are some people to whom strong green tea will not bring a more excited sleeplessness. It was but a day or two ago that a gentleman, a Northerner, who had seen much of the South, said to me upon this subject, 'Give the negroes votes, and in a generation, when they got power, and some property, and a little elevation, the low political loafers down there will be marrying them for the sake of political power. The negro vote there would be just like the Irish vote here. The surest way to get it would be to marry a negress, and the vilest and most degraded would get it, or at least make this bid for it; and so we should soon be like Mexico.' Like Mexico! like Mexico! That frightful warning is ever before our eyes. And that what we fear would come is confessed by that 'other Yankee' who undertook to controvert my statements, and whose success, I venture to say, was much like that of the editor above-mentioned. For he says, 'There are thousands of white men who would marry octoroons, quadroons, and mulattoes who never could be induced to mate with a negress; and the same is true of white women.' Never was truer word said. The 'political loafers,' the vile and the degraded, would make the beginning, and then would come in the 'thousands;' and with four or five millions of negroes to begin on, in a generation or two we should have as political people in some parts of the country what Mr. Cobden calls 'a degraded population of half-castes,' which would require the hand of God himself to elevate to civilization."

Now, we confess, all this seems to us as clear as mud. A race which another race regards with loathing—peculiar, indescribable, instinctive—cannot, matrimonially considered, be compared to any kind of drug or food. The question, as "A Yankee" puts it, is really whether some "low political loafers" will eat dirt, and, if they do, whether the rest of the population will gradually acquire their taste, and follow their example. The free choice does not, according to him, lie between beef and pork, or between green tea and opium, but between plain food and garbage. There may be persons in the community who will take to garbage-eating for political ends, but the danger of the taste spreading is an extraordinary reason to give for refraining from an act which *per se* is plainly our duty. We are here gravely asked in a democratic republic to shut out one-sixth of the population from political rights for ever because there is some likelihood that "some low political loafers" would marry negresses to get negro votes, and that better people would follow suit. This, we confess, is a mode of canvassing of which little has hitherto been heard. The gentleman who has "seen much of the South" has apparently seen very little of the North, if he supposes, as he seems to do, that small politicians are in the habit of marrying Irishwomen as a means of securing political preferment.

Moreover, there must surely be some defect in the mental vision of people who think that if marriage between the two races can be prevented, all danger of a "large population of half-castes" in the United States is avoided. Children, mulattoes as well as others, are, we regret to say, sometimes born out of wedlock. Shocking as it may seem to "A Yankee," a considerable proportion of the colored population of the South is the offspring or descendants of white men, who did not wait for the enfranchisement of the negroes to take a good dose of the opium which, according to "A Yankee," the Anglo-Saxon race regards with such abhorrence. And the indulgence in this soporific will, in our opinion, always exist in the ratio of negro degradation. Everybody who fears the intermixture of races ought to labor for the elevation of the blacks by every means, so that the production of mulattoes shall be impossible except through intermarriage. And so far from believing, as "A Yankee" does, that political enfranchisement would facilitate intermarriage, we believe it would leave it just as rare and difficult as ever. For while thinking that he greatly exaggerates the depth of the popular antipathy to the negro, we believe, as he apparently does not, that it is of that peculiar kind which would make any general legal mixture of blood between the two races outrageously improbable under any circumstances. How anybody who dwells as much and as justly as he does on the Anglo-Saxon pride of race can think it would give way before a wider distribution of the franchise, we do not well see. People who consider the case of Mexico "a frightful warning" to the American people against carrying out their own principles of government, have yet, it seems to us, a great deal to learn as to the proper mode of reasoning on political subjects. There could hardly be a better example than this of the fallacy known as the "chemical method." There are scarcely two points of

resemblance between Mexico and this country, either in history, mode of settlement, or composition of population, or relation of races. We might as well take "warning" from the Turkish Empire or from Hungary.

THE SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENCE OF "THE NATION."

(From the London *Spectator*.)

It seems strange that the energy which characterizes the management of our great journals has not induced some of them to send special correspondents out to the Southern States. Few phases of society could, one would think, be more rich in variety and interest than that through which the former Confederate States are now passing. An almost unparalleled social revolution is now in course of accomplishment south of Mason and Dixon's line, involving the solution not only of some of the [most] important problems which have ever perplexed humanity, but affecting the future *status* of the restored Union and its relations with England. It would be worth a great deal to us, not only politically but commercially, to know what the real state of the South is now, and what are the genuine feelings of its inhabitants. Next to the Northerners themselves, nobody has so close an interest in obtaining this knowledge as Englishmen, and yet our newspapers furnish us with no information on the subject. If we turn to American newspapers we meet with but little more assistance in our search. In the first place, every Southern correspondent of a Northern paper writes with the view of upholding some theory or supporting some policy with reference to the treatment of the subdued States. The party warfare between Republicans and Democrats, advocates and opponents of negro suffrage, State-rights men, and Federalists, is too keen to permit any careful study of facts, apart from their bearing on theories. Moreover, the art of newspaper correspondence is very partially understood in America. It is an art which after all has only sprung into existence within the last twenty years in this country, and which certainly can never take root in the New World till the American newspapers abandon the barbarous custom of cutting up every letter into short paragraphs, divided by appropriate headings.

Since the close of the war, however, there has been an attempt made to establish in America a newspaper written by and for men of education, and intended to occupy the same position in American journalism as that held by our high-class English weeklies. How far our contemporary, the New York Nation, will prove successful, it is impossible for anybody not resident in the country to guess. Bennett, of the *Herald*, used to say openly, when any one complained of the character of his journal, that the moment he found there was a want for a high-class, respectable journal in America he should like nothing better than to satisfy it, but at present there existed no public for such a paper. If The Nation should prove by its success that the time has come when a scholar-like, thoughtful, well-written paper can hold its own in the States, one of the reproaches which was most justly levelled against New World civilization will lose its weight. However, our object is not to discuss the existence of an educated public in the States, as evinced by the appearance of a journal like The Nation, but to call attention to some very remarkable reports which have been published in it concerning the condition of the South.

The moment that the South was re-opened The Nation sent a special correspondent to describe the "South as it is," and his letters afford far the most instructive picture that has yet been furnished us of the condition of the Southern States. If he has any theory of his own with reference to the manner in which the political issues of the day ought to be decided, he does not obtrude it upon the reader. His letters are nothing more nor less than the diary of his journey on horseback through the States that so lately were the scene of war. Throughout the correspondence there is an extreme appearance of fairness. Writing to a paper of strong Abolitionist and Union sympathies, he tells all sorts of facts, which, as far as they go, are not in favor of negro suffrage, or of the rehabilitation of the black race. And what is more striking still in the correspondence of a Northern paper, he makes no scruple of reporting the complaints which he hears from returned Confederate soldiers of their sufferings in Federal prisons.

To an English reader there are two features about these letters which suggest curious reflections. The first is the evidence they afford of the extent to which the South was an unknown country to the North before the war. The correspondent, writing to an American journal, repeatedly mentions facts about the habits, customs, scenery, manners, and modes of life of the Southern States of the kind which an English correspondent might mention if writing about Russia, but which he would no more think of mentioning if travelling in Ireland or Scotland than he would of explaining that the Strand was the main thoroughfare of London. Then, too, another odd inference which the English reader derives from the perusal of these letters is, that travelling in the South at this moment is unattended not only with danger, but with any risk of insult or annoyance. The correspondent of The Nation is avowedly a Yankee, with Northern habits and tones of thought and speech. Yet he travels alone amidst the Southern villages, and it never seems to enter his mind that he may be subjected to unpleasantness from the unpopularity of his nation. Now if the feeling of the South towards the North had been at any time of that fierce, irreconcileable antipathy which, we are assured by pro-Southern advocates over here, it partook, it is incredible that such should be the case. Probably a Yankee would be an unwelcome guest in the mansions of such planters as are still left standing, though even this we doubt, judging from the extraordinary sort of intimacy which existed in Europe to our knowledge between Southerners and Northerners, even at the crisis of the war. But it is clear that the people of the Confederacy have no animosity towards Yankees as Yankees, such as the Italians entertained towards the Austrians, or the Poles towards the Russians.

Naturally enough, the attention of The Nation's correspondent is especially devoted to the relations of the conquered States towards the Union. The general sentiment, as far as we can gather from his letters, amongst the people is a sense of relief at the termination of the war. In the words of a ruined planter whom he came across in his wanderings, "The damned thing is all over, and I'm glad it is." The same sentiment is expressed, less tersely, but more thoroughly perhaps, in the speech of a former Confederate officer whom the correspondent overheard laying down his opinions in a bar-room at Richmond: "Our people, sir," he said, "are quiet; nobody talks of insurrection. We go peaceably about our business. We are conquered, and all our actions acknowledge it. We may not love the Yankees; I don't think we pretend to do that; but we have made up our minds to behave as peaceable citizens. We can keep these States in the Union, and we mean to do it. We have tried our best to keep them out, and we admit we can't." Apparently the idea of trying a second insurrection, when the strength of the country is restored, is never contemplated by anybody. Secession is "played out," and the whole energies of the Southern American mind are devoted to making the best of a bad business.

According to these accounts, the time which the South will require to recover from the injuries inflicted on her by the war is not nearly so long as European critics expected. For the moment there is a great scarcity of food and provender, and a general paralysis of agricultural operations, owing to the want of labor. Plenty of cases of ruin and misery are recorded in these letters, but there is no evidence of actual lack of food among the people. The dirt, and discomfort, and shiftlessness of the slave States were so offensive to Northern eyes before the outbreak of the war, that it is difficult for the correspondent to determine how much of the wretchedness he sees is exceptional and how much is normal. Nor as yet has he discovered any traces of extreme destitution even amidst the colored population. Our impression is that the permanent damage caused by the war has been much exaggerated, as far as the country is concerned. You may ravage a country with fire and sword, but after all nature repairs the injury, especially in a tropical climate, with extraordinary celerity. The most permanent loss the South has suffered is in the number of able-bodied young men who perished during the war. In some of the Virginian and Carolina villages there seems to be nobody left except old men and children.

With respect to the freedmen, the feeling of the Southerners, as represented by the authority from which we quote, is well-nigh unanimous. "So far," says he, "as I have seen, all native Southerners, the poorest and most degraded equally with the rich, and people of the most undoubted Unionism as well as Secessionists, unaffectedly and heartily despise the negroes." Truly they are a despised race. Everybody feels contempt, as often, perhaps, mingled with pity as with hatred, for their morals, their mental capacity, and their character as laborers. That the negro is of no use to anybody as a freed laborer appears to be an *idée fixe* in the Southern mind. As one of the correspondent's interlocutors remarked to him, "The negro, poor fellow! was fated to disappear. Slavery, if it had oppressed him, had at the same time protected him. Give the negro social and political equality. That would make no difference. Being left to stand or fall alone in a competitive struggle for life with a superior race, he would be sure to perish; a system bad for the individual negro had been the preservation of the negro race in America; philanthropists, with their schemes for elevating the man, would find they had exterminated their species. A troublesome question would at any rate be removed from American politics."

These sort of ideas, whether true or false, are certain to prevail after emancipation. They have always been held in every country where race-slavery has been an institution. If the negro cannot hold his own in the Southern States with a fair field for his labor, nothing will preserve the race, nor is it perhaps desirable that the race should be preserved, if this prove to be the case. But the danger is that this preconceived opinion should hinder the negro from having a fair trial. The whole tenor of the letters we quote from seems to show that the Southerners do not treat the freed negro fairly. Employers of labor either expect that the blacks shall work for less than the market value of their labor, or else they exact from them a degree of deference and obedience which can only be maintained by coercion. As far as can be ascertained, the freedmen have worked well enough where they were fairly paid and well treated, but the instances in which they have met with such treatment are very exceptional. In consequence, the negroes are much more inclined to become squatters than to work for wages,

and thus the Southerners are committing exactly the same folly which was perpetrated by the Jamaica planters. Out of annoyance at emancipation they are pursuing a course of conduct which must end in the impoverishment of the supply of labor, on which their business depends. Of any deliberate attempt or wish to re-establish slavery as an institution, we find no mention in these reports. Nor are the cases of ill-treatment of the freed slaves more frequent than must inevitably be expected in a state of transition from slavery to freedom.

Correspondence.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The late Convention of the Episcopal Church has been subjected to no little reproach for not adopting the resolution offered by Mr. Horace Binney, Jr. Whether the convention is to be commended or condemned, it is entitled to an intelligent judgment upon its action; and there cannot be an intelligent judgment without a knowledge of the nature and functions of the convention and of its permanent policy.

It is not only natural but proper that those should condemn the convention who suppose it to be a gathering of clergymen and laymen to discuss and pass upon moral and religious questions of the day for their mutual benefit and the edification of the people. Such is the character and function of what are called conventions of many religious denominations, of the church congresses now held in England, and of conventions for social and moral science. If such were the character of the Episcopal Convention, it might well be reproached for holding a session of eighteen days and refusing to so much as discuss the questions of slavery, of the late war and its causes, and the moral and social consequences of the Union victory.

But the convention is a body established by the constitution of the Episcopal Church, having specific functions, powers, and purposes. Its members are elected, and have an official and constitutional duty to perform. They do not meet as individuals, to discharge their personal duties, at large, to society and to the church alike. It is a legislative and, in some respects, an administrative body. It has been long settled that the duty and policy of the convention is to avoid all discussion and attempts to procure expressions of opinion upon subjects of a political character, however intimately they may be blended with moral and religious duties. But this does not go to the root of the matter. It has been equally the policy of the convention to refuse to entertain propositions purely theological and religious, unless they are necessary to the discharge of the functions of the convention as a legislative and administrative body. The design is to prevent the convention being turned into a debating society for discussing and voting upon any questions whatever, even though strictly theological.

In 1844 an attempt was made to obtain an expression of the opinion of the convention against the Oxford tracts. The division was not upon the merits or demerits of the tracts, but upon the functions and policy of the convention. The resolutions offered were voted down. The argument was used that the convention owed it to itself, to society, and to the church, to disclaim and denounce the teachings of the tracts, which were having great influence, and that not to do it was dereliction of duty. The action of the convention was misunderstood and denounced by many; but was in harmony with its uniform view of its own proper duties.

In 1859, the convention was in session in Richmond, in the midst of the excitement that attended John Brown's raid. Fears of domestic insurrection prevailed, yet no attempt was made to procure a resolve of the convention in favor of law and order, or deprecating insurrection and violence. Indeed, so careful was the convention in preserving its line, that it refused to vote to call upon the Governor of the State, although the duty of honoring the magistrates was harped upon. So well had this policy become settled and known, that no attempt has ever been made to procure an expression of opinion from the convention containing, even by implication, anything on the subject of slavery in the South, or polygamy in Utah; or, on the other hand, deprecating agitation of those questions. Nothing has ever been done in the interests of either side of the questions of slavery in the States, its extension or abolition, or the right of secession or revolution, or the rights of the general Government and the free States. And this policy is entitled to credit, because it has been uniformly applied to moral and theological questions as well as to political. We think it will be found that the records show no exception to this policy. If there have been any, it is when the resolutions were accepted without objection, and on matters of courtesy, or from unanimity.

So much for the functions and policy of the convention. Now, as to the resolution of Mr. Binney.

The House of Bishops sent down a notice for a Thanksgiving service "for the return of peace to the country and unity to the church." Mr. Binney moved a resolution requesting the bishop to offer especial thanks for the removal of slavery, which it declared to have been the cause of the late troubles. The resolution was laid upon the table.

There can be no doubt that this vote is owing to the view entertained by a majority as to the duty and policy of the convention in all such cases as these. It was not a vote on the question whether the church should or should not be thankful that slavery was abolished, or did or did not think slavery to have been the cause of the war. The division was on the question whether the convention should discuss and attempt to pass upon those questions, and in that connection. The objections to Mr. Binney's resolution were twofold. First, that it required an opinion of the convention that slavery was *the cause* of our troubles; a subject the discussion and decision of which would be contrary to the uniform construction of the duty and policy of the convention. Second, that it limited the national thanksgiving service, and specified the reasons for it, instead of leaving them general and open. All could unite in giving thanks for the restoration of peace and unity in church and state, while there might be, and in a church including the Southern States would be, varieties of opinion as to the only cause, the chief cause, or one of the causes of the war, and, possibly, as to whether the overthrow of slavery was cause of thankfulness. At all events, it was thought best to have a thanksgiving service of the general character proposed by the bishops. A strong reason in favor of the course proposed by the bishops was, that it did not, by the faintest implication, negative or tend to negative, or even to *ignore*, the propositions of Mr. Binney. The original resolution no more denied or ignored that slavery was the cause of the war, and its removal a blessing, than it did that the doctrine of the right of secession led to the war, and that our thanks and gratitude were due to the army and navy for conquering peace and unity. It left all these things open and untouched.

The question was this: Shall the whole convention unite in a thanksgiving for the return of peace and unity, without more, or shall it not? If the plan of the bishops was adopted, that could be done. If Mr. Binney's amendment was adopted, it could not be done; but a majority would have forced into the service a declaration upon a question historical, political, and moral, as to which some might differ, and others prefer not to consider in that convention, and which the original left open and untouched.

In view of these circumstances and reasons, is not the convention to be justified by loyal and anti-slavery men, or, at least, credited and respected?

X.

FRANCE.

MADEMOISELLE THÉRÈSE.

Paris, October 27, 1865.

The gaieties of Paris have always attracted a host of strangers, and have been for our capital a source of great wealth; our theatres have been a school of wit, of manners, of urbanity. In all our public places and amusements there has always been found an æsthetic element; but the physiognomy of Paris, so dear and so familiar to me, begins already to wear the signs of that depravity which has been encouraged and created by the despotism of the Second Empire. The symptoms of this growing depravity are numerous. Far be it from me to wish that Paris should become a stiff and Puritan town, but there should be some decency in pleasure, some delicacy in freedom. Decency and delicacy are now thrown aside. The most popular singer in the public places of Paris is a certain Thérèse, whose fame has perhaps not yet reached your ears, but with whom it is time you should become acquainted, as she is a "representative woman." In the summer she sings in one of the *café* concerts of the Champs Elysées in the open air, under the old and dusty elm trees; in winter, in a hall called Café de l'Alcazar. Having heard so much of her, I had a few days ago the curiosity to go to the latter place. With great difficulty I pushed my way through a motley crowd, composed of workmen and workwomen, of clerks, of young and elegant *gandins* (dandies), and of *lorettes;* silk gowns were to be seen near *blouses;* the newest and lightest bonnets near old-fashioned muslin caps; the fragrance of the best Brévas was mixed with the smoke of the clay pipes. A thousand men and women were pressed round small marble tables covered with glasses, and the noise hardly allowed the unfortunate singers, who presented themselves on a small stage at the end of the room, to be heard. Who cared about the fat *barytone* who sang in a lugubrious tone some air of Donizetti? Who cared even about the *comique*, whose grimaces had something sad and melancholy, as had his worn-out black coat and his shirt-col

ars of dubious white? Thérèse! Thérèse! Now she appears at last, the queen of the Alcazar. After deafening applause comes a great silence, and she begins. She is dressed in the handsomest silk that Lyons can weave, but its very beauty makes her appear uglier; for she is ugly—there is not a good feature in her face, and her anatomy is singularly deficient. She begins: her sharp and thrilling voice fills the great hall; her pronunciation is the most perfect I ever heard—not a word, not a syllable is lost; but, alas! what words and what syllables! Her specialty is to sing indecent songs, and her talent consists in *underlining*, if I may use the expression, every indecent verse or word; her voice, at times very pure, assumes at others an indescribable coarseness; her gestures, her movements, and her pantomime would make, as the French proverb says, "a dragoon blush." But there are few dragoons in the audience; every allusion, every equivocal thought, is received with tremendous cheers. To me the audience was the real spectacle, and a sad and humiliating one. In old times I had witnessed the same sort of enthusiasm in the same places, but then it always followed a patriotic song. Thérèse has taken the place of Béranger. From her songs the patriotic verses have carefully been excluded by the police; for every one of them is examined by the *Censure* before it can be sung in public.

The admiration for Thérèse is not confined to the lower classes. Last winter the queen of the Alcazar was also the queen of the *salons*. A good and pious duchess, whom I will not name because she regrets what she has done, was the first to invite Thérèse to her house, and she received an ovation there at the hands of all that is most noble and refined in Paris. At the house of Madame K——, the wife of one of our richest manufacturers, Thérèse sang in the presence of M. Brittelle, the *préfet de police*. After one of her pieces, a gentleman said to her: "You don't sing this at the Alcazar." "No," said she, "the *préfet de police* would not allow it." At another house, at Madame S——'s, after Thérèse had gone through her now celebrated répertoire, a charming young woman, who looks like one of Raphael's virgins, conversed with her, and finally said, "Mademoiselle, could you not sing another piece, something—what shall I say?—*de plus fort?*" "No, madame," was the answer, "*I* don't know anything *de plus fort.*" Not a bad answer for a Thérèse.

The growing corruption of the people is a natural effect of a system which has reduced politics to the old Roman formula, "panem et circenses." Enormous palaces have been built where the workmen spend their evenings. In the great café of the Boulevard de Sebastopol you may see them every night round a hundred billiard-tables, and in the blaze of a thousand gas-lights. The gilded halls, the velvet-cushioned sofas where they can lie, the splendor, the noise, of these new palaces, keep them away from their families from the small and dark room where their deserted wives and children remain. They must be corrupted by all means: cheap papers are printed for them, such as the *Petit Journal* (price one sou), where there is not a word of politics. The political newspapers, all of which are submitted to the stamp-tax, can no longer compete with this silly paper, full of sensation novels and of disguised imperialism. Of all liberties, the one which has been given to us is *la liberté des théâtres*. New theatres are built everywhere; every director now can have a *corps de ballet*, and there is no minimum limit to the length of the petticoats. The new *féerie* called the *Biche au Bois*, which has gone through more than 200 representations, is an exhibition such as Paris never witnessed before. No Turkish pasha, no slave merchant of the East, ever collected such a number of young beauties; compared to the tableaux of this *féerie*, Greek mythology seems chaste and paganism innocent. The music of Offenbach is the fit accompaniment of the *danse macabre* of the present age. In his last operas, *Orphée*, and the *Belle Hélène*, the gods of Olympus, dance the dances of Mabille, and converse in the language of the *quartier Bréda*. Do you remember a beautiful piece of Heine on the Greek gods? How beautiful and poetical are the lamentations of Jupiter, Venus, and Minerva, driven from the sacred mountain. Now, alas! Jupiter and Venus and Minerva are vulgar buffoons, and blaspheme against their own divinity. This coarse, low, vulgar vein is found everywhere. The morality of the nation has descended to the lowest ebb. A young profligate, who died a few weeks ago of consumption, the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse, one of the best names of France, has publicly left a legacy of 60,000 francs to Venus: I mean the Venus of Offenbach, whose name is M'lle Schneider, as the interest of a sum of 12,000 francs which she had lent him. He was almost entirely ruined; he used to spend the whole night playing cards; in the early morning he saddled one of his horses and took a ride to calm his nervous system. He returned home chilled and tired, and took a half bottle of brandy before going to bed. Such was the wretched life of one who was always spoken of as a leader of fashion. The story of his adventures and duels might fill a volume. In the midst of what people call pleasure, he was in fact very unhappy. He despised the people among whom he lived, and despised himself. Nobody ever spoke with a more cruel sincerity of the Bonapartist society, where he found courtiers and admirers. He was brave, full of energy, and felt that his life was lost in idleness. As there was no worthy object of ambition for him, he gave himself up to every vice. How many there are among us who feel the same disgust for the present, the same contempt for the vanities and lies of which they are nevertheless the victims!

I hope you will not form too hasty conclusions from the picture I have drawn, and I cannot but hope that the immorality I have described is only skin-deep. There is a vitality and activity in the French character which must find an opening. When every noble passion is banished, when the pleasures of liberty can no longer be enjoyed, this energy seeks every new channel, it runs in every possible direction. Under the apparent gaiety of the age, there is a profound wound which nothing can heal. The new generations, who are innocent of the faults of the past, and who feel themselves excluded from the field of political life, suffer tortures which no one can understand who has not spent years under a permanent sense of shame, of wounded pride, and of humiliation. The frivolity of the eighteenth century, which preceded the great revolution of 1798, was not more deceitful than the cynical tone of the present period. The stranger who goes through Paris and feels bewildered by so much luxury, pleasure, and gaiety ignores perforce an inner and deeper life; he does not receive the confidences of so many victims; he may think that "tout est pour le mieux dans le meilleur des Empires." How many Englishmen have I not heard, escaped from the smoke of London and the mist of British melancholy, expressing a sort of childish admiration at the sight of Paris, its splendors and its prosperity! They do not know, they never will understand, that under all this something is hidden which their eye cannot see; there is a heart still in the bosom of this Babylon, and she will herself some day tear off the vain garments, the false ornaments, which now adorn her, and astonish the world.

A. L.

AMERICAN CATTLE.

THE traveller in Europe cannot fail to have noticed that the cattle of one small province or canton will often differ widely from those of another and a neighboring province, and that the stock of each possesses a great degree of uniformity in appearance. Particularly is this the case on the Continent. Thus in ascending the Rhine, the broad, rich polders of Holland are thickly covered with a fine class of large black and white cattle, of a remarkable similarity in form and characteristics. This general color prevails all around the marshy districts as far as the Weser, it might almost be said as far as the Elbe.

And so in Switzerland, the large and stately Bernese and Fribourg cattle differ widely from those of Lucerne and the Grisons, both in color and size. These races, again, differ essentially from those in the valleys of the Bernese Alps, through the Simmenthal and other localities, familiar to every American traveller. No one who has seen them can fail to have marked the peculiar cattle of Tuscany, all more or less dark grey in color, all uniform in appearance, with long and graceful horns. These were the descendants, no doubt, of the stock driven from the broad plains of Hungary during the early invasions of Italy by the Huns and other roving barbarians. In descending the Danube, below Vienna, thousands of herds will be seen to graze along its winding banks, unique in form and character, with horns often branching seven or eight feet, and limbs slender and graceful as a deer. This race, according to the opinion of some naturalists, is the great original source from which the cattle of Europe sprang. It now appears under the general name of Hungarian.

The same is true, to a great extent, of every country in Germany; that is, each has its distinctive race or breed, differing, more or less, from the cattle of all other countries. This difference may be a little less marked in England, but it is nevertheless quite perceptible in the different counties. Thus, in coming among the apple-covered farms of Herefordshire, a remarkably beautiful white-faced animal grazes the hill-sides; in entering the picturesque Devonshire, the color of all the cattle is an almost uniform red, and so on.

This uniformity is nowhere found among the common stock of the United States. The early importations made by the colonies established in various parts of the country came from widely different stocks, some from England, some from Holland, some from Denmark, some from Sweden, and others from the West Indies. They got wonderfully mixed up in the course of a few years, nor is it surprising that they did.

The first cattle brought to this country were those landed at the James River, some time previous to 1609. The colony was established in 1607. Others arrived there in 1610, and the next year a hundred head were received by that colony. The first that came were, no doubt, brought over by the early

adventurers from England; but, subsequently to their arrival, others appear to have been procured from the West Indies; others came from Ireland. Those from the West India Islands were the descendants of cattle brought over by Columbus, in his second voyage to America in 1493.

So important were these early acquisitions of stock considered, that an order appears to have been issued forbidding the killing of domestic animals on pain of death to the principal, burning of the hand and cropping the ears of the accessory, and a sound whipping of twenty-four hours to the concealer of the facts. This was encouragement with a vengeance to the raising of stock, and it had the intended effect, for in 1620 the neat stock of Virginia numbered no less than 500 head, and in 1639 it had risen to 30,000, when the restriction against the slaughter seems to have been removed and the number began to decrease. Many cattle were sent from the Virginia colony to New England.

The first cattle received by the Plymouth colony came over in the ship *Charity* in 1624, being imported by Governor Winslow. In 1627 they had so far increased that a division of them among the colonists took place, some of them being described as black and brindle, showing no uniformity. The same year, 1627, the Swedish West India Company imported some stock for their settlers along the Delaware River, and these, together with those imported by the Dutch West India Company into New York, must have swelled the aggregate number in the country by the year 1630 to some thousands.

In the course of two or three years after this date, Mason and Gorges brought over considerable numbers of large yellow cattle from Denmark for the purpose of carrying on the lumber business along the Piscataqua River, in New Hampshire. These cattle became widely diffused over that region, and maintained their position till within the memory of men still living. Indeed traces of them may still be seen. They were large and coarse, but well calculated to endure the rigors of a northern climate. They unquestionably did much to lay the foundation of what is called the "native" cattle of New England, for they became mixed, in a few years, with the cattle imported into Plymouth and Salem, and with the Dutch from New York, and to some extent, no doubt, with the stock of the James River and the Delaware colonies.

Such and so varied were the sources from which our common stock sprang. There were the black cattle of Spain, the red from the coast of Devonshire, the black and white Dutch from the island of Texel and the coast of Holland, the yellow cattle of Denmark and the marsh regions, and the Swedes from still further north. The crosses between these widely distinct stocks were inevitable and almost infinite.

It could not be expected that these intermixtures would produce any uniformity in the produce, either in color, form, or other characteristics. The offspring of the crosses of the Denmarks with the Spanish and Welsh would naturally be a dark brindle; with the Denmarks and the Devons, a light or yellowish brindle; and more recent importations have produced more or less of a spotted progeny.

A stock made up in this way could not form a distinctly marked race or breed, and thus it happened that we had no fixed breeds in this country till the more modern importations from abroad. The term *race*, in stock, applies only to animals of the same species possessing, besides the general characteristics of that species, other characteristics which they owe to the influence of climate, soil, nourishment, and the habits of life to which they have been long subjected by man, and which they transmit with certainty to their progeny; and it is essential that they should have possessed these characteristics from a time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The term *breed*, on the other hand, applies to a family of animals built up by a long course of careful breeding and selection till certain desired characteristics become fixed, capable, and sure of being transmitted. The peculiarities of *races* are more inherent, more fixed and strongly marked than those of families or breeds built up artificially. Tried by this standard, the "native" or the common stock of the country cannot constitute either a race or a breed, since they do not possess any characteristics, peculiar to them all, which they transmit with any certainty to their offspring, either of form, size, color, milking or working properties. They have neither the size, the symmetry, nor the early maturity of the short-horns; they have neither the fineness of bone, the beauty of form and color, nor the activity of the Devons and the Herefords; they do not give the uniform quantity nor the high quality of the Ayrshires and the Jerseys; but their most important failing is that they do not transmit the many good qualities which they often possess, to an extraordinary degree, to their offspring, which is the characteristic of all well-established breeds.

Considering the hardships to which the cattle of the early colonists were subjected, the want of shelter and care, the want of food often, and proper treatment, it is most remarkable that they have come down to our times as good as they are. See what old Glover, who lived in those days, says of the mode of keeping stock in Virginia: "All the inhabitants give their cattle in winter is only the husks of their Indian corn, unless it be some of them that have a little *wheat-straw*; neither do they give them any more of these than will serve to keep them alive; by reason whereof they venture into the marshy grounds and swamps for food, where very many are lost." And Clayton, too, also writing considerably more than a century ago, says that "they neither housed nor milked their cows in winter, *having a notion that it would kill them.*"

A Swedish traveller, Kalm, in 1749, says "their cattle are allowed to wander through the woods and uncultivated grounds, where they are half starved, having long ago extirpated almost all the annual grasses by cropping them too early in the spring, before they had time to form their flowers or to shed their seeds." The cattle diminished in size till they became stunted and small, and went under the name of "little runts." Nor did the stock in other parts of the country fare much better. In severe winters many animals died of starvation and want of shelter. No efforts were made at improvement till within a recent period. Less than half a century probably would cover all the systematic attempts that have been made to increase the quality and value of the cattle of the country.

Indeed, no well directed efforts at improvement had been made even in England till towards the close of the last century, when Bakewell "sat in the huge chimney corner of a large kitchen, hung round with the finest joints of his dried oxen, preserved as specimens of proportions." His efforts at improvement were the first, but there was no general interest in the subject. Bakewell was a man of remarkable sagacity and close observation, and it was his aim to establish a new system of animal development. Size in itself was no object with him. He wanted to build up a breed that would yield the greatest amount of salable beef for the food consumed, and to put the beef on the best parts, where it would bring the most money.

It was an old notion that where you had large bones there was plenty of room to lay the flesh on. To Bakewell's mind this was a mistake. He began with the proposition that "the smaller the bone, the truer will be the make of the beast, the quicker she will fatten, and her weight will have a larger proportion of valuable meat," and since his day the greatest physiologists have shown, upon the highest scientific principles, that the formation of a large bony system is the result of defective nutrition.

Bakewell's efforts were directed to the perfection of the long-horns, a class of cattle then found in the midland counties, and his skill and perseverance secured a complete triumph. Then came some enterprising men, who devoted their attention to the short-horns, then known as Durhams, and found along the Teeswater. Little more than three-quarters of a century covers the history of this remarkable breed, now the most fashionable and the most highly cultivated of any in the world. Vast sums of money have been devoted to its improvement, but it has more than repaid them.

The Ayrshire became somewhat noted for its dairy qualities not long after, while the Devon and the Hereford are old original races, indigenous to the localities whose names they bear, but they have been vastly improved within the last half century.

The efforts made in England soon became known in this country, and a desire began to manifest itself to do something to improve the stock of our farms as early as the close of the last century. But it was confined to a few. There was no general interest in this movement. The American farmer had but little idea of the capacity of his stock, under proper management, for the production of milk and beef. He could not appreciate the fact that the cow was, after all, only a machine for production, and that her yield, like any other piece of machinery, was in proportion to the perfection of her system, and the raw material fed to her to obtain this production. The animal economy was little understood.

In another article we propose to speak of the growing interest and information in this branch of rural economy, and to show how far importations of foreign stock have influenced our own, and what sections of the country have experienced the greatest benefits from these importations.

HAIR AND HAIRDRESSING.

We are told that when Rip Van Winkle returned to his friends after that unavoidable absence, he amazed them by the fashion of his clothes, and they amazed him quite as much in the same way. I fancy that to a person shut up, say in the Southern States, during the troubles of the past five years, and then suddenly placed in the Academy of Music on the opening

night, a few months ago, the mutual surprise must have been similar. Let us fancy that I am such a person—probably I shall not deny that I am.

When I left New York in December, 1860, women wore their hair in a simple and graceful style, which only elicited comment inasmuch as it was luxuriant, or well-smoothed, or richly colored. I come back to find such monstrous and extraordinary *coiffures* that, in the matter of fashions, I shall only speak to-day of the effect upon my eyes and mind of these curious capillary shapes. My Rip Van Winkleism could get no further than the heads of my countrywomen, and if any one wishes to profit by the unfolding of my impressions on that occasion, let him or her read on.

It was in vain that Miss Kellogg rendered *Margherita* in a way that, a critical friend assured me, would, thirty years hence, indissolubly connect her name with the heroine of "Faust." I answered, "Yes, yes," smiled, and scarcely listened. I know it was very, very musically wicked, but, good heavens! pray make allowance for weak human nature when brought suddenly face to face with the present forests, and fences, and rivulets, and weapons of human hair. Weapons! certainly. If a "waterfall" or "*chignon*," which is as hard, as big, and as round as the demi-spheroid of a sixteen-pounder cannon-ball, cannot be considered in the light of a missile, offensive or defensive, what is?

But even in *Margherita* I soon discovered that there was food for my special line of thought and bewilderment that night. True, her beautiful braids of the traditional blonde hue were as unsophisticated, as guiltless of spangles and glass tails, of "invisible" nets and full-blown roses, of "rats" and gilt bands, as were those of Goethe's Pearl. How, then? Thus. I had left Miss Kellogg a dark-haired young girl, on the eve of her plunge into public life, and this "crown of hair, yellow-golden" costs her, whenever she sports it, a good many dollars and a day's labor. An *artiste en cheveux* in these times turns old-fashioned Dame Nature out of doors whenever he has a mind so to do, or tinges one's locks to suit one's dresses. Benedick need no longer be so obliging as to leave his love's hair to "be of what color it please God;" he can please himself by varying it every day in the week—if he has the money, and she is willing to scorch and dye "woman's greatest ornament," as the advertisements say.

Scorching is a torture and a vexation of daily occurrence, however, in every belle's list of "ways to look pretty," for, as I dreamily glanced around the opera-house, taking in with a sort of stupefaction the variety of wondrous *coiffures*, I still had sense enough to note with distinctness the crisp little *crêpês* which whisper of pincers and hot hair-pins. What a mercy it is that the hair-dressers have steady hands! Otherwise branded brows would become rather a mark of fashion, to the detriment of poetical speech. How distressing for an admirer to be forced to allude to that forehead, "white as snow, where" the curling-tongs "have set their seal!" Curling-tongs *vice* "innocence," "intellect," "sweetness," etc., crowded out long since by the exigencies of the *mal peignée*.

Gradually my mind and powers generally rose to a proper appreciation of what woman will endure in a good cause, and at length having, as I thought, finely compassed the subject, I opened my lips; I took up my parable and thus spake:

"Oh, my friend! how long has this been going on? How long have my countrywomen studied the hideous, as being the proper style during these terrible years of suffering and sorrow? They wore these 'so-called' adornments, they disfigured themselves, to drive the men into the field, did they not? Was it not a splendid exercise of that feminine courage—the moral courage which stops at no needful sacrifice—to rob themselves of grace and charm, beginning at their very heads, so as to induce their lovers and husbands to fly from such Medusas? I look upon them with reverence! Southern women knitted socks, and ate corn-bread, and, I regret to say, talked very fiercely against their Northern kinsfolk, and they girded on the swords of their sweethearts and of every man they saw, and cheered them 'to the front;' but it never occurred to the silly creatures to make themselves so ugly and ridiculous that 'camps' should be a relief to the wounded eyes of all mankind.

"Yes, I can fancy that a man might be brought to march up to a 'masked battery,' but never, willingly, to that patriotic lady without a mask who has her waterfall tied up in five yards of scarlet ribbon; who wears a gilt butterfly above one ear, and a humming-bird over the other; whose 'rats' are crowned with a row of curls and three white roses, and who 'carries weight' besides, in the shape of two ear-rings seemingly just plucked from the chandelier-lustres!

> Her eyes are blue—(very pale blue),
> Her nose is—red, ...

Yes; I can understand that *her* husband worshipped the flag, and was perfectly resigned to die under its folds!"

As I paused, breathless, my companion broke in with a deep-toned prophecy:

"I shall yet see you, O scoffer! even such as these are! But you are indeed casting a retrospective glance. To-night you are gazing on fragmentary portions of a 'has been.' A decree has gone forth, so I am told, against that invention of infinite variety—the waterfall. No longer shall it take its obtrusive place upon the spinal column of the fair sex; already there is a change perceptible—the *waterfall* of last winter is not the CHIGNON of this autumn. *That* was drooping and expansive, THIS is shooting off and tightly packed. It is, as you justly remarked, 'tied up' with rather the air of a cotton bale—such a looking thing, in a word, as a pincushion made for a bazaar, and to represent the defunct 'king' whose reputed power has caused such mischief. Standing away from the nape of the neck as this 'ornament' now does, it is said to be in the Grecian style, and that is why those antique bands of purest brass encircle the head. Those are Grecian, too."

I bowed assentingly.

"If you wish, therefore, to study the future, and not the fast-fleeting present, turn your eyes to that lady recently returned from Europe. She sits in an attitude much admired in Paris, which, therefore, she refuses to quit for one instant. Her poor neck must be sadly tired of that twist; but one night, while abroad, she so sat, and it was considered 'effective.' She will never sit otherwise again in public. You observed that her head is an exact reproduction of the Empress Josephine's. Eugénie is—may I say it?—played out. Having admired Josephine, I will next show you Madame d'Abrantes. She is also just from Paris. Now, you must make up your mind to put a thick braid just across your forehead, and then below that a fringe of tiny curls running all about your head. You must bandage said head as if suffering from intense neuralgia, and if, when you get through, you are supposed to have enough hair to fill a bushel-basket, and yet well 'kept under,' why, you will do!"

"Never!" I exclaimed. "These fashions are absurd, costly, unbecoming. I shall never . . . . . etc., etc., etc."

Alas! the next week I was at Dibblee's having my hair dressed!

I already wore two rats and "the demi-spheroid *chignon*," and while the accomplished forewoman was assuring me of the "silky softness of my hair," and its "exquisite color" (she had just "pinched it on burning pins"), I entered into negotiations with her to exchange some former fancy ball ringlets, which did not match my own, for the newest style of "thick braid and fringe of tiny curls!"

Swept along on the mad current of modish taste and flattery, I paid the penalty of inconsistency and weakness.

The forewoman swore by the nine gods that "hair which had been worn lost its value;" poor little Crow as I was, I never asked Miss Fox if the hair they sold grew on trees. I was horribly cheated, and dropped my cheese as easily and complacently as my prototype.

Moral No. 1. Never rail against a fashion; rest assured that if that puissant IT ordains that the sweetest and prettiest head-dress is an old shoe, you will find yourself very soon walking about the world with your oldest pair jauntily balanced on your flowing locks.

Moral No. 2 is so simple that I will not insult the intellect of my readers by suggesting it.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

MANY years ago Dr. Arnold, while lamenting the decay of a relish for, and interest in, sound literature, perceptible among the youth under his charge at Rugby, attributed the falling off to the general circulation of books of a frivolous cast, especially serial works published in numbers, as the novels of Dickens, etc., which penetrated everywhere and left the minds of their readers utterly indisposed for graver studies. Twenty or thirty years' experience has shown a lower depth of degradation in public taste. The dreary trash that is known as "comic" literature forms the best-paying and most extensively sold class of books now produced. "Artemus Ward" is purchased by myriads, and "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green" is advertised as in its "ninetieth thousand." These are only samples of a class too numerous to mention. The effect of this circulation is so visible as to call for remark in the report of the Parliamentary Committee on Public Education in England. One of the late Eton masters says: "The taste fo good English literature has sensibly declined at public schools; cheap and worthless novels form the staple of a modern school-boy's reading when he

reads for his own amusement. Formerly any average boy of ordinary taste at Eton, on leaving school, had read most of the English poets, and a great deal of English history as well as other literature. I know very well that the boys used greedily to devour every poem of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Southey, and other modern poets, as fast as they came out. The boys used to spend a great deal of their pocket-money in buying English books. Dante, Tasso, and other Italian authors were read by many. The old English dramatists, a good deal of Dryden, a great deal of Pope, and an immense deal of other English poetry were then read at Eton; but now, I doubt whether you could find many boys out of the whole eight hundred that Eton contains who have read ten plays of Shakespeare."

—The New York Historical Society has recently received a donation of peculiar value and appropriateness from General John Watts Depeyster, author of a "History of Carausius," and of other valuable monographs connected with the land of his ancestors. He has just presented to the society his entire collection of Dutch books and works relating to the history of Holland, amounting to several hundred volumes, brought together in Europe, at a large expenditure of time and money, for his own purposes of literary research. From the limited range of readers that it counts, books in the language of Holland are always rare in other countries of Europe, and the well-known patriotism of the Dutch induces them to place a high pecuniary value on the works that contain the records of their country's glory. This gift undoubtedly makes the library of the Historical Society the richest collection in the United States of books that illustrate the native country of the colonists of "Nieuw Amsterdam," whose traditional remains and relics find shelter in the halls of the institution devoted to memories of the past.

—To all interested in the great names of English life and literature for the past three-quarters of a century, the "Extracts from the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry, from 1783 to 1852," form very pleasant reading. The editress, Lady Theresa Lewis, might, perhaps, in the exercise of a severer judgment, have retrenched some of the diaries of foreign travel that have now only a historical interest to recommend them, but enough remains in the pictures of English society to give delightful glimpses of persons that the world is not yet tired of hearing about. Sydney Smith is one of these, and several of his inimitable letters testify to his friendship for the sisters who formed a connecting link between the social life of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In 1824 they paid him a visit at his Yorkshire vicarage of Foston, the creation of his own hands, and called by his friends the ugliest but most comfortable house in England. A literary rarity, a poem by Sydney Smith, was written at this time. In it Virgil's sixth eclogue, where Silenus is bound by two shepherds, and only released on condition of imparting to them the lessons of his experience, is humorously travestied—"Vernon and Beverley, two graceful swains," representing the shepherds, and "Sidneian Smith" himself the wizard sage. It is given at length in the journal, and we extract some passages relating to his improvements in his remote parsonage, where he describes himself as "twelve miles from a lemon." They will recall to most the amusing details given by his daughter, Lady Holland, in her charming biography of her father. Sydney *loquitur*:

"When first I came to Foston, gentle swains,
Chaos and night possessed these fertile plains;
Clods were unformed, and plough was quite unknown;
Verdure ne'er sprung, and Phœbus never shone;
Chaos I chased away with all his storms,
Then things at last assumed their present forms:
Trees 'rose, woods waved, and animals began
To roam abroad, and know their master, man.
The plough, the drill, the pickaxe, and the spade,
These fields, these pastures, and this plenty made;
Where unformed matter lay, now nods yon corn,
And oats and turnips all these hills adorn.
Then might you see bricks baking at my will;
I formed yon cow-house with my plastic skill:
These walls are mine, and all the joys they know
Spring from my arts, and from my prudence grow.

The poker, tongs, and shovel—rebels three,
Whom on my hearth suspended from you see,
Who for four centuries mankind defied—
Have bent to me; I checked their noisy pride,
I hooked their noses, I reduced their reign;
Ne'er shall you see them tumble down again;
Ne'er shall you hear their cursed outrageous din:
With me, your peace and their repose begin.

That leaned scratching-pole that yonder stands
Owes its existence to my curious hands:
Framed for all animals, or great or small,
It perfect satisfaction gives to all;
Their rumps, their tails, their flea-bit backs confess
How e'en in scratching-poles a priest may bless.

I know all drugs, all simples, and all pills;
I cure diseases, and I send no bills;
The poor old women now no lameness know;
Rheumatics leave their hand, the gout their toe.
Fell atrophy has fled from Foston plains,
And health, and peace, and joy, and love prevails."

—Mr. T. H. Morell, of 134 Fulton Street, whose re-impression of the original edition of Colden's "History of the Indian Nations" is among the choicest of the modern reprints of rare and unique books, has opened proposals for publishing by subscription a new theatrical history, entitled "Records of the New York Stage, Historical and Biographical, from 1750 to 1860." We are not sufficiently acquainted with current literary history to say who it is that, under the initials H. N. D., is announced as the author, but the fulness of detail with which the subject will be treated is shown by the anticipated size of the book. It is expected to form two octavo volumes of about 600 pages each. The edition will consist of two hundred copies in octavo, and sixty in quarto. It commences two years before the period occupied by Dunlap's "History of the American Theatre," and comes down fifty years later. As a book of dramatic and literary reference it bids fair to equal—making allowance for the more limited subject—that curious monument of persevering industry, "Account of the English Stage from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830," in ten volumes octavo (1832). The author, of whom nothing is recorded except his name and profession, the Rev. John Geneste, a clergyman of Bath, gives in this work an abstract of the play bills of the leading London theatres on every night of performance for one hundred and seventy years, and also a synopsis of the plot of every dramatic piece published in England, with biographies of actors and actresses, etc. Many years' labor at the British Museum were devoted to the collection of materials for the work. The singular choice of subject for a clergyman seems to have indisposed the public to acknowledge its usefulness as a book of reference, and copies formerly sold for little more than their value as waste paper. It is now rather rising in price, and deserves a place in every collection where English literature is a special object.

—Now that once more we have "peace brooding o'er the hushed domain," poetry is re-assuming its place among the cherished gratifications that the world so freely expatiates in the enjoyment of, when the pressure of impending momentous events is once removed. A new volume, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, is now in press, and will appear about December 1. It will comprise the well-known "War Lyrics," "Lyrics of the Heart," and many new poems by this authoress. A collected edition of the poems of Henry Howard Brownell is also announced, and will be welcome to all who have made acquaintance with his stirring lyrics in their detached and separate shapes. Nor are the elder masters of song forgotten. The "Poems Relating to the American Revolution," by Philip Freneau, now in press by Mr. W. J. Widdleton, under the scholarly editing of Evert A. Duyckinck, will introduce to many readers of the present generation one whom their fathers were accustomed to regard with feelings that the present era can hardly see reproduced. The collection is made from the scattered remains of Freneau, the historical poems never having been brought together before. They will be illustrated with notes and an introductory memoir by the editor. It is intended to be followed by a second volume in uniform style, including the Indian poems, the humorous, sentimental, and miscellaneous poems, so as to form a complete presentment of the genius of an author whose influence in the affairs of his time would alone impart a lasting value to his works, independently of their intrinsic merit.

—The characteristic and national manifestation of the genius of an epoch known collectively as the Elizabethan drama seems destined to make the tour of the world, and to meet with recognition among nations who have, in other things, scarcely a single principle of taste in common. Anglo-Saxon America shows its devotion by spontaneous contributions for a monument to Shakespeare, at the very time when a similar proposition in his native country was unsuccessfully brought forward and met with nothing but indifference and neglect. Teutonic Germany has long been known as yielding the warmest adherents to this study, so that it is not remarkable to hear of a meeting of a new Shakespeare society at Weimar, numbering one hundred and twenty members, mostly distinguished literary men, with Dr. Ulrici, the learned commentator on "Shakespeare's Dramatic Art," for its secretary, whose objects are the collection of a Shakespeare library and the issuing of a "Shakespeare Annual," dedicated to the illustration of the poet and his works. Romanic France has at last caught the infection, and a Shakespeare Club for similar purposes is among the late institutions at Paris. One of its members has even ventured to widen the sphere of knowledge by presenting his countrymen with a volume entitled "Contemporains de Shakespeare, J. Webster et J. Ford," comprising translations of "The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombrona," and the "Duchess of Malfy," by the former, and "The Broken Heart," by Ford. We have not met with the volume, but to see Charles Lamb's most favorite plays turned into French must be a curiosity. As might be expected, they prove to be rather too "strong meat" for the classical taste of the French critics, one of whom, in

the "Revue Contemporaine," manifests an amusing disgust at the "*chaos abominable*" of murders, poisonings, stranglings, stabbings, etc., that fill, in deadly confusion, the scenes of Webster's gloomy tragedies. The same critic, however, intelligently notices the superiority of Ford in pathos and feeling, and singles out for commendation the concluding scene of "The Broken Heart," so familiar to all readers of Lamb's "Specimens."

—Another recent example of translation from the English must have been almost as difficult to execute as the conveying to Frenchmen a just idea of the Gothic grandeur of Webster and Ford, namely, Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," which figure in the Paris book announcements as "Sous les Rideaux." In sheer bewilderment the critic speaks of it as a "*livre humoristique*" which must have merit or it would not have attracted a writer so *spirituel* as the translator, M. Albert Leroy. He describes it as consisting of "*trente-six sermons*" by "Madame Panade," without apparently penetrating their real significance. A writer far more likely to be appreciated in France is Anthony Trollope, whose simplicity, clearness, and general good taste in narration have much in common with the best French school of fiction. "La Ferme d'Orley" ("Orley Farm") accordingly occupies the place of honor in one of the leading literary journals.

—A French antiquarian, Mons. J. Berjeau, distinguished for his profound researches in typographical antiquities, has printed in London a work that fills a vacant niche in biography, "Catalogue Illustrée des Livres Xylographiques." It gives a full account, with collations and fac-similes, of the curious productions known as "Block Books," whose appearance in the fifteenth century heralded the advent of printing. These books are so called from the letterpress being, not printed from movable type, but cut on wooden blocks, in connection with the illustrations, in the precise manner used by the Chinese at the present day. About forty distinct works remain extant that were executed in this manner in Latin, German, Flemish, French, etc., but the different editions and varieties of impressions are very numerous, and form a battle-ground for disputants who engage in the long enduring contest about the invention of printing—when and where it was first practised—as the block books are indubitably the first stage in the progress of the infant art. No English block book is known. They are none of them dated, but most probably appeared between 1400 and 1450. The subjects of them are various, but they mostly relate to matters suitable for the instruction of the people, particularly the best known of them, the "Biblia Pauperum," or Bible for the Poor, a synopsis of Scripture history adapted to popular comprehension. A copy of this work was purchased by a New York amateur, celebrated for his Biblical collections, for £110 some years since, and we believe he has since procured other editions. Of many of the block books only one or two copies are known, and they must, from their mode of production, and the associations connected with them, always remain among the choicer ornaments of curious libraries. M. Berjeau's catalogue is limited to an edition of one hundred copies, twenty-five of which only are for public sale.

—Dr. Livingstone's new book of African travel, delayed in its appearance last spring in consequence of the time required for the preparation of the maps and illustrations, is now publishing in London by Murray, and may daily be expected to make its appearance from Messrs. Harpers' establishment. Its title is "The Zambesi and its Tributaries, and the Discovery of Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858–1864," by David and Charles Livingstone, the two brothers, of whom the latter is known to many among us as a former resident of the United States. Dr. Livingstone states that the chief object kept steadily in view in the work was to give as accurate an account as he was able of tracts of country previously unexplored, with their river systems, natural productions, and capabilities; and to bring before his countrymen and all interested in the cause of humanity the misery entailed by that curse of Africa, the slave trade, in its inland phases; a subject on which he and his companions are the first who have had any opportunities for forming a judgment. It is an honorable thing for the American book-trade that the republishers of Dr. Livingstone's book secure to the Doctor's family a per-centage on the sales equal to what any English publisher could fairly be expected to offer, and this although their edition of his first book was pirated and their profits interfered with by some irresponsible parties.

—Dr. William Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible, for the use of Families and Students," is destined to meet with a sale in this country of immense extent. The bulk and expense of the original work, in three massive octavos, necessarily limited its use to professional men, and book-buyers who had both money and space at command. The results, however, of this great work are now condensed in one compact volume, where general readers and students will find all the necessary information for the elucidation and explanation of the Bible. Like the original work, the "Concise Dictionary of the Bible" is imported by Messrs. Little & Brown, of Boston, in quantities so large that they are enabled to offer copies of the English edition at the low price of six dollars, which, at the usual rates, would cost ten dollars and a half to procure from England by the single book.

—Some one has found out a use for large-paper books. The friends of Alfred B. Street, the poet, are getting up a testimonial edition of "Frontenac," his narrative poem, to be printed in quarto size, on the best paper, with large margin and new type, rubricated title, and a steel engraving of the author. Only three hundred copies will be issued, all to subscribers only. The prospectus of the work contains a sentence so naïve that it is impossible to avoid quoting it. "It is needless to speak of the merits of the poem itself; it having been published by the celebrated Bentley, of London, is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence, even were Mr. Street's position as a poet not fully recognized." Apparently there must be some confusion in the writer's mind between Dr. Bentley the great critic, and his namesake the publisher. At all events, he has never heard the very well-worn joke, according to which, when Mr. Bentley set up his magazine, he consulted James Smith about the title, saying he had determined at first to call it "The Wits' Miscellany," but on second thoughts preferred the name (afterwards adopted) of "Bentley's Miscellany." "Is not that going a little too far the other way?" said the wit.

—The new illustrated edition of "Legends and Lyrics," by the late Adelaide Anne Proctor, the "golden-tressed Adelaide" of her father's song, will be prepared with an introduction by Charles Dickens, his first appearance in the editorial capacity, appropriate in this instance because the earliest efforts of Miss Proctor's genius saw the light in "Household Words." The illustrations comprise a fine portrait of the author, and drawings by Millais, Keene, Dumourier, Tenniel, and other popular artists. It is published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy, of London.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON.*

THIS work is founded upon the manuscripts of Sir William Johnson, some seven thousand of which have been preserved, and is entitled, therefore, to the rank of an original contribution to American history. As such its place is an important one, for it tells the story of an important period, contains much information not to be found elsewhere, throws new light upon interesting questions, and corrects various errors, both of fact and of judgment, which could only be corrected by reference to original and authentic documents. Its subject was a very remarkable man, and, like all remarkable men, is best studied in his own letters.

Sir William Johnson was born at Warrentown, in the county of Down, Ireland, in 1715; came to America in 1738, as the land-agent of his uncle, Captain—afterwards Admiral—Sir Peter Warren, who had purchased a large estate in the valley of the Mohawk; began his fortune-making in a small country store; and died in 1774, a baronet of England, and, except the Penns, probably the largest landholder in the American colonies. We have only to call to mind what the valley of the Mohawk was in 1738 to see what a combination of energy, judgment, enterprise, and that good fortune which follows close upon the footsteps of skilful industry, was required to make it what it had become in 1774.

But Sir William Johnson was more than the accumulator of vast possessions. The times to which he belongs cover a period of great events, if not of great men; a period of two desolating wars—the old French war and the war of the conquest of Canada; and the period, also, of that gradual alienation of the colonies from the mother country which led to the War of Independence. The part which he performed during these eventful years required a force of character which is seldom combined with the power of adaptation, a watchful self-control which seems almost to exclude adventurous impulse, and a faith in Christian civilization which was often strangely at variance with the heathen and barbarian associations of his daily life. But without the power of adaptation he would never have obtained his unbounded control over the mind of the Indian; without adventurous impulse he would have shrunk from the hazards and excitements of the border; and without an abiding faith in Christianity and civilization he would not have been able to preserve that moral strength which, in despite of aberrations and shortcomings almost inseparable from his position, raised him so far above the greater part of those with whom he was brought into contact both as a public and as a private man.

It will be evident even from this hasty glance that his life is one of those

* "The Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, Bart. By William L. Stone." Albany: J. Munsell. 1865. Pp. 555, 544, 8vo.

which present peculiar attractions and peculiar difficulties to the biographer. As a public man, it becomes necessary to tell in it all that is required to be known of public events in order to make his part in them intelligible. As the life of a private man, it should contain such a detail of daily habits and pursuits, and such a view of moral and intellectual peculiarities, as to bring him before us as a being of the same feelings and passions with ourselves. The attractions are the individual characteristics of the man and the modes of their manifestation; the difficulties consist in preserving throughout the narrative such a subordination of incident to character as to prevent the reader from losing sight of the man in the events with which he was connected. It is upon this rock that so many biographers have been wrecked. The volumes before us, with all their merit, have not escaped it.

These volumes are the production of two men, having been begun by the father more than twenty years ago, and finished, as an act of filial piety, by the son within the last year. The first seven chapters were written by the former, the remaining thirty by the latter. In conception, therefore, the work belongs to the father; the greater part of the execution of it to the son. As the elder Mr. Stone conceived his subject, it required a union of the distinctive characteristics of annals, biography, and history; and hence his seven chapters contain a great deal that is new, and important, and interesting about the history of the Six Nations and the colonial history of New York. His son has followed faithfully in his footsteps, and the fluctuations of feeling among the savages, the contests between Governor Clinton and the New York Assembly, and the various expeditions for the subjugation of Canada, are related with much minuteness of detail, and not unfrequently with a correction, from original documents, of errors into which previous writers had fallen for the want of them. As a general history of the Indian relations of the period it possesses the value of a distinct and accurate narrative.

But here the inherent error of the plan appears. In this general history you lose sight of the individual whose name stands upon the title-page. It is not a biography of Sir William Johnson, but a history of events in many of which Sir William Johnson bore a part more or less prominent, while with many others he had no direct connection, and hardly even an indirect one. As a mediator between the white man and the Indian, he performed an important work, often averting dangers which no one else could have averted, and healing dissensions which no one else could have healed. But in all this he was the executor of the will of other men, looking to them for his instructions, and responsible to them for the fulfilment of them. The life of Washington is the history of the War of Independence, for his controlling influence was felt throughout the whole course of it. The Seven Years' War is a chapter in the life of Frederick, for, to whatever phase of it we turn, his eagle eye and cynic smile meet us in the foreground. And Michael Angelo so stamped his own mind upon the mind of his age that you can understand neither its sculpture, nor its painting, nor its architecture, nor even its poetry, without a record of the thoughts and acts of that informing spirit. But Sir William Johnson was neither the originator nor the controller of the great events of his time. The study of causes carries us to other men, and often far away from the banks of the Mohawk. His negotiations with the Six Nations hardly justify a narrative of the siege of Louisburg or the capture of Quebec, much less of the battle of the Great Meadows or the unfortunate attack upon Havanna. It is not to the biography of a subordinate, however remarkable, that we should naturally go for the history of his times.

We regret this mistake the more in the life of Sir William Johnson, inasmuch as his life affords abundant materials for a picturesque and animated narrative. His intercourse with the greatest of all the Indian confederacies was filled with scenes and incidents that address themselves to the imagination with all the force of romance. His influence over them was founded upon physical, intellectual, and moral superiority. He mingled in their sports, and they admired him for his feats of activity and strength. He sat with them in council, and they received his opinions with respect, and listened to his eloquence with conviction. He taught them that his word was a sacred pledge, and they told him, "We believe you, for you have never deceived us." His relations to them were so important in their consequences, so interesting in their nature, so remarkable for their duration, and so instructive as an illustration of the power of civilized man over his uncivilized brother, that we long for a closer view of him than Mr. Stone has given us—a view that will make us feel as if we had seen him with our own eyes and listened to him with our own ears. Freely as Mr. Stone has drawn from his documents, we regret that he has not drawn still more freely from those letters and diaries which evidently contain so much of the man and would seem to afford the materials for so picturesque and animated a narrative. Why look at so poetical a subject from so prosaic a point of view?

But accepting that point of view, Mr. Stone has executed his task diligently and well. The arrangement of the materials is sufficiently clear, and his narrative, though neither very animated nor very graceful, is never tedious nor dull. Here and there we have observed inelegances, and, still more frequently, those inequalities which mar the effect of description and narrative by bringing dissimilar styles into the same paragraph. Thus on pp. 479–480, vol. 1, after a plain and unadorned summary of the measures which brought on the war, we are told that "scarcely *had its* (the French fleet's) *sails caught the ocean breezes when*" the English started in pursuit. In the thirteenth chapter we find the story of the battle of the Great Meadows, a story so recently told by Bancroft and Irving that the repetition of it was hardly called for in a life of Sir William Johnson. Yet, although the narrative has more warmth, and is pitched in a somewhat higher key than many other parts of the work, it is hardly pitched high enough to bear so rhetorical a sentence as—"*As soon as the genial rays of the sun had unlocked the icy chains which bound the Western streams*, Colonel Washington set out from Alexandria with two companies, all that had been collected." Something above the usual tenor of the narrative might, perhaps, be looked for in the relation of Johnson's own campaign, but we must be allowed to question both the good taste and the literal accuracy of—"*The wild flowers of the forest bent beneath the rude tread of armed men.*" As far as our own observation has extended, we should say that the effect of such a pressure upon wild flowers, as well as upon cultivated flowers, would be to crush rather than to bend them. We are told in a very calmly moving sentence on p. 520, that "many of the French in the vicinity of Fort Frederick *bit the dust*;" on p. 58, vol. 2, of "*horrors which the pen shrinks from depicting*;" on p. 68, that "the spectacle was full of life and animation, *and withal very imposing*;" on p. 130, "*Thus before the foliage had put on the rich tints of autumn the reduction of Canada was complete*;" on p. 179, that "Dalzell proceeded on his voyage and appeared like a *beneficent Avatar* before the eyes of the garrison."

Now, to some of these passages we have strong objections as forms of expression: "bit the dust," graphic as the dying man's biting may appear in Homer's ψυχρὸν δ' ἔλε χαλκὸν ὀδοῦσιν, is neither graphic nor accurate in modern war; and a pen that "shrinks," however horrible the story, is hardly a conceivable thing in these days of steel and gold with diamond points. But our chief objection to these passages is that they are not in keeping with the general style of the work, a style perfectly distinct, generally even, and never unpleasant, except when it offends your sense of harmony by a sentence for which nothing that precedes it had prepared you and which nothing that follows it supports.

We could have wished, also, a more accurate mode of reference. Smollet, Bancroft, and Graham are not sufficiently accurate indications of authorities. A very trifling increase of labor would have made verification easy by adding volume, page, and edition, and verification of references is a part of his duty which no careful reader of history will omit.

MR. WALT WHITMAN.*

It has been a melancholy task to read this book; and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it. Perhaps since the day of Mr. Tupper's "Philosophy" there has been no more difficult reading of the poetic sort. It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by a prolonged muscular strain, into poetry. Like hundreds of other good patriots, during the last four years, Mr. Walt Whitman has imagined that a certain amount of violent sympathy with the great deeds and sufferings of our soldiers, and of admiration for our national energy, together with a ready command of picturesque language, are sufficient inspiration for a poet. If this were the case, we had been a nation of poets. The constant developments of the war moved us continually to strong feeling and to strong expression of it. But in those cases in which these expressions were written out and printed with all due regard to prosody, they failed to make poetry, as any one may see by consulting now in cold blood the back volumes of the "Rebellion Record." *Of course* the city of Manhattan, as Mr. Whitman delights to call it, when regiments poured through it in the first months of the war, and its own sole god, to borrow the words of a real poet, ceased for a while to be the millionaire, was a noble spectacle, and a poetical statement to this effect is possible. *Of course* the tumult of a battle is grand, the results of a battle tragic, and the untimely deaths of young men a theme for elegies. But he is not a poet who merely reiterates these plain facts *ore rotundo*. He only

* "Walt Whitman's Drum-Taps." New York. 1865.

sings them worthily who views them from a height. Every tragic event collects about it a number of persons who delight to dwell upon its superficial points—of minds which are bullied by the *accidents* of the affair. The temper of such minds seems to us to be the reverse of the poetic temper; for the poet, although he incidentally masters, grasps, and uses the superficial traits of his theme, is really a poet only in so far as he extracts its latent meaning and holds it up to common eyes. And yet from such minds most of our war-verses have come, and Mr. Whitman's utterances, much as the assertion may surprise his friends, are in this respect no exception to general fashion. They are an exception, however, in that they openly pretend to be something better; and this it is that makes them melancholy reading. Mr. Whitman is very fond of blowing his own trumpet, and he has made very explicit claims for his book. "Shut not your doors," he exclaims at the outset—

> "Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries,
> For that which was lacking among you all, yet needed most, I bring;
> A book I have made for your dear sake, O soldiers,
> And for you, O soul of man, and you, love of comrades;
> The words of my book nothing, the life of it everything;
> A book separate, not link'd with the rest, nor felt by the intellect;
> But you will feel every word, O Libertad! arm'd Libertad!
> It shall pass by the intellect to swim the sea, the air,
> With joy with you, O soul of man."

These are great pretensions, but it seems to us that the following are even greater:

> "From Paumanok starting, I fly like a bird,
> Around and around to soar, to sing the idea of all;
> To the north betaking myself, to sing there arctic songs,
> To Kanada, 'till I absorb Kanada in myself—to Michigan then,
> To Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, to sing their songs (they are inimitable);
> Then to Ohio and Indiana, to sing theirs—to Missouri and Kansas and Arkansas to sing theirs,
> To Tennessee and Kentucky—to the Carolinas and Georgia, to sing theirs,
> To Texas, and so along up toward California, to roam accepted everywhere;
> To sing first (to the tap of the war-drum, if need be)
> The idea of all—of the western world, one and inseparable,
> And then the song of each member of these States."

Mr. Whitman's primary purpose is to celebrate the greatness of our armies; his secondary purpose is to celebrate the greatness of the city of New York. He pursues these objects through a hundred pages of matter which remind us irresistibly of the story of the college professor who, on a venturesome youth's bringing him a theme done in blank verse, reminded him that it was not customary in writing prose to begin each line with a capital. The frequent capitals are the only marks of verse in Mr. Whitman's writing. There is, fortunately, but one attempt at rhyme. We say fortunately, for if the inequality of Mr. Whitman's lines were self-registering, as it would be in the case of an anticipated syllable at their close, the effect would be painful in the extreme. As the case stands, each line starts off by itself, in resolute independence of its companions, without a visible goal. But if Mr. Whitman does not write verse, he does not write ordinary prose. The reader has seen that liberty is "libertad." In like manner, comrade is "camerado;" Americans are "Americanos;" a pavement is a "trottoir," and Mr. Whitman himself is a "chansonnier." If there is one thing that Mr. Whitman is not, it is this, for Béranger was a *chansonnier*. To appreciate the force of our conjunction, the reader should compare his military lyrics with Mr. Whitman's declamations. Our author's novelty, however, is not in his words, but in the form of his writing. As we have said, it begins for all the world like verse and turns out to be arrant prose. It is more like Mr. Tupper's proverbs than anything we have met. But what if, in form, it *is* prose? it may be asked. Very good poetry has come out of prose before this. To this we would reply that it must first have gone into it. Prose, in order to be good poetry, must first be good prose. As a general principle, we know of no circumstance more likely to impugn a writer's earnestness than the adoption of an anomalous style. He must have something very original to say if none of the old vehicles will carry his thoughts. Of course he *may* be surprisingly original. Still, presumption is against him. If on examination the matter of his discourse proves very valuable, it justifies, or at any rate excuses, his literary innovation.

But if, on the other hand, it is of a common quality, with nothing new about it but its manners, the public will judge the writer harshly. The most that can be said of Mr. Whitman's vaticinations is, that, cast in a fluent and familiar manner, the average substance of them might escape unchallenged. But we have seen that Mr. Whitman prides himself especially on the substance—the life—of his poetry. It may be rough, it may be grim, it may be clumsy—such we take to be the author's argument—but it is sincere, it is sublime, it appeals to the soul of man, it is the voice of a people. He tells us, in the lines quoted, that the words of his book are nothing. To our perception they are everything, and very little at that. A great deal of verse that is nothing but words has, during the war, been sympathetically sighed over and cut out of newspaper corners, because it has possessed a certain simple melody. But Mr. Whitman's verse, we are confident, would have failed even of this triumph, for the simple reason that no triumph, however small, is won but through the exercise of art, and that this volume is an offense against art. It is not enough to be grim and rough and careless; common sense is also necessary, for it is by common sense that we are judged. There exists in even the commonest minds, in literary matters, a certain precise instinct of conservatism, which is very shrewd in detecting wanton eccentricities. To this instinct Mr. Whitman's attitude seems monstrous. It is monstrous because it pretends to persuade the soul while it slights the intellect; because it pretends to gratify the feelings while it outrages the taste. The point is that it does this *on theory*, wilfully, consciously, arrogantly. It is the little nursery game of "open your mouth and shut your eyes." Our hearts are often touched through a compromise with the artistic sense, but never in direct violation of it. Mr. Whitman sits down at the outset and counts out the intelligence. This were indeed a wise precaution on his part if the intelligence were only submissive! But when she is deliberately insulted, she takes her revenge by simply standing erect and open-eyed. This is assuredly the best she can do. And if she could find a voice she would probably address Mr. Whitman as follows: "You came to woo my sister, the human soul. Instead of giving me a kick as you approach, you should either greet me courteously, or, at least, steal in unobserved. But now you have me on your hands. Your chances are poor. What the human heart desires above all is sincerity, and you do not appear to me sincere. For a lover you talk entirely too much about yourself. In one place you threaten to absorb Kanada. In another you call upon the city of New York to incarnate you, as you have incarnated it. In another you inform us that neither youth pertains to you nor 'delicatesse,' that you are awkward in the parlor, that you do not dance, and that you have neither bearing, beauty, knowledge, nor fortune. In another place, by an allusion to your 'little songs,' you seem to identify yourself with the third person of the Trinity. For a poet who claims to sing 'the idea of all,' this is tolerably egotistical. We look in vain, however, through your book for a single idea. We find nothing but flashy imitations of ideas. We find a medley of extravagances and commonplaces. We find art, measure, grace, sense sneered at on every page, and nothing positive given us in their stead. To be positive one must have something to say; to be positive requires reason, labor, and art; and art requires, above all things, a suppression of one's self, a subordination of one's self to an idea. This will never do for you, whose plan is to adapt the scheme of the universe to your own limitations. You cannot entertain and exhibit ideas; but, as we have seen, you are prepared to incarnate them. It is for this reason, doubtless, that when once you have planted yourself squarely before the public, and in view of the great service you have done to the ideal, have become, as you say, 'accepted everywhere,' you can afford to deal exclusively in words. What would be bald nonsense and dreary platitudes in any one else becomes sublimity in you. But all this is a mistake. To become adopted as a national poet, it is not enough to discard everything in particular and to accept everything in general, to amass crudity upon crudity, to discharge the undigested contents of your blotting-book into the lap of the public. You must respect the public which you address; for it has taste, if you have not. It delights in the grand, the heroic, and the masculine; but it delights to see these conceptions cast into worthy form. It is indifferent to brute sublimity. It will never do for you to thrust your hands into your pockets and cry out that, as the research of form is an intolerable bore, the shortest and most economical way for the public to embrace its idols—for the nation to realize its genius—is in your own person. This democratic, liberty-loving, American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war, and practised human nature's best in so many ways for the last five years, it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards. To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough to have served in a hospital (however praiseworthy the task in itself), to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant, and to be constantly preoccupied with yourself. It is not enough to be rude, lugubrious, and grim. You must also be serious. You must forget yourself in your ideas. Your personal qualities—the vigor of your temperament, the manly independence of your nature, the tenderness of your heart—these facts are impertinent. You must be *possessed*, and you must strive to possess your possession. If in your striving you break into divine eloquence, then you are a poet. If the idea which possesses you is the idea of your country's greatness, then you are a national poet; and not otherwise."

McCOSH ON INTUITIONS.*

THE philosophical and religious writings of Dr. McCosh have already secured for him a prominent position among living thinkers, and considerable influence both in Great Britain and America. The present work exhibits so much ability, good sense, and philosophical acumen that it will doubtless increase his reputation and prove him a worthy successor of the distinguished metaphysicians who have rendered his native land famous in the contests of philosophy. Though in many respects original, professing to follow no school, and in reality independent in its spirit of all authority but that of the religious truths in behalf of which it is written, this work is nevertheless substantially a development from the Scottish school. The author regards in the same light with this school the range and province of metaphysical enquiry, and treats the doctrines of all other schools in the same spirit. He finds in the writings of Reid and Stewart, it is true, statements which would logically "land us in very serious consequences," but with the essence of their doctrines, and especially with the natural realism of Sir William Hamilton, he strongly sympathizes, though he goes somewhat beyond Hamilton in his theory of immediate consciousness.

His principal problem appears to have been to discover a theory of consciousness which shall assure us of as much as possible without carrying our assent over into the extremes to which the statements of philosophers are too often logically liable. A theory which shall assure us of the reality and permanence of the external world without leading us into materialism, or into a belief in the absolute permanence of matter; which shall assure us of the reality of cause and effect and the existence of power in the world without carrying our assent over to the "dismal consequences" to which Kant's analysis of causation appears to lead; a theory which shall guarantee us a knowledge of substance or substantive reality, without upsetting our personality and landing us in pantheism; and a theory which, at the same time, shall be free from the psychological objections which, since the time of Locke, have been urged against certain forms of the doctrine of intuitive universal truths.

A fundamental principle of Dr. McCosh's system is that the mind always begins with the concrete, the singular, and the individual in its acquisition of knowledge, and arrives at universal truths—not, indeed, as the *results* of a process, but in the course of a process, in which the elements of universal judgments must be produced by particular experiences and special judgments. These particulars are, however, of such a nature that they warrant the universal judgment, not by the cumulative force of experience, but by the inherent force of each particular conviction, which comes from a power in the mind, and only awaits the formation of the proper formula by generalization in order to pronounce a decision of a universal character.

The author thus avoids the objections which have been so often urged against the doctrine of innate ideas. Universal judgments exist, he thinks, in the mind originally only as laws of our mental faculties, determining them to "look for" certain facts which are really universal, but are only discovered in individual cases; and the individual decisions carry in them the truth of the universal.

Having thus defined intuitive knowledge, our author proceeds to show how such knowledge can be distinguished from other kinds, and he lays down the tests which the philosophy of common sense has prescribed in the writings of the Scottish school, the tests, namely, of self-evidence, necessity, and catholicity or universality in human beliefs. He divides the cognitive acts of the mind into three species, and adopts as the generic name for them the theological term "convictions." There are the cognitive convictions, which decide immediately that an object exists, not only in relation to our faculties, but independently of them. By our cognitions we know, through sense-perception and self-consciousness, that something in particular exists, has existed, and will continue to exist. In other words, that something has present existence and present permanence. Such cognitions also decide immediately that the thing exists in space or is extended; also that it has power, or is a cause and will produce an effect. All this the intuitive powers of cognition anticipate by their innate nature, and they "look for" and discover all this in special experiences.

Such intuitions precede, both logically and chronologically, all other "convictions." In this the author dissents from Hamilton's doctrine, which supposes a faculty of faith to underlie all our cognitive acts. "Intuitive beliefs" form with him a derived class of "convictions"—not derived from our cognitions logically, but from them as furnishing the materials on which a new class of intuitive powers are brought to bear. Our faith-intuitions have no real objects presented to them. "I hold," says the author, "that knowledge, psychologically considered, appears first, and then faith. But around our original cognitions there grows and clusters a body of primitive beliefs, which goes far beyond our personal knowledge." Again he says, "Faith collects round our observational knowledge and even around the conclusions reached by inference." His examples of primitive faiths are our beliefs in the infinity of time and space, and in infinity as an attribute of the nature of the Deity. They are "beliefs gathering round space, time, and the infinite."

The third class of primitive convictions are called "primitive judgments," and have for their objects the relations of the things with which our cognitions are conversant; and they arise from a power in the mind to anticipate, to the extent of looking for, certain necessary relations among objects, such as their necessary relations in space and time, the facts, for example, that the straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and the like.

Such are the author's analysis and description of our primitive convictions, the tests of which are, first, their self-evidence; secondly, and dependent on this, their necessity; and thirdly, their catholicity. Self-evidence is the fact that the conviction exists in our own minds and exists independently of any other facts. Necessity of belief or the irresistible character of the conviction follows, according to the author, from this self-evidence. "I would not," he says, "ground the evidence on the necessity of belief, but I would ascribe the irresistible nature of the conviction to the self-evidence. As the necessity flows from the self-evidence, so it may become a test of it, and a test not difficult of application." Catholicity is also a derivative test, and, "when conjoined with necessity, may determine very readily and precisely whether a conviction be intuitive;" but all these tests "apply directly only to individual convictions. To the generalized expression of them the tests apply only mediately, and on the supposition and condition that the formulæ are the proper expression of the spontaneous perceptions." Originally these convictions are laws of the perceptive faculties guiding their action, though not determining their objects. Their objects are really discovered, and the conviction is primarily held, only in respect to particular perceptions or judgments. Generalizations are then made, but they are generalizations "of convictions in our own minds, each of which carries necessity in it." There are, therefore, according to the author, two fundamentally distinct kinds of generalization, and in this respect his doctrine is quite original. Laws or general facts may be derived from an experience, necessarily limited, of facts which are either inferences more or less perfectly drawn from intuitive perceptions, or else facts at which no power of the mind "looks" intuitively, but which find their way into the mind by the force of repeated experiences. These are laws which say nothing about the possible; they only testify of the actual. But the laws which are immediate generalizations from intuitive perceptions and judgments "are of a higher and deeper nature; they are generalizations of convictions carrying necessity with them, and a consequent universality in their very nature."

This is briefly our author's system, which he proceeds to apply to the various problems of metaphysics, such as the reality of cause and substance, and the self, and the external world. In ingenuity this theory appears to us to exceed anything which has come from the Scottish school, and in pliancy it exceeds, we think, any system which has ever been propounded. The extremes of philosophy are avoided by it with surprising agility. If any proposition be laid down as universally true from which logical consequences of a heterodox character are deducible, this system affords the means of modifying the proposition without impairing in any measure the evidence of its universality, since the infallible powers do not testify to the truth of any formula immediately, but only in so far as the formula represents the particular decisions of the mind. If, on the other hand, the "sceptic" calls in question the universality of any truth on the ground that the mind is cognizant only of the particular, or doubts the necessity of a belief on the ground that all experience is of the contingent, our author admits his grounds but denies that his conclusions follow, since universality and necessity do not come from the particulars of contingent experience as such, but from the powers of the mind looking through these into reality, and deciding absolutely only in regard to the particulars.

It is to be regretted, however, that the author does not give us a more explicit account of what he means by such expressions as "primitive particular convictions carrying necessity with them, and a consequent universality in their very nature." In all the definitions of necessity with which we are acquainted, we have nowhere found it extended beyond the facts and the logical consequences of the facts in which it is supposed to exist primitively. That the universal does not follow logically from the particular or from any number of particulars, is what the author strenuously maintains. How, then, do the particulars carry in them the necessity of the universal? for this is what we understand the author's expressions to mean. How unless

* "The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated. By the Rev. James McCosh, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast." New revised edition. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers, 1866. 8vo pp. 444.

it be that the particulars are known simply as instances of the universal, the truth of which we possess as an independent knowledge? But such an independent knowledge of the universal the author as strenuously denies. The universal comes to consciousness, he thinks, only through the particulars, yet not by the way of suggestion or an awakening of a dormant truth, but rather as a fact which the particular contains in itself. It is not, according to the author, from the objects of intuition on one hand, nor from the powers of intuition on the other, that the truth of a universal proposition becomes known. This is obtained by the generalization of particular decisions of the mind. In the general maxim the mind *re*-cognizes what it has previously cognized in each and every one of the particular cases. The underived necessity of the particular conviction is somehow translated into the universal truth of the general maxim.

The author probably attaches to the word "necessity" a peculiar sense, as something more than mere cogency of belief, though he nowhere defines it in any other signification. There is a real and important logical distinction involved in this word, which renders the author's theory intelligible enough, though quite a different doctrine from what he intends to set forth. There is a distinction in the logical use of the word necessity, as opposed to contingency, which relates not to the cogency of the belief with which a fact is held, but to the connection of the fact itself with other facts in our experience. When we say that "anything *must be* or *must be* so and so," we mean to express something different from the statement that "this thing *is* or *is* so and so;" yet this difference does not refer to the originality, simplicity, or cogency of our *belief* in the statement. The copulas *must be* and *cannot be* involve in them universal propositions, though they connect only individual or particular terms. They mean that the truth they predicate is unconditional—is independent of any other facts; that there exists nothing to prevent the thing from being, or being so and so; or that the particular fact does not depend on any conditions which we can suppose from the evidence of experience to be variable. From the particular proposition, "These two straight lines *cannot* enclose a space," may be deduced, through the universality implied in the copula, the universal proposition, "No two straight lines can enclose a space." For "cannot" here means that there are no conditions, or supposable variations of conditions, which will make a closed figure of these two lines. But the evidence on which such a fact rests will be equally good for any other two straight lines, since a change from these to another pair will not affect the conditions on which the truth of the particular case depends. Hence, "no pair of straight lines can enclose a space." This follows from the unconditionalness of a particular fact—not from the cogency of our belief in it. This cogency is quite another affair.

By overlooking the universal, which is implied in an unconditional, particular proposition, our author has sought for the origin of the corresponding explicit universal in the character of our particular convictions as mental acts; whereas this character of universality really depends on the relations of particular facts to our experiences generally. We, therefore, come back to the difficulty, still unsolved, as to how we derive universality from a limited experience. Upon this Dr. McCosh lays down the usual dictum of his school. He says that "a very wide and uniform experience would justify a general expectation but not a necessary conviction; and this experience is liable to be disturbed at any time by a new occurrence inconsistent with what has been previously known to us." But whence this liability? On what evidence is it supposed? Are we informed of it by an intuition or by experience? If by the former, then we have intuitions about other generalizations than universal ones, which is contrary to our author's theory. If by the latter, then our experience is not uniform, which is contrary to his special hypothesis. As he, therefore, shuts himself off from both these sources of information on the subject, we are left no alternative but to conclude that his statement about the liability of our uniform experiences to be disturbed is wholly gratuitous and a begging of the question. Or perhaps he means that propositions which we do not feel obliged to believe, though not contradicted in our experience, should yet, from their analogy with others which are occasionally contradicted, be regarded as liable to exception. But again we demand, Whence is the force of this analogy? What right have we to draw such a conclusion? Is it not also a virtual begging of the question? For, suppose it true, what the opposite school of philosophy teaches, that there exist certain universal facts, not born into the mind either as innate ideas or as laws of its faculties, but existing as the universal circumstances into which the mind is born. There could be no exceptions to the uniformity of our experience of such facts, even if there were no necessity in our convictions of them; and although, as our author's school believes, we always do have necessary convictions of such facts and of no others, the doctrine must rest, after all, on the evidence of induction—on the observation that the mark of necessity always does attend uncontradicted truths and no others. But the history of science as well as the discussions of philosophy contradict this induction. "There was a time," says Mr. Mill, "when men of the most cultivated intellects and the most emancipated from the dominion of early prejudice, would not credit the existence of antipodes." Our author, after quoting this example, observes: "I acknowledge that the tests of intuition have often been loosely stated, and that they have also been illegitimately applied, just as the laws of derivative logic have been. But they have seldom or never been put in the ambiguous form in which Mr. Mill understands them, and it is only in such a shape that they could ever be supposed to cover such beliefs as the rejection of the rotundity of the earth. . . . It is not the power of conception, in the sense either of phantasm or notion, that should be used as a test, but it is self-evidence with necessity." He then proceeds to understate the facts of the case thus: "There was a time when even educated men felt a difficulty in *conceiving* the antipodes, because it seemed contrary not to intuition but to their limited experience; but surely no one knowing anything of philosophy or of what he was speaking would have maintained, at any time, that it was self-evident that the earth could not be round." On this we have to observe, in the first place, that the difficulty of conceiving the antipodes was not, as the author appears to think, a difficulty of conceiving the rotundity of the earth, but a difficulty of conceiving men standing on the opposite side of the round earth, without having their feet stuck on, like flies to a ceiling, and this difficulty was such that these philosophers could not be made to *credit* its possibility; in other words, they had one of Dr. McCosh's intuitions on the matter. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who follows the Scottish school in positing belief as a valid and ultimate test of the truths of universals, attempts to explain away this historical example by limiting the test to what is simple and "undecomposable," and he supposes the conception of the antipodes to have been difficult or impossible to the ancients, and the fact to have been incredible, on account of the complexity of the conception. But we suspect the case to have been just the reverse of this. The antipodes were incredible to the ancients because they conceived the fact as a simple and unconditional one, and in contradiction of the equally simple and unconditional fact of their own standing on the earth. And it is because we in modern times are able to resolve both facts into the conditions on which they depend that they are seen not to be contradictory. So long as "down" was conceived as an absolute direction in the universe, dependent on nothing but its own nature, so long were the antipodes incredible and stood in contradiction of as simple, original, and necessary a belief as "that two straight lines cannot enclose a space." In short, the ancients had in this case all the tests which the Scottish school apply as ultimate in the ascertainment of truth.

But what can be more ultimate? What other tests are there? this school demands. Perhaps there are no tests of a general character, or of simple and easy application; but, without awaiting an answer, this school describes all those who oppose them as "sceptics," deniers of truth; whereas what the so-called "sceptics," "idealists," and "sensationalists" deny is only the validity of these tests as ultimate ones. What nobody doubts or calls in question, that, of course, nobody wants a test for, though it may be a useful and instructive exercise in philosophy to generalize the conditions of ultimate credibility. But such conditions are illegitimately used as an appeal from the doubts or questions of philosophy. The Scottish school, half aware of this, commonly describes the opinions and doubts from which they appeal to intuition and common sense as either insincere or as positively wicked, and our author, in particular, regards all the errors and mistakes of philosophers as coming from a perverse will, from their not yielding to their intuitive, heaven-born convictions. He describes his opponents as "opponents of intuitive truth," whereas they only oppose the theory which regards our simplest and most certain convictions as derived from a different source from that which assures us of all else that we know, namely, our experience of the world and of our own thoughts. The "sceptic" does not deny that our knowledges are produced according to laws which may be discovered in them by comparison and generalization, and his doubts and questions about metaphysical truths, such as the relation of cause and effect and the existence of the external world, are doubts and questions, not about the reality of these knowledges, but about the *kind* of reality they have, and this must be determined, he thinks, by the nature of the evidence on which they rest.

The "sceptic" does not deny that many of his beliefs are unconditional or necessary. He only denies that this quality is a proof of their simplicity or originality, and on this account he doubtless holds to them somewhat less wilfully. By necessity he means unconditionalness, or that the fact is independent of all other known facts and conditions. Whatever the word necessity means more than this, comes, he thinks, from a rhetorical fervor of assertion; as if one should say, "This *must be* so," meaning that he is *determined* that it shall be so. This sort of self-determination in their convictions

the Scottish school doubtless have, and they are probably correct in not ascribing it to the evidence of experience; but then they are wrong in thinking that it comes from the reason, since, in fact, its real origin is in the will.

The appeal from the "sceptic's" questions to common sense is inept in two important particulars. In the first place, the appeal is an *ignoratio elenchi*, for the questions are not questions of facts but questions of their philosophical explanations; questions of the origin and nature of the facts as knowledges. These have nothing to do with the cogency or simplicity of our beliefs, except to explain them. When the "sceptic" asks why some beliefs are so much more cogent than others, he is accused by this school of doubting whether they really are so, and he is referred for an explanation to the very facts which he seeks to explain. But, in the second place, no discussion is legitimate which appeals to an oracle not acknowledged by both parties. The proper appeal in all disputes is to common principles explicitly announced and understood in the same sense by both disputants. It is common, indeed, in physical investigations to speak of an appeal to experiment or to observation; still, by this is meant, not an appeal from anybody's decision or opinion, but from everybody's ignorance of the facts of the case. The facts in philosophy are so notorious that this sort of appeal is not required. What is sought by the so-called "sceptic" is the *nature* of the fact, its explanation; and he is not deterred from the enquiry by the seeming simplicity of the fact, but proceeds, like the astronomer, and the physicist, and the naturalist, by framing and verifying hypotheses to reduce the simple seeming to its simpler reality. In this the idealist does not deny that there is an existence properly enough called the external world, but he wishes to ascertain the nature of this reality by studying what the notion of externality really implies; what are the circumstances attending its rise in our thoughts, and its probable growth in our experience. In this research he does not forget that all explanation ultimately rests on the inexplicable; that "there is no appeal from our faculties generally;" he only denies that the present simplicity of a fact in our thoughts is a test of its primitive simplicity in the growth of the mind. For such a test would have deterred the astronomer from questioning the Ptolemaic system and the stability of the earth, or the physicist from calling in question nature's abhorrence of a vacuum.

The oracular deliverances of consciousness, even when consulted by the most approved maxims of interrogation, cannot present a fact in the isolated, untheoretical form which criticism and scientific investigation demand. Philosophers are not the only theorizers. The vulgar, and the philosopher himself as one of them, have certain theoretical prepossessions, natural explanations and classifications of the phenomena which are habitually brought to their notice—such as the apparent movements of the heavens, and the axioms of hourly experience. How are these natural theories to be eliminated? How unless by criticism—by just such criticisms as those of the great "sceptic" Hume? But while the criticisms of Hume awoke the philosopher of Königsberg from his "dogmatic slumber," and gave rise to the greatest philosophical movement of modern times, it appeared to affect the "sceptic's" own countrymen only to plunge them into a profound dogmatic coma. The "sceptic" seemed to these philosophers to deny truth itself, and to demand a proof for everything. "There are truths," says our author, "above probation, but there are none above examination, and the truths above proof are those which bear inspection the best." This is the key to the whole Scottish method. The inspection of truths as to their credibility seems to these thinkers to be the chief business of philosophy. As if truths were on trial for their lives! As if the "sceptic" desired worse of them than their better acquaintance!

An appeal to an oracle silences but does not settle disputes. Principles to start from must be those for which no explanation is supposable. The existence of undisputed and indisputable facts is denied by no philosopher, and every true philosopher seeks for such facts; the "idealists" and the "sensationalists" as well as the rest. But idealism was ever a stumbling-block to the Scottish school, so much so that their intuitions seem to spring directly from an innate inability in the thinkers of that nation to understand this doctrine. They appear unable to distinguish between questions concerning the origin of an idea and a doubt of its reality. It is much as if a Ptolemaic astronomer should accuse a Copernican of denying or ignoring the visible changes in the aspects of the heavens.

The "sceptic" does not doubt peremptorily, but always for cause. He does profess to doubt realities or principles, but only whether certain truths *are* principles or simple cognitions, and whether they are cognitions having the *kind* of reality they are vulgarly supposed to have. There would be a sort of grim humor in our author's discussion of "what are we to do to the sceptic?" and what we should and what we should not do for him, were it not that the discussion is too obviously a serious one. The author does not see that what we ought to do is to try to understand the "sceptic," and what we ought not to do is to misrepresent him.

"Precipitate and incorrect as Hume's conclusion was" concerning the possibility of a science of metaphysics, "yet," says Kant, "it was at least founded on investigation, and this investigation was well worthy that all the best intellects of his time should have united successfully to solve the problem, and, if possible, in the temper in which he proposed it, for from this a total reform of the science must soon have arisen. Only the unpropitious fate of his metaphysic would have it that it should be understood by none. One cannot without a certain feeling of pain see how utterly his adversaries, Reid, Oswald, Beattie, and later Priestley also, missed the point of his problem. By continually taking for granted just what he doubted, but on the other hand proving with vehemence, and, what is more, with great indecorum, what it never came into his head to doubt, they so mistook his hint towards improvement that everything remained in the old state, as though nothing had happened."—[*Prolegomena to every Future Metaphysic which can be put forth as a science.* Introduction.]

We will only add that our author has not improved upon his predecessors.

GIFTS PLUS TAXES.*

So far as the object of this work may be learned from its title-page, the pains bestowed might almost seem superfluous. Neither munificence, self-sacrifice, nor patriotism can be denied a people which contributed men by the million and money by the thousand million to maintain the national integrity, in cheerful response to the call of its appointed magistrates. The books of the recruiting-officer and the tax-gatherer would alone refute the charge of sordidness or of a shameful attachment to life. That the country was saved without a single refusal of what was demanded by Government, and without a regret for the cost of safety, is a notorious and sufficient tribute to the American character. The volume before us has another story to tell. It treats not of the army in the field, but of what it rightly calls "the army in reserve"—not of imposts, but of free-will offerings. It traces the history of seventy millions of dollars, a fairly-estimated portion of the never-to-be-known amount which measured the sympathy of those who stayed at home for those who went to the battle.

The record opens with a brief chapter on the private liberality of our Revolutionary grandfathers and grandmothers, and their many personal sacrifices to the struggling cause of independence. Then follows the account of the rise and development of that vast system of co-operation by which, after Sumter fell, the authorities were relieved and supported, and the loyal ranks supplied and cared for, so long as a rebel host remained to dispute the Federal supremacy. It was impossible that the Sanitary Commission should not occupy the chief attention of the historian, since this was the largest and best of the benevolent organizations of the war, and was the most thoroughly popular of all. It satisfied, too, the natural cravings of the friends and kindred of the soldiers to mitigate their hardships, to provide them with comforts, to cheer their spirits with the evidence that they were not forgotten, and to shield them from all the perils to which they were exposed, save those from the enemy himself. When the record deals with recruiting-committees and funds for the families of volunteers, or any undertaking which required subscriptions in money, of course it is the men who are prominent. But the glory of the Sanitary Commission is, as its farewell address acknowledged so gratefully, that its thousand branches were managed, and its most successful schemes for raising means devised and carried out, by the women of the land. Here belong the statistics of those unprecedented fairs which were resorted to when the surplus material for soldiers' clothing had been exhausted, and money was needed to buy the stuff which should keep the hitherto busy fingers still at work. In these extraordinary as well as in their every-day exertions, both spontaneous and both without other than spiritual remuneration, the women were scarcely more admirable for their devotion than for their business energy and practical efficiency. Their achievements make a readable, almost romantic tale, and lighten the long lists of donors and committees which occupy so many pages of the compilation. But they were not alone in filling the treasury of the Commission. Not a day passed, says the record, "without some performance, professional, social, or amateur, some exhibition, some festival, some lecture," of which the proceeds were an offering to the welfare of the soldier. And there were fresher contrivances than fairs for easing the pockets of the com-

* "The Tribute-Book. A Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People during the War for the Union. By Frank B. Goodrich." Derby & Miller, New York. 1865.

munity, when it would have shrunk from downright giving. Such was the auction in which every man was a bidder, the majority purchasers, and no man an owner after all! This pleasantry originated in Nevada Territory with a sack of flour which had been the subject of an election wager, and which was sold and re-sold and sold again, travelling hither and yonder on the Pacific coast—sometimes even being simultaneously bid for in two places remote from each other—until it had netted $63,000 in gold, three blocks of lots valued at $7,000, and a house and lot, not to mention a few thousands in legal tenders after it had left the mining States. For a complete and careful history of the Commission, the public must, of course, look to a special work commensurate with the magnitude of its subject. Such a one, we understand, is in preparation by Mr. C. J. Stillé, of Philadelphia.

Other instrumentalities are described more briefly: the Christian Commission, the Cooper-Shop Refreshment Saloon, the various Freedmen's Commissions, the Fund for East Tennessee, etc. The money contributed to the relief of Savannah, after the Federal occupation of that city, is also noted, together with the international charity of the *George Griswold*. Scarcely any form of patriotism or liberality is omitted. We are told how the crops were gathered by wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters, where the men had gone, before the grain was ripe, to another harvest from which they might not bring their sickles back. In a little Connecticut village which had raised a fund to promote enlistments, and another to succor the families of the volunteers, the doctor refused pay for his services, the parson forgot the pew-rent when it fell due, and the undertaker's bill was never seen unreceipted. The school teachers of a city conspicuous for its educational institutions relinquished a fixed percentage of their salary during the war. The pilots of this fair harbor made no charge for guiding Government vessels. The costly gifts to our great commanders are put to the general account, which is further swelled by such items as the undrawn salary of Solicitor-General Whiting, the donation of the steamer *Vanderbilt* by him whose name it bore, and the scholarship endowed by General Butler in Phillips Academy for a soldier's son.

To give some idea of the chief component parts of the seventy millions already alluded to, we present the following estimates from the summary: Contributions of the Eastern and Atlantic States, for enlistments and the relief of drafted men, $15,000,000; Western and Central do., $13,000,000; in aid of soldiers' families, from both sections, $4,500,000; cash and supplies through the regular channel of the Sanitary Commission, $12,971,000; for similar purposes through other channels, $6,000,000; Western Sanitary Commission, $4,000,000; Christian Commission, $4,530,000.

Mr. Goodrich must be allowed to have done his part in a very creditable manner, and to have preserved the "Tribute-Book" from the fate of other similar publications, which vainly hope that their elegant attire will outbalance the mortal dulness of their text. The "Tribute-Book" may be read with pleasure well-nigh from beginning to end, and may rely on being appreciated by the generations which are to come, perhaps quite as much as by the present. The publishers, on their side, have manifestly striven to do their very best, and, so far as paper, type, and binding are concerned, have produced a very rare and unexceptionable volume—not a whit too costly for its precious contents. Of the engravings our praise must be qualified. As a whole, they are poorly printed, and are not remarkable as designs. A part of Mr. Nast's possess the merits of his best, but the frontispiece is inexpressibly cheap and commonplace. Mr. Hoppin's humor appears to advantage in one or two borders. Mr. Fenn's landscapes are the most satisfactory of all the illustrations; for Mr. Hennessy's single drawing is too much marred between the engraver and the printer to be ranked as the very first.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mr. Amerose's Letters on the Rebellion. By John P. Kennedy. Hurd & Houghton, New York; James S. Waters, Baltimore.

Vagaries of Vandyke Brown. By William P. Brannan. R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati.

History of the Chicago Artesian Well. By Geo. A. Shufeldt, Jr., Chicago.

Great and Grave Questions for American Politicians. By Eboracus. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston.

The Seer. By Leigh Hunt. Two Vols.—Poems. Studies for Stories. Songs of Seven. By Jean Ingelow.—The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. Illustrated with Original Designs by Alfred Crowquill. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vols. i.-v.—Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Part 2. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. [The Cottage Library.] With Illustrations by John Gilbert. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

The Tribute-Book. A Record of the Munificence, Self-Sacrifice, and Patriotism of the American People. By Frank B. Goodrich. Illustrated. Derby & Miller, New York.

Songs of Praise and Poems of Devotion in the Christian Centuries. With an Introduction by Henry Coppée. Elegantly illustrated. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Report of the Adjutant-General of the State of New Hampshire. Two Vols.—Report of the Quartermaster-General. For the Year ending May 20, 1865. Amos Hadley, Concord.

The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. With One Hundred Illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert.—Good Little Hearts. The Metropolitan Fair, Junior; The Bird's Nest Stories; Nelly Rivers' Great Riches; Stories Told in the Wood. By Aunt Fanny. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

The Rebellion Record. Part LI. D. Van Nostrand, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

I.

The galleries of the National Academy of Design look better this fall than they did last spring. The walls against which the pictures are hung were stained then a shade nearly approaching to the color of oiled white oak. It was harsh and raw, and did not set off the pictures well. During the summer the authorities have taken thought: the walls behind the pictures are now colored a sort of drab, a soft tint which does not attract the eye. This is as it should be. The walls of a private gallery, where pictures are less crowded together, where each has (or should have) a certain breadth of wall space above it, below it, and on either side, may be darker and richer in color; even a deep maroon flock paper, or, as Mr. Hamerton has it, "pomegranate-colored velvet," will suit them. But in these public galleries, where pictures are of necessity closely set, frame to frame, and where each picture more than usually cared for has its own "shadow-box" lined with the color the artist prefers as a foil to his work, we think it is right to keep the walls as little obtrusive as possible; tint them a neutral color that no one will notice, and so do no harm (if no good) to the pictures. The band of dark red below the oaken moulding that marks "the line," echoed by the narrower band of the same color between the two mouldings high above the pictures, helps the general effect of the room. But we shall never be satisfied with these galleries until there is a great deal of varied color high up about the skylights and in the coved ceilings above the picture-walls. The high wall above the arches of the corridor especially needs color-decoration.

The building, indeed, is not finished inside, as yet. It is a trial to any one who cares for beautiful architecture to go up the great staircase and see the capitals of the arcade, all but one still uncarved, blocks of marble waiting to be vivified. It is to be hoped that money will soon be raised (if that is what is needed) and the building finished. But it may be that Mr. Suydam's money bequest, or the interest on it for some years, is to be applied to this purpose, and that we are only urging what is already resolved on.

In these galleries there is on exhibition a collection of three hundred and seventy-five pictures (more or less, the exact number can only be ascertained by actual count) and fifteen works of sculpture. All these form the exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society. But there are subdivisions which we shall observe. Thus the north gallery is entirely occupied by the pictures, eighty-seven in number, bequeathed by the late James A. Suydam to the Academy of Design. The west gallery is occupied by the contributions of the members of the Artists' Fund Society, and the single "Donation to the Fund" of Miss Edith W. Cook. These are to be sold by auction "on Friday evening, Dec. 29, 1865," presumably the close of the exhibition. The remaining galleries are used for the pictures which are sent for exhibition, most of them loaned by private persons.

Three or four hundred pictures are as many as these galleries can rightly show. We can see now that they were too crowded in the exhibition of the National Academy of Design. There is a better chance to look at the pictures now than there was last spring—at least by daylight. By night the light is very insufficient, or else the gas has been turned down to dimness the two evenings we have been in the galleries. In justice to the painters the galleries ought to be closed at sundown, unless the managers are willing to turn on the gas; and they really ought to make this choice. Then, if they should choose to shut the doors at nightfall, nobody could object, for so far there has been but a slim attendance of spectators, and it would be as well to save the gas and fuel.

These fall exhibitions have never been very good. Let us call attention to the fact that they ought not to be compared to the spring exhibitions. The Academy of Design exhibition is of American pictures only, and of pictures that have never been exhibited before. It always represents, therefore

the latest phase of American art; the best work of the previous year of most of the artists of New York and the vicinity. But the Artists' Fund Exhibition takes old and new, American and foreign, good and bad; and rejects nothing, apparently, except water-color drawings, though why it rejects these so uniformly we have never been informed.

There is one great advantage in these autumn exhibitions of this Society: good foreign pictures are by this means brought to the notice of many people who would not see them otherwise. Thus, in this exhibition, No. 91 (though not as fine a Troyon as one or two that are or have been in America); No. 92, "The Greedy Boy," by Edouard Frère; No. 94, "The Forbidden Book," by Kraus; Gérome's famous "Prayer in the Desert," No. 136; De Jonghe's "Trial of Patience," No. 149; James Tissot's noble picture, "Margaret at the Fountain," No. 187; and De Conwer's charming little painting of a picturesque old building, "Church of St. Nicholas, Breslau;"—these pictures, though of such varied merit, are capable of teaching most American painters, and all American non-painters, a great deal about the art. Now, nearly all these foreign pictures have been seen at Mr. Knoedler's or some other gallery, but there are few persons who have ever seen them there compared with the many who might and should see them at the exhibition of the Artists' Fund. There is, by the way, more reason than usual why every student and lover of art should take the present chance to look carefully at these European pictures. There will be soon, if rumor errs not, an important collection of French and English pictures opened to inspection in New York. As poor men do not care to save money when sixpences are all they can save, but will begin to "lay up" in earnest when once they have a nest-egg so the would be student of European painting can go to work with good courage at these few pictures, in the prospect of the many that are to come.

Let us go into the west gallery, where are exhibited the pictures contributed to the Fund. If, in speaking of these, we fail to compare each with the highest standard of excellence, the only standard to which pictures ought generally to be compared, it is because they make so little pretension to be works of art at all. There are not more than half-a-dozen pictures among these three-score that could for one moment sustain any such comparison. The rest are trifles, evidently of little consideration even with their owners. They are of the nature of things for sale at a "ladies' fair;" their intrinsic value is little; they will all sell and all fetch high prices, because of the purposes to which their price is to be put. And we do not blame any artist for sending his least valuable work to such an exhibition, knowing it will sell as well, next Christmas holidays, as would his best study of the same size in the same frame.

We find four little pictures in this gallery of contributions which it is a pleasure to see. Mr. Guy's "Give Me a Swing," No. 17, has, indeed, nothing to recommend it especially except the naturalness of the little girl's action, but that is a great recommendation in a collection where there is so much stilted affectation as we shall presently find in large and important pictures. It is a pretty little picture, the prettier for most picture-buyers because of the spotlessness of the little girl. It is characteristic of Mr. Guy's children and dogs that dirt will not stick to them, and accordingly they can run and play out-doors uncontaminated. There is a better picture by the same artist in another room. Mr. Homer's "Army Boots," No. 46, is very slight and sketchy, but has a great deal of character in it. That is a wonderful black boy on the left. Both are evidently having their pictures taken, but that fact, which is fatal to nine-tenths of the portraits we see, does not hurt these portraits, because the sitters do not try to "make-believe" unconscious. Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Not Enough for Two," No. 49, is, on the whole, better than Mr. Homer's picture, and, therefore, best of the contribution pictures; it comes nearer to Mr. Johnson's highest mark than No. 26 does to Mr. Homer's standard, and is full of excellent childish action. Mr. J. R. Gifford's "Green Mountain, Mt. Desert," No. 50, is a pleasant landscape study—still blue sea in the distance dotted with white boats, broad expanse of wild country, a little cove making into the shore—a small picture rapidly and lightly painted, but very probably a study on the spot, and at all events very pleasant to see. With these four we are almost ready to name Mr. Hennessy's "The Picture's Story," No. 23, and after it come Mr. Griswold's two little landscapes, Nos. 3 and 4, and Mr. Warren's "Mackerel Catching." All these are far beneath what their authors can do easily, and they are all, therefore, undeserving of praise, but they call for a word of greeting as being not wholly without merit or interest.

There are two or three pictures of a curious and seldom equalled badness, of a degree of demerit which puts them far below the standard even of contributions to a ladies' fair. In "The Invalid," No. 34, Mr. Louis Lang has reached what would have been thought the lowest depth of bathos, did we not all remember his picture in last spring's exhibition, "Reminiscences of Lake Mahopac: Ladies Preparing for a Boat-race." This picture would also be thought the worst of the contributions but for the presence among them of Mr. Carter's "Araby's Daughter," No. 25. We shall find Mr. Carter in another gallery with a worse picture than this—because larger. Mr. Rossiter exhibits a "Landscape," No. 5, which is probably as valueless as a landscape can be, having no single merit that a careful examination can discover. And Mr. Benson's "Haying," No. 32, would lead us to advise him, if he would listen to our advice, not to paint any more landscapes until he has begun again at the very beginning, and learned to draw and paint the very simplest bits of landscape detail. His landscape works at present fail to show that he has any of the power or any of the knowledge which a landscape painter needs.

Turning away from the contributed pictures, we find in the other galleries a loan collection of two hundred and thirty more, and, as aforesaid, a few works of sculpture, Mr. Suydam's bequest not being included in our enumeration. It is into this loan collection, of course, that one must look for the strength of the exhibition; and there are a few interesting pictures by American artists, besides the Tissots and Troyons we have named above. But, as a collection, this is one of the worst we remember to have seen. It does not seem worth while to go to the trouble of receiving and hanging these pictures every year, if the resulting show is to be always so poor. Why not abandon the enterprise? Nobody's heart seems to be in it. Nobody seems to be giving thought and attention to the collection as a whole, or to care what sort of "art" he personally contributes to it. The catalogue is an example of the way the whole thing is done. Its badness is the more inexcusable, because the annual N. A. D. catalogue is generally very well got up, and there is no visible cause for hurry in preparing this catalogue; there was no occasion for opening the exhibition last Tuesday evening; there was no need of limiting the time allowed for hanging pictures to the week between the 25th and 31st of October. That it was hurry that has helped spoil the catalogue, is made probable by its late delivery at the galleries, for there was none to be had until the exhibition had been open twenty-four hours; and, when it came at last, it was very badly arranged. The numbers run to 255, then break off and commence with the contributions and run with them to 59, then commence with sculpture at 256 and run to 269, then skip 270 altogether, and take up again the loan-collection of pictures at 271 and finish it. It is crowded with mistakes and typographical errors, and has no index to the artists whose works are on exhibition. The carelessness about the whole undertaking, to which this important part of it bears witness, is inexcusable, and prevents us from conceiving any respect for the concern. Art is worthy of thought, and charity is worthy of thought; if people get up exhibitions of pictures, they should do it well; if people get up charitable enterprises, they should do their best to make them succeed. Here is a combination of both which attracts public attention and asks for public respect, and it should be thoroughly well managed, or else abandoned.

The place of honor in these galleries (which, by the way, was occupied by Mr. Bierstadt's "Yo Semite" picture) is given to "The Triumph of the Cross," by Mr. Emanuel Leutze, numbered 205, and painted, as a vermilion inscription informs us, in 1864. It is, then, Mr. Leutze's latest manner that is represented by this picture. We accept it as such. He has evidently been studying Kaulbach's large pictures, possibly Piloty's pictures as well, as one figure here leads us to infer. He has given an air of novelty to his work; and of a novel gracefulness, however meretricious; and of a novel boldness, however unwarranted. The figures in the foreground are thrown about in attitudes of violent action, as we have never before seen Mr. Leutze's figures. The floating draperies have a specious effectiveness of line and mass, not familiar to us in any of this artist's work. We regard this picture as showing, in many respects, more ability than any of Mr. Leutze's former works, and therefore as more likely to do harm. It shows no improvement in the higher matters of expression and of truthfulness of feeling shown in action. It is as unreal and theoretical as "Washington's Crossing the Delaware." It is as absurdly false in an historical regard as the "Venice Triumphant." It is as incapable of teaching anybody anything or of giving a moment's pleasure as the worst of the Capitol pictures. But it has, what these have but little of, an attractive look, bright colors, "boldness" of drawing, which will pass with many for the boldness of practised knowledge, and varied action in the near foreground that will impress many with the artist's powers of design. We have to fear that this will be a popular picture. And if, as such, it will do half the harm to art that Kaulbach's "Destruction of Jerusalem" has done, or his "Battle of the Huns," we shall have cause enough to regret its existence.

The Alhambra lifts its red towers high on the crest of a hill, whose long slope, at the foot of which the spectator stands, fills the lower half of the

picture. A broad road leads up the hill, dividing into two, and sweeping off to right and left, to unite, probably, at the palace. Where the road divides there is a sort of terrace, called in the catalogue an "esplanade," on which Ferdinand and Isabella, mounted, with their suite, are watching the hurry and the stir on the roads below and on either side of them. For a procession of monks, bearing a huge altar, surmounted by a cross and sacred images, choristers, ecclesiastics of high and low degree, and released Christian captives, is rushing (that is the word) up the hill by the left-hand road, while a wild crowd "of the more bigotted Moors" (to quote the catalogue exactly) are getting off as they best can by that on the right, having carelessly taken a road that will bring them into intermediate contact with the triumphant Christians. That they did not do so, that none of this scene took place as represented, it is easy to see; and the unreality of the main idea is made actual impossibility by the details. Here is a Moorish woman, with a very light and open dress for travelling, whose goods which she takes away are two goats that run beside her, and a kid which she is carrying—easily, it must be confessed. Here is another woman on a mule, halted exactly in the path, and, of course, checking the flight. Here are two stalwart Moors, vigorously tearing their clothes and beating their heads as they run (in the way people run on the stage) down the hill, the explosion of their grief not taking place as they first see the approaching cross, for that has passed, but seeming continuous and likely to last them as far as Africa. It is useless to describe, one by one, the numerous separate absurdities of this pretentious work. It is to be hoped that, in spite of our fears, it may be soon as completely forgotten as it deserves to be.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL TALK.

As a specimen of what good things can be done in the way of concerts, we quote one of the programmes of Mr. Alfred Mellon's "Promenade Concerts" at the Covent Garden Theatre, which he gave frequently during the summer with a band of eighty of the best musicians of London. He devoted special evenings to composers and schools, and had a Beethoven night, a Spohr night, a Mendelssohn night, and an Italian night. The Italian night commenced with Spontini's overture to "Nourmahal," which he brought out when conducting the royal opera at Berlin, the opera being suggested by a ballet called "Lalla Rookh," and the overture being an imitation of Rossini's to "Semiramide." This was followed by the overture to "Guillaume Tell," by Rossini, and by that to "Anacréon ou l'Amour Fugitif," the twenty-fourth work of Cherubini, and produced at the Théâtre Feydeau, in 1803, which long ago became classic. Besides this were Ernst's fantasia for the violin on the "March and Willow Song" in Rossini's "Otello;" the liberty duet from "I Puritani," arranged for the ophicleide and euphonium, with a horn *obligato* accompaniment; the barcarole of Ricci, "Sulla poppa del mio brik," and an aria from "Linda di Chamounix," sung by Carlotta Patti, not to speak of other miscellaneous pieces. On the Mozart night were given the G minor symphony, the little known overture to "La Clemenza di Tito," the piano sonata No. 7 in D, played by Mary Krebs, a German *pianiste* of growing fame, the adagio from the concerto for the clarionet, the two grand arias of the *Queen of Night* in "Die Zauberflöte," sung by Carlotta Patti, and "Non piu andrai," sung by Ferranti. Concerts such as these are worth imitation.

—We hear from France that Gounod is writing a new opera, in five acts, on the story of "Romeo and Juliet." Three acts are already finished, and are said to be more than equal to "Faust." They contain the duel, the balcony scene, the scene of the grave, an episode with *Friar Lorenzo*, and three love duets. We can scarcely imagine a subject better suited to Gounod's genius than this play of Shakespeare. The opera will be brought out next year. His publisher, Choudens, announces a "Petit Oratorio" as nearly ready, called "Tobias." A psalm of his, "By the Rivers of Babylon," has just been sung at the concerts of the Paris Conservatory. Gounod's operas, other than "Faust," have never met with the success they deserve, principally owing to the librettos. "La Reine de Saba" is, perhaps, an exception. Two beautiful choruses ought to be brought out at some of the concerts here, especially the "Chœur des Sabéennes: Déjà l'aube matinale." This was lately rechristened "Irene," with a changed plot, for the English opera at London, and the whole music, without the voice, was given at the Crystal Palace concerts. "La Nonne Sanglante" contains ballet music superior to that of "Faust," and which will bear favorable comparison with that of "Robert le Diable." "Le Médecin malgré lui" has had a considerable run in the English opera under the name of "The Mock Doctor."

—German papers assert that Berlioz has not only written but printed memoirs of his life, which, however, are not to be given to the public till after his death. This will be an important work in musical literature. All will remember his "Soirées d'orchestre," where he showed fine critical powers, and his "Voyage musical," describing his studies in Rome, where he would not study at all, in which he displayed a lively sense of the grotesque side of life, and a shrewd use of the pen.

—Berlioz's prediction that Ernst, like Paganini, would make the world talk about him, was long ago fulfilled. Long has he stood the first living master of the violin. For some years he had been out of health, smitten with paralysis, and was sojourning at Nice, where he died on the 8th of October. Heinrich Wilhelm Ernst was born at Brünn, in Moravia, in 1813. He very early obtained admission to the Conservatory of Vienna, where he studied under Mayseder, and became acquainted with Paganini, who befriended and instructed him. In 1830 he visited the Rhine country, and with youthful boldness gave concerts in Paganini's footsteps. His early manner was an imitation of his master's, but he soon struck out a style of his own. Robert Schumann wrote of him years ago: "Ernst, like Paganini, has got the art of pleasing all sections, and winning them to his style at will, for his very versatile talent has enabled him to penetrate and become familiar with all schools. In power of improvisation, also, the most charming talent in a player, he approaches Paganini, which may in some degree be the consequence of his intimate early association with that master. The great Italian magician, on leaving the world of art, confided to Ernst the mysteries of his method, for the study of the mature artist, the emulation of the student, and the delight of all."

—We have also to record the death of another musician, William Vincent Wallace, the composer of "Maritana." The child of a band-master, and born at Waterford, Ireland, in 1815, he early became able to play on every instrument of the orchestra, and was proficient on the clarionet as well as a fine player on the piano and violin. At the age of twelve he was able to lead an orchestra. When eighteen his health broke down, and he went to New South Wales, where he continued for some time engaged in agricultural pursuits. He soon abandoned that, and commenced giving concerts at Sydney, whence he went to India and South America, living a life of even greater adventure than travelling musicians usually do. He fought duels, and was concerned in many intrigues, and even joined a tribe of savages, conforming to all their usages. He returned to England by way of the United States, and brought out there "Maritana," his first opera, with great success. From that time on he was busily at work as a composer, and wrote several operas, "Matilda of Hungary," "Lurlei," "The Maid of Zurich," "Olga," which were performed in England and on the Continent. In 1849 he was commissioned to write an opera for the Grand Opera at Paris, but had hardly commenced the work when he became blind. For the sake of regaining his sight he sailed for Rio Janeiro, and afterwards came here, where he lived for several years. He returned to England about five years ago, but with broken health. For the last year he had been living at Passy, near Paris, but had recently gone to the Pyrenees in the hope of recuperating himself. There he has just died. He married, we believe, a sister of Mr. Robert Stoepel, of Winter Garden.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

GENERAL GRANT made the longest of his speeches at the Union League Club on Wednesday of last week. It contained three sentences and one "point," which looked very like a warning to Maximilian. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, who gravely announced that "the Christian Church had stood by" Grant and was, like Grant, a friend of law and order and a "peacemaker."

THE cholera has made no progress on this side of the water, and the doctors are using the respite to good purpose in telling people how to avoid it. If the Legislature will do its duty this winter, by turning a deaf ear to Inspector Boole, we shall be thrice armed in the spring.

THE Fenians are said to have taken the house on Union Square in this city, formerly the "residence" (nobody lives in a house now-a-days) of Mr. Moffatt, the noted pill-vender, and propose to play at republic in it. They are to have or have now a "Bureau of War," a "Bureau of Finance," and a "Bureau of the Navy," and so on, and will continue this pleasing little game as long as the funds last. There is, however, a serious side to this wretched farce. The money which the lecturers, "head centres," and ministers of state, spend on their amusements comes out of the hard earnings of the poor all over the United States, and we dare say the "Bonds of the Irish Republic" will find a sale amongst the same class. This fact converts what might otherwise be considered simple folly into something worse, and as there is no sensible or intelligent man who supposes that Colonel O'Mahony is likely to overthrow the British Empire, any encouragement given to his antics is neither more nor less than connivance at a very heartless kind of fraud.

AT the meeting held at the Cooper Union, last week, to provide for the relief of Southern destitution, Henry Ward Beecher reiterated his demand for more "faith in Southern" men, while declaring that the freedmen, as "the wards of the nation," must be protected by guarantees. Now, it is mainly with regard to the negroes that the good faith of the Southern men is doubted, and as long as guarantees of any kind are necessary, if these are exacted, professions of confidence in Southern honesty are mere forms. You either trust a man or you do not, and when you ask him to give security for his good behavior you say in a very emphatic way that you do not.

THERE has been a very amusing correspondence between the editor of the New York *Times* and a Mr. Killian of the "Fenian Brotherhood," in reference to a very proper denunciation of the organization which appeared in that journal, for extracting money from the pockets of the poor for objects which, the leaders know well, can never be attained. Mr. Doran Killian asks for a "retraction;" Mr. Raymond refuses it; Mr. Doran Killian replies, beginning in the third person, and breaking out, half way down, into the first, as the manner of half-educated people is, reads Mr. Raymond a bombastic lecture, and asks for the name of a "gentleman," with whom arrangements may be made for something nameless. At this stage of the performance, the police court loomed up on Mr. Killian's horizon, who thereupon retreated incontinently from the scene, leaving President John O'Mahony to hand Mr. Raymond down to the execration of posterity in a characteristically ridiculous card.

THERE has been a tremendous smash on the New Jersey Railroad in the streets of Newark; two persons were killed outright, and several others injured. This time, luckily, the blame can be fastened on a switch-tender, who, as his name is O'Brien, and he has no friends, will doubtless be made an example of. He is committed for manslaughter. It appears that the city had actually permitted the company to run its trains through the streets at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

THE latest device for encouraging emigration to the South we find in a recent number of the Richmond *Republic*. According to this respectable authority, "it is an authentic historical fact that no case of Asiatic cholera ever occurred in the basin of country embracing the mineral springs of Virginia." All, therefore, who dread the contagion of the approaching pestilence, may be cheered by the thought that there is "a safe and certain refuge" in the mountains of Virginia. Anticipating an unprecedented rush to this region, the *Republic* warns the proprietors of the great watering-places to put their premises in order, and urges the completion of the Central Railroad from Jackson River westward to the White Sulphur and Sweet Springs. In a parallel column is inserted a prominent advertisement of the mineral wealth of Virginia, addressed to capitalists. Who shall say that the South is not a part of "the universal Yankee nation?"

HOWEVER unpleasant the fact, it is just as well to know that investigations pursued at Marseilles, by an eminent French physician, have shown, that while the first cases of cholera officially declared in that city in the present year occurred on the 23d of July, numerous deaths from that disease had previously occurred, and can now be traced as far back as June 9, or fifty-four days in advance of the official declaration. It is now about three weeks since the *Atalanta* arrived at this port; but we cannot assert that before this there were not instances of passengers landing without detection who had come from some one of the infected countries of Europe, just as at Marseilles, one at least and probably several of the passengers of the ship which brought the first tidings of cholera from Alexandria, died without the physician's suspecting the true cause.

THE Mississippi Legislature has revised its refusal to allow negro testimony to be received against whites. It now proposes to admit it in all civil cases in which negroes are parties, and in criminal cases only the testimony of the persons against whose persons or property the offences have been committed; but no negro, it is provided, shall be examined in any case except upon the stand and in open court. These saving clauses may prove very useful, as it would exclude the *ante mortem* deposition of a murdered man, and would, in fact, prevent prosecution for the murder of a negro if not committed in the presence of whites.

THE notorious Dick McCann, who is now in custody in Tennessee under an indictment for murder, for having sat on a rebel court-martial on the trial of Haun, one of the Union bridge-burners who were captured in 1861, has applied for a habeas corpus. Judge Trigg, the U. S. District Judge at Nashville, refuses it on the ground that, although the war was a civil war, and the court-martial a regular court-martial according to the law of nations, the federal courts have no authority in the premises.

THE *Evangelist* offers us some advice, in a friendly spirit, as to the "heaviness" of our articles. Literary weight, we beg to remind it, is a relative term. There is a large public to whom the "Waverley Novels" are laborious reading. We know a gentleman whose head aches over the "Pickwick Papers." Anybody who seeks literary matter which everybody will pronounce "light," can hardly stop short of "Mother Goose" or "Jack the Giant Killer." The real trouble with the *Evangelist*, as with a great many other good people, is that everything seems "heavy" that is not broken up into short paragraphs—a trick introduced by the daily papers for the better display of their wares.

WHAT we remarked last week about the appointment of Gen. Kilpatrick as Minister to Chili applies substantially to the appointment of Gen. John A. Logan as Minister to the Republic of Mexico. The meritorious services of the appointee as soldier and politician cannot be questioned, nor is it any drawback that he "is known," as the telegraph informed the Associated Press, "as a strong and earnest friend of the Liberal cause" in the country to which he is sent. But something more is needed than a successful military or political campaign to fit a man for the delicate post assigned to Gen. Logan. He may not be wanting in this essential; but the presumption is strong almost to certainty that the possession of it was not his original or chief recommendation, while his army title will alone be regarded abroad, and regarded as an additional proof of the Administration's intention to pick a bone with Maximilian, and, if need be, with Napoleon himself.

CONNECTICUT has company in Wisconsin and Minnesota in regard to admitting negroes to the suffrage. In the former State there was a majority of ten thousand against it, while the general republican ticket was carried by upwards of seven thousand majority. It is reported that the friends of the measure intend to fall back on a similar amendment submitted to the people in 1849, when by law it must have been "approved by a majority of all the votes cast." So it was, on its own merits, but the law was construed to mean that the number of affirmative votes must equal a majority of the highest number cast on any subject; and the amendment was accordingly pronounced rejected. In order to test the validity of this ruling, two colored votes were offered at the late election, and the cases thus made up will be carried through the courts. We do not hold it likely that anything will come of this well-meant and possibly well-founded effort. It is too much to expect that a judicial decision can oppose, not only the popular acquiescence for sixteen years, but the latest and most positive expression in the same sense.

THE first report of Lieutenant-General Grant is in a completed state, and is said to cover no less than eighty foolscap pages. Of course it can only treat in outline of the military operations from the spring of 1864 to the close of the war, nor will the military events which it records be in any way new to the public. Its most interesting revelations will be the part which the general sustained in initiating operations in Virginia and elsewhere, and especially General Sherman's march to the coast.

THERE was a story afloat in the earlier part of the week of the violation of the Maine frontier by a company of English marines in pursuit of deserters, followed by the desertion of the marines themselves. As nothing more has been heard of it, we presume that either they did not cross the line at all, or they deserted before they crossed, and that, instead of a company, there was only a corporal's guard. The kernel of a "special despatch" is often found to be very small after one has worked his way through the pulp.

THE case of Daniel Miller (with two aliases), the noted "confidence man," is a curious illustration of the facility with which men can get married in this country. This person figured in various boarding-houses here and at the West as a Southern refugee of large property, and sustained his pretensions by that elaborate "deportment" which passes in the South-west for "gentlemanly manners," and was able to marry two respectable women in rapid succession, neither of whom, it now appears, had the least knowledge of any of his antecedents. There can be little doubt that this sort of confidence is fostered, if not bred, by boarding-house life, in which presentation at the common table and a punctual settlement of the weekly bills gives men and women a sort of *ex-officio* respectability, which some of the most dexterous swindlers often use to procure what reporters call the "entrée into the best society."

THE point has been raised that the ratification of the anti-slavery amendment by South Carolina is of no value, she not being a State in the Union at the moment of ratification, and that, therefore, she would be entitled hereafter to repudiate the pledge. The discovery is, however, of no practical utility, except as a warning. If her ratification can do no good, it can do no harm. If Congress admitted her representatives without exacting it, we should all cry shame; and after they had been admitted nobody would have any power to exact it. If she be not now a State, and therefore incapable of ratifying, the moment we make her a State we lose the power of exacting anything from her whatever. If, on the other hand, she is a State, she can ratify or not as she pleases. The doubt, however, ought to make Congress doubly cautious as to the conditions of restoration which it imposes.

IT is now ascertained that the number of colored soldiers enlisted into the United States service, from the summer of 1862 to the suspension of hostilities, did not exceed one hundred and twenty-three thousand. The casualties, including also the losses by desertion for this period, amounted to sixty-six thousand, leaving but fifty-seven thousand upon the muster-rolls at the close of the war. The decision of the Attorney-General, by which these men were entitled to the very same bounties as white volunteers and conscripts, was overruled by the President, on the ground that it was in conflict with plain provisions of the acts of Congress. The difference to the Treasury was about fifteen millions.

THE plausible attempt of the Southern people to make a virtue of their necessity, and palm off their unavoidable submission to accomplished facts as a complete surrender of their late disloyalty, is well enough exposed by the Raleigh *Daily Progress* when it asks, How stands North Carolina? and answers:

"If our Northern brethern, and those who administer the Government at Washington, want to know how things stand in North Carolina, according to our impressions, we have no objections to speak out. We give it as our honest conviction, based upon the information at hand, that were either Jefferson Davis or Zebulon B. Vance, the one about to be tried for treason and the other a paroled prisoner under the same charge, to oppose Andrew Johnson for the Presidency, and the election to be held to-morrow, they would beat him twenty thousand votes in the State. All the Vance and Davis leaders will be against Johnson when his name is brought before them."

THE Georgia Convention had a sorrowful time over its work. It declared slavery abolished *because* it was abolished, but reserved all claims that slave-owners might have for compensation on "the justice and magnanimity of the Government." It "repealed" the ordinance of secession, but did not declare it null and void, thus leaving the right of secession untouched. It repudiated the war debt of the State, but with many wry faces and after much tribulation. The president's closing address was as an oratorical performance of considerable pretensions. At the end he produced "sensation and applause" by a metaphor in which "our old mother" (the State) is "reduced to extremity," and the convention is "gathered round her bedside to nurse her, to reinvigorate her wasted body, and now almost paralyzed limbs." But he proposed to accomplish this by "driving back into her heart the vital blood." We must

warn him plainly, however, that, as any book on physiology will tell him, if he attempts treatment of this kind he will certainly kill his "old mother," as the trouble with her, as with most aged persons, to judge from what he says of her symptoms, is not that the blood does not reach her heart, but that it does not reach her extremities.

One of the most singular incidents of the reconstruction process is the difficulty which President Johnson, as well as most other people, seems to have in deciding whether the rebellious States are in or out of the Union. He holds firmly to the theory that they are in, but he as firmly acts as if they were out. He probably makes the schoolmen's distinction between their "essence" and their "accidents," and believes that the accidents seceded, but the essence remained behind. The point is one over which Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus would have gloated, and on which, were they now living, they would probably write a large quarto each.

The population of Massachusetts, which in 1850 was 994,499, and in 1860 1,231,066, appears from the census just completed to be 1,267,329, or an increase of 36,263 in the past five turbulent years. The number of legal voters is at present 246,037, nearly 20 per cent. The same ratio would produce for 1860 246,213; and that it has not increased, but rather the contrary, is probable from the well-known growing preponderance of the female portion of the population.

It appears, according to the New York correspondent of the London *Times*, that the list of Confederate bondholders in England came from Mr. Bigelow. It was announced at one time with that mysterious semi-official air which "Our Washington Correspondent" knows so well how to assume, that *it was* Mr. Adams who sent it; but we happen to know that Mr. Adams first saw it in the New York papers.

Professor G. W. Greene sends us, apropos of a paragraph in our last number touching the Papal troops, the following verse, well known in Rome, of which we subjoin a translation:

Soldati del Papa!
Ce ne vonno sei per cavar una rapa.
E se non viene il Tenente,
Non se ne fa niente.

Soldiers of the Pope!
Six of you it takes to pull a turnip up.
If the Lieutenant stays away,
'T will not budge an inch all day.

The Archbishop of Rhodes, in a pastoral lately issued, speaks of modern philosophy as "guano used by the press for the cultivation of the empty and barren minds of literary and scientific Bœotia." It is not often that a pastoral gets hold of as savory illustration as this.

Mr. D'Arcy McGee thinks the Fenians have nearer work to engage them than the liberation of Ireland:

"Why do n't they," he asks, with some propriety, "liberate the Ireland at their own doors from the poisonous and murderous surroundings of the tenement houses of New York and Boston? Why do n't they liberate their own young Ireland from sanitary destruction—that Ireland in America which, according to the New York *Times*, contributes 88 per cent. of the deaths of children on the whole number of deaths in that great city? Why do n't they," he continues, by a powerful effort of the imagination, "try to liberate the Irish laborers in New England, where they rank in the social scale below the negro, and hardly above the beasts they drive for their Yankee bosses?"

The orator divined that this sort of work would encounter an insuperable objection in the Fenian mind: "It is practicable, it is possible; therefore it is avoided and despised." May these agitators not have taken a cue from their religion—"credo quia impossibile?"

The insurrection in Jamaica is reported suppressed, but it is at present impossible to ascertain exactly its causes. Besides the considerable slaughter effected by the military, several of the colored leaders were hung, among whom the brothers Paul and Moses Bogle were most conspicuous. A white man also met the same fate. Indeed, he is charged with being responsible for the whole unhappy business, and his name, George Gordon, is suggestive of riot. He was, it is said, not only a respected citizen, but a prominent member of the Assembly, and was led to incite this outbreak by his desire to revenge a private wrong. We can scarcely believe that the support he received was independent of a popular discontent, whose origin, perhaps, it would not be difficult to trace. Meanwhile, we wait for further information.

The following characteristic anecdotes of the late Lord Palmerston have never, we believe, appeared in print before: On one occasion, when a vote of censure was proposed in Parliament upon his ministry, a friend asked him what the Government intended to do. "Well," he said, "there are three distinct propositions before the House. We shall take a few words from the first, add a few from the second, and transpose a few from the third, and then we shall have a resolution of our own which will be as clear—as mud." Again, at the time that the Schleswig-Holstein embroglio was just beginning to bore the world, in the autumn of 1863, an eminent English diplomatist went to call upon the Premier to ask for information on the subject. After hearing his request, Lord Palmerston thought a while, and then answered in his short, jerky manner, "Yes, quite right to come to me. Very difficult question that of Schleswig-Holstein, and there never were but two people who really understood it—myself and ——. But then you see the misfortune is, that —— is dead, and that I have forgotten it."

The alarm created throughout Germany by the menacing attitude of Austria and Prussia toward the Senate of Frankfort is moving the minor states to the adoption of various measures of precaution and defence. The Senate of Hamburg is considering, and will probably approve, a proposition forbidding any citizen to accept a decoration, diploma, or honorary title from a foreign prince or government, under pain of losing his citizenship.

In the electorate of Hesse they have a constitution, and a legislature which amuses itself greatly by meeting in accordance with its provisions. Recently the members exhausted at one sitting the order of the day for the whole session, and laughed over the drolly insignificant propositions submitted to their consideration. Hessian patriots fear that this merry body will bring the country to grief by aggravating popular discontent, and provoking a crisis that will probably result in the annexation of Hesse to some larger power.

The Duke of Augustenburg recently passed through the territory of Schleswig, and the silly people of that country, who seem to believe that Prussia will permit them independence and a sovereign prince, gave him an escort, and illuminated their houses in honor of him. Consequently, the Prussian Commissioner has received instructions to repress such demonstrations in future, and it is officially announced from Berlin that the Duke of Augustenburg will be placed under arrest if he dares to "violate" the frontier of his duchy again.

Jules Janin breaks into rapturous applause of Victor Hugo's new book of poems, "The Songs of the Streets and Woods." Of the poet he says: "He sings; he talks; he intoxicates himself with the limpid wave; he kneels at the feet of oaks strengthened by storms; he knows what the willows ponder, and what the ripe wheat-fields say. It is truly song, but also plaint and prayer, and the accent of the street where everything passes, and the murmur of the forest speaking without mystery to the clouds."

A terrific tempest lately swept over the town of Annonay in France, almost with the suddenness and violence of a bursting waterspout. The rains began about two o'clock in the afternoon, and by five the streets were the beds of furious and impassable torrents. Annonay is built in

a sort of amphitheatre, and the peculiarity of the site afforded greater scope to the rage of the elements. Houses were submerged to their second stories, and in some cases they yielded to the force of the waters, and fell. The flood broke the gas conduits, and a total darkness brooded over the devoted town during the whole night that the tempest lasted. Five lives were lost, and damage was done to the value of several million francs.

A SINGULAR case of poisoning, in Paris, will furnish the enemies of tobacco a new argument against its use. An old man, living on the road to St. Cloud, received from his nephew a bag of snuff, which he placed in the cupboard where his wife kept ground coffee. In his absence, his wife, wishing to make coffee, took the snuff by mistake and used it for the infusion. In spite of the disagreeable and singular taste of the drink, she and her husband both partook of it, and were shortly seized with agonizing pains. Physicians were able to save the life of the woman, but the man succumbed to the effects of the nicotine.

A CURIOUS and terrible accident has happened in the tunnel of Mt. Cenis. The workmen are now cutting through a mass of flinty rock, which they are obliged to blast with great frequency, and which emits sparks of fire at the slightest stroke. A man was filling a hole preparatory to blasting, when an unlucky attrition ignited the powder, and a premature explosion ensued, communicating itself to other mines, and inflicting severe wounds upon the laborers and killing one of them. Naturally, there is great reluctance among them to continue their perilous work.

THE Director of the Archives at Naples is about to publish a complete edition of the Greek manuscripts existing there, as well as those found in the archives of Monte Cassino and Cava, and the archiepiscopate of Nardo. They are chiefly chronicles of the ninth and tenth centuries, when the Neapolitan provinces were occupied by the Greeks, and their publication will offer to historical research rich and valuable material.

THE Italian elections have resulted, so far as their result is known, in the triumph of the liberal party, and the defeat alike of the clerical faction, which dreams of the restoration of the old order of things, and the *partito d'azione*, which looks to the immediate and violent acquisition of Rome and Venice. The *Journal des Débats* justly attaches the greatest importance to this result, which it regards as a part and sequence of the liberal and prudent policy which has continued to preside over the destinies of the new kingdom. Ricasoli, the old minister of the interior (one of the best and ablest men in Italy), is returned by the moderate party from Florence. Garibaldi is elected by the radicals in Naples, of course; in Naples they will continue to vote for Garibaldi when he is dead; and the enthusiastic love of the people finds like expression everywhere. Garibaldi refused to take any part in the election at Milan, where, next after Naples, Garibaldini most abound, but his name was used in spite of him at Turin, where he received the homage of eighty-five useless votes. At Genoa, Mazzini (although an exile from the kingdom) was a candidate, and had a very respectable minority. Correspondence of the *Débats* sums up the result as one which will give the liberals a majority, show a slight gain for the radicals, and leave the clericals in such small number as scarcely to afford material for organization.

THERE is a rumor and its contradiction that the ex-King of Naples, in the expectation of unpleasant changes at Rome, had accepted, as his residence, the island of Locnoma, near Ragusa, on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, which is said to have been offered by our neighbor Maximilian.

THE Italian war frigate *Magenta* is about to sail on a voyage round the world. She will leave Montevideo, where she is now stationed, double the Cape of Good Hope, visit China, Japan, and Australia, cross the Pacific to California, touch at Peru, and, passing through the Straits of Magellan, return to Italy.

SOME of the Italian journals are disposed to regard the retirement of the Pope's Secretary of War, Mgr. de Merode, as an event favorable to the adjustment of the existing difficulties between Italy and St. Peter. It is thought that Antonelli, whose opinions will probably be the inspiration of the new secretary, General Kantzler, is more inclined to accept the situation resulting from the convention of the 15th of September than Mgr. de Merode, not because he is friendlier to Italy than Monsignor but because he is a wiser man, and can see no good for the Holy See in the prolonged quarrel with Victor Emmanuel. General Kantzler commanded a brigade under Lamoricière, and has held, since 1848, the post of inspector of infantry in the Papal army. His administrative abilities are said to have recommended him to St. Peter.

A RUSSIAN paper describes a recent Mohammedan execution at Batum, in Asia, which the French journals characterize as "truly patriarchal" in its simplicity. The murderer was brought into the market-place, and made to kneel with his head on the block, while his kinsmen appealed to the relatives of his victim for the mercy which, according to the Turkish law, they have the power to extend at the last moment. All consented to the pardon but the grandmother of the murdered man, and she failed to find among her kindred any who would be the criminal's executioner. At last, a stranger in the crowd consented to assume the office for twenty piastres. Advancing to the condemned, he encouraged him with the hope that when the grandmother saw the naked knife displayed she would relent, and then, seizing him by the hair, and crying, "Look, old woman!" struck off his head at a blow.

IT is hard to read the diary of Captain Wirtz, late of the Confederate service, and more recently hanged at Washington, without being reminded of the peculiar moral and intellectual qualities of two well-known characters of fiction. The body-snatcher, in "The Tale of Two Cities," who habitually spoke of himself as an honest tradesman; and the murderous rogue Riderhood, in "Our Mutual Friend," who almost persuaded himself that he got his living by the sweat of his brow, had nothing stranger in their habits of thought, nor anything more improbable in their composition, than the late Captain Wirtz, who quitted the world in a resolute humor of injured innocence, and left it the reproaches of a murderer convinced of his martyrhood. There is something strangely horrible in the way this wretched man reiterates, day after day, in his journal, protestations of guiltlessness which he could not himself have originally credited; and the effort he makes to believe himself the victim of perjured witnesses and unjust judges is not less ghastly. It need not be said that there was, of course, no earthly reason why anything should have been done, but from a sense of truth and justice, to procure the death of a person of so little individual account as Captain Wirtz, and so far as human intelligence can decide, there is no doubt that he died for murder done, and for cruelty more pitiless than murder. It is probable, moreover, that there has not been a throb of sympathy for his suffering, nor will be one of regret for his fate, throughout the whole world. Men were not touched with respect for the courage with which he died; but as the drop fell from under him, and he swung trembling in the noose, a yell of loathing for the man, even in the agony of death, and an irrepressible execration, burst from the multitude of witnesses, and found a mute echo everywhere.

Now that he is dead, there has scarcely been an effort to touch those chords of popular feeling which have been known to respond to the story of the most ferocious criminals' careers and expiations; and one reads the diary which he has left behind with a dull horror, passing into shuddering disgust when such a man likens his death in its innocence to that of the Saviour of the world, and only finds the difference in the fact that Christ died to atone for sinners, while he is to die for no just reason that he knows. He struggles hard to find grievances against the Government, and mixed with his prayers and protestations is a sort of fierce and ironical drollery. The diary may well be read as a study of the kind of European character which absorbs from our civilization its vulgarity and grotesqueness, and mistakes these for the American spirit, while it remains essentially unchanged in its native

qualities of subjection and baseness. It is the character which is naturalized to our institutions by lewd politicians and the low-pitched slang of newspapers, which is disgusting at all times, and as embodied by Wirtz, in the presence of death, revolting. Wirtz had never grown to understand our liberty but as something that gave evil impunity, nor our law but as something that violated the fundamental principle of liberty. Certainly, having spent a great part of his life in the South, where law and liberty were alike ludicrous lies, he was not altogether to blame for his error of theory, but it was one which even a Southerner, if native born, would not have made. Full of this delusion to the last, he considered himself wronged by accusation and oppressed by trial; and he says, with a strange touch of the popular oration and the railing editorial, in the humility of his inborn slavishness:

"I have heard when I was a boy that the eagle was the king of birds; if he is, how is it that he stoops so low to tear with his talons an humble captain, and is afraid to strike men such as I could name? Poor eagle, I pity thee! thy arts are more like those of a buzzard."

Viewed in a light of more universal interest, the character of Wirtz is not less instructive. We refuse to think that he originally believed himself guiltless of the crimes imputed to him, but it is probable that he did not consider himself a very wicked man. Conscious depravity does not always follow sin, and a man may continue long in a career of evil, and even of violence, and yet be aware of such possibilities of good in his nature that he may doubt if indeed he be a bad man. Crimes he may have committed, but he is sensible that he is not without pity and a willingness to do good where it will serve as well as evil. He looks into his heart and finds there tender memories of childhood, regard for friends, gratitude to benefactors, love of wife, children, father, and mother, and a hope, dumb and helpless for the most part, certainly, but still a hope—of heaven. Such a man may well question if he be black as his guilt has made him, but his doubt is not the less a delusion, and he is all the more dangerous and desperate for it.

THE FREEDMEN.

Gen. Howard addressed the colored citizens of New Orleans at the Orleans Theatre on Sunday evening, Nov. 5. The audience was as ample as could be accommodated, and manifested great enthusiasm for the honored head of the Freedmen's Bureau. His speech, as reported at length in the New Orleans *Tribune*, contained his customary explanation of the object of the Bureau—to break the shock of the transition from slavery to freedom. The necessity, on the part of the colored people, of forbearance towards their former masters and oppressors was dwelt upon, and their duties as industrious and intelligent citizens clearly pointed out. Especially were they to seek to educate themselves and their children, emulating in this the spirit of their brethren in Tallahassee, who had established and supported exclusively six schools, of which he had found two in cellars under grocery stores. Gen. Howard addressed the freedmen of Jackson, Mississippi, on the 11th, and returned to Washington *via* Cairo on Saturday.

Gen. Baird relieved Gen. Fullerton as assistant commissioner for Louisiana on the 11th.

On the 27th ult. Gen. Tillson, acting assistant commissioner for Georgia, addressed the members of the State Convention at Milledgeville, in compliance with a resolution of that body. His remarks were admirably adapted to explain the relation of the Federal Government to the entire population of the States lately in rebellion, as exhibited in the aims and organization of the Bureau. The general freely acknowledged that the freedman retained the vices of the slave—the vices of weakness and poverty—lying and theft, and that he must be subjected to a proper guardianship against the consequences of these inbred habits. On the other hand, he could not overlook the fact that the contracts made by many proprietors with their laborers often gave very inadequate compensation, and were framed so as to leave the latter in debt at their expiration. He reminded the convention that acts of cruelty and injustice were of common, he might say, in some places, of hourly, occurrence.

"I know that you, as representatives of the State, would be shocked, mortified, and indignant at this hideous array. There are not a few instances in this State where freedom has been a bitter mockery to these people, and where they have been subjected to cruelty from which they would have been protected as slaves. Now I do not propose to be guilty of the short-sighted stupidity and injustice of judging the whole people of Georgia by men mean, brutal, and cowardly enough to practise useless, unnecessary cruelty on a race already poor, ignorant, and suffering. Such miscreants were never a part of the real people of Georgia; they are the rowdies, blacklegs, and scoundrels of the State, who now take advantage of the disturbed and unsettled condition of affairs to indulge in their natural brutal propensities. I know that you must despise and abhor such men and their acts."

He was gratified to inform them that there was a noticeable and gradual improvement of the freedmen, and a promising diminution of crime among them. Against the notion that as soon as civil government is restored and the army removed, the negro will be forced back into his former condition or something akin to it, the general asserted in the most positive terms the intention of the nation to protect those whom it had freed. In the discharge of that duty the officers of the Bureau would act firmly and impartially, as became the interests of both classes of the population.

The circular of Col. Whittlesey, assistant commissioner for North Carolina, indicates the purpose of Government to reduce to a minimum the number of those who are now dependent upon it for subsistence. The members of freedmen's camps and colonies are directed to find employment at once, and no more rations will be issued to those who refuse situations where they might obtain support. Idleness and wilful vagrancy are to be punished. Paupers are to be turned over to the "Wardens of the Poor." The laws of the State concerning white apprenticeship will be applied to orphans, the children of those who have no honest calling, and other minors with the consent of their parents.

Rev. John Kimball, superintendent for the Bureau of freedmen's schools in the District, reports the whole number in Washington, Alexandria, Georgetown, and vicinity to be forty-one, of which all but seven are free, the latter being private enterprises. These schools represent fifteen societies, employing ninety-one teachers, and embrace 4,884 scholars, with an average daily attendance of 3,566. There are, besides, at least thirteen night-schools—the largest numbering a hundred and fifty, the smallest twelve or fifteen scholars. A majority of these are free, but in some a tuition fee of seventy-five cents or a dollar is charged. They are attended altogether by adults. There are also three industrial schools, conducted by Mrs. Griffing, Mrs. Barnard, and the New England Friends. Miss Walker will presently start a fourth at the Campbell Hospital. The soldiers' free library has been turned over to the Bureau, and will be used as a depository for all books donated in the District. Donations are requested. The colored people have purchased ground at Falls Church and Hall's Hill as school sites, and will undertake to move buildings there if Government will loan them. Secretary Harlan has granted the use of several valuable lots in Washington for educational purposes.

—It will be remembered that the freedmen's school at Tullahoma, Tennessee, was destroyed by incendiaries not many weeks since. Gen. Thomas gave orders that the citizens should rebuild it, and they not complying, he put every one of them under guard until his requirements were obeyed.

—Reports from Fort Smith, Arkansas, describe a merciless persecution by the rebel Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians of the colored people among them, especially of those who, during the war, left their families to join the Union forces either in loyal Indian or colored regiments, and who have since returned. This patriotic service, coupled with the emancipation of their late slaves, has stimulated the doubly savage masters to atrocities in which the barbarism of slavery vies with that of nature.

—Gen. Augur has ordered that hereafter no colored man, within the limits of his department, shall be whipped under any law of Virginia.

—Certain sentences recently obtained against the negroes of Maryland foreshadow the "protection" which the race is likely to receive from the still more southern courts, when the military shall have been withdrawn. A colored woman named Julia Handy was convicted of enticing her children to run away from Col. Walton, to whom they had been bound apprentices. The children swore positively that they alone were responsible for their conduct, and that their mother urged them to return. The colonel testified only that he had seen them together; but the jury were ready to fill the hiatus with an inference. In another instance Judge Tuck, of the Circuit Court now in session at Annapolis, is declared, though the statement is scarcely credible, to have sentenced two girls convicted of larceny to be *sold* for two years within the State, and a negro woman for six months out of the State. Yet Maryland was third in ratifying the Constitutional Amendment!

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which vertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

SOUTHERN INDISCRETION.

THE wisdom of the old adage recommending people not to "halloo till they are out of the wood" has received a striking illustration from the history of the "reconstruction" process during the last few weeks. We have already commented upon the remarkable power of adaptation and the great practical sense displayed by the Southern people after the resistance in the field had ceased. They at once prepared themselves to do whatever might be required of them as the condition of their release from the position of conquered provinces. They laid down their arms, denounced all attempts at guerrilla warfare, acknowledged that their slaves were free, and, in fact, gave the Government to understand that it had only to name the terms on which it would restore civil government in order to have them formally acceded to. The North was still heated by battle, maddened by Mr. Lincoln's murder, and Mr. Johnson was generally supposed to be a furious *sans-culotte* who thirsted for aristocratic blood. At that time, in fact, most Southern men looked forward to exemption from hanging and forfeiture of goods as the utmost they could hope for.

The suddenness and completeness of this submission seem to have completely disarmed Mr. Johnson. The amnesty proclamation was already out with the $20,000 clause, which was to smite the leaders to the dust; but he at once set to work to take the sting out of it by wholesale pardons. He then entered on his plan of reconstruction, which was so much more favorable than the South ever hoped for that it electrified it once more into something like its old political activity. He turned a deaf ear to all the warnings addressed to him from the North showing that in the condition of the negro was to be found the key to the Southern problem, and treated this condition as if the really important matter was not what it should be, but who should regulate it. He created machinery for the restoration of the States to the Union, and put its management into the hands of the very men who had borne a more or less active part in the rebellion, and asked for no modifications of the old State constitutions which the fortune of war had not already rendered unavoidable.

Now, the two things which the South feared most of all, as consequences of their defeat, was the confiscation of their property and the interference of the North with the political status of the negro. They had no more objection to the abolition of slavery than they had to wet weather, short crops, or any other dispensation of Providence, and were no more disposed to resist it. It did not cost them a single pang, either, to repeal the ordinances of secession any more than it would cost them to surrender their old colonial charters. Sacrifices of claims which people have not the slightest hope of ever making good are never very painful. And yet, at the outset, these two things were virtually all that Mr. Johnson asked of them in return for the restoration of their civil rights. They were, of course, astonished at his moderation, and with good reason.

We confess we were of the number of those who thought that he ought to have seized the opportunity offered by the state of depression in which he found the South at the close of the contest, not to humiliate, or insult, or trample on her people, but to exact of them such changes in their political system as he was satisfied were necessary for the future peace and prosperity of the nation. He told Major Stearns he thought such negroes as could read and write, or as owned property, or as had served in the army, ought to be allowed to vote. We presume when he said this he meant that it would not only be just to allow them to do so, but expedient. He might have exacted this from every State at the South, just as readily as he has exacted the repudiation of its war debt, the abolition of slavery, and the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. The plea so much relied on at one time, that he could not constitutionally interfere with State suffrage, was always an almost absurd one, and, we are glad to see, is now never put forward. The negroes whom this modification of the law would have admitted to vote might have been very small in all the States; in some it might have admitted none at all. It is possible, too, that the immediate value of the vote to the colored race would have been very trifling; but the concession of it on any conditions with which a man could comply without the working of a miracle, would, at least, have settled a great principle and put an end at once to a troublous agitation. And what was almost as important, it would have taught the South a lesson which, in our opinion, would have powerfully influenced both their opinions and acts during the remainder of their reconstructive labors. He refused, however, to touch the matter, and some people are now of opinion that he finds some justification for his refusal in the recent vote in Connecticut—an argument which will have some value when it can be shown that he has a right to prescribe what white men shall vote in Connecticut, or to set up a "provisional governor" beside Governor Buckingham.

The result of his excessive tenderness was, as many shrewd people expected, to rouse in these Southerners their old audacity. The submissive tone which followed Johnston's surrender was soon laid aside, and we began speedily to hear of things which the South would not do, and which Mr. Johnson *ought* not to require. The conventions first began to make wry faces over admitting negro testimony in the courts, and this pill they never would have swallowed if it had not seemed the only way of escaping the jurisdiction of the Freedmen's Bureau. They are now wringing their hands over the repudiation of the rebel debt, and during the coming week will probably be engaged in swallowing the Constitutional Amendment; but Mr. Johnson has had to exact all these things from them by successive stages, supplementing his original plan little by little, as the spirit and purpose of the men he has had to deal with became more fully apparent. We do not say that this is not a wise, prudent mode of action. Under ordinary circumstances it is always a safe one, and it is a way of reaching political results with which nobody but geniuses can always dispense; but his resorting to it shows that it was not the radicals who were wrong last June.

It has had in this instance the good effect of betraying the South into a revelation of its real feelings and intentions, and of satisfying the President that he was too hasty in reaching his conclusions as to its temper. His refusal to withdraw his provisional governors, even from the States which have complied with all his requirements, reveals the full measure of his own disappointment, though his is probably not half as great as that of the Southerners themselves. The secrets they have betrayed, however, in their hurry to get back under "the old flag," may, if we be wise, prove invaluable. We now know that there is really hardly a man at the South who believes that the negro can be elevated above his present condition. The great mass are satisfied, moreover, that he ought not to be, and are determined that he shall not. Governor Humphreys has said as much in his message to the Mississippi Legislature; the newspapers of the State re-echo the sentiment, and we hear already, before the sound of the last shots of the war have well died out, the old threats of lynching Northern men who may venture to open their lips about the negro's condition. There is a vagrant bill before the same Legislature, the very reading of which is a disgrace to American civilization, and which, if enacted and put in force, would not only restore slavery in a modified form, but stamp us at the North, if we looked on calmly at its working, with indelible disgrace.

The other States have not got so far yet as Mississippi, but we hear already from South Carolina, which is next in the reconstruction race, talk of "labor laws" which will almost restore the negro to his old state, minus the liability to sale. The South Carolinian press openly warns all whom it may concern that that State will neither provide education for the blacks nor allow others to do so. The most moderate and intelligent and humane Southern men now, if pressed hard, confess their belief that the negro race is doomed to "die out," or as the common run of Southerners less mincingly call it, to be "killed off," and everybody who knows anything of human nature knows how apt prophecies of this kind are to bring about their own fulfilment.

We say nothing here of the stories which reach us of wholesale assassination of negroes in every direction, and of the terrible mortality amongst them from hunger and exposure, and of the general indisposi-

tion at the South, as revealed in all the acts and words of the people, to regard the life of a negro as that of a human being. But from no quarter does there come, or has there come from first to last, the slightest proof of the existence of any widespread willingness to do anything, or allow anything to be done, to raise these unfortunates above their present condition, or to give them even a fair chance in the race of life. What Mr. Johnson insists upon is done, and that grudgingly; but he has insisted upon nothing which will prevent the reduction of the blacks to a condition but one degree removed from, and in some respects more marked by physical suffering than, slavery itself, the minute the States are restored to the Union and the military force withdrawn. In short, unless Congress does its duty, we shall, in our opinion, witness at the South, during the next few years, one of the most tremendous and revolting crimes ever perpetrated by a community laying claims to civilization, and we shall witness the substitution for slavery of a social organization marked by every feature which made slavery politically dangerous.

FRENCH MORALS AND FRENCH POLITICS.

THE letter which we published in our last number gave a picture of society in Paris so repulsive that, we presume, those who have not watched the growth of the arts by which the empire has been built up and consolidated, must have had a good deal of difficulty in believing that it could be faithful. But, unhappily, the very same story is told by all who have enjoyed reasonable opportunities of observation.

Partly owing to the example of the court, and partly to the extraordinary love of luxury produced and fostered by the great commercial activity which the empire has undoubtedly created, the distinction between the *monde* and the *demi-monde*, which, unsatisfactory as it may have been in the best of times to the moralist, at all events proved that there was still something respectable about virtue, has been all but effaced. There is hardly a species of triumph valued in society which the fine ladies of the Quartier Bréda are not now as able, even better able, to achieve than the fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. Accordingly we hear that parties are now given by women whose name would, a few years ago, never have been mentioned above a whisper in a respectable house, which in everything that makes a party attractive far surpass those of the best women in Paris. The rooms are as handsome, the lights as bright, the flowers as fresh and costly, the wines as fine, the cookery as delicate, and the music even better than any duchess can furnish, and what is worse than this is, that the company, at least as far as the gentlemen are concerned, is as "select" as any which can be got together by any species of attraction under an honest roof. And worse even than this, the *demi-monde* has at last succeeded in acquiring the last and sweetest of all distinctions, that of setting the fashions, in clothes, hair-dressing, attitudes and gestures, and even intonation. Of course, where their manners are copied, so are their morals. M. Dupin, in the speech, which we may now call famous, delivered a few months ago in the Senate, on female extravagance, gave utterance to opinions as to the effects of the prevailing rage for fine clothes on domestic morality, which called forth hearty expressions of concurrence from his audience, and the correctness of which neither the press nor the public has ventured to question. There has, however, always been a good deal of elegance and refinement about French vice. To the imperial régime belongs the credit of having stripped it of these attractions, and made it hideously coarse. We are assured that it has for some time been a favorite amusement in court circles to sing barrack-room songs, with appropriate gestures; and now the climax is capped by the practice, which our correspondent describes, of dragging the most notorious and least fastidious warblers of the *cafés chantants* into aristocratic salons to entertain the company with the coarsest songs in their *répertoire*.

Unfortunately, the example of the court was never so contagious in France as now. Government has at all periods occupied the position of a providence to the population in that country in a greater degree than in any other in Europe, and been its guide, philosopher, and exemplar. But, under the *ancien régime*, the strict and well-defined division of society into classes prevented the morals or manners of the court, let them be ever so bad, from influencing anybody but the noblesse of the capital. The bourgeoisie never thought of aping the aristocracy. In Paris, as in all the provincial towns, there was, down to the time of the Revolution, a large middle class, composed of the families of lawyers, belonging to the various "parlements," and of those of traders and manufacturers, whose life was sober, austere, secluded, to a degree that a Puritan would have almost called "godly," amongst whom traditions of simplicity, probity, and decorum were preserved with religious care, and who looked out upon the gay and licentious life of the court circle as something with which they had no concern, and by which they were neither touched nor tempted.

That class exists no longer. There is now hardly such a thing as a class in France. Every position, social as well as official, is attainable by everybody; but the influence of the court, while as powerful as ever, extends, of course, over an area proportionately wider than ever. There is nobody who does not thirst, and even hope, for a share in court amusements, and who does not feel himself entitled, if he pleases, to imitate court manners or adopt court morals. It is in this fact that is to be found the full atrocity of the modes of distracting public attention from the great game of politics to which the Emperor, or the men he has about him, is resorting.

What will be the ultimate result of the experiment which he is making, whether a Cæsarist despotism can really be founded by such arts as those in a Christian country, and in the middle of the nineteenth century, time only can tell. Our correspondent, who is well qualified to express the feelings of all that is best in the French nation, is confident that the heart of the people is still sound, and that a terrible reaction against the debasing process to which French society is subjected will take place before very long. There is no question that there is in the French people of all conditions a capacity for appreciating whatever is lovely and of good report, such as is found in other European countries only among the cultivated and refined; that the sentiment of personal honor, of dignity, and self-respect goes deeper down in society there than anywhere else, and that in the heart even of the peasant or the private soldier, the poet or orator or preacher may find a response for which, amongst any other people of a similar class, he might look in vain.

But when we come to calculate what the influence of the spirit of this commercial age on French manners and morals, and consequently on French politics, is likely to be, we are met at the outset of the enquiry by the disagreeable and embarrassing fact, for fact it is, that almost all that portion of the population which has extricated itself from the bonds of superstition is completely given over to materialism, has little or no faith in anything above or beyond this solid earth that we live on. Nor is this something altogether new. Frenchmen have always tended strongly in this direction. One of the ablest of French writers has wittily described French want of spirituality by saying that "the truth is that France has never been thoroughly convinced of the vanity of the world; an exact and firm appreciation of the things of the earth—this is her heritage." It is, however, one of the most important and suggestive facts in political history that no people has long maintained its public any more than its private virtue after it has generally lost faith in things unseen, or ceased to consider this world as but the passage to a better one. Whatever political force the consideration of the effect of one's conduct on the happiness of one's fellow men may acquire hereafter, it is certain that up to this time the cause of freedom and good government, as well as of domestic virtue, has been found to languish just in proportion to the popular devotion to merely material pleasures. And just as there has never been an age in which the tendency to decide all great political questions by considerations of profit and loss, of more or less clothes or jewelry or furniture, was stronger than in this, so there has never been an age in which it was in so great a degree men's duty to keep their eyes fixed steadily on remote results, and to refuse to submit either their conscience or their conduct to the regulation of accountants or custom-house officers or upholsterers. Imports and exports may rise, cotton may be plenty, the consumption of beef, silk, and jewelry may increase, but the last word is still not said. The goodness or badness of government has still to be judged by another standard, and it is a standard which no people has ever yet suc-

cessfully applied to whom, however keen their enjoyment of the things of this life, the nothingness of time and the vastness and importance of eternity were not constantly present.

GLEANINGS FROM THE FOREIGN PRESS.

THE Continental journals have had a good deal to say about the dismissal of Mgr. de Merode ("from considerations of health") and the appointment of General Kantzler—more subservient to the will of Cardinal Antonelli—in his place.

"Now that this dismissal," says a correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, "has made more noise than was desirable, an attempt is made to color the act with a pretext, and to throw a cushion to break monsignor's fall. To this end quite a little family romance has been imagined. . . . It is from excess of affection that the Holy See has shown its pro-minister to the door. It is from excess of affection that he has been withdrawn from duties which were undermining his health, and a salary which was exhausting his purse, for he found means to expend six times as much as he earned. A little more of this excess of affection and he would have been conducted to the frontier from brigade to brigade."

The *Moniteur* having published, after more than a fortnight's delay, the sanitary advice of the Council of Hygiene in regard to the cholera, the *Journal des Débats* surmises that the interval was intended as a respite for the epidemic in which to repent and betake itself elsewhere.

"As for the advice in itself," it continues, "we are unable to appreciate it with our moderate capacity. We shall merely remark that it formally invites the public to 'put no trust in the pretended modes of prevention and cure whose properties are asserted and extolled.' After making as large an allowance as you please for quackery, which never fails to flourish in such deplorable circumstances as those in which we now find ourselves, it may still be asked of the Council of Hygiene if they are themselves in possession of sure means of combating the epidemic. By their own avowal, they know of none. How, then, can they affirm so positively that there is no virtue in the preventives and remedies that are heralded on all sides? . . After all, when we have read the *Moniteur's* instructions, we know very little more than we did before, except that the essential thing is to adopt a good hygienic regimen, that this regimen is rarely observed, and that the majority of the victims of the epidemic are themselves to blame. Of course, those who die are always to blame for dying, and the accident which befals them, having possibly the appearance of an act of opposition, irritates the official journal. This uncomfortable feeling is, besides, very natural; the *Moniteur* is unwilling that the cholera should exist, or, at least, could wish that it existed so slightly as not to be worth mentioning. We and everybody else could wish this also; but, to our thinking, the wisest course would be to exhibit things as they are, rather than to leave the popular imagination unbounded latitude for magnifying the evil, and assigning it proportions which it fortunately does not own."

The disastrous and almost mysterious explosion of a gasometer at the London Gaslight Company's works, at Nine Elms, on the Thames, has startled not a little the inhabitants of the metropolis. The accident appears to be quite unprecedented, and has naturally caused much anxious discussion in the press. The *Times* remarks:

"It is well known that ordinary gas is not inflammable except when combined in certain proportions with atmospheric air or with oxygen, and the reason why it is said to be impossible for a gasometer to explode is that the gas within it is supposed to be free from any such intermixture. It is suggested, therefore, that the gas must have escaped in the meter-house, must there have become sufficiently diluted to be inflammable, and that this explosion ignited the gas in the first gasometer, which, again, ignited the second. It will be observed that the second gasometer, though ignited, did not explode. The gas simply burnt away at the escape which was opened for it, just as it does in the ordinary gas-lights in our own houses. It is certain that if there was anything in the form of an explosion in the first gasometer the gas must in some way have become mixed with air or oxygen. It is also suggested that the present system of manufacture renders it possible for such an admixture to occur, but it is difficult to believe that the gas could be so diluted as this supposition implies without becoming nearly useless for purposes of illumination. The injury to the roof appears to be nearly all the damage inflicted upon the first gasometer, and one would certainly expect more serious injuries if the explosion of the gas within had been complete."

The *Post* rehearses at length "a strange chapter in the annals of crime" which was opened recently at the Marylebone Police Court, and of which it says:

"The subject-matter of it affords a curious illustration of modern civilization and the advantages of a cheap literature of fiction. A band of juvenile thieves—the eldest of whom was only fifteen, and the youngest and presumably the cleverest, the most adroit, vigilant, and trustworthy of the gang, only ten years of age—were brought up charged by the police with being concerned in stealing a couple of pairs of boots, and charged by themselves with no end of other robberies. They seemed ashamed of being placed in the dock, or at least ranged in a row in front of the solicitors' table—for the dock would not hold them—on so puerile a charge as the robbery of only two pairs of boots, and volunteered a statement of their recent thefts. One is struck by the exploits of these young robbers, and the business-like way in which they carried on their depredations. It is a melancholy, deplorable narrative from first to last. These wretched children manifest no small skill, daring, and intelligence; and they appear to have possessed at least enough education to enable them to become acquainted with the names of the worst thieves who have ever lived, and who have strangely been made the heroes of romance. Each of these incipient embryotic highwaymen and housebreakers, if not murderers, had a professional pseudonym —a *nomme de guerre* selected from the literature of crime—and by which he was known among his associates in the small war which they jointly carried on against property and society."

The hope is expressed that these unfortunate children, some of whom are said to have respectable parents, will be sent to a reformatory; but the *Times* gives the story of a lad, fourteen years of age, who ran away from the Stoke Farm reformatory in Worcestershire, and whose representations, with all due allowance, are not flattering to the institutions in question:

"While he complained of the severity of the discipline, and particularly of the food served out to himself and his companions in winter, he entered into a description of the way in which they employ their liberty of intercourse with each other. 'The boys all associated together, and told each other the particulars of the burglaries, highway-robberies, and thefts they had severally committed, and how they had committed them, and he who had perpetrated the most daring offence and robbed the public to the largest extent was always considered the cleverest in the reformatory, and before he left he generally gave full instructions as to how the other boys could best plunder their friends and neighbors when they came out."

The *Spectator*, in an article on "Drawing-room Politics," having affirmed that "Mr. Gladstone in a cellar would be Mr. Gladstone all the same, but Lord Palmerston minus Cambridge House and all the influence Cambridge House involved, would not have been quite the same," finds it "a curious speculation to discover why," and says:

"The truth is that the assistance of a salon, at once popular and fashionable, places in the hands of the Ministry a patronage almost as valuable as that of the Government. No sensible man would deny that the latter is a source of strength, and so also is the former. As there are influential persons who secretly hunger for office, and pay, and patronage, so also there are influential persons, and influential persons' wives, who secretly thirst for social promotion, distinction among their friends, and envy from their inferiors. Why they should thirst is a matter beside the question. It is very ridiculous for Brown, the millionaire, to want to be seen in a room where he is utterly out of his element, and still more ridiculous for Smith, who has immense real power, to care for the visible stamp on that power which the *entrée* to certain houses places. The 'rank is but the guinea stamp,' and all that, but without the stamp the guinea is only gold, not coin, and this particular kind of guinea wants to be current. We do not see that the ambition, imbecile as it is, is much more imbecile than that which tempts Brown to give champagne when he can only afford sherry, or Robinson to try dinners *à la russe* when he and his guests too would much rather have plain mutton. The fact remains that there is such a thirst, and that the possession of social patronage is therefore a great power. Look at the list of candidates for seats—three thousand of them in Mr. Brand's list alone—and see how many of them are willing to sacrifice thousands, and give up their ease, and lead lives which are a burden to them, simply for the sake of social promotion. They are getting up to the light, as they think, though in fact that eminence is perhaps the dreariest of all, and they cry 'Excelsior!' as eagerly as if they were following a great idea or were buoyed up by a great hope. What they get by entrance into Parliament their wives get by certain invitations; and the right of issuing them, of writing a card which makes the unknown less unknown or even well known, is a formidable right. It is a power all the greater because it belongs to so few. No position requires such a combination of rank and tact, none can be spoiled so easily by want either of tact or industry."

Correspondence.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES.

II.

THEIR STATUS UNDER THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONFEDERATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

In my previous letter I attempted to show that the Anglo-American Colonies, though indisputably enjoying and exercising, under the British crown, larger political powers and higher political prerogatives than those which are possessed by the States under the federal Constitution, neither were nor could be, at any time before the National Declaration of Independence in 1776, in any just sense, individual sovereignties. Upon a hasty view of the subject this might seem a superfluous labor, for nothing is more certain than that, so far from claiming the attribute of sovereignty for themselves separately, they never even held themselves absolved from their allegiance to the British crown until the summer of 1776, when the

progress of events had gradually changed the political relations as well as the military position of the belligerent parties. But, as I shall have occasion to repeat hereafter, the mere opinion of the colonists as to their political condition is of little moment; for that was, in great part at least, matter of law. The declarations, resolutions, laws of the colonial legislatures, alone, neither made nor unmade the commonwealths in whose behalf they spoke. The individuality of the State is a continuation of the individuality of the colony, and it has never yet been shown, though often enough passionately asserted, that any new political element had ever been introduced into that individuality. A transfer of allegiance, indeed, there has been. The people of the Union have inherited the sovereign rights of the British throne, and to that people the States now owe the allegiance which as colonies they owed to that throne.

It is, therefore, very important that we understand thoroughly not so much what the American publicists of the Revolutionary period thought about their political status, as what that status really was; for in no other way can we come, historically or logically, to a true conclusion as to what the political condition of the States now is.

Persons who have not made themselves well acquainted with the history of the war of 1775–83 are apt to suppose that, because the revolt ended in a revolution, it began with one. Such is by no means the fact. The insurgents of 1775 looked for redress of their grievances from a just administration of the constitutional powers, and a just discharge of the constitutional duties, of the British government, not for a separation from the parent state. The Congress of that year adjourned with an expectation that wiser counsels would prevail in the royal cabinet, and that thus the harmony between the metropolitan and the colonial territories would be restored. It declared that the American people were waging hostilities against "a corrupt administration," not against the British people or the common hereditary ruler of both. All public authorities professed allegiance to the British crown, prayers for the king continued to be offered up in the performance of divine service, and in the proclamation of a fast by Congress the clergy and people were requested to beseech the Almighty "to bless our *rightful sovereign*, King George III., and inspire him with wisdom."

It was, indeed, found necessary to treat the royal authority as suspended until these prayers should be granted and the needed "wisdom" vouchsafed. It was not, however, for a moment imagined that the sovereignty was in the interim lodged anywhere except in the whole people of the united colonies, the chief ultimate organ and exponent of whose will was, not the local authorities, which, in every colony but two, *derived their power from the British government, and were legally its agents*, but Congress, which was a body unknown to the British crown, and created by the colonies as the guardian of the public liberties.

The distinction thus early made between Congress and the colonial legislatures is a fact of vast historical and legal significance. From the moment that a national Congress was constituted, the people looked to it as the immediate source of all official power and jurisdiction, and they considered their own domestic legislative and executive bodies as deriving their legality *from Congress*—the mouth-piece and interpreter of the national will—and not merely from their direct constituents. It was *by the assent and upon the recommendation of Congress* that the colonies—except in the case of Rhode Island and Connecticut, which had always chosen the members of their colonial governments by virtue of the provisions of their charters—established first temporary, and afterwards more permanent, local governments, which, by a resolution of the national legislature, were warned against intermeddling with national affairs, by even so much as separately petitioning the king or parliament. When these governments had been thus established as dependencies of Congress, not of the crown, that body declared further adherence to British supremacy to be a crime, the crime of treason, and because it had not yet established courts of its own, it remitted the trial of persons accused of this greatest of political offences to the colonial tribunals, and requested the colonial legislatures to pass laws for its punishment.

The declarations of independence by individual colonies, to which far too great historical and legal importance has been attached, were not spontaneous movements of the people of this or that one of the several colonies or of their legislatures. They were, as Marshall observes, *brought about by "the influence of Congress."* The object of Congress in stimulating these proceedings was to familiarize the citizens of the colonies with the ideas of separation from Great Britain and national independence, to prepare them for the solemn declaration of sovereignty by the organ of the whole people of the nation, which it was foreseen would soon become both expedient and necessary, and to commit them, so far as possible through their legislatures, to the support of Congress in this great measure.

It now becomes necessary to examine the true import and value of the Declaration of Independence by Congress, on the Fourth of July, 1776, and of the Articles of Confederation, framed in 1777 and ratified in 1778. Before we proceed to the discussion of the force of words, phrases, and provisions in these remarkable instruments, attention must be drawn to three preliminary considerations which should always be borne in mind in scanning the action of Congress and of the people under them, and in estimating the actual relations between the people, Congress, and the provincial legislatures:

First. The organization of the Federal Government was not yet completed. It had no executive head, no judiciary, no direct personal relation between representative and constituent, and, therefore, no immediate organ of communication between Congress and the people. For this latter reason the legislative assemblies of the individual colonies, and for some time afterwards those of the States, were the most direct, though certainly very imperfect, exponents of the will of the people—the only means through which Congress could act on the nation or be acted upon by it. Besides this, emergencies often arose in which prompt action on the part of the colonial, the State, or inferior local officers was indispensable, without waiting for consultation with, or authorization from, Congress or each other. Hence the provincial organizations had, from necessity, a temporary importance which did not inherently belong to them, and which was lost for ever the moment Congress came, by virtue of the Constitution, to have an immediate constituency in the people, a Federal judiciary, and an executive who was the chief magistrate of the nation—not an instrument of the State legislatures, or the mere presiding officer of a deliberative body. Under such circumstances we are in danger of ascribing too much weight to instances of the exercise of independent power, and the assertion of independent right, by provincial jurisdictions, and to treat as substantial *indicia* of sovereignty colonial or State *declarations*, which were really only the will of the whole people through one or more of its thirteen mouth-pieces, public *acts*, done in the name and by the authorization of the local legislatures barely because there was not time, opportunity, or means for the intervention of a higher or even a co-equal power.

Secondly. In examining the written documents and the reported public discourses of the Revolutionary period, we must be on our guard against attaching to the terms of the political vocabulary the precise and uniform sense which more recent general usage has given to many of them, and especially against conceding that certain technical expressions were authoritatively employed with the distorted signification which commentators and interpreters of the sectional Southern school have long striven to affix to them. At the epoch in question there existed no special dialect suited to the discussion of the topics which the experiment of reconstituting American political society on a new and broader basis was forcing upon the minds of men. The language of the great English publicists of the seventeenth century had become somewhat obsolete, and, in any case, was by no means familiar to the social theorists of the united colonies; and there had as yet been no necessity for reviving that half-forgotten vocabulary, or of creating a new phraseology to serve for new conditions of associate life. We observe, therefore, a vagueness, a hesitancy and uncertainty, in the language of the political theorists and statesmen of the day which sometimes seems to extend even to the very grammatical forms of words familiar enough in their ordinary applications. This indistinctness of expression was augmented by the necessity of extreme caution and reserve on the part of public writers and speakers. Hostilities, as we have seen, had already existed more than a whole year before the public mind was prepared for the announcement of a conclusion which the boldest of the Revolutionary leaders had but lately found themselves obliged to accept—the conclusion, namely, that these hostilities were no longer an insurrection organized for the purpose of resisting the infringement of the commercial and municipal rights and privileges of the colonies, but had grown into a *justum bellum inter partes*, an international war, in which the original question of colonial rights and charter powers and obligations had been quite lost sight of. Men who had as yet but doubtful anticipations and dim conceptions of American independence and sovereignty would naturally be shy of committing themselves by positive and precise expressions, and the habit of using equivocal or, at least, indefinite language in relation to these great matters would continue for some time after they had taken a new position. The opinions, too, of American statesmen were necessarily more or less unsettled as to the ultimate form which the institutions of the new commonwealth would assume, and as to the precise legal relations of its constituent parts to each other and to the central power. They had as yet had no time for the consideration of such questions. They were struggling to establish the *fact* of a new national existence, and the definition of the particular *mode* of existence was not, for

the moment, a want so urgent as to make it necessary or even prudent for wise men to become committed to each other or to themselves on the subject. Besides, in the diversity of interests and of views which, in spite of the harmonizing influences of time and increased mutual intercourse, still existed between the various sections of the new republic, there was great fear of irreconcilable political difference, and men sometimes systematically avoided the use of forms and phrases which might provoke discussion or prematurely suggest questions the determination of which it was wiser to adjourn; sometimes yielded to the apprehension of discord, and allowed to pass, without criticism or objection, words or propositions which might possibly be interpreted as pledging them to views quite opposite to their own. For these reasons the style of congressional debate and of all public state papers was eminently what we now call *non-committal* on all points except the one cardinal question of national independence; and such others as absolutely *must* be determined in order to secure the necessary efficiency to the military operations, upon whose success the fate of everything Americans held dear depended. The provisions of congressional legislation and of all governmental ordinances were few and elastic. For the present, concert of action was indispensable, the future must be left to take care of itself; and all good patriots trusted to time, the development of common interests, the good-will growing out of community of action, the consciousness of the necessity of mutual sacrifices, to reconcile conflicting opinions and bring about a satisfactory solution of problems the discussion of which might for the time be safely postponed.

Thirdly. If we admit that the opinions of a majority of American publicists as to the legal character of the State organizations, and their relations to the federal Government were well settled and harmonized, and were also clearly expressed in the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution, it does not necessarily follow that we are in all possible cases absolutely bound by those opinions. So far, indeed, as the provisions of the latter instrument were *stipulations* between parties competent to contract, they are doubtless obligatory; but mere abstract propositions embodied in either of the three are subject to be reconsidered and overruled. In fact, Southern politicians of the State-rights school and their Northern allies have long maintained that no parts even of the Constitution are binding, except such as express compacts made upon a consideration, not only sufficient at the time but continuing sufficient in the opinion of all parties to the agreement. They hold, indeed, that the famous Virginia Resolutions are authoritative expositions of constitutional law, but, at the same time, they deny—and here they have had a majority of the Supreme Court with them—that the Ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery in the North-western Territory, has any validity at all, though it was framed by a body substantially the same as that which formed the Constitution, and was universally understood, at the time, as not merely a compact between the North and the South, but as a counterpart and condition of the Constitution itself, co-ordinate with that instrument and equally binding and obligatory. The advocates of extreme State-rights doctrines, then, have no right to complain if we *fairly* apply a principle which they have declared and perverted to most mischievous ends.

The political status of the revolting colonies and their relations to each other and to the Federal power as the exponent and organ of the sovereign will of the nation, are matter of law, and a large proportion of the legal principles applicable to these questions are in no sense dependent on imaginary compacts between the legislatures of the colonies—bodies whose authority to enter into political contracts was of a very limited nature—but they necessarily arise from the condition of the colonies as integral parts of one and the same empire, owing allegiance to one and the same sovereign head, bound by common interests, and acting together for the attainment of a common end, security, namely, against oppressions which, though often purely local in their operation, were nevertheless felt as violations of a common right because they injuriously affected parts of a common whole.

Hence the language of congressional and provincial debate and legislation, of official proclamations, of the declarations of independence, and even the Constitution, are to be interpreted in the light of contemporaneous FACTS, and words are not to be held to express meanings irreconcilable with the possibilities of governmental action or with the iron logic of events.

What, then, are the great and leading facts which, either in accordance with, or in spite of, the opinions of the time, determined the legal condition of the colonies, and, of course, the legal effect of all utterances of word or deed by their legislative assemblies, their executive officers, or their representatives in Congress?

The colonies were, in fact, always substantially parts of one commonwealth, but they did not constitute a formal and organized whole until they united for the common defence of their liberties and of their constitutional rights as British subjects whose government was administered by special jurisdiction created for that purpose and instituted by the colonial charters. This original union was not formed for any purpose of conquest, of aggressive warfare, or even of securing independence, but solely for the defence of the privileges which the colonists claimed by grant from the British crown. It contemplated no change in their condition or their relations to the mother country, aimed at no enlargement of their rightful powers, and sought only to secure that which they believed themselves already entitled to by the terms of the original concessions from the throne. In the course of a single year the character of the contest, the objects of the war, had undergone a total change, and it is a matter of extreme importance to observe that this revolution was the *cause*, not the *consequence*, of a corresponding change in the opinions, the feelings, and the aims of the people of the States. It was the folly and the obstinacy of the British Government, and the events to which such folly and obstinacy necessarily gave rise, not the will of the colonists, that absolved them from their native allegiance and made the American people sovereign and free. George the Third forced separation upon them. They accepted, and Congress declared their independence, not as a right to be conquered by force of arms, but as a fact already accomplished by agencies which they had not put in operation, and which they could not control. Having, then, proclaimed their acceptance of this cardinal fact, they took it with its natural and legal consequences, the most important of which was the ultimate transfer of the prerogatives of sovereignty to a new jurisdiction. When the British crown had forfeited, or, to use the apt expression of the Declaration of Independence, had "abdicated" the rights of government over the colonies, the sovereignty over them no longer resided in it. Where then did it lodge?

A nation or a people may be *independent* without a government, that is, it may be so conditioned that no foreign state has the right, the will, or the power to control it; but it cannot be recognized as *sovereign* without a general political organization and a visible head. The lawless hordes of nomad savages which roam over the Asiatic and African deserts are independent, but it would be an abuse of language to describe them as sovereign peoples; and it implies no contradiction in terms to affirm that there was a period when the Anglo-American colonists had been released from the dominion of England, and were, therefore, independent, but when they had not yet waked up to the consciousness of the national life that slept within them, and when, therefore, the attribute of sovereignty was only potentially, not actually, existent in the American people. In the meantime, the national sovereignty may properly be considered to have been, as was said in an article in the first number of THE NATION, "in abeyance," while the colonies were in the condition of "minors lawfully emancipated from the tyranny of an unnatural parent, but who have not yet chosen a legal guardian."

I think I have shown that the colonies, though, like many inferior municipal corporations, exercising certain attributes of sovereignty, were never, while colonies, truly sovereign political bodies, and I am aware of no sufficient grounds for contending that the one sovereignty of Great Britain, upon its forfeiture by that state, divided itself, polypus-like, into thirteen new sovereignties, and that these lodged themselves in municipal corporations which never even claimed to be independent until a national Government had been organized and proclaimed independence in the name and by the authority of the *people of the United States.* Then, indeed, the latent sovereignty became potent. It manifested itself as an indivisible attribute of the American people, in whom it still inalienably resides; and the various local organizations through which its functions are discharged, towns, cities, counties, States, the federal Government itself, are but its ministers.

G. P. M.

FLORENCE, Italy, Oct. 28.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XVIII.

KINGSTREE, S. C., Oct. 30, 1865.

THE traveller from North Carolina passes but a little distance into this State before he finds the outward indications of a widely different social organization. The scenery in its general aspect is the same. There, as well as here, for a hundred miles from the coast, the surface is very flat and traversed by many sluggish streams; pine barrens alternate with swamps, and by far the larger portion of the country is covered with forests. But the clearing of the small farmer is rarely seen; the fields of the great plantations spread wide on either hand till their bounding lines of woods appear as irregular black walls; the negro cabins, often neatly built, are gathered into little villages of twenty or thirty houses, and often it is possible to ride

three or four miles in a straight line within the limits of one man's land. The valleys of the creeks and rivers are possessed by the rich planters, the poor whites, whose local designation is "Backwoods People," occupy the ridges between. Their dwellings are seldom to be seen from the public thoroughfares, and one is surprised to hear that this class constitutes a great majority of the white population.

Yesterday morning, just after leaving Marion village, I turned from the main road, and, with the intention of making my ride a couple of miles shorter, followed a cart-path leading through the estate of a large cotton planter. Very soon I lost my way among the intricacies of the field-paths, and rode aside to the negro-quarters to ask for information, and, after the road had been pointed out, I said to two of the negroes: "Well, boys, have you raised much cotton and corn this year?"

"Raise corn, sir? Did n' plan' cotton; dis yer san' hill fiel' don' bring cotton nohow. We jus' done broke corn."

"You 'll make cotton this next year, I suppose?"

"Dunno, boss, dunno. We 's waiting till Jenewerry come. Den we kin know."

"Are you going to stay here another year?"

"'Spect so, sir. Major G—— was own dis place. He was master for all we. He says we kin stay ef we work, and we kin have half the cotton we make."

"But you won't make a contract till January, you say?"

"No, sir," said an old man, "we heares dis an' dat, dis an' dat, an' we told him we 'd hol' on tell Jenewerry."

While this conversation was going on several men and women had come out of the neighboring cabins, or were standing in the door-ways, and though they pretended to be engaged with something else, and did not approach me very closely, I could see that they all gave careful attention to overhear what was said.

"Well, I should say that Major G—— had made you a very fair offer. Why not sign the agreement now? You do n't want to put it off till it 's too late to begin work on next year's crop?"

"I ain't agwine to bin' myself," said one young fellow, "not till I kin see better."

"Hush you," said the old man, "you dunno what you talk about. Let de gen'l'man talk."

I waited, however, to see whether or not they would broach the subject of a division of lands among the negroes, for I am told that such an opinion is universally prevalent in the lower districts of this State. But they also waited, and seemed disinclined to speak plainly, so I asked if that was what they were expecting to take place in January. "Yes," they said with some hesitation, "they 'd been told so."

"Yes," said another whom I had not before seen, "we 's agwine to wait anyhow. We dunno whar we 'll be next year, nor what they 'll do with us. They tell what they 'll do at Columby, and they tell another thing over to headquarters, and I goes for waitin' anyhow."

When I told them it was very unlikely that any land would be given away by the Government, they listened to what I said, but appeared to receive it with dissatisfaction and incredulity. In Virginia and North Carolina I found but one negro, an old man living near Charlotte, who entertained any expectation of this kind. In this State I have talked with the people of five plantations in Marion and Williamsburg districts, and all seemed to be fully persuaded that some such provision was to be made for them. The terms which they refused these negroes pronounced fair and reasonable, but they declined to accede to them, and it seemed that their refusal was as much dictated by a profound distrust of the promises made them as by the hope that they themselves might, perhaps, become landholders.

The house at which I stayed last night was that of a planter who lives midway between the Great Pedee River and this village, and it furnished me with exceptionally pleasant and comfortable quarters. Its owner was a Northerner by birth, who, having come out from Connecticut as a trader many years ago, had married a Southern woman and become a wealthy rice and cotton planter. Everything in and about his house was ordered with a methodical neatness not at all common in this region, for he seemed to have retained many of his New England habits. His political opinions, however, were entirely South Carolinian. The Southern States he still called the Confederacy, and he spoke of the battle of Chattanooga as a great calamity. "Your Government," he said, "ought as a matter of policy to deal gently with President Davis." "Why," said I, "does anybody in the South care particularly about him?" "I am sure," said his wife, "if the Yankee Government wants the good-will of the females of the South, it will set him free at once, for we all admire him."

"Yes," said he, "and everybody knows that he had less to do with bringing on the war than many others. He seemed to be more unpopular towards the close of the war, and there was a certain party in this State, with the Rhetts at the head of it, which made a great outcry against his administration and charged every disaster on him; but the mass of our people always thought him a pure-minded statesman and patriot."

He saw it stated in the papers, he went on to say, that Mr. Davis was to be tried for treason. A Northern jury would probably find him guilty, but he had no idea that any punishment would be inflicted. To put him to death would shock the South beyond expression and disgust the whole civilized world, so he had no fears that any such extreme measure would be adopted. And, as he had said before, to conciliate the Southern people, who never would believe that Davis had done wrong, it would be well to release him without trial.

I told him that I had heard a good deal said about a probable negro insurrection, and asked him for his opinion.

"I look for it, sir, in January. I regard it as almost certain to occur."

"Why, who was that nigger," said his wife, "who said right out that there had n't been any war to what there would be? One nigger man said that to Mr. B.'s nephew, sir."

"It is a general fear," said Mr. B. "The negroes have made up their minds that land is to be given them at New Year's, and of course it will be a great disappointment to them when they find that that time has gone by and nothing has been done for them. Our negroes here are more intelligent than those thirty miles below us, and we have more white men among them, but I think there will be a rising on the coast. Of course it could n't extend far, but some families will be murdered and some property destroyed, and a deplorable example will be set to both white and black. It will begin the work of extermination."

In reply to my questions, he said that more than half of his neighbors, he thought, shared his fears. He had no intention of moving his family away, because he expected the fighting to be confined to the tier of counties on the coast. The United States officers would not believe in the possibility of an insurrection. They seemed to despise the negroes too much to think them capable of becoming dangerous.

As for work, the freedmen were doing absolutely nothing. He had overheard one of his girls saying that she had n't seen any freedom yet, she had to work just as hard now as ever. And that was the feeling of a great many of them. Then, as he had said, they were waiting for January, and nothing could be done with them till they became convinced that they must work for wages. They were stealing everything that they could lay their hands on. In old times, when a slave was caught stealing he was not prosecuted, for the owners had too much respect for each other; but his master was informed and made restitution to the loser, and the thief escaped with a whipping. He never was whipped severely on such occasions, he had no character to lose, and in a month the whole thing was forgotten. In this way the negroes were made a race of thieves.

"Oh, Mr. B——," said his wife, "I 'm sure they were all thieves in Africa. Wherever you read about them they 're always the same."

"And there is a class of white folks," he continued, "meaner than the negroes, who have been made more lawless by the war, who never would work, and they now encourage the negroes to come about them. One man just over the creek, who never earned a dime in his life, has got more than forty negroes on his farm; if you can call it a farm—he never made corn enough to feed himself three months. They steal whatever they can, and he sells it for them, and the whole parcel expect to live off their neighbors. It is these people who demoralize the negroes. What with the one and the other, I do n't know how we are to live in the country at all. The two classes together are so numerous that I 'm afraid we could n't enforce a good, strict vagrant law if we had it. I candidly confess that I look forward to the extermination of the freedmen."

This gentleman was very desirous of leasing out either his rice or cotton plantation to some Northern man. Then, he said, if he could find some one with five thousand dollars capital, he would engage in the lumber business, or in distilling spirits of turpentine, for he owned about five thousand acres of woodland, and had a turpentine orchard containing a hundred thousand boxes.

This village of Kingstree is garrisoned by a company of soldiers, and the people of the tavern seem to be in a state of considerable excitement on account of a conflict that has just occurred between the military and civil authorities. The landlord was arrested some three weeks since by the special agent of the Treasury Department on a charge of having secreted, and afterwards sold as his own private property, several bales of cotton which, at the time of Johnston's surrender, were owned by the Confederate

Government. To-day the sheriff of the district arrested the Treasury agent on a charge of false imprisonment, but his prisoner was immediately taken away from him by the commander of the garrison. This occurrence gives rise to much denunciation of the tyranny of martial law. The landlord, a Bavarian, who can hardly speak English, has been declaring his determination to appeal to General Gillmore, at Charleston, and is exhorted by his friends and his wife to do so.

"That 'll do no good," said one young man; "knock the scoundrel down the first time you meet him."

"And if he does," said a lady sitting near, "the Yankees 'll put him into jail, and he 'll have to buy out. We 'll all just have to leave the country, and let the Yankees have it. Do n't I love them from the bottom of my heart! Once I had my trunks all packed, ready to start as soon as I could sell my furniture and find a vessel, for it seemed as if I could not stay. Oh, if ever there was a rebel I was one. The agony I suffered when we first got the news of General Lee's surrender was perfectly indescribable. I did n't close my eyes, you know; I walked up and down; it seemed I could n't believe it, yet I knew it was true, and I just cried and cried. I did say that the Yankees should never make me shed a tear, but that broke me down. That was the time I was going to emigrate. I remember it was the next day Mrs. S. run over to the house. 'Oh,' says she, 'good news! I 've got good news for you.' 'I do n't know what good news there can be any more,' says I. 'Old Lincoln 's dead,' says she; 'assassinated in Washington city.' Well, I did n't see how that was going to do us any good then; but I could n't sell my furniture, and I just unpacked my trunks about as fast as I 'd packed them, and here I am yet. But I only wish I had plenty of money, and I 'd go to some place where I would n't have to see a Yankee again as long as I live."

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 3, 1865

On Tuesday morning I set out from Kingstree in a thick mist, and rode all day through the dripping trees and over a very thinly peopled country. Just after sunset I succeeded in getting a lodging at the house of a planter, who hospitably took me in, although the arrival of two relatives to pay him a visit had filled his only spare chamber. But it was his rule, he said, never to turn away a stranger, and I should have a bed before the fire in the parlor.

His property, as he informed me in the morning, consisted of something more than sixty-five hundred acres of land, divided into two plantations, one devoted to rice and one to cotton, and a grazing farm stocked with sheep and cattle. His house was a large, weather-beaten building, with piazzas at the front and back, but appeared to contain only four rooms, the windows of which were unglazed and the walls unplastered. In the parlor, which also served as the dining-room, there was but little furniture, and nothing for purposes of ornament.

At supper the conversation, in which I took no part, turned upon the negro.

"I met Dr. M——," said one of the ladies, "as I come on down, and he said they 'd begun to form a company to protect us against the niggers. He was goin' to be the commissary, he said, and they 'd chosen the commander, too. I told him that 's what ruined us before; there was too many wanting to be officers, and not enough of soldiers."

"I had n't heard anything of that," said her uncle, "but it 's going to be necessary. I 'm told that the nigger soldiers in Georgetown have been getting very independent latterly; but the Yankee officers, they say, make short work of it with 'em. I hear that one or two of 'em were shot down last week, and tumbled into the river, man and gun."

"Who did it?"

"Their own officers, the Yankees. That 's a case of nigger shooting that won't be trumpeted all over Lincolndom, I expect."

"I wish they 'd shoot 'em all," said his wife; "I 'm glad when I hear o' one of 'em got out o' the way. If I could get up to-morrow morning and hear that every nigger in the country was dead, I 'd just jump up and down."

"I do n't want 'em to go quite so soon as that. They 'll go fast enough for me if they last a few years longer."

"You want to get a little more out of 'em first, do n't you, uncle? So do I; but I do n't know how it 's to be done. Mine raised me just a hundred bushels of corn this year; not enough to feed the horses."

"A hundred bushels? That 's pretty well. I 've got thirteen able to work, and I did n't get quite sixty bushels for myself, and I 'm sure they hav' n't got enough to last them into May."

After supper he showed me the prospectus of an emigrant aid society which it is proposed to establish in Charleston. Land-owners are invited to take shares in the stock of the company, paying for them in money or in land, and European emigrants are to be induced to settle in South Carolina, and purchase or lease farms from the society, which will pay out dividends to its stock-holders from the funds thus accruing. If the scheme should obtain the sanction of the Legislature, and some aid from the State, he proposed to subscribe for as many shares as he could pay for with five thousand acres of rice land. His cotton plantation he intended to divide into small farms, and to make his former slaves tenants upon it, they to pay him as rent one-third of their cotton crop and two bushels of corn to the acre. He had no intention of attempting to carry on planting with free negro labor. By the time affairs were a little settled, so that he could get rid of his negroes, he hoped to be able to get German tenants or laborers. As to the stock farm, he would attend to that himself. In the spring of 1863 he had over five hundred head of cattle; he believed that to-day he had n't more than a hundred and fifty. At the same time he sheared three hundred and seventy sheep, and it was doubtful if he had a hundred and twenty-five left. The Backwoods People all had a gun and a dog, and they had been living at the expense of the cattle and sheep in the woods, and they were expecting to do the same for the next two years. Perhaps by close attention he might be able to prevent such wholesale destruction. At any rate, watching cattle would be less vexatious and unprofitable than trying to drive free niggers.

In the morning, while we were waiting for breakfast, we sat in the piazza, and seeing two human skulls in a corner, I asked if there was any story connected with them.

"Yes, sir," he said, "they belonged to two d—d robbers who got their deserts at my hands one morning in May last. General Gillmore, you know, sent out a raiding expedition under Brown and Potter just before the time of Johnston's surrender. They stripped the country of mules and horses and every description of property, and, of course, they encountered little or no resistance, so that some of our colored friends in Georgetown began to think stealing from what they called a 'reb' was a safe and profitable business. I think it was about the 15th of May—hostilities had ceased, at any rate—when a party of something like twenty came out of Georgetown, and, going further up into this district, began plundering the plantations. When they had got all the horses and carts they could drive, and loaded them down with plunder, they started back. But they did n't all get back. I thought we 'd stood enough of that kind of thing; so I got some of my neighbors together; we armed ourselves, and pursued. There were about twenty of them, and only six of us, but I knew we could rout them. I did n't follow too close. I knew the country perfectly, and I wanted to get them where there was no bog or swamp for them to take to. When I had them in the right spot, we closed in at a canter. They showed fight, sir, but 't was no use. We scattered them easily. Seven of them fell, five of the seven killed on the spot. That fellow, you see, never knew what hurt him."

He handed me one of the skulls as he spoke, and pointed to a hole made by a pistol bullet. I asked how he had prepared the trophies; if he had removed the flesh by boiling.

"No, sir," he replied; "we let them lie where they fell, and the weather prepared them. I did n't bring them in till August."

Leaving the house of this gentleman, a ride of seven miles brought me to the Santee River. The water was so low that the ferry-boat, or scow, could not ply at the regular place of crossing, and for nearly a mile I was obliged to flounder through the tenacious mud of a cypress swamp, my horse often sinking above his knees in the slimy mire and ooze.

At noon I stopped and gave my horse a feed, more for the sake of talking with the people who sold it to me than for any other reason, for they were such as might serve very well as samples of the poor white population of South Carolina. Their house was a poor log cabin, standing alone in the solitude of the pine woods, and around was a little clearing of an acre or two of sand, in which had been made an ill-rewarded attempt to raise a few rows of corn. There was no furniture in the one room which served for all the uses of the family, except a bench and two dirty beds. The children were puny, unwholesome-looking creatures, with tangled whitish hair and complexions of a dingy straw color. All gathered round me and stared while the horse was eating, but to all my remarks and questions the reply was silence or answers as nearly monosyllabic as possible, and I gave up the attempt to draw them into conversation and rode on my way.

At night I stayed at the house of an aged couple, the husband being eighty-two years old and almost childish. He was a poor man, his wife said, who had begun life as a laborer. Then he had risen to be an overseer, and by dint of hard work and close saving had been able to buy himself a small farm and to stock it with five or six negroes. But now he was poor again, and had been obliged to work as hard this season as he ever worked forty years ago. Emancipation had taken away all his laborers, and, as if that was not enough, Potter's raiding party had camped beside them for a whole week, and had carried off his mules and horses. She did n't know

why the Yankees done her so bad, for she never harmed one of 'em. There was a heap of Yankee storekeepers in Charleston, and she had always preferred to trade with 'em and had never spoken bad of their nation. But they took away everything they wanted, and dug up the yard to see if she had n't buried silver or a watch or some jewelry. She thanked God that Sherman did n't come that way, for they told her if he had she would n't have had her house left.

On the following morning I was awakened by the rain pattering on the roof of my chamber, and it continued to pour steadily down all day, so that the last forty miles of my journey to this city I performed without stopping at any house by the way, and without seeing much more of the country than the muddy road just before me.

ENGLAND.—THE NEW MINISTRY.

LONDON, October 26, 1865.

ON Saturday the first cabinet council of the new Ministry is to be held, as it was considered indecorous for the ministers to meet in council before their late Premier was buried. Considering that they have been meeting privately and semi-officially from the day on which he died, this pretext appears to me rather unsatisfactory. The real truth I take to be, is that any delay was welcome to Earl Russell at the present conjuncture. Public opinion was strongly in favor of his being called upon to supply Lord Palmerston's place; but then this was because the public regards the expedient of a Russell-Gladstone Ministry itself as a convenient temporary arrangement. Very naturally, Earl Russell does not take the same view of the subject, and hopes to form a government which shall not only secure him a continuance of official power, but re-gild his somewhat tarnished reputation. I do not say that the task is an impossible one, but the chances are terribly against it. Taken by himself alone, Earl Russell is just the sort of man who in ordinary times might aspire to a long lease of the premiership. His early connection with the Edinburgh Reviewers gave him a reputation for ability which has stood him in good stead throughout his career. He is a man of fair, though not first-class, talents, and of good parliamentary experience. Circumstances have connected his name with the great questions of our days. Though by nature the most aristocratic of Whigs, and that is saying a good deal, yet he has enough of the popularity-hunter element about him to make him acceptable on the hustings and at Exeter Hall meetings. He has all those prejudices which are common to all classes of Englishmen; his private life has always been eminently decorous; and, above all, and before all, he is supported by the whole influence of the great house of Bedford. It is this which has caused his success throughout life, and will make him a power in the state to the end. It is strange how immense, even at the present day, is the political power of our great governing families. The present Duke of Bedford is a complete cypher. For some cause or other, about which there have been many rumors, he leads a most retired life, and is scarcely known even to his own tenantry. But, for all this, the Bedford influence in and out of Parliament is an element which must be taken into consideration in every political calculation. Now, on this influence Earl Russell can rely securely; and, therefore, though his own class dislike him, though his party distrusts him, and though the country has no ardent attachment for him, he might, I think, reckon on a long lease of power, if it were not for the absolute necessity of taking Mr. Gladstone for his colleague.

The relations of these two men, and their respective importance, seem to me to illustrate the mixed composition of our Government, which in one sense is the most aristocratic in the world, and in another is perhaps the most popular. You can hardly exaggerate the importance, politically speaking, of belonging to one of our great houses. The mere fact of so belonging will give a young man of ordinary capacity, like the Marquis of Hartington, a standing and position which a self-made man could not acquire till his hairs were grey. But, on the other hand, when once a politician with us has got hold of the public mind, all the aristocratic influences in the country cannot unseat him. All the Russells, and Howards, and Grosvenors, and Stanleys put together could have done nothing against Lord Palmerston nor Sir Robert Peel, nor could they effect much against Mr. Gladstone. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is the son of a Liverpool trader; he is not even connected by marriage with the aristocracy; he is a man of no large fortune; he has no power of returning a single member for Parliament, nor of influencing a single election except by the weight of his reputation. And yet he is so strong in the esteem of the country that he can dictate his own terms as to the composition of any ministry he chooses to join. Earl Russell has had to ask him what office he would choose to accept, and to offer him the position for which, in the Premier's opinion, he was best fitted. It has been said that the Government of Turkey is a despotism, limited by the right of popular revolution. I should say that our Government was an oligarchy, limited by a right of popular nomination to the ranks of the oligarchy.

Thus the new cabinet will have, in fact, two heads. The Ministry could not live a week with Mr. Gladstone in opposition to it. I doubt if it can live many months with Mr. Gladstone in coalition with it. Lord Russell might truly say of his chief colleague: "Nec sine te nec cum te vivere possum." Mr. Gladstone cannot now be the second personage in a cabinet: and yet I extremely doubt the Premier's being willing to content himself with endorsing the policy of the leader of the Lower House. Moreover, even if he could submit to do so for the sake of the honor of being Prime Minister of England, it is not likely that men like Lord Clarendon, Earl Granville, and the Duke of Somerset would accept patiently the supremacy of a colleague who was nominally their equal. Then, too, it is most difficult to see how Mr. Gladstone can lead the House of Commons unsupported as he is at present. Lord Palmerston, during the latter years of his premiership, filled up the chief offices of the cabinet with peers, partly because it was convenient to do so, still more because he liked accumulating the whole business of representing the Government in the Lower House in his own hands. The ministers for war, foreign affairs, the colonies, and the post-office all sit in the Upper House. So also will the President of the Council and the Premier. Thus, if things remain as they are, Mr. Gladstone will be left to lead the House of Commons single-handed, without the benefit of Lord Palmerston's extraordinary tact and personal popularity. Upon the Treasury bench at present there is really nobody who can render him any effective aid. Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Milner Gibson are all of second-rate calibre, and have no power of effective speaking. Sir George Grey has the advantage of looking, in popular phrase, "every inch a gentleman;" but though this goes a long way with the House of Commons, it is not sufficient to compensate for an unhappy knack of always saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. Mr. Layard is probably the ablest of the Treasury subordinates; and, on foreign subjects, the House listens to him with respect. Sir Roundell Palmer, too, is a high authority on legal matters, and he is, moreover, one of the few personal adherents of whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer can boast. Still in debating powers the Government in the Lower House will, as at present constituted, be decidedly inferior to the opposition. The speaking power of the liberal majority is to be found amongst the non-ministerial members. It will, therefore, be necessary to strengthen the Treasury benches by the introduction of outsiders. The question from which section of the majority these recruits are to be taken is a very important one. If the Whig influence carries the day, Mr. Lowe, or Mr. Bernal Osborne, or some other of the "tried reformers," who are known not to be dangerous on trial, will be added to the Ministry If however, the counsels which Mr. Gladstone is understood to have given are accepted, an attempt will be made to strengthen the Government by obtaining recruits from the ranks of the advanced liberals; and, in this case, Messrs. Forster and Stansfeld would be the candidates selected. But these gentlemen would not, I believe, accept office—or if they did accept it would bring no strength with them—unless the Government pledges itself to initiate a policy of reform.

I do not feel convinced, in spite of the reports current on the subject, that Mr. Gladtone himself has made the introduction of a reform bill next session a *sine quâ non* of continuing in office. He may reasonably enough hold that the Russell administration cannot last any time, and that if it breaks down by its inherent weakness, not by his defection, the country will then demand his accession to supreme power. The truth is, that the demand for his assuming the premiership at present would have been irresistible, had it not been for a lingering want of perfect confidence in Mr. Gladstone on the part of the public. If, throughout his public career, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has done many brilliant things, he has done also many foolish things; and the recollection of the latter diminishes the public respect for the former. The country cannot forget his dallyings with the Puseyite party, nor has it lost recollection of the mess that Mr. Gladstone got us into through his phil-Hellene vagaries in the Ionian Islands. Nor, above all, has it forgotten his most unfortunate speech about the Southern Confederacy. The very party which approved most cordially of the speech at the time it was delivered make it a charge against the Chancellor now. And I think most justly so. Success was the only thing that could have mitigated the imprudence and impolicy of such words spoken by a man occupying his position. His friends say that he only made a mistake which nine-tenths of his countrymen made also. So it was; but still a man who aspires to govern the country ought not to make such mistakes; and, above all, ought not to pledge himself to them without the slightest necessity. The very earnestness of Mr. Gladstone's nature makes him liable to do, or still more to say, imprudent things. It would be well for him if he would

ake to mind one of Lord Palmerston's sayings: "In this country," he once said to a friend, "it does not matter a d—— what you do, it is not of so much consequence what you say; but it is the devil and all if you write anything."

Meanwhile, there are evident symptoms of renewed activity in the opposition ranks. The calculation of the leaders is, that the new cabinet will either break to pieces through dissensions among its members, or that it will fail through the introduction of a reform bill. If any genuine extension of the franchise is proposed, it is thought the Palmerstonian Liberals will join the opposition; if the measure is only a pretence, the advanced Liberals will unite in throwing out the Government. All such calculations are very problematical. But still as in fact, though not in name, the majority of the House of Commons are opposed to any rapid change in our institutions, I believe that before long we shall have a Tory anti-reform ministry in office. Till we have passed through this phase, I myself have no hope of any real reform.

The non-political news of the week is small. In spite of the change of the weather to wind, rain, and frost, the Rinderpest goes on spreading. However, the cholera has not appeared, so I suppose we are safe from it till next summer. The only other piece of intelligence I think worth recording is, that "Gladiateur," the great French horse who has carried every race before him since the Derby, has at last been beaten. In the Cambridgeshire stakes he ran with the enormous weight of nine stone twelve pounds, while the ground was heavy and soaked with wet. He struggled most gallantly, but failed to accomplish a task which no horse, I believe, ever yet has done. However, the British sporting public are pleased to find that the "Frenchman" is not invincible. The plain truth is, in spite of all the nonsense that has been written about "Waterloo" being avenged at Epsom, that "Gladiateur" was no more a French horse than Mr. Thackeray—as he observed of himself—was a Hindoo because he was born at Calcutta. "Gladiateur" was got out of English horses, trained by English trainers, and ridden by English jockeys. He was born across the channel, and his owner is a Frenchman. That is all.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH MILITARY HISTORY.

[The following document has been handed to us for publication by a Mr. Zacharie, who lays claim to the good fortune of being the "seventh son of a seventh son," and therefore gifted with "second sight." He professes in virtue of the possession of this faculty to be exempt from the necessity under which ordinary historians labor of waiting till events have happened in order to describe them, or till documents are written in order to reproduce them. The genuineness of the subjoined report rests on his authority, and what the value of this is the reader must determine for himself.]

[official report.]

Headquarters Expeditionary Forces,
April 1, 1870.

Colonel: I have the honor to submit the following report of the victorious operations of the army under my command in the late disastrous attempt to achieve the independence of my oppressed native land:

Under the instructions contained in "Special Order No. 3,307" I proceeded to the organization and recruitment of the forces composing the expeditionary corps. In obedience to the expressed wishes of the Senate, that the proposed landing should remain a profound secret, I issued to my countrymen and the American public a call for volunteers, in which I fully explained the nature of the enterprise. Within the incredibly short space of three months I recruited my forces to their maximum strength, viz.: 200 men for the infantry, 50 for the cavalry, and 25 for the artillery. In this arduous duty I was assisted by the staff-officers detailed from headquarters—Surgeon O'Cuttle; Capt. Maguire, A.A.A.G.; Lieut. O'Shale, A.D.C.; and Col. O'Toole, Asst. Commissary-General. The tact and energy displayed by these gentlemen enabled me to confine my attention exclusively to those important details so necessary to the success of secret military operations. The mustering in of the enlisted men was proceeded with at the rate of one per day. I regret, however, to complain of the tardiness of the quartermaster's department, although I presume the equipment of the boys was effected with as much rapidity as was consistent with official propriety.

The choice of a proper base of supplies was, as you are aware, a source of ore solicitude and anxiety. Thanks, however, to the experience gained under that great leader who conducted the "Peninsular Campaign" against Richmond, I was enabled to act with a sagacity and circumspection that otherwise might have been productive of untoward results. Various localities on the American coast were suggested as suitable for our purposes, but, after a mature consideration of the distinct merits of each, I selected the town of ———, in the State of New Jersey. Three sound military reasons influenced me in this decision: 1st, The place was in direct communication by rail with the city of New York; 2d, It was totally inaccessible except to schooners of very light draught; 3d, It was not to be found upon the existing maps of the country.

My first care was to provide transportation for the infantry, cavalry, and artillery. This was an affair of no small importance, for not only was it necessary to elude the vigilance of the American authorities, but likewise those of Great Britain. I determined, in view of the many embarrassments, to divide the infantry, and despatch one-half in plain clothes by rail, at the rate of one man per day, and the balance, disguised as laborers, by the regular line of sloop packets. To each man of the first division I gave an excursion ticket and a railway guide. To each individual of the second I furnished a pocket compass, with the needle securely fastened at the southwest, in order to point out the course the vessel should steer, and to prevent treachery on the part of the captain. The cavalry I dismounted, as, although horses had never been given them, they considered themselves mounted. As the force consisted of but six men, I transformed them into pedlars and ordered them to march by parallel roads—to divert suspicion—and to concentrate at a signal agreed upon. The artillery—a 6-pound mountain howitzer—was a source of galling anxiety. In my dilemma I consulted with Surgeon O'Cuttle, who, with remarkable quickness, suggested that the gun be packed in a metallic coffin, and the wheels boxed and shipped as furniture. The surgeon overcame the difficulties of the burial certificate, and kindly volunteered to see the right arm of the service safely to its destination. My plans for the transportation of the troops to the designated rendezvous having been well conceived and executed, they were brought to a successful issue. I was thus enabled to give my exclusive attention to the next great military question, viz., the securing of a proper vessel for the conveyance of the expedition across the Atlantic to the Irish coast. To invite competition and avoid publicity, I issued proposals through the daily papers stating the nature of the service to be performed. I received but one answer, and that from the commander of the schooner *Pompous*, 170 tons, who expressed great interest in our cause, and his willingness, for a proper recompense, to accept the hazardous contract. The necessary papers were forthwith stamped and signed, and the preparations commenced to transfer the clothing, ammunition, and provisions to the hold of the vessel. This most delicate duty I entrusted to Col. O'Mahara Borru, who performed it to his own and my very great satisfaction. I surmounted the difficulties of a clearance at the New York Custom-house, as you will see by "Exhibit 77,093," and "Receipted voucher 8,808," for ten million dollars in bonds of the Republic, and two hundred dollars in United States currency.

It now behooved me to embark with myself and staff, Brig.-Gen. O'Fraggerty, A.A.G.; and chief of staff, Col. O'Mahara Borru, A.D.C.; Surgeon O'Cuttle, medical director; and Col. Flapcracker, C.S. Subsequent to my departure I telegraphed Col. O'Toole, in charge of commissary stores in New Jersey, that I was about to proceed to the rendezvous, and ordering the concentration of the various detachments which, to avoid suspicion, had been scattered here and there about the country. I also ordered the purchase of three hundred untanned calf-skins. The embarkation of myself and staff was effected quietly and without ostentation. As soon as we reached the vessel's deck, the captain pushed out into the stream and made sail. Baffling head-winds detained us in the lower bay, but after many vexatious delays we arrived in safety at our base of supplies. Our entire success depended upon an absolute secrecy. Every indication suggestive of the service in which the vessel was engaged was, therefore, removed, and, as a precautionary measure, I ordered my staff to retain the captain and crew on board the *Pompous*, while I landed, in plain clothes, to confer with Col. MacWhorter. To dull suspicion I entered the warehouse and purchased a bunch of onions. While in the act of receiving the vegetables from the colonel and commissary of subsistence, I gave the countersign "Erin." We retired to the private office, where the following arrangements were completed, namely: The troops having been concentrated, they would be held in readiness to embark at the signal of a rocket fired from the schooner's deck; the Colonel O'Toole to remain in charge of the base of supplies; requisitions for stores to be made, in cases of urgent necessity, *via* Atlantic Telegraph Cable, a schooner to be kept in readiness to depart at a moment's notice with the needful supplies. I bade the colonel farewell and returned to the *Pompous*. At 8 P.M. the signal agreed upon was made, and the boats left the schooner's sides to embark the troops. This service was performed with great rapidity, so that at roll-call, at 9 P.M., 200 infantry, 50 cavalry, and 25 artillerists responded to their names. Our complement was now complete, and with one wild Celtic yell we weighed anchor and made sail for the broad Atlantic.

Thirty miles out at sea I opened the "sealed orders" that were prepared under my direction at the general headquarters. I was surprised to find that my staff, as well as a majority of the troops, were familiar with their contents. Our destination was Dingle Bay, on the south-western coast of Ireland.

Three days after leaving the land the weather became somewhat boisterous and the troops sick, with symptoms of mutiny. I immediately caused a special order—No. 1—to be prepared, which, upon being read to the men, produced the desired effect. Up to the thirty-ninth day the voyage passed without incident of importance. The infantry, when the weather permitted, was exercised in brigade drill, and when the sea was calm Col. O'Mahara Borru, A.D.C., practised the cavalry—dismounted—on the main boom of the vessel in the art of attaining a perfect seat. I cannot too cordially recommend to commanders of future sea expeditions this novel mode of exercising the horse soldier. It not only gives him self-reliance, but likewise a firmness and tenacity of muscle highly conducive to a thorough effectiveness. For obvious reasons artillery practice was dispensed with; in its stead, and in order to keep up the artillerists in their drill, Brig.-Gen. O'Fraggerty, A.A.G. and chief of staff, exercised them at the ship's pumps.

On the morning of the fortieth day out, when about six hundred miles from the Irish coast, H.B.M.S. *Liverpool* hove in sight. I made instant preparations to meet the anticipated danger. I had caused, as I have already mentioned, a number of untanned calf-skins to be purchased and placed on board the expeditionary vessel. These were so arranged as to serve as a means of concealment for the men, and at the same time produce the effect of forming a portion of the cargo. The steamer fired a gun and lowered a boat, but ere it touched the water my troops were all *perdus* in the hold of the schooner. In consideration of the issues involved in the preservation of my life and the safety of my person from capture, I did not think it a degradation to conceal myself with my staff in a cask already entirely filled with hams. In view of the extraordinary circumstances of the case, and of the instructions prepared by me at general headquarters in New York, I felt justified in acting as I did. I consider this explanation due to the brave army I had the honor to command. The English officers boarded the *Pompous*, but the captain was prepared with a manifest, for expenses of obtaining which please see "Exhibit No. 73,778," and "Receipted voucher No. 8,809," for two hundred dollars. The brutal Saxons returned to their ship, raging with hunger and disappointment.

The fiftieth day after cutting loose from our base of supplies in New Jersey we sighted Dingle Bay. Within a few hours we passed in without molestation, and anchored under the lee of Rossbey Point. Our arrival attracted but little attention, the inhabitants evidently laboring under the delusion that our vessel was merely an American trader come in to make a harbor. At 9 P.M. I ordered the disembarkation of the troops and *matériel*, a delicate operation most successfully performed. We advanced without opposition upon Carra, a small village about three miles distant. Of this place we took undisputed possession, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, who were prepared to greet us as if we were a party of harmless fishermen. Our paper "promises to pay" quickly undeceived them, and without more ado they assumed a position of hostility and defiance.

I was not long in deciding in my own mind that we should need reinforcements. I intimated as much to my chief-of-staff, who concurred in my opinions. Without, however, waiting for the proper permission, that officer proceeded to the telegraph station, and forwarded a message to New York, *via* London and the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, asking urgently for help. As soon as I learned of the unpardonable blunder committed by my subordinate, I hastened to the telegraph office and despatched, *via* the same route, the folowing telegram: "General O'Fraggerty is mistaken. I do not need reinforcements. I have one hundred and fifty effective men, and I can hold my own against any force." I have since learned that the clerks in the electric company's offices no sooner detected the purport of the two despatches, than they immediately violated the oath of secrecy and communicated with the British Government officials. In view of the hostile attitude of the inhabitants of Carra, I thought it expedient to order up the artillery. After much delay this was accomplished, and the piece planted so as to command the streets of the village. This precautionary measure was productive of good results, at least it cleared my immediate front of the threatening peasantry. I now sent out foragers in search of horses for the cavalry, and at the same time despatched a peremptory order to the captain of the *Pompous* to hold himself in readiness for any emergency. The mariner evidently misconstrued my command, for he hove up his anchor and stood out to sea. My foragers met with good success, as they shortly returned with a large number of serviceable animals. I now threw out pickets, and established the posts for the night. The artillery I ordered to occupy its present position until morning, when the whole army would advance upon Killorglin, a village about twelve miles distant. The occupation of this place would secure the protection of my front, while my flank would be guarded respectively by the Magillicuddy's Reeks and Dingle Bay. The enemy evacuated the town at our approach, and we took immediate possession of the abandoned works, which consisted of the common fences of the country. The capture of this impregnable position enabled me to await with calmness the onset of the savage foe. On the morning of the third day of our occupation of Killorglin, my cavalry pickets were driven in by overwhelming numbers. I allowed the enemy to approach within about fourteen yards of my works, when, at the word of command, the troops delivered a terrific fire, which, however, failed to check the advance of the insolent minions. As they still continued to push forward, I again gave the order to fire, which was instantly obeyed, but with the same mortifying results as on the previous occasion. Determined to learn the cause of the harmlessness of our shots, I despatched Col. O'Maharra Borru, A.D.C., to the front, with orders to investigate the affair. Upon his return, he reported that through the carelessness of the ordnance officer in New York the army was provided with nothing but blank cartridges, and that the artillery ammunition was of the same quality.

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In my desire to save a further effusion of blood and to stop all needless carnage, I sent out a flag of truce; but the insolent and bloodthirsty Britons treated it with disrespect and ordered us to "surrender without conditions." I was forced to accept the terms; but, contrary to all the usages of modern warfare, no sooner had we laid down our arms than the "constabulary" rushed in upon us and manacled one and all without regard to rank or condition. I regret to report the loss of all our *matériel*, artillery, arms, clothing, colors, provisions, ammunition, and stores of every description. It gives me great pleasure, however, to state that we did not lose a man, either killed or wounded, but I am sorry to add that the enemy was equally fortunate. I have called the engagement the "Battle of Killorglin," and I suggest that the Senate permit the survivors of this ill-fated expedition to inscribe upon their colors the words "Killorglin."

In conclusion, I beg to call your attention to some of the causes of the failure of the attempt to achieve the independence of our native land. *First*, The force was unequal to the work required of it. *Second*, An entire ignorance of the country. Previous to the sailing of the expedition I was informed that Ireland was flat, open, and unfavorable for the movements of cavalry. To my surprise I found it densely wooded, hilly, and well suited to horse men. I would suggest that in future we endeavor to gain our information from Irishmen rather than from books. *Third*, It will ever be a waste of time and money to attempt the liberation of Ireland unless we are able to equip, feed, and clothe an army of five hundred thousand veterans, and sustain an enormous and effective iron-clad fleet. *Fourth*, The English Government is stupidly obstinate, determined, and powerful, *while* the great mass of the Irish people is indifferent to our cause.

The strict seclusion in which I now find myself will prevent my acceptance of a future command.

I have the honor, colonel, to subscribe myself,

Your very obedient servant,

MAURICE FITZPATRICK O'SHAUGHENESSEY,
Maj.-Gen. Commdg. Expeditionary Forces.

THE O'RORKE, Colonel and A.A.G., Irish Republican Army, New Jersey.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE Rev. C. Merivale, the historian of Imperial Rome, is continuing his studies on the effect of the Christian element in civilization and the world's progress by a new series of the Boyle Lectures for the present year—"The Conversion of the Northern Nations" forming a companion to his late volume, "The Conversion of the Roman Empire," republished by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. In this latter work he came in competition with Gibbon, Milman, and other authors who had incidentally treated the subject; but in the forthcoming lectures he enters on a field scarcely touched by any English writer, except by Mr. Maclear in his valuable "History of Christian Missions during the Middle Ages," a Cambridge prize essay, published in 1863. The Boyle Lectures are delivered in accordance with an endowment bequeathed by the Hon. Robert Boyle ("the father of modern chemistry and brother of the Earl of Corke"). For the first fifty years after their establishment in 1691 they were regarded with great interest, being preached by men like Dr.

Samuel Clarke, Whiston, Bentley, etc., and were considered to afford the best defence of revealed religion ever produced. In the last century they suffered from the general deadness that prevailed in ecclesiastical matters during the era of George III., and were only occasionally printed at long intervals. A reviving impulse was given by the choice of Rev. F. D. Maurice as lecturer in 1847, when he delivered his course on "The Religions of the World in Connection with Christianity," and the lectures bid fair to resume their ancient reputation under men of Mr. Merivale's class.

—If our publishers could spare time from the herculean task of manufacturing books for the South and Western country sufficient to look around them for new speculations, they would find a lively and pleasant work, that would meet with a ready sale, on "Shooting and Fishing in the Rivers, Prairies, and Backwoods of America," by a French sportsman, Benedict Henry Revoil, editor of the *Journal des Chasseurs*, just translated and published by a friend in an English dress, in 2 vols. post 8vo. Mr. Revoil's preface relates how he resided for nine years in the United States, during which time his love of field sports was continually tempting him away from civilized districts to desert wilds and distant frontiers in search of birds and beasts unknown to the annals of European sport. The freedom from the restraints that guard the animals of chase in the Old World quite intoxicated him on his arrival in America, and he naïvely recounts his surprise at being brought before a country justice at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, with eleven woodcocks in his pocket, for which he would have had to pay a fine of fifty-six dollars—because they were shot during the breeding season, on June 25, in contravention of the laws of New York—unless he could prove satisfactorily that, as a foreigner, he was ignorant of the laws. As it was, he escaped with the confiscation of his game, "which (he says) the judge's clerk, I afterwards learnt, made into a capital pie." Mr. Revoil's sketches range from the buffaloes of the North-west to the alligators of Florida, from the whale and cod fisheries of Labrador and Newfoundland to the "blind gudgeons of the mammoth cave of Kentucky." They show unvarying good humor and skill in sprightly narrative, worthy of competing with the best English or American writers of the sporting school.

—All who were afraid that romance would vanish and the varying rainbow of fancy die away at the march of science and the screech of the locomotive, may be re-assured of the vitality inherent to "Folk Lore" by the appearance of two handsome volumes, "Popular Romances of the West of England, or the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall." Incongruously enough, the collector and chronicler of these fragments of a former world of belief that still linger in the minds of the peasantry, is Robert Hunt, F.R.S., editor of Dr. Ure's scientific dictionary, and connected with the School of Mines and the Cornwall Polytechnic Society. Thirty-five years since, inspired by the recollections of childhood, he commenced collecting the genuine household tales of the people amongst whom he was brought up, in the identical language in which they were related. The result is before us in as large and curious a gathering as has ever been united in one work, of traditions arrayed under the heads of "Giants, Fairies, Mermaids, Lost Cities, Fire Worship, Demons and Spectres, Death Superstitions, Holy Wells, Sorcery and Witchcraft," etc., etc. With the partiality of a discoverer, Mr. Hunt claims for the giants of Cornwall a "character peculiarly their own; they were true Celts, fond of home, and we have no record of their ever having passed beyond the wilds of Dartmoor." The Cornish fairies, he admits, "do not exhibit the same marked individuality." The wandering minstrel and story-teller has only vanished before the newspaper and penny magazine within twenty years; from the two last of their race some of Mr. Hunt's stories are derived. To Sir Walter Scott or Jacob Grimm few books could have afforded a greater treat than Mr. Hunt's popular romances, and they have an ethnological value in completing the cycle of Celtic popular fiction, already illustrated as it exists in the Western Highlands of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Brittany, by the labors of J. F. Campbell, Crofton Croker, Keightley, Villemarqué, and Emil Souvestre.

—Mr. Gladstone's Address, delivered before the University of Edinburgh on the 3d of this month, is just issued by Mr. Murray. One of the leading ideas most dwelt on is that "among the auxiliaries required to complete the training process for our race," some were needed, "I will not say as a corrective to Christianity, but as a corrective to the narrow views and the excesses which might follow on certain modes of conceiving and applying it." These correctives Mr. Gladstone finds in the value attached in Greece to physical beauty and physical training of all kinds, and its counteraction to the asceticism of the church, which included all things material as under a curse, and at war with the supposed Christian duty of abstraction from worldly pleasures and interests. The connection of the mythology of Greece with some primitive form of patriarchal revelation, it will be remembered, is a favorite theory of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's "Homer and the Homeric Age," and he evidently prefers to dwell on the resemblances and harmonies discoverable between the two systems in the beneficent spirit of a philosopher, rather than to exaggerate their discrepancies with the unreasoning ardor of a zealot, as was formerly the fashion.

—Dr. Rowland Williams, the boldest, if not the most prudent and politic, among the writers of the once famous "Essays and Reviews," has in press an important work on Biblical criticism, "The Hebrew Prophets translated afresh from the Original Tongue, with constant reference to the Anglican Version and with Illustrations for English Readers." By a novelty of arrangement it is intended to distribute the prophets chronologically according to the three or four great Eastern empires to which they refer, giving, first, a translation; secondly, critical variations; thirdly, a running paraphrase which will occasionally swell into a commentary; and, lastly, an introduction to each prophet. The first part, constructed on this plan, is devoted to the prophets during the Assyrian Empire, and will contain Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Hosea, Micah, Isaiah (to chapter 39), and Nahum. This is now in press and will shortly appear, to be followed in due course by the succeeding volumes. Dr. Rowland Williams's scholarship is allowed by those who are most offended by his want of orthodoxy. It would seem that one good accruing from present disputes will be to direct attention to Hebrew learning and literature, so shamefully neglected of late years in England.

—Though the original application of photography to the purposes of book illustration was made in New York, by Mr. G. P. Putnam, by the introduction of photographic views in his "Homes of American Statesmen," the art has never been made available for this object here to anything like the extent that prevails in Europe. This is the more remarkable from the fact that our photographic artists rank among the first in the world, if, indeed, they do not alone form the very highest class itself. Among the embellished volumes got up for the nearly approaching Christmas and holiday season in England no less than eight are illustrated entirely by photographs. Two of them relate to the "prince of painters"—"The Great Works of Raphael, a series of Twenty Photographs of his most Celebrated Paintings," with his life by Vasari, and a complete list of his authenticated works by Passavant, published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy; and "Christianity in the Cartoons, referred to artistic treatment and historic fact," illustrated with twelve photographs and four plates, by W. W. Lloyd, issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate; another is "Salvator Mundi: Photographic Illustrations by Great Painters of the Life of Christ, with brief Meditations in Prose and Verse selected from Great Divines," by Messrs. Seeley. The other works of this class are Scott's "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake," with photographic illustrations of the scenery of the poems; and "Flemish Relics: Architectural, Legendary, and Pictorial," and "The Ruined Abbeys of the Scottish Border" and of "Yorkshire," embellished by the same process. So great are the advantages for the representation of many classes of subjects, as, notably, elaborate architectural views, afforded by photography, that it has entirely supplanted line engraving for that purpose. The art that produced the beautiful engravings that illustrated Britton's "English Cathedrals" and other similar works is now entirely disused, if not quite extinct, and it is probable that in a few years they could not be executed by any living artist.

—The *Spectator*, generally candid and impartial in its critical judgments, has a review of Hon. Henry J. Raymond's "Life, Public Services, and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln" that shows a comprehension of the true character of the man and his work almost unique among foreign journals. The book itself is warmly commended. The reviewer says: "We have seldom read a book with a profounder and more unflagging interest, for it really contains the history of the greatest revolution of this century—perhaps in any century—compressed into, and absolutely identified with, the life of one man. Not a single state paper, scarce even a telegraphic despatch, is to be found that is not stamped deep with the impression of a mind at once singularly representative and singularly personal. Mr. Lincoln's mind was a political transparency, in which the nation could see an individual character of great power working out the problems set before them all, working them out slowly, indeed, but upon a method in which they all felt the most perfect confidence; working them, too, with a sincerity that was unmixed with the faintest pretension, and showing evidence of a long and patient, rather than passionate, grappling of his powerful intellect with the difficulties of each question presented to him—evidences which must have touched as well as convinced the great people who followed so anxiously the slow tentative progress of his thought. No wonder that such a man, thinking intensely, and thinking aloud, as it were, for five years, in all sorts of public manifestos

and addresses, should have carried the best thought of America with him as no man has ever carried it yet."

—The new work by the Emperor of the French, "On the Policy of France in Algeria," was published on the 10th of the month at Paris. It is the result of the late Imperial visit to that dependency, and foreshadows a change of measures in the administration tending to promote the progressive advance of the Arab race, as shown in the duties and responsibilities of local government. The book is a small quarto, printed at the Imperial press, and takes the shape of a letter addressed to Marshal MacMahon, Duke of Magenta.

—The organ of the publishing trade in London gives but a doleful account of the present state of the commerce of literature, apparently difficult to reconcile with the undoubted activity of the press. It says: "While the cotton, the iron, the woollen, and the stationery trades, in common with most others, have, during the past twenty years, increased in a ratio perfectly marvellous, the book trade, on the contrary, has made but small progress. The number of country booksellers is, if anything, smaller than it was twenty years ago, and is scarcely larger in London with its three millions than it was when the population was one million less. Reading is on the increase, but book-buying is not. The race of intelligent booksellers is dying out, and there are no new men coming forward to take their places. The trade was formerly of the most reputable description, the bookseller ranking next to a professional man, while his shop was the resort of the rank and intelligence of the locality. Book-buyers consulted him about additions to their libraries, and he, knowing the tastes of his customers, took care to lay in a stock of such books as they were likely to choose. This he does no longer," etc. One reason for the change is attributed to the systematic practice of underselling, the prevalence of which has destroyed the confidence between the seller and the buyer, and allows unprincipled and dishonest parties to fatally injure the trade without benefiting themselves. A committee of the most respectable houses has been formed to investigate the subject, and to propose such means as they may consider adapted to elevate bookselling as a business to its former standing.

—Mr. Tristram, a well-known naturalist, who has published books of travel on Syria and on the African Zahara, is engaged to furnish to the publications of the Ray Society a distinct volume on the "Natural History of Palestine." Though a country which exhibits in such a remarkable manner the various species of so many climates, yielding to the naturalist, in the neighborhood of the Dead Sea, the plants of the tropics, while arctic birds hover round the heights of Hermon, it has, hitherto, been almost a *terra incognita* to scientific observers, and more important illustrations of the Scriptures may be expected in this department than in any other branch of enquiry.

—The original designs, drawings, and writings of Leonardo da Vinci are among the choicest treasures of the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. It was the habit of that great man to set down indiscriminately the results of his studies in art and researches in physical science in note-books and loose sheets, sketches and drawings intermingled with remarks, etc., written backward with the left hand, so as to read more easily when reflected in a mirror than in any other way. The English collection comprises about two hundred detached sheets, and a further portion of Leonardo's manuscripts are in the Imperial Library at Paris. Some extracts were published from them by Venturi, so remarkable in substance that even the cautious Hallam declares "they strike us with something like the awe of preternatural knowledge," and seem "more like revelations of physical truths vouchsafed to a single mind than the superstructure of its reasoning upon any established basis." The drawings and writings now at Windsor it is now proposed to publish in fac-simile, on account of their combined artistic and scientific value. The work will form about 250 plates in folio, with the text of the MSS. deciphered and printed in full, a translation and all needful notes and illustrations, under the charge of Mr. Panizzi and Dr. Sharpey, secretary of the Royal Society, for the scientific portion. It will be issued in twenty parts at one guinea each, the publication to commence early in the year 1866.

—The fifth "Annuaire," or yearly report, of the Ethnological Society of France, is just ready for publication, and will complete the first series of its works. Among other interesting matter it will contain chronological annals by the Japanese Mokados; Papers on Jewish History, and its connection with Babylon and Persia, the Books of Esther and of Judith, by M. Oppert; articles on the Siamese and Pali Languages, etc. The publications of the English Anthropological Society also show the lively interest that prevails on the subject which it is its mission to illustrate. The American Ethnological Society continues to accumulate facts more especially bearing on the early history and condition of the races of the New World, and has just resumed its meetings for the season. A former laborer in the field who has not lately been heard from, Mr. George Catlin, announces for publication in London, through Messrs. Trübner & Co., "O-Kee-Pa, a Religious Ceremony of the Mandan Tribe of Indians," with twenty-three colored illustrations, in one volume quarto. Mr. Catlin has also addressed a letter to the press on the present condition and treatment of the North American Indians, denouncing in the severest terms the inhuman massacre of the Cheyenne tribe, and the general conduct of the United States officials, etc., by whom the national relations with the red man are managed.

—"The History of the American War," by Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, with plans of battles, etc., is just completed by the appearance of the second volume in London. It is the only work of any pretension yet written in England on the subject. Colonel Fletcher has had the advantage of visiting the Union armies during the command of General McClellan, and writes with fairness and impartiality, without adding much, either of new ideas or actual information, to the existing stock of knowledge. Meanwhile materials rapidly accumulate, principally on the Southern side, to an extent that threatens to be embarrassing to the future historian. Mr. Pollard, author of the secession "History of the War," in four volumes, is engaged on a résumé of the transactions of the past four years, to be entitled "History of a Lost Cause." In "Blackwood's Magazine" is being published the narrative of Colonel Von Borcke, a Prussian officer whose services in organizing the rebel cavalry were of the highest value; and we are promised by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., at an early day, "Secret Rebel Diary of the War: Containing the Transactions of the War Department of the Confederate States Government during the whole period of its existence until the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, embracing copies of all important documents and despatches pertaining to the War Office, with a History of the Rise and Progress of the Events which finally compassed the Destruction of the Confederacy," by J. B. Jones, Clerk in the Confederate States War Office—to form two volumes 8vo.

—"Club Life of London, with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee-houses, and Taverns during the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries," is the title of a new book by that industrious compiler John Timbs, whose works, under his own name and various well-sounding pseudonyms, as "Horace Welby," etc., would almost fill a small library. Mr. Timbs is one of the best workmen of his class, and in his books of "Curiosities" and "Anecdotes" usually brings forward some interesting matter from recondite sources. The taste for reproducing and dwelling upon the life of the past which usually characterizes a period when original creative power is in abeyance in a nation, has caused the growth of a mob of compilers whose performances are of the most wishy-washy kind. Since Thackeray brought the eighteenth century into fashion, the literary and social characteristics of that period are the favorite themes of these gentry. Dr. Johnson wished he might never again hear of the Punic War. We should heartily rejoice if Goldsmith's "bloom-colored coat" should be buried in the same oblivion. It is continually turning up, along with Sir Joshua Reynolds's ear-trumpet, Dr. Johnson's tea-drinkings, Miss Burney's bashfulness, Garrick's love of saving a penny, and other scraps of worn-out anecdotes, referred to with an easy air of familiarity by writers of the Sala and Thornbury type to show their intimate acquaintance with the arcana of the past. The social and literary history of England is a mine which could hardly be exhausted by any number of genuine workers, so copious are the materials at command for its illustration. These this class of authors in question have no knowledge of. Evelyn and Pepys, Boswell and Burney, Walpole and Wraxall, form about the beginning and end of their stock in trade. It is impossible to take up an English magazine without meeting with a rehash of this old matter, destined to form a book served up under some taking title.

—The brilliance and versatility of the talents of M. Ernest Renan are well exemplified in a work, the joint production of himself and a literary colleague, V. Leclerc. It is the introductory portion to the last volume published of "Histoire Littéraire de la France," a work commenced by the Benedictines, and now carried on by a Government commission, to which we have unfortunately no parallel in England or America. The account of each century commences with a preliminary general survey of the era. The age now treated of, the fourteenth century, is prefaced by a "Discours sur l'Etat des Lettres," par V. Leclerc, and "Discours sur l'Etat des Arts," par E. Renan. The merit of these dissertations has been so universally recognized that they have been published in a separate form, in two vols. royal octavo. After M. Leclerc's survey of the intellectual elements of the age, Renan takes up all that relates to its material progress, especially architecture and the fine arts, and shows, with abounding learning and eloquence, the mutual interdependence of the conditions on which civilization depends, and the characteristics that distinguish a progressive state such as Europe

then exemplified from one merely stationary and conservative. The "Discours" is said to form the best account and philosophy of the arts of the Middle Ages that has ever appeared.

SAADI'S GULISTAN.*

THE rise and career of the modern Persian literature is on many accounts one of the most striking passages in all literary history. For a long succession of centuries the Persian muse had been mute, the energies of the people absorbed in the wars, tumults, and revolutions which make up the ordinary staple of the historian's account. Indeed, if Persia had ever before produced a varied popular literature, all trace and remembrance of it had become lost. In the very earliest period, before the beginnings of history proper, the followers of Zoroaster's religion had their sacred books, a part of which, mixed with matter of later origin, has come down to us as the Zendavesta. But all the literary activity of the race, so far as we know aught of it, had been since expended in preserving, translating, and expounding that ancient and revered record. The external fates of Persia, in the meantime, had been full of vicissitude. Under Cyrus and his successors the Persians had been the foremost among the branches of that grand division of mankind to which we ourselves belong—the Indo-European race—to take their part in the drama of universal history. They had been first checked, then conquered, by Greece; Persian tradition still accuses Alexander of Macedon of having burned the records and overthrown the altars of the pure religion of Ormuzd. Governed for a while by his generals, the country had then submitted for near five hundred years to the yoke of the Parthians, until, in A.D. 226, a native dynasty regained the throne, re-established the ancient religion and customs, and revived the memory of Persian power and valor by its desperate and often triumphant struggles with the Roman Empire. Then came the avalanche of Moslem fanaticism and fury, before which so many thrones went down. Persia was overthrown, and it seemed for three centuries as if her nationality and religion were crushed and annihilated together; Arab language, faith, and culture threatened to usurp the place of what was distinctively Persian, and the land to become socially and intellectually, as it was politically, a mere appendage to the empire of the Caliphs. There must have been an extraordinary force and persistency in a national character which, after so long and changeful a history, could rise to a new and more vigorous life from beneath such an overwhelming blow. And this was what took place in Persia. No sooner did the Moslem servitude begin to relax, as the caliphate went to pieces and independent dynasties arose here and there in the eastern provinces, than the national spirit revived, and marked its new birth by a burst of song. The land had become thoroughly Mohammedanized during the long period of the Arab domination; the faithful votaries of Zoroaster's doctrine were feeble and persecuted communities in the desert, or exiles in India. Yet signs of such resistance as the circumstances made practicable were to be seen in the general adherence of the Persians to the Shiite heresy and in the rise and prevalence of the Sûfî mysticism, which spurned the narrow bounds of Moslem orthodoxy, and sought for beatitude only in transcendental contemplation and spiritual union with God. To their ancient historical traditions, too, the national mind clung closely; and the first great work of the new national literature was the gigantic epic of Firdusi, the "Shah-Nameh," or "Book of Kings," in which was wrought out the whole history of Persia, as it lay in the popular mind of the period, founded in no small part on legends whereof the Zoroastrian books themselves contain the germs. What a wonderful energy there was in the poetic ardor which fired the national spirit is to be seen, not only in the popular enthusiasm which accompanied it, and the long career of literary productiveness which followed, but in its effects on the other races. The wild tribes of Turan, the hordes of Turkish descent, who were then commencing the movement which brought them later across the Hellespont and to the very borders of Germany, were taken captive by it; their barbarous dynasties, as they succeeded one another upon the thrones of Iran, became without exception the lovers and patrons of the Persian literature; and, to the present day, the polite language of Constantinople is full of Persian elements, then learned and borrowed, and nearly the whole Turkish literature is an imitation of Persian models.

The golden age of Persian literature covers about five centuries, from the beginning of the eleventh to the end of the fifteenth. It was throughout essentially of a belletristic character: epic, legendary, lyric, and romantic poetry, panegyric, philosophic allegory, aphoristic apologue, are its staples. Even history, though an important, is a subordinate department, and science is but scantily represented—in part, because the Persian savans have chosen to write in Arabic rather than in their own tongue. And it has, upon the whole, more of that quality which is independent of clime and circumstance, which appeals directly and with power to the universal human heart, than is possessed by any other Eastern literature.

Most conspicuous among the many brilliant stars in the literary firmament of Persia are four, which rose and set at nearly equal distance from one another: they are Firdusi, Saadi, Hafiz, Jami. Of these, Firdusi is superior in dignity, and the mingled historical and literary interest of his great poem is elsewhere unequalled; Hafiz has the intensest poetic fire; Jami exhibits the most varied genius; yet Saadi is the one most known and enjoyed in the West. This is not without its sufficient reason. Saadi's life was one of extraordinary length and of greatly varied experiences. He died near the end of the thirteenth century (the exact year is a matter of dispute), more than a hundred years old. He is said to have written his best works in his old age, depositing in them the wisdom gathered in an active career prolonged much beyond the usual period of senile quiescence. He had been all his life a wanderer, and had, among other things, fought against the Crusaders in Palestine, and languished for a while as their prisoner. This sort of life was not unusual among the *savans* and *beaux-esprits* of Asia; they were accustomed to pass from country to country, from court to court, enjoying the consideration which their reputation brought them, extending and strengthening it, winning new patronage, and learning more of men and manners. It was the highest culture which the circumstances of the place and time permitted. Upon Saadi it seems to have had a more than usually happy effect, purifying his nature of local and religious prejudices, softening down the peculiarities of the Oriental character in him, teaching him practical wisdom and all-embracing charity, making of him a cosmopolitan in genius and sympathies. Its fruits are to be seen in his two most popular works, the "Bostân" and "Gulistân," or "Fruit-Garden" and "Rose-Garden," the latter of which is now for the first time put before the American public, in an elegant form and under the care of an American editor whose name commands universal attention and respect. The "Bostân" is in verse, the "Gulistân" in prose, with intermingled verse; both are made up chiefly of anecdotes, brief stories with a moral, incidents illustrative of some weighty practical truth, distributed into books according to their subject and the nature of the lessons they teach. The tone and aim of these anecdotes are, almost without exception, truly admirable, their philosophy a genuine love of humanity and justice. Not a few of them are already familiar to us, having found their way, through more or less devious channels, into the common stock of literature.

While Saadi's other works—being to us of less attractive contents, and in a far higher degree than these dependent for their interest upon their poetical form—are comparatively unknown in the West, the Bostân and Gulistân have been repeatedly translated into almost every language of Europe. Of the latter, there exist nearly twenty versions, four of them in English. The most popular of these English versions, that of Gladwin (it first appeared in 1806, and has since gone through a number of editions in England), is here reproduced, along with the introduction to another, that of Ross (published in 1823), giving an account of the poet's life and works, an estimate of his genius, and a eulogy of the Persian literature and culture. The volume receives unity through the preface of Ralph Waldo Emerson, which has the interest, of thought and style, always belonging to whatever comes from his pen. Gladwin's translation is a respectable one, but by no means all that we could ask for as a representation of its original. No literature is more dependent than the Persian upon the charm of style for its attractiveness, and Saadi especially, as we are reminded in the preface to this volume, valued most of all his gift of "sweet words;" he was willing to lose anything else sooner than that. And, although it would be doing the solid worth of the Gulistân signal injustice to represent its style as its chief merit, it is very easy to see how much an eloquent diction must add to these moral anecdotes, giving beauty to what in the version may even appear tame or commonplace, and brightening and commending the lesson drawn from each significant narrative. Gladwin is simple and unaffected only, not eloquent. It detracts sensibly, too, from the effect which the stories should have, that the verses in which their lessons are usually summed up are rendered by him in prose. What here sometimes seems an unmotived repetition had a very different value in the original.

That a translation, however, should be found unsatisfactory, is too common and obvious a matter to be worth dwelling upon. Every one knows, who knows aught upon the subject, that a perfect translation is the despair of every true scholar. To translate a work of art in literature is like copying the painting of a great master; nay, it is vastly more difficult; it is like copying a picture in the colors of another prism than ours. The Oriental

* "The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle-Huddeen Sheik Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the original by Francis Gladwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. 12mo, pp. 379.

scholar is not always a man of that fine literary sense and power of criticism which should enable him to feel keenly and analyze truly the peculiar beauties of the author he reads; still less often has he the artistic power which should enable him to reproduce those beauties. We would rather have trusted Saadi to the hands of a man of genius like Mr. Emerson than of a scholar like Gladwin. Yet we thankfully accept what is here presented us. We recognize with pleasure the motive and aim of the publication—a loving appreciation of the merits of the Eastern poet and sage, and a desire that his name and works should become as familiarly known in America as they are in Europe. Respecting the laudableness of such attempts to bring the East to the knowledge of the West, we have already sufficiently expressed ourselves in a recent number of this journal, and we must commend the judgment which has chosen so promising a means to so good an end. We wish the book the wide circulation and cordial reception which, in our opinion, it fully deserves.

CONCERNING TIMOTHY TITCOMB.*

SINCE the "Country Parson" has been called a prose Tupper, there is, unhappily, nothing left within the whole range of epigram for the characterization of "Timothy Titcomb." The situation is perhaps inevitable, but it is not the less desperate. No doubt a future age, should his work descend to posterity, will have the courage and wisdom to express in some comprehensive phrase a sense of their quality; for the present we can only hope to suggest their nature vaguely and unequally.

Fortunately, a great number of readers have already some idea of our author. He has written a good many books, which have had large sales. He has a wide reputation as poet and novelist; and it seems to us he has done his best things in these characters. As a lecturer he is quite as well known, and in the volume before us he publishes the lectures which he has written and delivered during the last six or seven years. These are nine in number, and of such quantity and quality that it exalts our respect for the national sweetness and patience when we consider that they must have each been delivered to popular assemblies at least a score of times.

It might not be without a measure of sadness, however, that we considered this, for the fact suggests uncomfortable ideas of the facility of literary success in this country, and goes far to prove that reputation is the only thing still to be had cheap among us; that while overcoats, butter and eggs, rents and fuel, are exorbitantly dear, fame, like consolidated milk, is within the reach of the humblest resources. But it would be unjust to the public to judge it by what it endures rather than what it likes; and it is doubtful whether the popularity of such writers and lecturers as Mr. Holland is other than apparent. A slovenly and timorous criticism has been the bane alike of readers and of writers, and an order of mind has been allowed to flourish up into a thistly rankness in our literature fit only to browse donkeys. But we doubt greatly whether most people have any genuine appetite for the growth, and we question if even among those to whom harsh dispraise of Mr. Holland would come with almost the shock of a personal affront, there has not sometimes been a suspicion that he was heavy and trite. It would be difficult, certainly, to find anything in these popular lectures which is not dull if new, or old if good. The lecturer himself has sometimes a sense of this, and once expresses the belief that a great deal he has been saying must seem to his audience like the recitation of a schoolroom. We must do him the justice to say, however, that this concession is made in a moment of rare consciousness, and that, for the most part, he rehearses his commonplaces with a dignified carefulness and a swelling port of self-satisfaction inexpressibly amusing. He does not wonder, this eloquent lecturer, he is "smitten with wonder," he says, when he thinks "of the power which bold assumption has in the world," though we suspect that he is merely smitten with wonder that he should have thought of the tremendous fact; and he might have marvelled at his hearers for submitting to his own pretence of having something wise and novel to tell them. He loves to say "Now, mark you," when there is nothing to mark, and is fond of the sort of metaphor which, like bear's meat, grows as you chew upon it, and can neither be swallowed nor ejected. Nothing daunts him, and he does not hesitate to electrify you with the idea, for example, "that hate is not so good a motive as love, and, thank God! it is not so powerful a motive as love!"

Throughout these lectures Mr. Holland patronizes the good, the true, and the beautiful. He encourages these amiable abstractions, and tries to keep up their spirits by a constant testimony to their good behavior. He is also friendly to the domestic and public virtues; but the great object of his philanthropic condescension is the Christian religion. He cannot say enough in favor of its many winning and useful qualities; and if he sometimes suspects that his platitudes on other subjects might seem like the recitations of schoolboys, he has every reason to believe that his attitude toward our common faith is that of a pedagogue. He wishes to bring this faith out and have its merit recognized, and will never give up his protégée, even though people should think his constancy unfashionable. Religion he finds lamentably absent from politics and society, and, above all, from fashionable literature. He does not find Thackeray Christian, even when he takes "into account the sulphurous satire which he points with such deadly fire at the very society which makes him fashionable;" and he objects to the pen of Charles Dickens that, although "thrilling to its nib with the genius which inspires it, he has never written, in good, honest text, the name of Jesus Christ." The rebuke of worldly-mindedness and vanity and uncharitableness which breaks forth from Thackeray, the unfailing advocacy of the cause of the despised, the poor, and the prisoner in the novels of Charles Dickens, prove nothing of their love of Christianity, because the *name* of Christ is not in their works. Does Mr. Holland wear a crucifix about him? Kingsley, although a traitor to the cause of popular reform, and the inventor of the odious muscular piety of second-rate modern fictions, is Christian, because he calls on the name of the Lord; and Ruskin, who has lately discovered the divine beauty of slavery, is likewise a Christian for the like reason. Mrs. Browning, also, is a Christian writer; and whereas fashionable unchristian writers are doomed to perish, our lecturer is led to the anti-climax of saying: "The earth is not broad enough, the earth is not deep enough, to bury Mrs. Browning in."

It may be objected to the censure of such writers as Mr. Holland that, granting their popularity to be factitious, they do a great deal of good to commonplace people; that they reach a large class of hearers and readers who could not be reached by men of genius; that they act as smoked glasses for the weak vision that would else turn away from thought, or, regarding her, would be dazzled to death by her aspect. We desire to give Mr. Holland's admirers and apologists the benefit of this doubt.

* "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. A Series of Popular Lectures. By J. G. Holland." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866.

THE IRISH PRISON SYSTEM.*

"OUR CONVICTS" is a remarkable book. As a literary work it is poor, but no reader of it will be tempted to dwell on its defects. Its chief excellence and peculiar importance to American readers consist in its presenting a detailed and accurate view of what is becoming famous the world over as the Irish system of prison discipline, a system which is destined to revolutionize the whole theory and practice in regard to the treatment of criminals. The principles at its foundation are simple and of universal application; the methods by which they are applied are as simple as the principles themselves.

An act of Parliament of 1853 founded both the English and Irish convict systems. Transportation was a failure, and though this alone would not, perhaps, have prevented its continuance, the colonies themselves did prevent it by refusing to receive any more criminals. Western Australia, however, from peculiar and temporary causes, was anxious to admit convicts, but in 1854 Governor Fitzgerald wrote to request that no more *Irish convicts* on tickets-of-leave should be sent out. The reason given was an idiosyncracy of the Irish prisoners, arising from a "singular inaptitude to comprehend the nature of moral agencies, or to be affected by them." They are represented to have been degraded and apparently incorrigible. Such was the situation of affairs when Captain Walter Crofton undertook the charge of the Irish prisons. Ten years later, from the prisons whose inmates had gone to Australia incapable of being affected by moral agencies, went men so reformed that employers received them with confident reliance on their future honesty; a system had been devised so perfect as to excite the admiration of all interested in the progress of social reform, so perfect that no improvement can be suggested, so zealously carried out that Howard alone is a name fit to be compared with Crofton.

To reform the prisoner, to fit him for admission to society, and at the same time to give society such satisfactory evidence of his reform as to induce trust in him, these were Sir Walter Crofton's objects. An appeal to his moral nature, and to hope rather than fear, was the means employed. Methods were employed so simple that the result seems obvious.

J. B., then, take Sir Walter's own illustration, has lived a life of antagonism to law and her ministers:

"He arrives at his prison chained and scowling at all who approach him—he is angry with himself for not having been able to elude detection, and for no other cause whatever. J. B. is stated to be twenty-eight years of age; his life of crime has given him the appearance of thirty-five. He is now convicted of burglary, and has four former convictions recorded against him.

* "Our Convicts. By Mary Carpenter." In two volumes 8vo. London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts & Green. 1864.

He has received what is termed a certain amount of penal infliction for his different crimes, and has been on the tread-wheel more than once; solitude and darkness also he has experienced from time to time. He has been violently insubordinate in prison and has been flogged. He is known to be one of a notorious gang of robbers infesting one of our populous cities. You scan his countenance and there is not one hopeful lineament apparent. You elicit from him that his parents died in a work-house, from which he absconded. He never had a home."

This is certainly an unfavorable specimen for an experiment in reform. If you punish him, he has been punished before and hardened by it. If you try to amend his character, how will you do it when he is in a state of tacit antagonism to you at every point? He must before discharge regain freedom in some sort, or the public will not be satisfied that he is reformed; yet how can this be done without removing the necessary physical restraint?

Irish prison discipline is divided into three stages. The first consists of cellular imprisonment for eight or nine months. But *whether* eight or nine months, depends exclusively upon the convict's conduct; this stage is very penal, the object being to induce reflection and, if possible, contrition. During the first half of this period a very low diet is used, and for the first three months no interesting employment is permitted. Meanwhile there is a great deal of time for secular and religious instruction, the plan of the Irish system is carefully taught, and the convict learns that for the future all depends on himself. At the end of the first period the prisoner reaches another stage, of which the peculiarity is that his progress is recorded by *marks;* the principle upon which these marks are given he has already learned, and he now finds that the more laborious his attention, the greater his good-will and industry, the sooner can he reach the much desired third or intermediate stage, so called because occupying a position between absolute freedom and penal servitude, not wholly yielding the one or strictly enforcing the other. This stage gives character to the system, and it is through such "intermediate" establishments alone that a satisfactory and well-tested change can be effected in the character of criminals. Here there are no marks; here is to be proved the sincerity of amendment. Here the *individual* is to be looked at, and for this purpose the smaller the number to be "individualized" the better. One hundred is stated to be the outside limit; but no doubt the limit of an average family would be best, were it but possible. Small gangs, the smaller the better, are formed, and the person in charge of each, while he is to teach the members of it a trade, is responsible for their characters. He is to talk with them, make himself familiar with everything concerning each one of them—in a word, to treat them as *men*. Again, they are trusted to go out alone from the prison; to carry messages from one prison to another, and to spend part of the small sums they are allowed to earn by industry and good behavior. Natural means are used as far as practicable. "No more restraint is used than would be necessary in any well-regulated establishment." (And this tests at once the efficacy of the methods in the previous stages.) The officers work with the convicts, are unarmed, and in small force. Physical restraint, or even its *possibility*, is excluded, and, indeed, the use or possibility of force would be "inconsistent with the principles" which the intermediate establishments "were instituted to enunciate." The object is to prove to the convict that he is really to be credited with the improvement he has shown in obtaining marks. Again, as before said, it must be proved to the public that full credit for reform may safely be given him when liberated. He is now co-operating in his own advance.

"He cannot ignore the conviction, sooner or later, that the system, however penal in its development, is intended for his benefit; and that, moreover, it has by its stringent regulations and arrangements after the liberation of the convict, and this is most important to note, made the vocation of crime very unprofitable and hazardous to follow. He hears lectures of an interesting and profitable description, which not only point out the wickedness and the danger of criminal pursuits, but show him the course which he should take in order to amend his life where his labor is required and his antecedents not likely to entwine him to his ruin. The mind of the convict is in alliance with the minds of those placed over him, and what at first sight might have appeared to be impracticable, *has become, for many years, a recorded and gratifying fact.*"

And now having by the sweat of his brow earned his liberty, having by his good behavior and industry shortened his time by some months, the prisoner is to return to the society which had expelled him. But his original term of sentence has not expired, and society demands a further guaranty that in case of a return to his former life there shall be a return to his former punishment. To effect this, the much-abused ticket-of-leave is given him. He has, it should be said, been already photographed and his offense has been entered on a criminal register. "But what is a ticket-of-leave?" asks some one who has seen the play of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and conceived, perhaps, the idea that its operation is to blast the prospects of even the repentant sinner. The license is merely a certificate of freedom under certain conditions, the gist of which is that misconduct on the part of the license-holder will produce a forfeiture of the license, and that misconduct means association with notoriously bad characters, an idle and dissolute life, or the absence of visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood. In England this was all, and no means were taken to enforce the law, while the police were ordered not to exercise any supervision over the discharged prisoners, for fear that the appearance of such surveillance would prevent them from obtaining employment. Besides this, the license soon became a matter of course, and was granted to all, whether well-behaved or not, at the end of the usual time; the consequence was that, carefully let alone by the police and not being by any means reformed, the ticket-of-leave was a license to practice crime, and the word became a national reproach. In Ireland, on the other hand, three conditions annexed to the English certificate, and a rigorous enforcement of them, gave as a blessing to Ireland what to England had been a curse: 1. The convict was to report himself to the police of his district on his discharge, and subsequently on the first of each month till the period of his original sentence had expired. 2. A change of residence must be notified to the constabulary, in order that the registration may be changed. 3. An infringement of these rules entails a revocation of the license. Says Miss Carpenter (Vol. II., p. 95):

"The system of photography, and the careful registration of every offence, make it almost impossible for any convict at large to commit an offence without his being at once detected as an old offender, and receiving a sentence proportionably longer. Since the absolute certainty of detection and punishment is the most reliable deterrent, the knowledge that crime is thus made a hazardous calling proves a very strong stimulus to the convicts to abandon it and to lead a very different life. . . . Such is the working of the Irish convict system. If its results are asked for, reference need only be made to the grand fact that in Ireland there is such general belief in the reformation of convicts that they are received back into society, and able to gain an honest livelihood; that employers are not afraid to give them work and even place them, after suitable probation, in situations of trust. Tangible proofs of its success can also be given in the very remarkable reduction of crime in the island and the very small proportion of relapses."

In proof of this statement we find on p. 116 of Vol. II. a table which shows that in 1854 the number of criminals in custody in Government prisons was about 4,000. In 1862 the number was 1,314, a striking decrease of such crime as is punished by penal servitude. In 1862 there was a remarkable increase in the number of convictions, but we must remember that it is the number of re-convictions alone which can prove the success of the system. As to these the percentage of relapses was only 9·9 during the six years previous to 1862. That year was very exceptional on account of prevalent distress. Nevertheless, from 1856 to 1862 inclusive the total number discharged was 4,960. Of these 510 were re-sentenced, 107 licenses were revoked, and therefore 617 were returned to prison; the percentage being 12·44. To perceive what a very small proportion this is, it is only necessary to consider that out of every hundred eighty-eight are reformed men—eighty-eight thieves, burglars, murderers, garroters, turned into honest, respectable citizens. Into this system, so admirable in itself, life was breathed by such men as Crofton and Organ.

The latter was the prison instructor; but to him education meant a life-long care of every convict committed to his charge. He spent years in laboring to secure the reception by society of a class only known to it as the most criminal in the world. Without men like these systems are lifeless. But such men are always to be found.

Here in America we feel well satisfied with our prisons. There is no reason for such satisfaction, for our prisons do not attain their object. A prison is, properly, a reformatory, a moral hospital. Ours are schools of crime. Says a committee of the Prison Association of New York:

"If an institution should be established in every county of the State with the inscription over the door, 'Vice and crime taught here,' and the processes within corresponded to the announcement without, this committee is impressed with the conviction that the work of manufacturing criminals could scarcely be more effectually done than it is by our jail system, as at present organized and managed."

This is strong language, but it is not lightly used. There is, we think, no proposition more true than that "our present jail system is deeply depraving to the prisoner and a positive evil to the community." Says another committee:

"Insecurity, scant room, crowded corridors, bad ventilation, vicious air, horrible odors, abundance of vermin, want of personal cleanliness in the prisoners, too ample facilities for outside communication, defective separation of the sexes, compulsory idleness, the absence of all means of intellectual culture, very inadequate agencies for religious instruction and moral reform, and, above all, the promiscuous association of prisoners of all classes and all ages—forming, as they do, a fœtid, seething mass of mutual contamination and pollution—are, if not universal, at least far too common points in the picture presented by our common jails."

The penitentiaries are better; it is to their improvement, indeed, that the chief attempts at reform have been directed, the jails remaining the same schools of vice as before. Almost every man or woman who issues from the former has been at various times an inmate of the latter, and the folly of endeavors to stop crime by reforming the criminal in his last stage, when he is encouraged in it during all the first stages, is evident. Until our jails are radically changed, we cannot hope for any great diminution of the "dangerous classes;" until the promiscuous association of young and old, good and bad, criminals and witnesses against criminals, is abolished, we must expect a "fœtid, seething mass of mutual contamination and pollution;" until short sentences are abolished, we must expect repeated sentences; until we admit that a register for crime is at least as essential as one for mortgages, no one need despair of being tolerably successful in the profession of crime; until we make a distinction between children and hardened offenders, we must expect hardened offenders. Too much cannot be said as to the necessity of a change in these respects. The effect of short sentences, without registration, is, that with proper precautions men commit crime after crime and run through prison after prison before being arrested for any length of time; that when they at length receive a long sentence, so matured in wickedness are they that reformation is almost impossible. But what is to be said of our treatment of children? A boy of twelve is committed to prison with the burglar of years' practice. We had better have two hundred and twenty felonies on our statute-book again, and hang a boy of twelve for the theft of a shilling, than do this. We educate the rich, the virtuous, the prosperous, in knowledge and goodness; our poor, our ignorant, our vicious, our starving we educate in crime, in vice, in lust. We succeed admirably with both classes. Schools finish one; jails the other. This crying evil must be remedied. The sweetness of the charity of Elizabeth Fry and Howard must replace the stern ignorance of our present attempts at the repression of crime.

The Legislature of New York have at length adopted the principle of "commutation;" the convict is to *earn* the remission of his sentence, as in Ireland. Whether it is to be successful depends upon the strictness with which the provisions of the law are carried out, and upon police supervision after liberation. Such measures are excellent, but of imperfect usefulness until the value of the "intermediate system" is appreciated. By that alone can the prisoner be fully prepared for freedom; by that alone can society feel secure as to his reformation.

There is, however, a stumbling-block in the way of all improvement. The prison management of New York changes with every change of politics. Nothing can be worse. Nothing can more effectually prevent order, care, and ability. Nothing can so effectually secure a worthless class of prison officers. Prisons do not belong to the spoils, yet it is a well-known fact that the lower class of politicians have the prisons given over to them because they are thought fit to receive nothing better. Nothing better? Have we sunk into a sluggishness from which nothing will rouse us? Is it not enough that 60,000 men, women, and children pass through the prisons of one State every year to show us how much is to be done?

HISTORY BY THE YARD.*

Civilization has its inconveniences not less than its manifold comforts and advantages. Steam is as good an illustration as any. It has blessed us with cheap and expeditious transportation by land, and cursed our civil society with unscrupulous, almost omnipotent, corporations. It has enlarged commerce by shortening the passage of the sea; and, by competition with the Arabian caravan, has sped for us the return of the cholera, henceforth the terror, not of a term of years, but even of every year. It has diminished incalculably the labor and the cost of printing, and made the press the invincible ally of progress; but it has done so at the expense of conscientious mechanical workmanship, and with no small detriment to language and literature. Our newspapers have begotten a style and vocabulary of their own. Care has given way to haste, and accuracy to slipshod negligence. The writing which used to be the burden of a man's life is now achieved according to the requirements of every sort of periodical. Novels have long since adapted themselves to the serial form, and, in France at least, to the width of printers' columns. We have had history in monthly instalments; M. de Lamartine now gives it to us daily in the *Constitutionnel*. Finally, we have works of the gravest character contracted for within impossible limits—impossible, did we not see them actually executed by the author, produced by the publisher, and sold by the ten or hundred thousand through the active canvassing of the latter's agents.

It is of the last-mentioned evil that we are moved particularly to speak. Its effect upon the entire book-trade concerns the publishers rather, or certainly sooner, than the general public, who have only a secondary interest in rival modes of literary enterprise. Its effect upon the popular taste and culture and acquirement, and the performances of scholars and thinkers, may not be left to the attention and possible correction of any class of men, but deserves to be seriously pondered by the community. It is high time that the emission of any new book should be preceded by scruples analogous to those out of which convictions are born, and attended by an apology either expressed in set terms or contained irresistibly in the substance of the composition. Every writer, before publishing, should challenge the aim of his undertaking, its need, and his qualifications for it; should criticize his work when criticism will be most opportune and valuable—at its very conception. Between this spirit and that in which men now sit down and deliberately reckon the number of pages they have to fill, calculate with time-piece and calendar the division of intellectual labor, and, having agreed upon their downright and contingent remuneration, begin to ply their pens with all their might—between these two methods it is not only proper but necessary to choose, and quickly, before the false supplants the true. In these times and in this country the rebellion exhibited no mortal wound when its history began to be written. The body of the late President had not reached its final resting-place ere half-a-dozen biographers were engaged to write his life. In any just sense neither task was practicable for the present generation, even as a mere chronicle of facts. We do not, and shall not for long years, know all the facts. We cannot yet distinguish the pretended from the real.

Among the contractors for this kind of shoddy it is not surprising to find Mr. John S. C. Abbott busy and prominent. We observe, in a Western paper, a card from that gentleman, in which he denies the truth of a current statement that, having been secured by the Messrs. Harper, of this city, to write a history of the late civil war, he had been guilty of such gross inaccuracies as to lead them to cancel their agreement with him. We have no disposition to doubt Mr. Abbott's word in this matter, though we cannot help regretting that he is to go on with his job. He affords, perhaps, the very best instance of misemployed incapacity that could be desired for our purpose; and if we cursorily review his now somewhat stale productions, it is only that we may exhibit the viciousness of that disposition which tosses off a book as lightly as a child a soap-bubble, with equal amusement to itself and equal indifference to the consequences.

Mr. Abbott's "History of Napoleon Bonaparte" appeared, in two volumes, in 1855, and its general character is too well known to require much comment here. The attempt of the author at an impartial judgment of the great Corsican was not more ludicrous than his estimate of his own success "A fair representation," says he, "of the endeavors of Napoleon . . . would shake the Government of England to its foundation. The view of his character presented in these pages, if placed before the public of Great Britain, would be regarded by the Government as a calamity." Ten years have elapsed since these ominous words were written in the midst of the most perverse, unblushing eulogy of the First Emperor. Will Mr. Abbott have us look for England's calamity in her *entente cordiale* with "the nephew of his uncle?" But, in sorry earnest, our author's impartiality consisted in resolving at the outset that his subject was immaculate, and it then became necessary merely to shift the blame upon others, or to gloze over unmanageable facts. Thus, to maintain Napoleon's merciful regard for human life, and aversion to bloodshed, he remarks that "bombshells cannot be thrown affectionately," attributes the usual and even extraordinary horrors (like the massacre of the garrison at Jaffa) to "the stern necessities of war," and for ever charges the English with being the assailants, and hence responsible for all that grew out of the ensuing strife. In asserting Napoleon's "high sense of honor," and his noble advocacy of "the equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man," he remembers to forget his effort to re-enslave St. Domingo, and his treatment of his black rival, Toussaint. And generally it may be remarked that Bonaparte's own defence of his motives and deeds is allowed to outweigh the gravest accusations that have been brought against him.

The rhetoric of this veracious history is not to be passed over. That it is florid and high-flown must be pardoned to the enthusiasm of the writer. Towards its repetitiousness we are less inclined to be lenient. This fault might naturally be explained by the circumstance that the "History" first appeared in parts in "Harper's Magazine;" but this would not excuse its recurrence in the completed volume, and we have sufficient evidence that

* "History of Napoleon Bonaparte. By John S. C. Abbott." Two vols. Harper & Bros., New York. 1864 (1855).
"Napoleon at St. Helena." Ib. 1855.
"The French Revolution of 1789." Ib. 1859.
"The Empire of Austria." Ib. Mason Bros., New York. 1859.
"The Empire of Russia." Ib. 1860.
"Italy." Ib. 186–.

the fault is inherent in Mr. Abbott's style. A single quotation from a single page will answer for the work we are considering (I., 127):

"The roar of the battle, the shout of onset, and the shriek of the dying, mingled, in midnight gloom, with the appalling rush and wail of the tempest."

"Through the long hours the groans of the wounded, scattered over many miles swept by the battle, blended in mournful unison with the wailings of the tempest."

It would be tedious to follow the historian in all his misstatements and confusion, and convict him of ignorance or carelessness, or a probable combination of both. Again a few examples must stand for many. He speaks of the Bastile as just demolished in 1790; says that a new constitution was established in the midst of the Reign of Terror; that Napoleon was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general when invested with the command of the artillery train at Toulon, instead of after the capture of the town, as he correctly states a few pages further on; that "more than seventy thousand loyalists, men, women, and children *of the highest rank*," were there beleaguered; that "a few months," instead of four years, passed away before Napoleon overthrew the constitution which he had established by that successful siege; that Josephine, born on the island of "Martinico," was twenty-eight years of age in 1796, instead of thirty-three; that the people of Lodi saw the sun "*sinking* behind the Tyrolean hills," or, in other words, setting in the north-east; that Murat became King of Sicily, instead of Naples, etc., etc. All these from the first one hundred and fifty pages of the first volume, with which, and with the work itself, let us conclude with the following versions of a part of the testament at St. Helena, contained in one chapter:

"I arrested the Duke d'Enghien because that measure was necessary to the security, the interest, and the honor of the French people, when the Count d'Artois maintained, on his admission, sixty assassins. In similar circumstances I would do the same." (I., 431.)

"I ordered the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and executed, because it was necessary for the safety, the welfare, and the honor of the French nation. Under the same circumstances I should act in the same way." (I., 435.)

Though the "History" contained considerably over a hundred pages on "Napoleon at St. Helena," the year 1855 witnessed also the publication of a book with the same title, of no less than six hundred and sixty-six long pages! But it shall not delay us now, for it has all the extravagance and defects of the larger work. Four years later we were favored with "The French Revolution of 1789," from a republican point of view. Being anxious, however, to try Mr. Abbott away from French territory if possible, we pass on to "The Empire of Austria—its Rise and Present Power," which, also appearing in 1859, is proof of the wonderful elasticity of our author's intellect, just released from the overwhelming theme of the French Revolution. Happily for him, he had a guide in Coxe's "*House* of Austria," which he ingeniously converts into a history of the Empire by ignoring the earlier history of the country and stopping with Leopold II. With judicious discrimination, also, he connects the career of Charles XII. (in Denmark, Russia, and Poland) with the life of Austria, though he never fought a skirmish in her borders, and overlooks Frederick the Great, whose wars were all waged against her.

True to his title, Mr. Abbott leaps from the "rise" without difficulty to the "present power" of Austria, though that involves perfect silence concerning the revolution of 1848. The territorial extent of the empire, as he reckons it, is a mysterious piece of calculation, by which he derives 256,399 square miles (near enough to the truth) from items which together make 318,373.

The purpose of this work having been stated in the preface to be to deal rather with romance than with history—after the manner of his masterpiece, it would appear—we must make some allowance for its rhetoric. Yet it is really too bad to see Ottocar of Bohemia urge his troops "through the defiles of the Bohemian mountains" (p. 26), himself "threading the defiles of the Bohemian mountains" (p. 28), and also two "united armies threading the defiles of the Bohemian mountains" (p. 47); to find the "domains of the Count of Hapsburg . . . spreading through the defiles of Alsace and Suabia" (p. 25), the possessions of Austria "spreading through the defiles of the Alps" (p. 46); to behold the Turks "rush through the defiles of the Illyrian mountains" (p. 75), and Duke Ludovico "thread the defiles of the Tyrolese mountains" (p. 90); and to learn that there were "passes . . . which it would be necessary for the French to thread" (p. 440). He must have a clear head who is not lost in this labyrinth.

For a chapter of brilliant anachronisms commend us to that describing the northern exploits of the Turks. We are told that in November, 1437, Sigismond died, and was succeeded, as emperor as well as king of Hungary and Bohemia, by Albert; next that the Turks were at *this* time becoming the terror of Christendom; then that, with a powerful armament, Sigismond in person commenced his march to Constantinople, which the Turks were besieging; and that, the Christian troops being utterly routed and nearly all put to the sword, the emperor with difficulty escaped. These events, of which neither the time nor place is specified, occurred near Nicopolis in Bulgaria, in 1396, more than forty years before Sigismond died, and fourteen before he became emperor. The narrative concludes: "Bajazet, the sultan, returned exultant from this great victory, and resumed the siege of Constantinople, which ere long [say fifty-seven years later] fell into the hands of the Turks;" and "Amurath, who was sultan at the time of the death of Sigismond [but died *before* the fall of Constantinople], thought the moment propitious for extending his conquest," etc. (Pp. 62–4).

Mr. Abbott's "Empire of Russia," which our readers will excuse us for only glancing at, has the advantage—for Frenchmen—of being written after French authorities, quoted in the preface, in consequence of which the names of Russian princes, princesses, and towns are given in excellent French, *par exemple:* André, Monomaque, Michel, Hélène, Youri, Souzdal, Péréyeslavetz, etc. In the same way the barbarous Petcheneges are called "Petchénègues," and the Eastern town of Samarcand, "Samarcande."

We would fain have a look at our author's "Italy" also, but are informed that it is out of print, thanks, possibly, to an at last discerning public. Had it met with the favor of the "History of Napoleon," which bears on its latest edition the imprint 1864, the whole of Europe would probably have succumbed to the indomitable pen of Mr. Abbott. Possibly Spain, Portugal, and the rest, owe their deliverance to the breaking out of the rebellion, which naturally inspired the historian of the greatest epoch of modern times in the Old World to essay the greatest of all time in the New. And as we have observed in the former instance

> "How dreffle slick he reeled it off (like Blitz at our lyceum
> A-haulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely see 'em),'

so we may expect American history, under his dexterous manipulation, to be drawn out by the yard, ell, furlong, mile, it may be, at the good pleasure of his employers and the endurance of his countrymen.

"*Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion.*" By Hon. John P. Kennedy. (Hurd & Houghton, New York.)—We do not know of any other 246 pages, of small size, in which so much wisdom and historical fact and substance have been compressed as in this unpretending book. We have here pages which show the statesman and the jurist. Mr. Kennedy's long experience as a member of Congress and of the Cabinet, and his intimate connection with Southerners, being himself a Baltimorean, have enabled him to produce a treatise on secession which we could wish to see in the hands of every reflecting Southerner and of very many Northerners. Let no one say it is too late to write or read on secession; and that the whole subject is settled. Neither slavery, nor negro-status, nor secession is absolutely settled. Conviction must go on spreading and deepening. It was but yesterday that Louisiana, or at least the Democrats in Louisiana, publicly re-asserted the revolting dogma that the United States Government and the different State governments in this country have been established for the whites alone. This assertion, absurd by whomsoever asserted, becomes doubly so in the mouth of a Louisianian or Floridian. Dr. Lieber has shown very conclusively, in his "Lectures on the Constitution of the United States," that the most refining doctrinarian cannot point out in the whole genesis and history of Louisiana or Florida one day, one hour, when she was sovereign; and in his speech on secession, delivered in South Carolina in 1851, he has shown how closely all the States have become intertwined (besides being subject to one national Government), so that a single State can no more secede without disarranging the whole than one of the composing stones of an arch can be removed without depriving the whole arch of its use and efficiency. The able letters we are publishing from the pen of "G. P. M." take the very tenable ground that not one of the thirteen colonies (let alone Louisiana and Florida) had ever the essential attributes of sovereignty. But Mr. Kennedy prefers to dwell upon the inconsistency of the latter State pretending to possess the right of secession, and he treats this point with great ability and directness. On page 31 he remarks:

"That territory was originally purchased by the United States at the cost of five millions of dollars. Some fifty, or perhaps a hundred, millions more were expended in its defence. It was purchased on considerations purely national, as essential to the commercial and military advantage of the country. It contains about thirty million acres of available land, which, by the purchase, became a public domain. Emigrants from other States went there, and were allowed to settle on this domain upon payment of a small amount per acre for the fee. In the year 1845 there had emigrated into this territory a population which, added to the settlers already there, amounted to something less than forty thousand white persons, who had become the owners of perhaps some two or three millions of acres. In this year, 1845, these persons very earnestly desired the privilege of being erected into a State, and to that end petitioned the Government of the United States to confer upon them this greatly desired boon. At that date the high tariff of 1842 was in full operation; the question of slavery was as rife, as active, and as virulent in its agitation of the country as it has ever been since; in short, every Southern grief, as interpreted in the inflamed politics of our day, was as poignant at that time as it was in 1860. Notwithstanding these motives 'to heap curses upon the Union,' which some of the most authoritative teachers of Southern rights were then urging upon their disciples, the people of Florida, with their eyes open to all the 'iniquities' they now impute to the national Government, prayed for admission, and they were kindly received and welcomed as a loyal addition to the fellowship of the States.

"After a brief existence of fifteen years, during which the Government was known to them only by the profusion of its bounties, upon some pretence of convenience—for they had none of oppression—they avail themselves of this right of secession to enable them to retire from the Union. By this act they not only claim to deprive the people of the United States of the whole benefit of the considerations which originally induced

the purchase of this territory from Spain, as a national necessity—the great forts upon the coasts, the naval depots, the supply of ship-timber, the light-houses and guides to navigation, and the means of protecting the commerce of the country—but they also assume a right to the eminent domain of all the public lands, and to appropriate them according to their own pleasure. The white population of Florida to-day is about double what it was in 1845, something less than eighty thousand; and if we suppose the public lands they have seized and sequestered by this exercise of the lawful right of secession to be twenty millions of acres, they would be able to divide amongst the present white men, women, and children of Florida something more than two hundred and fifty acres of land a-piece, which would represent the *legitimate* profit of a right which, it is asserted, the founders of the Government of the United States, deliberately and in the full exercise of their wisdom, reserved to the people of the States."

Vagaries of Vandyke Browne. An Autobiography in Verse. By Wm. P. Brannan. (Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.)—We learn from this book that Mr. Brannan believes himself a poet, but we are not able to share his belief. He also teaches that in some incomprehensible way his genius has not met with proper encouragement and recognition, and he gives the impression that he is a sort of martyr to his own magnificence of intellect and purpose. Of course we doubt this, too; and it seems to us that the public generally will be scarcely persuaded of the justice of Mr. Brannan's conviction by the perusal of his verses. A man who cares to figure as a persecuted genius in these days when criticism is so eager and prompt to encourage the faintest promise, cherishes a difficult aim, and will meet with slight success. Certainly he must do something more than print a volume of stanzas in emulation of the poorest and dullest parts of "Don Juan," or the world will neither ill-use him nor acknowledge his genius.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. A Series of Popular Lectures. By J. G. Holland. Charles Scribner & Co., New York.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By. J. G. Holland. Gurdon Bill, Springfield, Mass.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

Sherman and His Campaigns. By Col. S. M. Bowman and Lt.-Col. R. B. Irwin. Charles B. Richardson, New York.

A Treatise on some of the Insects Injurious to Vegetation. By Thaddeus William Harris, M.D. A New Edition. Edited by Charles L. Flint. Crosby & Ainsworth, Boston.

What Came Afterwards. By T. S. Arthur.—The Humbugs of the World. By P. T. Barnum. Carleton, New York.

History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A. Two volumes. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Journal of Eugenie de Guerin. Edited by G. S. Trebutien. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London; Alexander Strahan & Co., New York.

Miscellanies from the Collected Writings of Edward Irving.—Meditations in Advent, on Creation and on Providence. By Henry Alford, D.D. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

The Dutch Pilgrim Fathers, and Other Poems, Humorous and not Humorous. By Edward Hopper.—The Adventures of a Little French Boy. By Alfred de Bréhat. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

The Sunday Book of Poetry. Selected and Arranged by C. F. Alexander.—The Ballad Book. A Selection of the Choicest British Ballads. Edited by William Allingham. Sever & Francis, Cambridge.

Mr. Stewart's Intentions. By Frederick William Robinson. T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston; O. S. Felt, New York.

Out-croppings. Being Selections of California Verse. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco; W. J. Widdleton, New York.

The Cradle of Rebellions. A History of the Secret Societies of France. By Lucien de la Hodde. John Bradburn, New York; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Fine Arts.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

II.

Eastman Johnson is an honorable name in American art. No critical essay, however grave and carefully considered, but may worthily begin with the mention of it. If we assume, as we think it is safe to, that the meaning of a picture is of more importance than the language, however perfect, in which that meaning is expressed, we shall find no pictures exhibited in our galleries which are more valuable than Eastman Johnson's. There is true feeling in them, hearty sympathy for that which is worthy of sympathy, purpose, manly energy, and essential truthfulness. They are not spoiled by affectation, and that is great praise, although it is negative; if we should put it in other words, it would seem very positive praise to say that they are free from the worst fault of modern art.

It is indeed much to be regretted that the work of this true artist is not of greater technical merit. In comparison with most American painting, his work is technically excellent, but we do not feel that it is justice to our leading artists to compare their work with that of other Americans only. It is for their certain good as painters—as drawers of lines and layers of color—that the delicate and refined workmanship of the French painters is so often now-a-days hung beside their own comparatively archaic performances. For instance, the picture No. 98, "Improving the Eyelids," by C. Baugniet, is vastly inferior as a work of expression, means less and is worth less than Mr. Johnson's "Country Home," No. 128, in the same gallery. But compare the execution of the one with the execution of the other. Mr. Johnson's, indeed, is not bad work; it is not weak to puerility nor insufficient to falsehood; but it is weak and insufficient when compared to the works of the French highly-trained artizan. Look close and long into No. 98, and ponder it well. Notice the clear, sharp, skilful painting, the dexterous contrasting of surfaces and textures, the moderation and the quiet firmness which gets strength without exaggeration and brilliancy without (what cannot be had here) strong contrast. The important part of the picture is nearly all white, a lady in white *peignoir*, with a little pink about it, sitting at a toilet-table covered with white lace and muslin over pale blue silk. There is a white puff-ball on the table and a white china bowl for it. Now, see how well these whites are all managed, coming so close together, one upon another indeed, and with so little color to relieve them; see how downy, how hard and glossy, how crisp, how translucent, how flimsy and floating, they severally are, and how different each looks from all the others, while yet they remain pure white. Or take the brocading of the chair, if you choose, and the wall-paper with a scarcely visible pattern on it. We repeat, this is, compared with Mr. Johnson's, a valueless and ugly picture, being of an utterly unimportant subject and wholly ignoble in treatment, but it is wonderfully well painted. And, we repeat, Mr. Johnson's is not badly painted—there are forty pictures worse for one that is better in America—but his workmanship needs to be compared with the best, and, thus compared, it fares but badly.

How charming is "The Country Home," after all! A visitor to the gallery, presumably an acquaintance of the artist, called it, in our hearing, before he opened his catalogue, "The Maine Kitchen." That may well be its *alias*. There is a window through which you can see green fields, and by the window an old dame is at work. The window is right at the side of the kitchen chimney. There is no high mantel shelf, but the lintel over the fire-place advances from the wall above, and on it are a few shells, big "trumpet conchs," and others. The wall has been covered with a paper of rather good pattern, but over the chimney an injury is repaired with newspapers, or else the newspapers are wanted there for their own sake, for the wall is covered with them. On the floor is what seems to be a "store carpet," but it is almost hidden by home-made rugs, made of rags which have been dyed bright colors. The rug in front of the hearth is of excellent design, whoever wove it; whether she saw the design and had the taste to admire and copy it, or imagined the design and had the skill to embody it, she is an artist, and if it is original with her, she ought to be receiving a reasonable salary as designer in some large carpet manufactory.

"The Wood-Chopper," No. 146, we have not been able to examine carefully, but it seems to be of less interest, and is probably a study of a figure only. We mentioned in a former article the contribution picture, "Not Enough for Two," but a second notice is necessary that we may do justice to the beautiful baby, who thinks there would be enough for two if her selfish brother would divide.

In July we called Mr. Homer our first painter of the human figure in action, and the hasty sketch of "The Veteran in a New Field" is confirmation of that judgment. It is a very insufficient and headlong piece of work, slap-dash execution enough in corn-field and suggested trees; and we do not sympathize with such work *when on public exhibition*. Moreover, we are inclined to quarrel with the veteran for having forgotten, in his four years or less of campaigning, that it is with a cradle, and not with a scythe alone, that he should attack standing grain. And such grain! six feet high are its shortest stalks. But the spirit of the single figure takes the eye from the consideration of faults and foibles. The returned soldier's back is turned to the spectator, his right shoulder is dropped, and his right arm brought well around as the scythe has reached the end of its swing and hangs for one instant at rest. Among all the frantic struggles in the big Alhambra picture, noticed last week, there is not so much real human action as in this one man mowing.

In noticing Mr. Guy's contribution to the fund, we said he had sent a better picture to the exhibition. It is No. 105, "Making the Most of Circumstances." A little girl is seated on a common wooden chair, and has her feet on the rung of another; on the latter she has put a great, deep tin pan bottom up, and she is playing the piano with great vigor and *abandon*. It is the best picture by Mr. Guy that we remember to have seen.

Every half-year Mr. H. P. Gray, V.P.N.A., exhibits his two or three lifeless figure pictures. It is a severe infliction; for we have to study the work of one who stands so high by personal reputation among his brother artists, and yet we cannot find any merit in it. This year the great "Venus" picture,

first exhibited in the spring of 1862, then called "The Apple of Discord," and now "The Judgment of Paris," is exhibited again. It is hard to say what is gained by the production or the exhibition of such pictures. They have none of them anything of importance to say, and their valueless messages are delivered in a stammering way at best, with no grace of language. No improvement from year to year makes itself manifest.

Per contra, Mr. Thomas Hicks has sent to the contribution collection a picture which has much astonished us. "The Vacant Chair," No. 40, is a work of real interest, the best Hicks the galleries have seen for many a day. There is careful, though not very skilful, painting everywhere in the interior. The picture should have been named after the four we set down as the best of the fund pictures.

The exhibition is creditable to Mr. Kensett, first, on account of the number of his works that are on exhibition. Besides five in the Suydam collection, and one sent as a contribution to the fund, there are *eleven* pictures and studies in the loan collection, of which nine are his own—studies not for sale. The catalogue sets forth that Mr. Kensett is president of the Artists' Fund Society. The association's highest officer is, then, not to be charged with indifference to its affairs, and so far as he is concerned we gladly recall our remarks of last week. And, secondly, some of these studies are very creditable to Mr. Kensett. He is not the only one of our artists whose studies from nature are better than their more pretentious pictures. And thus No. 112, "A Study" (rocks and trees and water), and still more forcibly No. 324, "A Study, Beverly, Mass." (rocks and many evergreen trees without the water), are the most interesting Kensetts we know. Of the painters who decline to finish minutely, or to go far into foreground detail, he seems to us to have the most success in giving the look of the things he paints. We are not surprised at the great popularity of Mr. Kensett as a painter, nor can he with justice be classed with the many who are "popular artists" merely. There is, however, no room for doubt that the draughtsman of the Beverly study, if he studied harder and more to the purpose, might be a far more powerful artist than he is; and people who know what landscape painting is cannot help regretting the opportunity lost.

Mr. J. R. Brevoort, who seems to have had an excellent opportunity last summer in Connecticut, has not lost it. His picture in the large gallery, No. 212, "Study from Nature on the Pequabic, Farmington, Conn.," is by far the best picture of his we have ever seen. The sky is bright (which is not true of its nearest neighbor, the grey and gloomy picture by Cole), and the trees are really green, though not quite the true green, and have growth in them. The picture is injured by the stiffness and formal look of the large leaves and water plants in the foreground, suggesting an insufficiency of previous work with the hard point in black and white.

How great is the change in American knowledge of art, from the time when Cole's landscapes were the unquestioned models of excellence to the time when so good a study as this Brevoort passes almost unnoticed among other studies of almost equal, of equal, or of superior merit! Such a picture as this, No. 210, "The Storm," would be fatal to any reputation, for it is not too much to say that the man who painted that could never paint a landscape worthy of a momentary glance of the eye—unless, indeed, he should do as some have done, and begin *de novo*. Of course all the well-known, publicly accessible works of Cole bear out the assumption that his landscape work is almost wholly valueless. It has done much mischief, and it is matter of sincere rejoicing that its influence has almost passed away.

Mr. Griswold's picture, No. 129, "A Study from Nature," representing green hills beyond a wide river, probably the Hudson, interesting as it is, is not a complete success. The great merit of his large pictures in the Academy exhibitions of this and last year has led us to expect to see, this fall, better summer work than this. We compare him not with others, but with himself. The green of the distant hills is, indeed, the best green we have ever seen on canvas of his, and the point of rock crowned by a dense bright-green arbor-vitæ is better foreground detail than he has generally, or perhaps ever, given. But the sky is flat and hard and untransparent; and the water, though it seems to have been carefully painted, is weak, expressionless; it looks conventional, though it was probably not painted in a conventional spirit. There are many possible causes for such fallings off as this, and people ought to expect none the less of Mr. Griswold next spring because of it.

There is a picture in the corridor which alone has raised its maker to the rank of artist. He has done good work before—which promised well, at least—and may have deserved the title of artist, but has never before seized and held it. We are speaking of Mr. Frank Anderson, and of his picture, No. 314, "The Hudson Highlands," evidently a study from nature. The subject is a fortunate one. The picture has composed itself into great harmony of form and color. It is wonderful to see how the road helps the whole character of the scene, by emphasizing the course of the river and leading the eye along the valley at the foot of the hills on the hither side. There is good rock drawing on the right hand, and good drawing of the anatomy of hills further away. The foreground rocks on the right hand are so good that we would not leave them without elaborate analysis if there were room for it. The cleavage is "the real thing," and the lichen clinging to the smooth faces of stone is very excellent in color and rendering.

The fault of too visible outlines and too sharp relief of form against form—as of trees against rocks, for instance—is in every part of the picture; but is a fault we are not entirely sorry to see. It is a much better fault than the opposite, and one which nearly every good workman falls into at one time or another. And so we congratulate Mr. Anderson on the hard and metallic look of his picture. But a fault which is not a doubtful evil is the common one of willingly stopping short of completeness. And this study, which at first seems very honestly finished, careful examination shows to be very faulty in this respect. Not to test the work by a very difficult part of it—the color of the water or the painting of the sky, for instance—let us consider the grass in the near foreground. Is it not too palpably a flat green tint with little dots and touches on it of other shades and colors? Take the road: a road is not a striped ribbon; a wheel-rut is not a stripe of color, but a ravine, with light, shadow, and shade in it, all three. Now, in a study from nature, as this very evidently is, there is no true studiousness in that impatience which skips the things it does not enjoy. The rocks, no doubt, were delightful; and the road at their foot was, of course, tame and uninteresting; but it is not a good spirit which can endure a badly painted road in contrast with thoroughly painted rocks. Those who remember Mr. Moore's picture in the spring exhibition of this year, "Study in the Catskill Valley," will remember also the road in that picture. That is the way to study from nature. To Mr. Anderson, who evidently means to study nature, we point out the example of Mr. Moore, who has studied nature, and with wonderful diligence. We have no wish that he should be another Moore, and we hope he will always be truly himself; but, after all, study from nature, if it is diligent, is very like other diligent study from nature, and has one quite essential element, the drawing of all things, small and great, with equal care. The rank of artist is not so relatively high as it once was, but is absolutely as high (that is, as difficult of attainment) as ever. One of its conditions is steady improvement, obtainable only by unceasing labor. For instance, if Mr. Anderson does not paint better than this next year, he will endanger whatever position he occupies now. The sky and water should be a great deal better next time, and the shadows on the rock should not stand alone as the only testimony to the fact of sunshine.

For Mr. Moore's mode of working we have, and have expressed, so profound a respect that we feel the beauty and real excellence of his picture this fall as an especial triumph. They were rather words of hope than of certainty that we could use in speaking of last spring's picture, except in regard to the drawing, *bien entendu*, which was good and almost faultless. But now No. 192, "Winter Study in the Catskills," is a very much better picture. It is smaller, a very little picture of a great deal of country; the snow-covered Catskill Mountains seen across ten miles of snow-covered country. The snow is deep. It has lain for awhile under the winter sun, for around each little tree it has melted away in a conical pit, the dark trunk having absorbed the heat, just as a black coal will sink into the snow three inches a day, while a white pebble will lie upon the surface. The shadows from a cluster of cedars fall right across the foreground upon the snow, almost pure blue. Away across the snowy fields are other cedars, in their reddish-brown winter dress, and bare, leafless maples, and fences and stone walls, and a few houses, all white with snow, and then come the mountains, their anatomy very visible now all the light and shadows are brought out in white and greyish blue. The sky is of almost inimitable purity, transparency, and beauty, and a few soft and fleecy white clouds float over the mountains.

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"The progress of the Union Mutual is shown in the subjoined statement of its affairs in the years 1864 and 1865:

Jan. 1 to Oct. 1, 1864.		Jan. 1 to Oct. 1, 1865.
No. of Policies, 1,475.		No. of Policies, 1,697.
$2,735,405 00	Amount Insured	$4,140,500 00
229,723 76	" Premium rec'd	423,463 63
288,676 25	Total receipts	476,314 09
145,334 74	" disbursements	195,108 24
143,341 51	Net receipts	281,205 85
55,492 00	Total losses	53,200 00

These figures show a remarkable state of prosperity."

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Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - - 3,765,503 42
Liabilities, - - - - - - - - 77,901 52

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CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, $885,040 57.

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CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS		$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	$134,672 00	
Temporary Loans	92,630 00	
Real Estate	10,000 00	
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00	
Government Sec., value	144,514 00	
Cash on hand	18,042 34	
Interest due	3,085 58	
Premiums due	6,785 26	
PRESENT LIABILITIES		$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS		198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against DISASTER BY FIRE

At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

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pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

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The Week.

GENERAL GRANT was entertained last week at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by an enormous crowd, and the newspapers are loud in their complaints of the disorder which prevailed inside the building. But in this they are unreasonable. When there is in any given space as many people as it can possibly contain, order, in the strict sense of the word, can only be maintained by everybody standing quite still. All movement produces confusion. But when people collect for the express purpose of seeing General Grant, and he can only be seen at one point, of course everybody wants to reach it, and the universal struggling produces universal discomfort, and a prevailing impression that somebody is to blame. Whether it would not promote the general convenience on occasions of this sort, which are now becoming so common, to give up the time-honored practice of hand-shaking, we have discussed in another column.

THE *Shenandoah* has surrendered herself in the Mersey to H.B.M.S. *Donegal*, and the captain and crew have been allowed to go scot free. In spite of all the nonsense talked by the English Tory press as to the non-liability of the captain for the depredations committed after he had received notice of the downfall of the Confederacy, the only good reason that can be assigned for not holding him for trial is the absence of evidence. This our Government ought to provide, and, when ready, ought to ask that he be tried in England or surrendered for trial here. There is strong reason for believing that, under the extradition treaty, his surrender, even as a pirate, might be fairly demanded on the ground that the offence, though committed on the high seas, was committed on American vessels, or, in other words, on American soil.

THE official returns of the Ohio election, including the home and soldiers' vote, show an aggregate of 417,720, and a majority for Cox over Morgan of 29,936. The Union majority in Pennsylvania, also from official returns, amounts to 22,600.

WE print elsewhere a long letter from Henry Winter Davis, presenting in a forcible shape nearly all that can be said in favor of negro suffrage at the South. To the temper of portions of the letter we might offer several objections, though none of them would affect the weight of his argument. But when he calls for negro suffrage, and in the same breath finds fault with the President for not withdrawing the troops from the South, we feel bound to say that his zeal outruns his discretion. The bestowal of the franchise after the close of the war, without military protection, would, in our opinion, have been of about as much use to the negroes as rations of *pâté de foie gras*.

MR. COLFAX has announced as the subject of a forthcoming lecture "Across the Continent, and the Duties of the next Congress." We are sure the lecture will be a good one, but let us suggest that it be followed by another on some such topic as "Over the Hills and Far Away, and the State Rights."

THE Trenton *Weekly Monitor* is an excellent paper, but it sometimes gets into a fog, as when, last week, it accused the NATION of inconsistency in recommending Government regulation of railroad traffic, while objecting to Government interference with the hours of labor. It is hard to have to waste space in pointing out a distinction so obvious, but we are forced to mention, at the risk of boring intelligent men, that the regulation of railroads is simply the regulation of a monopoly granted by the Government, and to which the grantees have no *right;* the proposed regulation of the hours of labor is simply a restriction on the quantity of a man's own labor—the thing of all others over which his control ought to be most nearly absolute—which he shall bring into the market. Government interference is not *per se* mischievous; its quality depends on the nature of the object; otherwise the punishment of thieves might be improper. If capitalists could be made self-sacrificing by acts of the legislature, we should heartily support the eight-hour movement. As it is, we must respectfully ask its advocates to do a little more hard, honest thinking and a little less wild talking.

THERE have been some important debates in the South Carolina Legislature on the Negro Code. An amendment declaring marriages between white and colored persons void was carried by an overwhelming majority, the object being, of course, to prevent "amalgamation;" but the act ought really, to be effective, to have forbidden the birth of the children of white and colored parents. It is only by some such law as this that this crying evil can be reached. A motion, made by Mr. Mulvaney, striking out the clause requiring the masters or mistresses of colored apprentices to have them instructed in some useful trade or business, produced great excitement. The ablest argument in support of the motion was that of Mr. de Pass, of Kershaw, who eloquently asked gentlemen of the house "the plain, simple question, Were they willing their sons should sit on the work-bench alongside of a big buck nigger?" No direct answer was returned, however, to Mr. de Pass's momentous question, and we presume the members are still pondering over it. But the amendment was thrown out. We suggest, with great deference, as a means of avoiding the difficulty suggested by Mr. de Pass, that the South Carolina gentlemen who intend to make mechanics of their sons provide them with work-benches of their own. In this way contact with "big buck niggers," if disagreeable, will be avoided, and the comfort of the negro certainly be promoted. But we warn the white mechanics that they will never be able to maintain their superiority over the competitors of the "inferior race" except by producing better workmanship. If they make worse shoes or machinery, neither the "curse on Ham" nor the "facial angle" will keep the custom from being monopolized by the "degraded African."

EVERYBODY must have noticed the red caps about our streets wearing the badge of the City Messenger Corps, and prepared, for a moder-

ate tariff, to carry letters and parcels and execute other commissions in all parts of the city. They are much more conspicuous than the corps which they imitate and compete with—the Invalid Soldiers' Messenger Corps—a happy device of the Sanitary Commission to afford an honorable livelihood to the disabled heroes of the late patriotic struggle. These men retain the blue under which they marched to suffering and glory, and certainly have claims upon the public patronage above those of the other purely speculative enterprise. In Boston they have been tendered by the Metropolitan Railroad Company the free use of their cars, which will not only relieve them from a vast amount of fatigue, but also by a saving in time permit their earnings to be very materially increased. The example is worthy to be followed by our own horse-railroad corporations.

"Evacuation Day" was celebrated here on Friday, and was the occasion of the usual military parade and review by the governor. It has long since ceased to have any historical value for the great body of the people, much like the holiday called "artillery election" in Boston. It would, indeed, be curious to enquire into the decay of these and similar holidays, and to point the evident moral that when a date outlived its usefulness, the observance of it had better be dropt by common consent. A London paper descants on the annual November nuisance of Guy Fawkes, which seems to have surpassed the worst development of the Fourth of July with us; yet we doubt if any legislator would be willing to advocate its burial. "Time-honored" covers a multitude of sins.

The good faith of the Florida Convention was shown most conspicuously by its incorporating in the reformed Constitution that protection for the negro which other State conventions have left to succeeding legislatures. The same amendment which ordains the prohibition of slavery ordains also that all the inhabitants "shall enjoy the rights of person and property without distinction of color." In all criminal proceedings which involve the rights of colored persons, "no person shall be incompetent to testify as a witness on account of color." In all other cases the colored witness is to be excluded unless admitted by subsequent legislation. It is added, somewhat superfluously, except that the idea seems never to have entered the heads of the opponents of negro testimony, that the jury shall judge of its credibility.

They are going through the forms, in Alabama, of another conflict between the civil and the military authorities. In this instance, however, the United States District Court is one of the parties. A Treasury cotton-agent is arrested at Mobile by order of Gen. Wood, commanding the department. A writ of habeas corpus is sued out before Judge Busteed, and served on the general and his provost-marshal. Of course it is not respected, nor is a subsequent order of the court for the discharge of the prisoner and the appearance of the general to show cause, etc. Finally the judge directs a writ of attachment to be served on the latter, returnable, owing to the absence of the United States Marshal, in two weeks from Monday last. By that time Congress may have an opportunity to settle the question of supremacy for the whole Southern territory.

The servant-girl question has not a more wide-spread interest than the question of rents and houses. In almost every considerable city the same complaint is raised which is so familiar here, and we are assured that the desired habitations will go up when the price of building materials comes down. Landlords at the South, even, strange as it may appear, where ready money is so scarce and so much in demand, exhibit the common reluctance to abate their rents. Their obstinacy is often due to a not concealed antipathy to Yankee tenants, yet in Raleigh we notice that citizens and natives are compelled to face such exactions as $1,900 in gold or $3,000 in currency for houses which rented before the war for $350, and during hostilities for $4,500 in Confederate money.

If the Albany *Atlas and Argus* represented the state of public feeling, we might be fairly charged with being sunk in barbarism. A recent number ascribes poor Preston King's death to "remorse for a cause deserted, companions betrayed, and principles sacrificed." If anybody wants to know the cause of that lurking contempt for the newspaper press from which even those who are most sensible of its power are not entirely free, he will find it in paragraphs like this of the *Atlas and Argus*.

The Boston *Daily Advertiser* has a correspondent travelling through the South whose letters may always be read with interest and instruction. In his last, from Albany, Georgia, he describes his encounter with a gang of ruffians who sought to kill him, and the narrative reads exactly like those which were so frequent before the war. The substance of it is, that the correspondent took advantage of a lull in a street fight between a negro and a man whom he supposed to be a Federal soldier, to counsel the former to withdraw and so put an end to what might have proved a contagious brawl. For this simple behavior as a good citizen he was insulted and menaced by an armed and drunken set, led on by a chivalric Confederate major, who, failing to browbeat the correspondent in open day, nursed their wrath while he was nursing his chills and fever in the afternoon, and at night beset the hotel with bloodthirsty intent. It became an act of prudence for himself and consideration for his host to retire secretly to other lodgings, and to anticipate the disappointed rage of his pursuers at the railway station next morning. The affair would be insignificant if it could be regarded as a purely local demonstration; but we have every reason to believe that, in the absence of the United States forces, the spirit of Albany would be that of the entire South, and that as the sanctity of slavery was once the pretext for every kind of violence and the suppression of free speech, so will be the irreversible superiority of the white man and inferiority of the "nigger."

Various causes have contributed to delude the freed people of the South concerning the division of their late masters' lands among them. The confiscation acts of Congress logically involved some such division, if they had been at all rigorously enforced. The colored troops, perhaps ignorantly, perhaps in some cases maliciously, helped to confirm the belief that these measures would be carried out. At all events, the present unsettled feeling of the blacks is not likely to pass away till after the new year comes in. Gov. Marvin, of Florida, has publicly recommended that they be allowed complete liberty during the Christmas vacation, and that if, after New Year's, they still persist in remaining idle, they be subjected to the law of vagrancy, which, according to our understanding, the recent convention made impartial in its operation. The course proposed seems to be both judicious and humane. But as apprehension often precipitates the evil which gives rise to it, we fear lest, outside of Florida at least, for want of a little forbearance and steadiness on the part of the whites, some very deplorable collisions may ensue next month.

Ex-Governor Magrath, of South Carolina, wants to know why he is kept locked up while all other rebel governors are at large. We think somebody ought to tell him. We would if we knew, but we do not. He has, however, been liberated, and will probably push the enquiry no further.

Governor Parson Brownlow writes to the *Cincinnati Gazette* that the country around Nashville and Middle Tennessee generally abounds with thieves and robbers and murderers; that the rebels are bent on breaking up the Union by means of the ballot-box; and that, in his opinion, they have not been "whipped enough." All this may be very true, but we, nevertheless, cannot help wishing that the parson, good patriot though he is, would treat us to a little silence. We don't like his rhetoric, now that he is in the governor's chair, half as well as we did when he was editing a Knoxville paper, though even then we were not fascinated by it.

The colored people of Missouri have issued an address "to the friends of equal rights" in that State. Of course they ask for equal rights, politically. Their appeal is made with a warmth which is wholly natural, but which is in marked contrast with the soberer lan-

guage of the North Carolina freedmen. They court a test of intelligence for the exercise of the suffrage, believing "that it would promote a most healthy spirit of emulation, and prove the greatest educator of the masses." They intend to canvass the State thoroughly, holding mass meetings and distributing documents. For funds they depend upon the generous contributions of the friends whom they address.

FLORIDA has frankly complied with every requisition made on her by the Government preparatory to her re-admission to the Union. She has repudiated the rebel debt, abolished slavery, and admitted negroes to testify in the courts. It still remains for her, however, to comply with the supplemental condition imposed on South Carolina, and ratify the Constitutional Amendment. One curious illustration of the besotted condition of the Southern mind on the subject of slavery appears in the precaution taken to put it on record that the abolition of slavery was forced upon the State; it was not voluntarily resorted to. The impression prevalent amongst the members of most Southern conventions evidently agrees with that of one of the Alabama members, recently elected—that "the iron pen of history will record the emancipation proclamation was the most monstrous deed of cruelty that ever darkened the annals of any nation."

MR. SCHUYLER COLFAX made a speech at Washington, on Saturday, the 19th inst., in which he denounced the South for the manner in which it was carrying out the reconstruction policy, argued strongly against undue precipitation in re-admitting the revolted States, but at the same time bore emphatic testimony to Mr. Johnson's sincerity and goodness of purpose. What he thinks ought to be done does not clearly appear; but, as well as we can make out, he is in favor of keeping the revolted States out a little while longer on probation.

GOVERNOR PARSONS, of Alabama, has sent his message to the Legislature. He recommends the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment and the passage of a vagrant law applicable to both whites and blacks. This is a good suggestion, but there is very little value in the applicability of a law unless it is applied, and when we know for certain that a stringent vagrant law has in any State in the South been applied to anybody but blacks we shall confess that we have done Southern men great injustice.

A CHARLESTON paper thinks that the name and medicines of a certain patent doctor of this city "should be as household words in every home throughout the South." The reason assigned for so intimate an adoption is that he is a Southern man, and having unfortunately been found in bad company at the outbreak of the rebellion, was shut up with other suspicious characters, finally banished from Missouri, and his property confiscated to the State. It is not clear what all this has to do with the quality of his medicines, nor what obligation it imposes on every Southern family to contract the ailments which he professes to cure. Our notion of the purity of Southern society is none of the highest, but we should almost give it over as hopelessly corrupt if the pernicious drugs of this man's manufacture were as indispensable as the whiskey-bottle and the snuff-box.

THE rewards offered last spring for the capture of Tucker, Sanders, and Co. have been withdrawn. It is to be regretted that the grounds for suspecting them of complicity in the assassination were not more thoroughly sifted before a price was set on them. The total failure of the Government to connect either them or Davis with the crime suggests the conclusion that the proclamation was issued without due consideration.

THE Unionists have elected the governor and all other candidates in Colorado.

THE Canadian militia have passed the last fortnight in awful and portentous preparations for an attack by the Fenians of Western New York. The last order by the "administrator of the Government and commander-in-chief" is of a most inspiriting character, and is said to have filled the militia with martial ardor. But if anybody expects to see the Fenians and Canadians meet in battle array, he will be greatly disappointed. Both parties vastly prefer the smell of a good dinner to the smell of gunpowder, though we freely admit that, whenever they do meet, they will furnish materials for an epic. We bespeak the subject for Mr. Walt Whitman, who, of all the poets we know, is the only one competent to do justice to it.

Blackwood's Magazine tells a story of Lord Palmerston's having made up his mind to fight the United States after the Trent affair, and having been only restrained by Cornewall Lewis and Gladstone, and other more pacific members of the Cabinet. The story is probably true, and as he is dead we can afford to laugh over the dismal manner in which the Tory writer deplores the old aristocrat's failure to carry out his purpose.

THE Emperor of the French has written a long letter to Marshal MacMahon concerning his observations of the people and country of Algeria. His conclusion is that the three millions of natives are neither to be exterminated nor driven into the desert, but to be lived with, to be fashioned to French laws, and to be convinced of French superiority, not only in arms but in peaceful institutions. "In exercising," says the Emperor, "a prompt and equal justice with them, in augmenting their well-being, in developing education and those sentiments of morality which elevate human dignity, we shall show them that the French flag was not carried to Africa to subject them, but to bring them the benefits of civilization."

THE Paris journals boast that the number of strangers visiting their city has not been perceptibly diminished by the presence of the cholera. They attribute this fact to the known wholesomeness of the city, to which the pure air of its vast avenues and the excellence of its abundant water chiefly contribute.

THE editor of the Paris *Figaro* has lately met on the field of honor a Spanish gentleman, to whom the journalist's pleasantries about the Queen of Spain had proven offensive. This is a terrible state of things, when subjects have to take up their sovereign's newspaper quarrels, and the poor journalists have to give point to their jokes with the rapier.

IT is announced that the ribbon trade at Lyons has received the liveliest impulse from America since the close of the war. Many heavy orders have been lately received. The operatives again have plenty of work, and this at better wages than ever before, for the price of ribbons has risen almost one-third.

THE Parisian journals announce the departure of the Emperor for his model farm, Korner-Houet, in Brittany, which he has established in one of the vast heaths of the province, to prove to the people the land is not sterile, as they had supposed. This visit will be the first that a French sovereign has paid to Brittany since the time of Henry IV.

AT Bautzen, in Saxony, on the 28th of October, justice was obliged to descend to a hideous hand-to-hand combat with a criminal about to be guillotined. The papers recount that he mounted the scaffold very tranquilly, but then commenced a furious struggle with the executioners. Four men in vain attempted to subdue the efforts of the condemned, who was a person of slender frame and no great apparent strength. He bit and struck them, and repeatedly cried out, "Help! I am innocent! Save me! You are murderers! I want to speak to the director of the prison again!" At last one of the assistants caught the condemned by the hair, and, pulling his head violently back, rendered him helpless. He was bound to the plank, still protesting his innocence, and declaring that human justice was assassination. The fall of the knife put an end to the revolting scene, which could scarcely have impressed the spectators with the dignity and awfulness of justice.

IN one of the little German principalities a tailor named Conrad Hillemacher died recently at the age of a hundred and seven years. He

took a walk every day up to the end of his hundred and seventh year, and read his Bible until his sight refused its office, when he bitterly reproached the opticians with the worthlessness of their spectacles. This patriarch was the father of forty-five sons and two daughters, and had three hundred and eighty-three grandchildren. If he had continued in the prime of life, he would have made his little prince the sovereign of a populous empire.

THE health of Madrid is reported to be improving from day to day, and the cholera is rapidly disappearing. The greatest care was taken by the Government to prevent its ravages. The Queen, hearing that certain penal establishments were too crowded, pardoned all the prisoners whose terms were near expiration. Her Majesty, however, absented herself from the capital during the worst days of the epidemic, in grace to the prayers of her ministers and people, who were unwilling that she should incur danger of the cholera while in the interesting situation which may be said to be almost habitual with Her Majesty.

CORRESPONDENCE of the *Indépendance Belge* says that the King and Queen of Portugal, who are now at Turin, will proceed on a visit to the Pope, and will then be the secret and semi-official mediators between His Holiness and Victor Emanuel.

ALL the elections in Hungary for the National Diet, to be assembled at Pesth, indicate the triumph of the moderate party, of which the Prince Deak is the head.

A ROMAN correspondent of the *Débats* denies that the ex-King of Naples has any present intention of leaving Rome, either for Locnoma or Würtemberg, which, socially speaking, would be about as bad. Meantime, he remains unhappy in the Farnese Palace, the prey of greedy and unprincipled adventurers, who affect devotion to an exiled prince that they may devour his substance. He has ceased to subsidize brigandage in Naples, which has therefore invaded the Papal territory, where it now flourishes.

How curiously the sentiment of the classic world is blent with that of ours in the item of Greek news, that some soldiers had recently attacked and brutally beaten his worship the Mayor of Marathon! Another piece of Greek gossip reads like a page from About's "King of the Mountains." The government had offered a reward for a brigand chief, which a certain priest resolved to earn. He sent word to the robber that at a given time he would be found at a place named with four rich and helpless merchants; and disguising four gendarmes as traders, he repaired to the rendezvous, having first placed a body of soldiers in ambush near by, to be summoned to the scene by the first sound of fire-arms. The brigands kept the appointment promptly, and the gendarmes duly fired their pistols; but before the soldiers could arrive, the robbers had cut the priest in pieces, and seized three of the luckless gendarmes, with whom they escaped to the mountains.

THE FREEDMEN.

IN the absence of any official information concerning the freedmen, we continue our extracts from the commercial correspondence from which we have already frequently copied. Under date of Oct. 8, at New Orleans, the writer remarks upon the great diversity of opinion in Louisiana as to the capacity of the freedmen for steady work. He finds, what might have been looked for *à priori*, that the Southerners who have fairly tried free labor have been surprised by the performance of the blacks, while Northerners, especially those whose plantations lay in the track of the army worm, have been disappointed. One of the former—a "persistent, bitter, and uncompromising secessionist," who made a good crop this year, is a convert to free negro labor, and only fears that not enough of it can be obtained—thus explains his method of dealing with the freedmen:

"Last season I worked my hands by means of an overseer, and all the trouble and tumult common among the other negroes and upon the other plantations ensued. I made up my mind that it was all the fault of the overseer, a good enough man in his way, better than the average—but, like the rest, he persisted in ignoring the change that had taken place in affairs, and worked on the old system. So *this* season I resolved to go into the field myself. I told my hands at the commencement of the season just what I would do for them, just what I expected them to do for me; they raised sweet potatoes, eggs, and chickens on their own account. I fed and clothed them, and paid them so much. I have not had the least trouble. They have uniformly treated me with respect as I have them with justice. They are all perfectly satisfied with their year's work, and I expect to pursue exactly the same course next season, and have no doubt I shall get along just as well. I should not go into the field with my negroes myself if necessity did not compel me to it; it *has* compelled me to it; and it *will* compel me to it for many years to come, I expect. I have about eighty head of negroes. Of these only some twenty odd work in the field; the rest are too old or too young, or house servants. At fifty cents a pound for cotton I can afford to support not only the negroes, but their families. If cotton falls, I shall explain to my hands, and they will comprehend me, that not receiving so much, I cannot afford to give them so much. I am willing always to make a fair divison with them."

In Texas, where a vast amount of cotton is going to waste through the absolute refusal of the planters to imitate the example just cited, our correspondent found one who had had the following experience with his laborers:

"He informs me that as *slaves* they were in the habit of picking from 200 to 400 pounds of seed cotton per diem, picking say 300 pounds upon an average, and picking it clean and nice. He first paid them by the month, and they averaged only 50 pounds per day. Then he paid them by the pound, and they rose in one day to the old amount, and only worked half as long as they used in the old time; but, instead of picking the plants *clean*, they hurried through the field, pulling out the largest bunches and scattering all the rest around, trampling down the plants, and losing from two-thirds to three-quarters in the field. This could all have been avoided, of course, if they had had a superintendent or overseer who had them under control; but the fact is, the freedmen have no idea of *real*, sensible freedom, and fancy the word means license, complete and unrestrained; hence they refuse to be controlled by any one."

It was unavoidable that the States most remote, in point of communication, from Washington, should be the last to receive the attention and acknowledge the control of the Freedmen's Bureau; and this must be remembered when the writer says:

"To prove how slow and inadequate are the operations of the Freedmen's Bureau, there was not an agent in the State, except on the island of Galveston, when I landed. The day before I left Austin, the *capital*, a lieutenant reported for the first time, but he informed me he had sent in his resignation, and it was plainly to be seen that the duty was distasteful to him. As Gen. Thomas well says, it will take heroes to do the work proposed. At present their work is about equal to Mrs. Partington and her mop *versus* the Atlantic Ocean. Gen. Gregory told me that it was almost impossible to find officers competent and willing to act as agents. Only *two* had been sent to him when I left Galveston. He is a host in himself, however, and has got Galveston at least under his control."

As has been often stated, the industrious and loyal Germans of Texas bring to market uniformly cleaner and better handled cotton than that produced by slave cultivation. Our correspondent writes from San Antonio de Bexar, October 26:

"My route from Austin to this city took me through the German settlement of New Braunfels. All the Germans intend to plant cotton next year, and I should not be surprised if the amount raised in this State by their labor alone should amount to one hundred thousand bales. At New Braunfels I found a cotton-mill in operation, started within three weeks, and running from early dawn till eleven o'clock at night. The machinery is *stated* to have come from England, but I discovered it was from New York, smuggled across the border, just before the close of the war, from Mexico. These Germans here maintain all their national characteristics, and as an evidence of their loyalty it is sufficient to state that, out of twenty-two hundred enlisted in the Confederate service at New Braunfels, seventeen hundred deserted as soon as they found themselves in the vicinity of our troops, and, re-enlisting under the old flag, fought straight through to the end. The first place in Texas where they hoisted the Stars and Stripes at the surrender was here at New Braunfels, *two months* before they saw a Federal soldier in their vicinity. In fact, their sincerity and loyalty are not to be questioned, and they will prove the redemption of the State in the end."

—Mr. Leigh, of the Freedmen's Association of this city, having reached Paris in his trans-Atlantic tour, introduced a novelty even to that city of novelties *par excellence*. It is thus announced by the *Débats*:

"We have had a 'meeting' in Paris. It is true that its object concerned America, the country of 'meetings,' which gave to an attempt of this sort with us a certain propriety. It is true, moreover, that it was an American who asked and obtained permission of the authorities, who were unwilling by a refusal to cause him to remark the differences that distinguish our institutions from those of his native land."

The *Débats* then tells how Mr. Leigh called upon the committee of

French ladies, who have exerted themselves to enlist the sympathies of their countrymen in the condition of the American freedmen.

"'We have only received thus far,' they told him, 'about 45,000 francs.' 'Well,' said he, 'let us get up some meetings!' Men might perhaps have responded, with a toss of the head, 'We are not in America;' but women are more confident than men, and the Administration, which is sometimes gallant, permitted a 'meeting' to be held on Friday last (Nov. 3) at Herz Hall, 'under the responsibility of the committee,' doubtless thinking that the speakers would not compromise these ladies with the public authorities.

"The hall was quite full long before the hour for assembling; a thousand persons were prevented from obtaining admittance. Those who had the good sense to arrive seasonably were present at a genuine 'meeting,' that is to say, a gathering where almost all are agreed in advance upon the subject for discussion, and where each one comes to treat it in his own fashion and from his own point of view. The speakers succeeded each other a little at random: some spoke who had intended to keep silent; others, who were equally prepared to speak or to be silent, forbore to speak in order not to prolong the session."

M. Laboulaye presided, and made a somewhat elaborate address. Remarks were also made by M. Coquerel *fils*, M. Crémieux, Dr. Sunderland, and M. Fred. Monod.

"The 'meeting' passed no 'resolutions'—we are not far enough along for that—but a contribution which was taken up afforded it an opportunity of manifesting its feelings for the blacks by giving money—a mode of expression which is as good as any other, and is assuredly the most sincere of all."

Minor Topics.

One day last week six persons were arrested, in different parts of the city, for the offence of carrying concealed weapons, and were punished with the usual penalties by the magistrates before whom they were brought. Four of the offenders were drunk at the time of their arrest, and were endangering the lives of peaceable people by a furious and rather purposeless display of fire-arms. They were tipsy swashbucklers, it seems, and were far from making any concealment of their weapons, which was the offence punished in them; but accident or drunken whim might have made them homicides at any moment, and they were, therefore, more perilous to the public peace than if they had kept their revolvers hidden. The law against carrying concealed weapons is one of those sagacious enactments which every one is safe in breaking; and the fate of the swaggering heroes of the late arrest need not trouble honest people who keep their swords in their canes, their pistols in their pockets, and their Colt's up their coat-sleeves. Every one must settle for himself the question whether he will or will not carry weapons about his person, for it is quite certain that justice will know nothing of them till they are used, and will not blame their use if it is in the cause of individual safety and social order. If little Jones carries a revolver, it will probably make him very unhappy in his walks by night, peopling the obscurity everywhere with forms of violence and robbery; and it will be a constant anguish to Mrs. Jones, whose sole idea of revolvers is that they shoot their owners. But if it really happened that the houseless wanderer, who never knows what time it is after nightfall, goes about asking gentlemen the hour in lonely places, should attempt the watch or pocket-book of little Jones, and Jones should shoot him, the use of concealed weapons would have no unpleasant consequence, except to the houseless wanderer; unless, indeed (as is very probable), Jones is afterwards sorry he did not let him take the watch and be done with it.

The question of providing means of self-defence remains, as we said, for individual decision, but it is a pity that the authorities should suffer such a question to present itself to peaceable persons, and they must answer for the undoubted evils which ensue from the practice of carrying deadly weapons. Men assemble in society and frame laws for the better protection of their lives and property, but society is the worst of states where the laws are not enforced, and a sense of insecurity prevails. As in the spurious civilization of our Southern States before the war, the strong and the manly are the first to assert the right of self-defence, and the defencelessness of the orderly is redoubled. If Jones and Robinson feel unsafe in our streets, and this feeling extends throughout the community, Michael O'Fenian and other ornaments to politics and society will make haste to arm themselves against possible danger, and scarcely any choice but arming is left to those who would only too gladly leave their protection to the law.

At the present time, the alarming prevalence of violence in New York cannot be gainsaid. People are not only assailed and robbed in remote quarters of the city, but in the most public places. A man in broad daylight, while attempting to pocket change given him by the conductor of a horse-car, is set upon by ruffians, hustled from the platform, and plundered of his money. At night such cases are too common to be worth special mention; and we only speak of the robbery of a whole car full of passengers, a few nights since, because it was an exploit of peculiar picturesqueness and dramatic effect, conceived and executed with the boldest genius. A troop of five or six brigands, well-armed and daring, took possession of a car, and while one saw that the conductor gave no trouble and another stood guard over the driver, the rest robbed the passengers of their money, watches, and other valuables, without any of that indecent haste which too often attends similar operations.

In the meantime, the community, while openly doubtful of its safety, reposes a perfect confidence in the efficiency of the police. "However we may be misgoverned in other respects," says a community which is knocked upon the head and plundered of its watch whenever it ventures out after dark, "we are fortunate in having an efficient police force." It is natural that a community which sees no fault in the protection inadequate to security should imagine a defect in itself, and seek to repair it by means of concealed weapons. It is the misfortune of such a community if, finally, this means of safety breeds greater danger, but it is hardly to be blamed for that. Indeed, but for the confidence in the police which we feel in common with others, we should say that weak-handed authority was to blame for it, and we should be little comforted by the knowledge that we might wear a revolver if we liked.

It may be police-nature, which revolts from unpleasant localities; but did any one, obliged to pass by night through a suspicious or rascal quarter of the town, ever meet a policeman exactly at the moment the encounter would have been cheerfullest? or fail to meet numbers of policemen within the glimpse of the gay green lights of the attractive station-house? We read in the daily papers occasionally that a victim's outcries promptly summon the police, but this, though a species of satisfaction, is not altogether the sort of experience through which one would care to test the proximity of the police. It is undignified to cry out before you are assailed, and not always possible to do so afterwards. Still, after all, these are merely phenomenal aspects of the question, and we should be sorry to leave the subject without renewing the expression of our confidence in the police of a city which, while it rivals Naples in the filth of its streets, may well challenge the most favored regions of California to equal the daring and impunity of its brigands.

A correspondent sends us a most lamentable account of the morals and manners of B. T. Trevail, the author of the work on "Shooting and Fishing in the Rivers, Prairies, and Backwoods of America," which we noticed in our last number. He says he is "near-sighted," that "he never fired a gun in his life," that he knows nothing of America "except this city and the watering-places," and that in fact he has evolved all his sporting stories out of the "depths of his own moral consciousness." He adds that he (the correspondent) gave him "the beginning of a thrashing" in Paris some years ago for abusing Americans, but does not state what prevented the completion of the process, together with some other matter of a highly libellous character, such as that the said Trevail was once connected with the *New York Herald*, but which, for obvious reasons, we decline to publish. If all of it be true, we feel bound to withdraw our recommendation to American publishers to reproduce the book in this country. The manufacture of sporting stories can be, and is, we take it, carried on just as successfully here as abroad, and we should be sorry to see the efforts of a foreigner in this field encouraged at the expense of native artificers. "Fish stories," accounts of bear fights and of pigeon-shooting and deer-hunting, are produced in this city of as good workmanship, on as short notice, and at as low a rate, as in any other city in the world.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which vertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE SOLUTION OF THE MEXICAN PROBLEM.

GENERAL GRANT, during his recent visit to this city, as well as on all other occasions, has taken so little pains to conceal his sentiments on the Mexican question that we presume there are very few who are now ignorant that he is in favor of a tolerably quick and peremptory settlement of it. What lends all the greater gravity to what he says, either on this or any other question of public policy, is that he is not only a man of few words, but a man of singular discretion—perhaps the last man in the public service to embarrass the Government by even the appearance of tracing out any line of policy for which it was not already prepared. Providence, by mercifully denying him the gift of the gab, has saved him from the temptation by which so many of our generals, and statesmen, and diplomatists are so easily beset, and to which so many of them fall victims, of making a clean breast of it, and telling everything they know or think, and a good many things they neither think nor know, at whatever cost to the Government or injury to the public service, every time a brass band strikes up under their bedroom window, or a few admirers give them a supper. We may feel right well assured, therefore, that when he, the military adviser of the Government, and the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, says a certain course ought to be pursued towards a foreign power, the President and Cabinet have pretty nearly made up their minds to pursue it, whenever, in their opinion, the proper time comes.

There is now no indiscretion in saying that in General Grant's opinion Maximilian ought to be driven out of Mexico, and the population put in possession of the inalienable right of choosing how they will be governed. And the reasons which weigh most strongly with him in favor of this course are partly those by which the general public is influenced, and partly others to which it has given little or no thought. The consideration by which the public is perhaps most influenced in desiring the overthrow of the Mexican Empire is mainly a sentimental one, though not for this reason one whit the less respectable. Positive loss or damage from the French invasion of Mexico we can hardly be said to have suffered. The Monroe doctrine, it is true, has been set at naught by it, but the Monroe doctrine is, after all, only a doctrine, and as yet the consequences of its violation touch our dignity rather than our security or our pockets. The time chosen for the invasion, too, made it, perhaps, the most unmistakably unfriendly demonstration directed against us by a foreign power during the late war. The other sins of which we complain were either sins of omission, or offences against taste. This one was a direct and solemn official declaration of contempt for our feelings and opinions, and of confidence in our weakness and helplessness. The invasion, itself an insult, with the establishment by force of foreign arms on the ruins of a republic on our border, of a form of government so entirely opposed to the ideas and traditions of the New World, and so repugnant to the spirit of our own institutions, was a plain intimation that European powers considered it not improbable that they might, before very long, be called upon to settle our difficulties in a similar way.

We can hardly be said, however, to have been seriously injured by these demonstrations of hostility. Those may laugh who win, and so far as Louis Napoleon's Mexican expedition was an indication of his dislike of our policy or of a disposition to interfere with us when opportunity served, our success has been, perhaps, a sufficient punishment. But it was more than an indication of dislike and a threat of interference. It is a standing and continued act of aggression on republican institutions, and, as such, ought to be put an end to as soon as possible, and if for no other reason, out of regard for the peaceful diffusion and triumph of the ideas of which we have made ourselves, on this continent at least, the expounders and champions.

It is as to the mode of doing this that our Government finds it most difficult to decide. It would, of course, be easy to send an ultimatum to Louis Napoleon, calling on him to withdraw his troops, and, in case of refusal, to follow it up by war, and this course would probably find plenty of favor at the hands of stump-orators, and in the columns of sensational newspapers. But we have found out what it costs for even a strong nation to use all its strength, and have thus learned from our own experience the value of the maxim which makes war the last resort, and makes it incumbent on statesmen to seek nothing through it which there is a reasonable chance of getting in any other way. It is very certain that the French Emperor is now convinced of his mistake in going to Mexico at all, and it is *probable* that, being convinced of this, he will take an early opportunity of withdrawing quietly. If, however, any visible pressure is brought to bear on him, or he is visibly menaced, a common regard for the safety of his own dynasty might force him to resist. The French people would never forgive the withdrawal of French troops under a threat, and he might thus be plunged into a war which he is most anxious to avoid. So that the difficult and delicate question now remains to be decided, how long a time we ought to allow him for peaceable retreat, and what kind and amount of pressure may be safely used to hasten it.

It has to be considered, on the other hand—and on this point we believe General Grant's opinions are very decided—that waiting for him at all is a very expensive process; that the existence of the empire in Mexico forces us to keep up a large standing army, and to prevent that approximation to the *status quo* in all departments of the public service which the public credit, as well as public morals and prosperity, imperatively calls for. Moreover, the suspense created by the unsettled state of our relations with France is producing an almost paralyzing effect on our business; so much so that, in the opinion of a great many shrewd men, and we believe we may include General Grant in the number, the cost of waiting is, taking all things together, greater than the cost of going to war at once would be. Whether, if the French were gone, we ought to leave Maximilian alone, and entrust the destruction of his government, supposing it to be able to withstand the direct assaults of the Mexican liberals, which we do not believe, to the contagion of republican ideas propagated from our soil, and the gradual influx of American colonists into his territory—a process now sure to go on—is another question. Our own impression is, that the imperial government would not survive the withdrawal of the French troops; but if it did, it would only be by becoming a great military power, and in maintaining a large and highly disciplined army. Supposing this were possible, it would be a state of things menacing to our peace and security, and which this Government would not permit. The presence of a power of this kind on our border would force us to remain in a state of constant preparation for war, after the fashion of the European monarchies, and would end, by the indirect influence which this state of preparation would exercise on the public mind, and on the machinery of government, in endangering if not seriously curtailing our liberties. In short, there seems every reason to believe that soon after Congress meets we shall witness an attempt at a swift solution of the whole problem.

THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

From the London *Spectator*.

WE are still without precise intelligence from Jamaica, but enough is known of the condition of the island to justify us in a blank denial of the assertions that the negroes said to be in insurrection are influenced by Haytian agitators, and are themselves only too well off. They are badly off, so badly off that the island has for months been a perplexity to the Colonial Office, and that for seven weeks at least the Secretary of State has expected news of an attempted insurrection. Letters are even now in town from Jamaica in which the alarm of the local government and the strange movements among the squadron are noticed either with ridicule or apprehension, and the few persons still keenly interested in the colony are well aware of a discontent which a trifle may have sufficed to blow into a flame. This discontent has been growing for years, and finds its ultimate root in two causes, one of which is ineradicable, except perhaps by long-continued prosperity,

while the other is within the reach of parliamentary action. The two are the increase of population and the character of the Legislative Assembly. The negroes, always prolific, as very poor races are everywhere apt to be, have since the emancipation multiplied with extraordinary rapidity. The climate suits them, the release from forced labor has increased the healthiness of the women, early marriage has been fostered as an antidote to the immorality customary in slave colonies, and though there is a terrible amount of licence remaining, it is not of a kind or degree to check greatly the increase of population. The pressure for subsistence becomes yearly greater, while the means of procuring it grow yearly less. Sugar, the grand staple of the export trade, cannot be cultivated to advantage without scientific appliances, that is, without capital, and capital has for years been leaving Jamaica, till only some 30,000 persons are now maintained by the ancient cultivation of the island. Other planting scarcely exists, and the negroes, therefore, are driven to hire little plots of ground, upon which they grow their food and some little tobacco, but scarcely anything else which can be converted into money. The island is therefore practically populated by cottiers, as poor as Irish cottiers, as dependent upon the harvest, and, if it be possible, still more unenlightened.

To this population, over-numerous, poverty-stricken, and ignorant, the Legislative Assembly adds a number of colored immigrants imported from India, and used up at a frightful pace, and refuses justice, education, and a sound system of conveyance. That Assembly is elected by less than 2,500 voters in a population of 441,000, and legislates exclusively in the interest of the planters. These latter are, as a body, inheritors of the slaveholding ideas, and sometimes of the slaveholding morality, and they have refused all measures in the interest of the blacks, wasted half a million sterling on coolies, who die like sheep, passed a whipping act which recalls the tone of the old Black Code, and imposed enormous duties on English imports, duties so heavy that, as was publicly stated in the Assembly, the negroes were falling back upon nakedness to avoid the cost of clothing as raised by the last tariff. They could pay in kind, but they cannot in cash, and they have no means of raising more. The planters will not buy of them, the dealers do not like the half-cleaned produce which is all they, as cottier cultivators, can offer, and in many cases the right of eviction is used as in Bengal, to compel the tenantry to cultivate particular articles and sell them to the owner at fixed prices. Of one such case we have the details, as of others which prove that the true substitute for slavery, fair wages for fair work, has not yet entered the island imagination. The greatest grievance of all, however, is the refusal of justice. Jamaica has been organized on the country gentleman system, the owners being the sole magistrates, and the owners are said to be unfair towards the colored population. It does not matter much in a political point of view whether this charge is true or not. Observers like Dr. Underhill, a cool, shrewd man, whose evidence is distrusted because he is secretary to the Baptist Mission, but who is a layman and not a negrophile, think it has a foundation, the planter even when upright being swayed by a feeling of race engrained into his very heart. Successive governors, too, have thought it, and have pleaded for stipendiary magistrates, but the Assembly is jealous of its electors' power, and absolutely refuses to change the system. Whether, however, the charge is true or false, it is believed to be true, and that belief is fatal to any confidence between governors and governed. The negro when injured will not apply to the magistrates, and when summoned accepts his sentence as a "white oppression," while all civil contracts fall hopelessly out of gear. Knowing that he has to deal with a poor employer, the negro refuses to make a binding contract, and when engaged by the day bolts, unless regularly paid. He cannot recover his wages by law, and therefore can and will give no credit, while the planter who wants him for only half the year is often unable to pay until the crop is in, that is, until the negro has abandoned his own crop for the uncertain chance of obtaining his employer's wages. There are no county courts available, and the negro finding no redress from the civil law, believing in none from the criminal law, ignorant by legislative defect, and self-indulgent from the absence of result to his self-restraint, falls back absolutely upon the little plot which is not his, to which he can get no lease, and which he is not permitted by the conveyancing system to buy. When that plot fails, the world falls from beneath his feet, and for the past two years it has failed from drought, failed till the people were in places actually without food—there is no poor law—till they, among the vainest of races, leave their children without clothing, till in places they deliberated whether they, like their fathers, had not better fly to the mountains. The accidental publication of a letter from Dr. Underhill to Mr. Cardwell, which had so impressed the Secretary that he forwarded it to Governor Eyre for a report, blew the discontent into a flame, and meetings of colored men were held, demanding higher wages, education, better representation, an end to immigration, and the exemption of raw materials from import duties. None of these demands were complied with; the Governor, though admitting the badness of the governing class, condemned the negroes, and an unlucky placard was published by authority, headed "The Queen's Advice," and containing in other words the answer which Pharaoh gave to the children of Israel, "Ye are idle, ye are idle." This increased the irritation to its height, and some accidental circumstance, most probably a movement among the West Indian Regiments, who are principally liberated Africans, has, we doubt not, caused the explosion which has led to the demand for troops. It cannot be a very formidable one, for the negroes have no arms, and unless the black soldiers have joined it, it is difficult to see why they alone were not strong enough to put it down.

The first duty of the Government, it is clear, is to put down the insurrection. Whatever the evils inherent in the present system, and they are many, the violent uprising of an ignorant population is not the remedy for them, and they must if needful be reduced to order by the strong arm. That done, however, it will become the duty of the Imperial Government to re-organize the island, if necessary by measures of revolutionary breadth. The old order of things has broken down. The Assembly, convened on a plan two hundred years old, is a nest of jobbers, and the planting class is, alike by hereditary feeling and by circumstances, disqualified for the possession of absolute power. If they were angels, they would be disqualified by the ineradicable distrust among those they govern begotten by two centuries of misrule, and being what they are, average Englishmen, with strong prejudices, declining capital, and the moral tone of a passed-away state of society, are entirely unable to attract the confidence of those beneath them. On the other hand, there is no class in the country to whom their power can be transferred. The mulattoes are not educated, and encourage race hatreds of their own, and the negroes must be educated before they can be trusted with the franchise. There is no iron necessity, as in the Southern States of America, for giving them power in order that they may not be trampled on, for an authority exists in the island competent to secure justice. The Queen's representative, and he alone in Jamaica, possesses at once the requisite knowledge, the needful confidence, and the indispensable freedom from class interests, and to him all power should, as in Ceylon, be temporarily confided. If Mr. Cardwell doubts as to the condition of the island, let him send out a royal commission of enquiry, or if, as is probable, he knows facts as strong as any commission could gather, let him at once propose to Parliament the conversion of Jamaica into a Queen's colony. Ceylon, with its hostile races and labor difficulties, prospers under that régime, and any governor who has served in the Mauritius, or Ceylon, or India, would be able to re-arrange society upon the double bases of peasant proprietorship and swift redress for civil or military injury. There is no danger to the planter in such a change, for the governor would be a white, and the stronger the laws against fraud, the greater the influence of capital and ownership. Transform most of the taxes from customs duties into the direct imposts, as Earl Grey recommended, and the negro must work to earn them, while a new tenure for the waste land, a system of compulsory education, and a little increase in the means of communicating between the interior and the sea, will speedily give him means of payment. The talk about negro indolence is pure rubbish. There is no settled race upon earth which is indolent, the Bengalee slaving nine hours a day, and the Neapolitan tilling his land with as much assiduity as a Dutchman, and the negro is only lazy because he never reaps the reward of labor. Ten years of strict, equal government, administered by a man who can press hard when needful on either race, and who will attend to physical improvement, will, we believe, make the island as prosperous as Ceylon, where, with no slavery and a native population which will not work for wages, the people import European goods to the extent of a pound a head per annum, and the Treasury is so overflowing that the Colonial Office has quarrelled with the planters by issuing an order that they shall pay for their own troops. Nothing short of a radical change like this can, we are convinced, save the island, which is full of natural resources, from sinking finally into the condition of a great tropical pauper warren, hopelessly insolvent, and requiring to be garrisoned with at least five thousand men. A possession of that kind is worse than useless, and it rests with Mr. Cardwell to avoid a calamity which may yet interfere with the prosperity budgets of many years. He has a great opportunity before him, and may yet prove to the public that he possesses the one quality opinion does not attribute to him—governing force.

Correspondence.

THE RHYME OF THE MASTER'S MATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Like King James's "whipping boy," I have just had a sound literary fustigation from yourself and others for something I never did, to wit, "The Rhyme of the Master's Mate." To be sure, I was a master's mate once (till promoted by a judicious department), and was always proud to hail from the "starboard steerage," which, indeed, I took for my *nom de plume*. Had it been the "forecastle" I should have been prouder still. But I did not write that piece, and will thank you to say so.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Henry Howard Brownell.

WINTER DAVIS ON RECONSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

My extreme reluctance to intrude on the public where I am not responsible for results, has hitherto withheld me from offering to you the following communication.

The Connecticut vote has solved my doubts and removed my hesitations. It reveals the fact that the great body of the Republicans are true to their principles, but that there is an unreliable minority in our ranks willing to unite with the enemies of the country to prevent us from consolidating our victory and securing its fruits. These two elements will, I fear, be found to divide our friends in Congress. Our great majority there can be broken only by a great desertion. A few we may expect to be disloyal. We may trust, however, that enough will not join those who have vilified us for four years to place *them* in control of the Houses. If they *do*, then Connecticut is the emblem of the fate of our cause, and the same coalition which perpetuated *there* the seeds of discord will prevent our rooting them out for ever from the nation.

In Connecticut no practical importance attaches to the negro vote, and old prejudice was free to assert its power. But in the Southern States lately in rebellion the negro population is a *controlling power*, if properly organized and endowed with arms and ballots. It is the only *power* on which the United States can rely there in the event of a renewed rebellion. It is the only body of people who can give the white minority of loyal men a voice in the nation, and prevent them from being overwhelmed and ostracized by the hostile majority. It is the only body of natural friends of the United States in all those States, for its freedom depends on the integrity of the Union. It is the only body from which a Republican vote can be expected in any of those States, for the mass of whites, loyal as well as disloyal, hate and vilify us, while the negroes know that their liberty is *our* gift, and that as surely as it would cease on disunion, so surely its safety and enjoyment would be jeoparded and impaired by the accession to power in the United States of the old coalition of their masters in possession of the Southern States, and the Democrats holding enough of the Northern States to elect a President or control either House of Congress.

The tone of the Southern press—now merely muttering between bayonets—is that of execration against the Republicans, while unanimous in supporting the President they elected; and to overlook this manifestation of Southern temper, in dealing with their restoration to political power, is to seal our own death-warrant, and secure the triumph of our opponents and of the enemies of the country for a generation. This grave question is to be settled within the next session of Congress, and probably in its earlier weeks. They who elected the President stood confounded and divided by the policy he has dictated to them for its solution. The North Carolina proclamation they tolerated as an experiment, till it has indurated into a policy executed in every State which rebelled, and supported by every Northern Democrat and every rebel pretending to loyalty. *In words*, the proclamations summon that "portion of the people who are loyal" to re-organize the State governments. But in *reality* they exclude the whole negro population, half the aggregate population, and nearly the whole of those who have always been loyal in those States. *Under these proclamations, therefore, no republican form of government is possible.*

The only alternatives are an oligarchy of loyal whites or an aristocracy of hostile whites. The one is loyal, but is not republican; the other is neither loyal nor republican. The former President Lincoln organized in Virginia and Louisiana; the President is organizing under his proclamations the latter. The legal effect of their recognition is to restore the State governments to those whom we have just expelled from them, to subject the emancipated negroes to the discriminating legislation of their masters, to continue their domination over the loyal minority, to guarantee to them the right to represent, now three-fifths, and at the next census the whole, of the disfranchised negroes; and to admit to Congress votes enough to compel equality, at the peril of anarchy, between loyalty and disloyalty. They were our armed enemies when Lee surrendered; they are now our disarmed enemies. They are now for independence and slavery, and against union and freedom; they acquiesce in both till time or disaster gives them opportunity to realize their hopes, and till then their interest and purpose are to obliterate every distinction between those who rebelled and those who put down the rebellion. In all the South the only mass of the population interested and able to foil these designs is the negroes whom the President has disfranchised.

Whatever his purpose may be, his policy is that of our enemies. His apologists say the President is *in favor* of negro suffrage, but that is small comfort if his proclamations exclude it. We remember his declaration that traitors should be punished, yet none are punished; that only loyal men should control the States, yet he has delivered them to the disloyal; that the aristocracy should be pulled down, yet he has put it in power again; that its possessions should be divided among Northern laborers of all colors, yet the negroes are still a landless, homeless class; that he was opposed to military commissions, yet they still defile the land, and others for higher victims are said to be in preparation! The President's words are, therefore, uncertain guides to his conduct. His apologists say, to the States alone belongs the question of suffrage, and the President left it to the people interested in it. But that is what the President did not do. The negroes of the States which rebelled form in some States a majority, in others a half, in all a vast, powerful, and loyal body of citizens, and to them he has not left it. On the contrary, he has left *them* to the will of their *masters*. It is true the President has no power to dictate who shall vote, but it is equally true that he has no power to dictate who shall *not* vote. He has as much power to *admit* as to *exclude*. His apologists assure us it was in obedience to the State constitutions, which survive the State governments. But the President's proclamations do not say so, and his conduct says to the contrary. He did not obey the Constitution in making *the oath* a qualification of suffrage, nor in authorizing the provisional governor to determine the loyalty of voters, nor in appointing him to make rules for convening the convention, nor in directing it to be convened at all, nor in requiring it to prohibit slavery; and it is nonsense to say if he was not bound on these points he was bound on negro suffrage. His whole conduct was an usurpation, but it was no more usurpation to direct his agents to *receive* than to *refuse* negro votes.

The suggestion that the constitutions survive the governments is at once absurd and dangerous. The governments ceased to exist because they disowned their subordination to the United States in point of law. Our arms expelled them as usurpations in point of fact. The constitutions were constitutions of *those* governments, and of nothing else. If they did not constitute those governments they constituted nothing. A constitution of nothing is nothing. A constitution which does not constitute, is a contradiction in terms. Such are the absurdities of this new form of Southern constitutional metaphysics!

Our ordinary language is elliptical. We speak of a constitution, but that means nothing till we add, of *what*. We mean a *constitution of government;* and the moment we say what we mean, the folly of a constitution surviving the government is apparent. When the rebellion usurped power in the States, the State governments ceased to exist; the constitutions became dead forms; the line of official transmission of powers was broken; there ceased to be any person designated to renew the functions of government, and they could never be renewed till the people *constituted* anew the governments, or Congress, in executing its guarantee, directed such governments to be *constituted*. For a government is certain *men* charged with certain *powers*. A constitution of government is the law creating the powers and designating the men to execute them; and without the men the government and the constitution are alike nonentities.

But the view is also dangerous. For if the constitutions continue in force, then the Representatives and Senators elected under them are entitled to appear in their seats, require their names to be called, and to vote on the simple production of their *certificates*. It is not necessary that Congress should recognize governments in those States; for the old governments which it has heretofore recognized continue, and to recognize others is to oust them by revolution. This has always been the view of the Democratic allies of the rebels; but it is now, for the first time, presented for the approval of the Republicans. The President had not thought of this view when he made the prohibition of slavery a condition of re-organization; and if he did not include negro suffrage in the conditions, it was not because he had not as much power but less inclination to do it. Nothing is more true than that the question of suffrage belongs to the States, but it is equally true that Congress is the exclusive judge of the compatibility of their solution of it with republican principles. The States have the right to prescribe who shall vote, but they have no right so to exercise it as to create an oligarchy or an aristocracy instead of a republican form of government; and it is the right and the duty of Congress to judge this question; and its judgment is final and conclusive on all departments of the government. If Congress thinks the State has constituted an oligarchy or an aristocracy by its law of suffrage, it is entitled and bound to refuse to recognize it, to annul the law, rescue the people from its power, and prescribe measures and conditions for the organization of a government, republican in form *in its judgment*, on American principles. This judgment it is the duty of the President to *execute;* over it he has no power. It is the duty of guaranteeing republican government in the States which gives Congress this high jurisdiction; and the right of determining who are the Representatives and Senators carries with it the *exclusive* right of determining which is the constitutional, that is, the republican government of a State, for otherwise it might find itself compelled to admit Representatives and Senators of States whose governments are not republican in form or substance in its opinion.

It is, therefore, clear that the President is wholly beyond the sphere of his power in every step in re-organizing State governments; for each step is either legal and binding on Congress, or illegal and a nullity; and as it can not bind Congress, it is a nullity and an illegality. It is, therefore, frivolous to say the President could do nothing but what he did. He could have done *nothing*. It was his duty to have done *nothing*. His intermeddling has gravely *complicated* the question of what is republican government with the claims of persons to seats and of parties to votes. But this does not *vary* the question, and it must be met as it is presented. Republican principles and national interests alike forbid the acceptance of the President's plan! That is the recognition by Congress of the principle that State governments which ostracize a majority, or a half, or a great mass of citizens, and subject them to the absolute government of others, is republican in form. That principle has never yet been acknowledged by any Congress. No State government has ever been recognized by Congress which ostracized the great mass of the *people*, white or black. It is not the exclusion from political power merely which is the test, but the exclusion of *great masses* of citizens.

A State may arbitrarily exclude from power one man, or a family, or a thousand families; or it may exclude from power a greater proportion of those who have renounced their allegiance and defied its laws, and yet not affect the republican character of the Government. But republican government in the American sense is the government by the mass of citizens through their representatives. Whenever, therefore, the mass of the citizens or any great proportion of them is excluded from political power, yet required to submit to its laws, the government ceases to be republican and Congress cannot recognize it as such. Here the question is not of the rights of man to a voice in the government, but of the meaning of republican government required to be guaranteed in the Constitution.

Connecticut has just refused to admit negroes to vote; but that does not touch the republicanism of her government; for the persons excluded form no material or appreciable portion of her citizens. But negro suffrage is one thing in Connecticut and another thing in South Carolina. In the

latter State, the negro citizens form two-thirds of the whole body of citizens. To deny them a vote and subject them to the will of the one-third is absolutely in conflict with a republican form of government. It is not merely an aristocracy of race, it is an oligarchy. If the Constitution of the United States permits the ostracizing of two-thirds of the citizens and their subjection to one-third, the guarantee is one of mere form. A tenth may as well rule as a third, or one man as well as a tenth.

It is an *accident* that the line of disfranchisement and color are the same; it is not a question of race, but of republicanism. If two-thirds who are black may be excluded in South Carolina, two-thirds who are white may be excluded by the blacks in North Carolina; and one is just as republican as the other. The Constitution makes no distinction of color. Its only distinction is that between free *and slave* inhabitants. The slaves were always excluded irrespective of numbers, for they were not citizens. But free negroes were citizens of the United States. They were never declared by any State not to be citizens at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. They have never been declared not to be citizens by any department of the Government. The Dred Scott case has been ignorantly quoted to settle that point; but it decided not that a *free negro* could not be a *citizen*, but that a *slave* is not a *citizen;* and nobody ever supposed he could be. But free negroes are citizens of the United States by the unanimous judgment of all departments of the Government. That is now a settled point. And the Constitution draws no distinction between a black citizen and a white citizen. Congress has never acknowledged a State government to be republican which ostracized two-thirds or a half or one-third of its citizens. At the adoption of the Constitution the free negroes were in no State a *tenth* of the whole population. In Virginia they were one to thirty-six; in South Carolina one to seventy-seven; in Georgia one to one hundred and twenty-eight; and they voted in neither State, though in Virginia declared by law to be citizens. In Maryland they were one to twenty-five; in North Carolina one to sixty; and they voted in both. The largest proportion excluded at that time was in Delaware, where they were one to eleven. In Tennessee, the first State admitted, they were one to nine, and *they voted.* In Kentucky, the next State, they were excluded; but they were only one to *five hundred and twenty-six.* Even when Louisiana was admitted—the great prize of the ambitious slave-power—the ratio was only one to seven.

But now Congress is asked to *guarantee* as *republican* such despotisms as these: In North Carolina 631,000 citizens ostracize 331,000 citizens. In Virginia 719,000 citizens ostracize 533,000 citizens. In Alabama 596,000 citizens ostracize 437,000 citizens. In Georgia 591,000 citizens ostracize 465,000 citizens. In Louisiana 357,000 citizens ostracize 350,000 citizens. In Mississippi 353,000 citizens ostracize 436,000 citizens. In South Carolina 291,000 citizens ostracize 411,000 citizens.

It would be just as republican to reverse the numbers; and if we have no respect for republican principle, common sense would require that we, holding the Government, should vest our friends with the State governments and ostracize our opponents. The President asks us to ostracize our friends and place our enemies over their heads! Either course leaves republican government without any guarantee of its substance. It is vain to attempt to cover such iniquities as those by the example of the freehold or property qualifications formerly existing in some States. They might doubtless be pushed to the extent of impeaching the character of the Government; but hitherto they have never in the United States gone so far as to require the interposition of Congress. They never excluded any such masses of population as are ostracized by the President's plan, and they ostracized nobody. Every one could vote on getting the requisite property, and that was beyond nobody's reach. But the negro citizens are ostracized, they and their posterity for ever, even where two-thirds of the people. It is, therefore, impossible for republicans to recognize the President's governments. Nor ought they to feel the least hesitation in rejecting them; for the President's intermeddling is wholly illegal; it is an assumption to dictate to Congress respecting its members; and what has been done is a vain form, having no claim to legal authority till Congress by recognizing it gives it legal force. These mushroom governments *play* at governing the Southern States. It is plain the President treats them not as legal and authoritative governments, but as his puppets, whose acts he annuls when they do n't suit him. Congress, then, is free, and bound to treat them as mere nullities—to brush them away as so many cobwebs; and on the cleared field to mark out the foundations of republican principles on which the government should be erected. The objects to be kept in view are to break the force and unity of the rebel vote in Congress; to rescue the States from its domination; and to place in the hands of the colored population political power for their protection and our safety. Retaining the States under military power postpones the first danger, but it involves a greater. Such rule continued long over such vast populations must destroy every vestige of republican government. The military commissions which still defy the law, under the authority of the President, and, without the frivolous apology of actual hostilities, inflict punishments unknown to the law for acts *displeasing* to the President, are now fast unsettling the foundations of national freedom and personal security. If military government be continued in the rebel States, the idea of government by law will die out from the land, and the President's will be the only law. I prefer to risk the negroes under their masters and the country to the rebel vote in Congress, rather than subject loyal negroes and disloyal whites to the common despotism of military government, and expose the North to the dangers of tolerating and organizing such a despotism. Discarding, therefore, the horrible thought of military government as one the people ought not to tolerate, and will not tolerate, how can Congress paralyze the dangerous vote? It can amend the Constitution so as to apportion representation according to the persons who are allowed to vote. Mr. Sloan moved this last winter, but it never came to a vote. But that leaves the *States* in the hands of the disaffected. That could be avoided in the opinion of some by excluding disloyal men who have been engaged in the rebellion from power in the States. But the loyal white population are so mere a handful in the midst of the disaffected mass as to be wholly unable to administer the government and enforce submission to the laws; and the pressure of public opinion would compel them to open the door to the excluded mass. That attempt has so resulted in Virginia and Louisiana, where Gov. Peirpont and Gen. Banks pursued that policy. They merely created a temporary and powerless oligarchy. But it would fail in one other material object. The negro population would still be without a voice or a guarantee for any right. It is *necessary*, therefore, at once to *satisfy republican principles, rescue the States from rebel domination, secure Congress against their undivided and hostile vote, protect the rights of the negro population, and create a body of friends for the United States, interested to fight for its supremacy, that Congress should require the States to be reorganized on the basis of universal suffrage;* and that it should refuse to recognize any government which does not recognize that. It should then secure this permanent foundation of American republicanism against the mutations of political life and the local hostilities in the Southern States by proposing an amendment to the Constitution, consecrating it for ever as the criterion and condition of republican government in every State.

These measures are the necessary buttresses for the support of that prohibiting slavery. Without them it will totter and may fall, and certainly must fail to secure real liberty and equality before the law. Power alone is security, and with it comes respect and dignity and education. They who propose to postpone negro suffrage till the negro is educated, need political education more than the negro. I think our only safety is in confining our efforts to *these measures.* It is too late to break the power of the Southern aristocracy by depriving their leaders of citizenship. Confiscation was never possible unless by partition of the lands among the negroes, and that Congress feared to enact. To sell a continent is impossible without a continent of buyers; and the laws are and will remain in the President's hands mere political thumb-screws to extort votes more powerful than all his patronage. All that remains open is to balance the power of the disaffected aristocracy by the resident mass of loyal negroes armed with the ballot and bayonet.

It is quite certain the President does not mean to insist on this. If his proclamations were an experiment on the temper of the white population, he is satisfied with facts which dismay his friends. He is so impatient of contradiction that loyal warnings are become *"pestilent* and *malignant utterances."* He is experimenting *now* on nothing but the patience of the Republicans and the support of the Democrats. Of the latter he is receiving daily gratifying assurances. Of course, he is not thinking of joining the Democrats; for that would be going into a minority. But neither does he seem to be devoted to the Republicans. His policy is that of the Democrats, and his hope is to induce the Republicans to abandon their principles and unite with him in executing that of the Democrats. How many of the Republicans will unite with the Democrats to reinstate the representatives of the rebellion in power, in order that *they* may unite with the Democrats to expel *us* from power, remains to be seen. If enough to give the President a majority, a counter revolution is effected, which postpones the fruits of the war for a generation—it may be, then to be wrung from those in power by another civil war. It is possible the President may mean to disappoint the hopes of the Democrats; but it is not safe for Republicans to stake their cause on that doubtful and improbable chance. If he persevere, they must be ready to defy a most formidable coalition. For the Southern representatives, if admitted, will, in this Congress, meet many warm friends from the Northern States.

In the next Congress the coalition can hardly fail to be in a majority in the House, and to press so closely on our majority in the Senate that a few defections may destroy it. The loss of the next Presidency is the natural sequel of the triumph of the President's plan, and, if once lost, will any one name a day when there is a reasonable prospect of our regaining it? The best we can hope for, therefore, under the President's policy is, that the Southern representatives will subordinate their passions to securing their interests in the Union by the coalition as of old. It is not likely the Democrats will repel their advances.

It is possible that these people, so arrogant in rebellion, may be meek when in power over their enemies; that they will pay our debt, pension our soldiers, vote indemnity to loyal citizens; and vote against assuming their own debt, against pensioning their own wounded, against restoring their own officers to the army and navy, against compensation for their slaves, against annulling the confiscation acts or indemnity where the title cannot be revoked; and that the Democrats will aid them in passing their self-denying ordinances, but it seems to me not wise to assume it. It is safer to take their view of their interests as the measure of what they will attempt, and what they *can* do as the limit of what they will do.

I do not fear a new rebellion now, but I will not shut my eyes to what men who have no interests but what are opposed to those who triumphed may do in power. Fifty-seven representatives and twenty-two senators are more than enough to arrest legislation in either House by tactics well known and often applied, and not hitherto pushed to revolutionary extremes, because the constituencies had an interest in the Government the representatives did not venture to disregard. But here revolutionary constituencies stand behind representatives struggling for their interests against their conquerors. They will not restrain their representatives, and if they persist, will not Democrats hasten to rescue the Government by granting their demands? If they fail in this, the life of nations is too fruitful of changes to justify us in excluding from our calculations contingencies where foreign war or civil discord may place the nation at the mercy of a hostile minority; when a Buchanan may be President, and refuse to strike while they divide the nation without the fear of the sword; or when a loyal President may rashly expel them from Congress, break the power of law by violence, and plunge us into the anarchy of civil war without a government recognized by all which alone carried us safely through the rebellion. Against all these dangers, the refusal to recognize loyal oligarchies or disloyal aristocracies, and the recognition only of governments republican in form in the South-

ern States, are the sufficient and only guarantee. The mass of the loyal negro vote breaks the unity of the hostile vote in every State and will absolutely control it in many.

In 1776 God gave us wise men who secured every point of victory possible. In this time of trial God has given us, for our sins, rulers who are not so wise, and the people grope toward their salvation and teach their rulers to secure it. By his blessing we are entrusted with two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, and that is the absolute legislative power of the United States. *What we think right, we can do.* If the President deserts those who elected him for the votes and policy of their opponents, we must break the coalition at any cost. The President can have our support only by conforming his conduct to our principles. It is vain to argue, from the dangers of division, the necessity of submission to his will; that will itself, if unchanged, works the ruin more surely than any division. It is itself the division, unless we meanly sell a great cause for Presidential patronage.

But it is vain to deny that failure now is final for this generation, for the people who want negro suffrage are in the North, and they who are to decide it are in the South, representing and voting for the negroes in more than one-fourth of all the States, with a negative on any amendment of the Constitution, and absolute power in each State. It is insane to dream that the South will, of itself, ever give either suffrage or equality before the law, and now is our only time to compel it.

If men say, God works slowly, yet will not let a good cause fail, they had better enlighten their piety by a glance at his ways in history, and reflect that he visits wasted opportunities, not less than wickedness, with ruin. I trust we may not be monuments of that wrath.

Very sincerely, your obedient servant,
HENRY WINTER DAVIS.

BALTIMORE, October, 1865.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XIX.

PORT ROYAL ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 10, 1865.

INTENDING soon to revisit Charleston, I made no long stay in that city, but on the morning of yesterday sailed down the harbor past the famous islands and forts, and, keeping the low, wooded coast in sight during the whole day, in the evening reached Hilton Head. The neat, whitewashed town, built there in the sand by the quartermasters and sutlers during the last four years, with its hospitals, and storehouses, and machine-shops, and offices, has lost much of its old importance, and, instead of being the bustling part of the Department of the South, is sinking back into the quiet dulness of its natural condition as a part of the State of South Carolina. A stumbling walk in the dark up the long wooden pier, which extends far into the shallow water of the bay, brought me to the hotel, where I found the few guests gathered around a box-stove, for the night was windy and cold, and the walls of the house—a portable or sectional building—were thin. There were two or three Federal uniforms in the company, some men who seemed to be Northern traders, and a person who had the easily distinguishable appearance and manners of a South Carolinian. This gentleman, a person of some fifty odd years old, dressed tolerably well in a suit of grey clothes, with a large display of crumpled linen at the collar and cuffs of his coat, sat before the stove smoking, and talking very freely about his present poverty and his plans for the future.

He had left St. Helena, he said, when Dupont forced an entrance, and captured the Sea Islands, in 1861. He and his family ran, leaving plate and furniture behind them, and went up to Greenville, where he 'd since been living how he could. The Government took his cotton, and somebody, Government or niggers, got everything else that was left. Then, in the spring of 1863, they sold his plantation. Some Massachusetts man bought it, and he did n't know when he 'd get it back. Up in Greenville he soon spent all his money to support his family, but if he 'd had money he could n't have saved his property. How was he to come back inside the Yankee lines and pay the tax? The commissioners knew very well it could n't be done; the sale was a perfectly unfair thing. He did n't know whether the place would be restored to him or not, but at any rate he intended to leave Greenville, and move down to Beaufort. It was just as well to starve in Beaufort as in any strange place. He hoped to be able to pick up a little medical practice, but if his profession failed him, he supposed his son and himself could put up a cabin somewhere in the vicinity, and get fish and oysters enough to live on. He intended to go up to Greenville the next day, and bring his family down immediately. He had n't a dollar in money; had thought it would be a good plan to circulate a handbill among his acquaintances up there, asking them to aid him, but the trouble was, pretty much all of them were as poor as himself—better off so far as keeping their land went, but without ready money. Then he went on to relate, in a good-humored way, many amusing stories of Sherman's army, and the impudence of the bummers.

This gentleman, it is currently reported, has made several visits to the plantation which he formerly owned, and the negroes living there have collected for his use nearly a hundred dollars. In several instances similar contributions have not only been accepted but solicited. In July last, a gentleman who once owned a fine plantation, about ten miles distant from Beaufort, rode out to it in a carriage hired for him by a negro formerly his slave, and, having called together such of the people as would go to meet him and shaken hands with them all, he told them that he was now a poor man; that he had even been compelled to beg to support his family; that the very ear-rings from his wife's ears had been exchanged for food; that they all knew that their mistress knew nothing about any kind of work, and had never done any; and he concluded his address by a personal application to each one for whatever money he could spare. The response to this appeal was not a very liberal one, my informant said. Prince ga' 'm seventy-fi' cent, she believed, and several of the others gave him something; she herself would give nothing. "Den mawser git into de kerridge an' drive off," she added. "Him tell bro' Prince take good keer o' all tings. Him for come back soon, him say. But ef dem rebel come back, tell ye wha' no' *our* nigger gwine for stay on dis place, no' one nigger. Wid dem she-shesh! Chuh!"

On another plantation I learn that small gifts of money and poultry have been received from the people by their former master, who himself urged his claim upon their kindness, and who was found willing to accept half a dollar from an old, crippled negress who now for some years has drawn rations and been furnished with medicine and clothing at the expense of the Government.

Most of the negroes, I should say, are surprisingly free from a vulgar contempt for these men merely because of their sudden poverty and the shifts and straits to which they see them reduced, and some appear to feel a genuine commiseration for them in their distress. But their kindly feeling towards them extends no further than this, and it is, perhaps, remarkable that it should extend so far, for evidently they fear and dislike the slaveholders, both as a class and individually. The probable return of their former owners to the island, the possibility that they may some time be compelled to work for them and be governed by them, seem to excite the liveliest apprehensions and very strong expressions of hostility.

The swift steamer *Rockland*, plying between Savannah and Charleston by the inland route, took me in a little more than an hour up the river to Beaufort. The town stands on the river of the same name, one of the many streams or inlets which, with their net-work of endless ramifications and intersections, everywhere penetrate the south-eastern Carolina coast, and, dividing it into many parts, form the Sea Islands. Beaufort is a quiet town, with many handsome houses scattered here and there among the sandy streets, and with abundance of orange trees, and oleanders, and pomegranates; and on all hands the live oaks are to be seen with their grey drapery of hanging moss. The scene was a familiar one to me, and as there was no special reason for my remaining there, I rode out across the island in a north-westerly direction, over what had once been an excellent road, until four years of neglect had injured it, and finally the passage of Sherman, corduroying as he went, gave it the finishing blow and made it execrable. In the country through which it led me there was more woodland than clearing, and of the cleared land much more than half, fenceless, bushy, and unkempt, lay uncultivated. In this region of large plantations, however, it is customary for a planter to divide his lands, and to work each acre every alternate year, the one half being left fallow and used as a pasture while the other is planted. The cabins of the people seemed to be in tolerable preservation, and no better or worse than those commonly found in other sections of the State; but at several points on the roadside, at some distance from any negro quarters, I noticed small unsightly shanties, made of poles and rough clapboards, which appeared to be occupied by vagabonds or squatters—people who proposed staying but a short time in one place, and working for themselves only. Upon this road, more than in any other district of the South in which I have yet travelled, the negroes seem to form a part of the commercial world. I was constantly overtaking them or meeting them going into the town with produce to sell, or returning with their purchases, the load being sometimes made into a bundle or laid in a flat basket and carried mile after mile on the head, while the shoes very likely were carried in one hand and an umbrella or stick in the other, and sometimes it would be stowed away into the body of a little, creaky, shaky, home-made cart, with a wooden axle so chafed and worn that the wheels, wandering in a headstrong way hither and thither, each making a serpentine track, gave additional labor to some poor creature of a horse, who tugs at his collar of plaited corn-shucks, and seems hardly to have strength enough to break his patched

and rotten harness. Many of these travellers are dressed quite well, and many are literally covered with rags.

A two hours' jolt over this road brought me to the plantation which I desired to visit, a pleasant tract of land, bounded on two sides by a blue river, and not far from Port Royal Ferry. The kindness of the gentleman who plants it, Mr. J. H., has enabled me to gain some exact information in regard to the general management and working of the place during the past year. I have selected this plantation as one that may be taken, all things considered, to furnish a fair sample of the present state of cotton culture in this part of the country, and of the present condition and disposition of the free laborers in the Sea Islands.

The plantation contains about three hundred acres of ordinarily good land, of which, perhaps, a hundred acres are well adapted to cotton, and a reasonable proportion of the remainder is capable of producing corn. There is also potato ground, and low, wet ground, on which rice can be raised. Flowing along one side of the plantation is a creek from which can be obtained salt mud and marsh grass for manure, and to supply the people with wood there is a large tract of pine barren. The cotton land is rather high, and the soil is light, so that a dry season affects the crops unfavorably.

The people who form the working force consist in part of negroes who were born and bred on the plantation, and in greater part of people who came from the mainland with Sherman's army, and were hired as laborers in February last. The whole number of laborers was fifty-six. Forty-five of these were persons who, in point of physical ability, ranked as full hands, two were ploughmen, and nine were people too old or too young to perform a good day's work. In round numbers, it may be said that the working force consisted of fifty full hands and two ploughmen. The season now ending is Mr. H.'s first year upon this plantation, and the fourth year of his experience as a cotton planter. When the time came for preparing the ground for planting he had upon the place only the people who had always lived there, and who for three years had been free laborers To them he proposed that they should work for him for wages in money; they proposed that he should give them half the crop as their wages, which he refused to do. An order had been issued from General Saxton's headquarters directing that whenever laborers worked a crop "on shares," their share should be one-half of all the cotton raised, and of all the breadstuffs, including corn, potatoes, rice, and peanuts. The people sent a deputation to the headquarters of the military governor and complained that Mr. H. was endeavoring to force them to make a contract, the terms of which were contrary to the instructions of the circular No. 8. Mr. H., therefore, received a letter calling his attention to the fact that any person violating these directions would be at once sent out of the department. He explained that false representations had been made, that he wished to hire his laborers for money, but they were disposed to insist that he should divide the crop with them. It was necessary that all contracts should be examined and approved at headquarters, and his proposals having been pronounced fair, he was permitted to proceed in his endeavors to hire the people. They, however, were still desirous of having their own plan carried into effect, and still refused to accede to his terms; he was even assailed by outcries of various kinds whenever he visited the negro quarters, and demands for "half the crop." Meantime the empty houses on the plantation he had been filling up with families of refugees, and the time for planting was very near at hand. The people still remained fixed in their determination, and at last it became necessary to send a guard to the place with orders to remove all persons there resident who would neither sign the contract as prepared by the lessee and approved at headquarters, nor make room for others who were willing to do so. The threat alone was sufficient, and the signatures of all the laborers were at once given. By the time this difficulty was removed, the season was somewhat advanced, and the crop was not planted till more than a fortnight after the proper time. It may be thought that an occurrence such as I have just related is of itself enough to remove this plantation into the list of exceptional cases. But misunderstandings similar to this in their causes and effects, if not precisely like it in their details, are a part of the experiences of a majority, or at least of very many, of the Northern planters in the Sea Islands.

Mr. H.'s fifty laborers, assisted by the two ploughmen, planted eighty-seven acres of cotton, or considerably less than two acres apiece. Up to the 1st of November, 6,716 lbs. of seed cotton had been picked, and it is not impossible that before the picking season closes the whole amount of seed cotton may be 8,000 lbs. The cost of the 6,716 lbs. already gathered has been $1,631 for wages paid the laborers, exclusive of the interest on capital invested in mules and farming implements, the expenses of ginning the cotton, and the value of the manure. The cotton which is to be looked to for the repayment of this $1,631, to say nothing of the other expenses of the crop and the plantation in general, will, when ginned, amount to something like 1,670 lbs. This very unsatisfactory result is partly due to these three causes: On account of the controversy already mentioned the crop was planted late; it suffered severely from a long drought in July and August; the caterpillar made its appearance in August for the third time in three successive years, and though its ravages were not so extensive as in the two preceding years, they were sufficient to seriously diminish the crop. But for these three things Mr. H.'s enterprise would, he thinks, have proved moderately remunerative, and he intends to plant in 1866. Anything like perfect success, however, he fears, is unattainable at present, and he is not yet quite prepared to say whether the fault is in the negroes, or in the system of labor and payment that has been adopted in this department. Although in these Sea Islands the negroes are now in the fourth year of their freedom, he is of opinion that they have never yet been fairly tried as free laborers. And now, he would say, to leave untouched the various questions that have agitated this department at one time and another—whether or not it is well to make the negroes all landholders by a division of land amongst them; whether or not it was a wise policy to allow negroes to pre-empt land; whether or not a negro in Port Royal should receive just the same, or more, or less wages than a stevedore in New York—setting all these questions aside, he believes that the system of wages for labor which has prevailed in this department is of itself an insuperable obstacle in the way of successful cultivation of cotton by free labor. That alone would account for the prevalent ill success. For example, a man comes to his place to work for him, and takes up, say, an acre of cotton. He moves into a house on the place, and in February goes out into the field and lays out his acre into the regular four *tasks*. He chops down the weeds with his hoe, lays them in the furrows between the old cotton beds, and pulls the earth of the old bed over the weeds. That's *listing*, and he gets so much a task for listing. Then he goes out again and pulls up the earth on the listing. That's *banking*, and he has so much a task for banking. Then comes planting, and so much a task for that, and so much a task for each hoeing and each hauling. For such and such an operation so many cents. By-and-bye picking comes, and there's so much a pound for all the cotton picked; everything as easy and regular as clock-work. But if he 's wanted to do a quarter of an hour's work at any time, he expects pay for that. If he goes to the house for an axe he 's to be paid extra for it. It 's well enough to pay a man for all he does, but who can carry on a farm in such a way as that? But suppose you want him very much for some piece of work that must be done. You cannot have him. He 's working an acre of cotton for you, but his corn, and his rice, and potatoes make a little farm that he 's working for himself, and he can't do job-work for you when he 's got his provisions to make; he needs to have control of his own time. He had hardly a single worker out of all his fifty-six who had n't more land under cultivation for himself than for his employer.

The whole affair down here looked rather discouraging, but at the same time he would not say, and no one ought to say, that the application of free negro labor to cotton raising was a failure, till he had seen the experiment tried more fairly than it had been in this department. If it were possible to make a change merely in the matter of supporting and paying the laborers, greatly improved results might be expected.

ENGLAND.—THE DANGERS OF THE NEW CABINET.

LONDON, November 10, 1865.

EARL RUSSELL is not likely to find his premiership a sinecure. To say nothing of the domestic difficulties which surround his attempt to form an administration, he is called upon on the very moment almost of assuming office to deal with questions which would perplex and embarrass a far more popular minister than he ever has been, or can hope to be. It is well known that a return to the office of prime minister has long been the cherished object of his ambition. Nobody who has once been first ever likes to become second; and Earl Russell, even if he was a far less self-sufficient man than he is, can hardly be expected to recognize how much of his former success was due to his position and connections, how little to his own personal merits. When Sidney Smith said that the then Lord John Russell would be equally ready to command the Channel fleet or perform an operation for the stone at a moment's notice, he intended to convey a sneer at the great Whig leader as well as to celebrate his intrepidity. Nobody ever doubted Earl Russell's readiness to undertake a difficult and dangerous duty; most people who have ever watched his career have learnt to distrust his courage when the moment of trial came. Yet with all his proverbial intrepidity the Premier can hardly feel confident of weathering the storms which are gathering round him on his return to power. First and foremost amongst these impending

dangers I should count the awkward condition of our relations with America.

On the subject of our international relations I always feel considerable difficulty in writing. It would not be in human nature if an Englishman who, like myself, has been engaged for the last four years in pointing out the absurdity of English pro-Southern sympathies and the difficulties into which our one-sided neutrality was certain to lead us ultimately, did not feel some personal satisfaction at the fulfilment of his disregarded prophecies. Cassandra herself must have felt that the news of the misfortunes which befell the Trojans for not listening to her advice was not utterly without a corresponding gratification. On the other hand, I feel I should be acting dishonestly if I in any way represented this personal sentiment as being a common or influential one. The mere possibility of a war between our two countries is, in my opinion, so fearful a contingency that no honest man can be too careful to avoid saying or writing anything which may tend in any way to conduce to such a result. Now, I believe that nothing tended to bring on the Crimean war so much as a belief, on the part of the Russian Government, that there existed in England a party so strongly opposed to war that an appeal to arms would never be really resorted to. Just in the same way, to speak the plain and open truth, I believe your Government would be most grievously mistaken if they relied too much on the sympathies of a large class of Englishmen with the Northern cause. If once a demand is made which, rightly or wrongly, English public opinion deems unjust and exorbitant, you will find the nation, with scarcely an exception, will support the Government in resisting that demand at all risks and hazards. Only a few days ago I was talking to a member of Parliament whose name is well known to you as a thorough-going and enthusiastic partizan of the Northern cause from the earliest times of the war. As an explanation of the comparative silence on American topics which he has kept since the triumph of the North, he said: "I have avoided the discussion of the American question purposely of late because, if there should arise any chance of war between England and America, I, of course, must take the side of England." And this feeling I believe to be well-nigh universal. Of course, it is for you to decide whether any claims you have, or believe you have, against us ought to be upheld at the possible cost of war. That is a question on which I express no opinion; but I feel bound in fairness to say that, in such an event, it would be worse than foolish to reckon on any internal opposition to the action of the Government. You may, perhaps, think that I am fighting against a shadow in thus deprecating any ill-advised action. But I have seen once in my life already how easily England "drifts into war," and I have no wish to see the experiment repeated.

The immediate reason of my noting these events is the return of the *Shenandoah* to our waters, a circumstance which, it is apprehended in this country, may give rise to serious embarrassments between England and America. The general feeling of the public is one of extreme annoyance that this wretched vessel should have ever turned up again. If we had heard she had been sunk at sea, or captured by Federal cruisers, or had surrendered herself to any power in the world except ourselves, not one Englishman in ten thousand but would have experienced and expressed his satisfaction at the result. Whatever else may be our national resemblance to Cato, we most assuredly do not sympathize with him in his preference for the *causa victa*. But, by a sort of not unrighteous retribution, this last of the Anglo-Confederate cruisers has made her way safely to Liverpool and now lies at anchor in the Mersey. The Bottle Imp has been thrown back upon our hands just when we hoped we were quit of it for ever. However, here the *Shenandoah* is, and we must lie in our bed as we have made it.

But, at the same time, I hope the *Shenandoah* difficulty may possibly smooth the way for a settlement of the *Alabama* claims. The return of this piratical vessel to our waters, and the protection she has derived beneath our flag, have brought home to the minds of Englishmen some conviction as to the substantial character of your complaints against our so-called neutrality. In all the leading papers and in society I perceive an increased readiness to admit the possibility of referring the *Alabama* question to arbitration; and if your Government evinces the extraordinary good sense and good temper it has shown hitherto, the difficulty may be settled amicably. Such, at least, is the current opinion in political circles. In such a crisis it is felt to be a misfortune that Earl Russell should be at the head of affairs. In a frigid sort of way he has always sympathized with the Northern cause, or as much as it lay in the nature of the most aristocratic of Whigs to sympathize with any popular cause. But he utterly lacks the tact or temper to conduct difficult and delicate negotiations; while his passion for lecturing everybody on every possible occasion renders him singularly liable to give unnecessary offence. If this American difficulty should not pass over, it will probably give the death-blow to the Ministry. If Earl Russell should endanger peace by resistance to any claims brought forward by the Washington cabinet, he will certainly be turned out of office as not equal to the crisis; if, on the other hand, he averts the risk of war by any important concessions, he will still more certainly be sacrificed to the annoyance of the public at any outrage on their national susceptibilities.

Indeed, the Government seems to be falling to pieces almost before it is formed. The *Times*, whose insight into domestic questions is generally much acuter than its judgment as to foreign subjects, has lost no opportunity of predicting the collapse of the new administration. In truth, it has, as the French say, no reason for being. Alexander is dead, and Alexander's generals have no claim to inherit his succession. With the solitary exceptions of Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, every member of the late cabinet owed his position rather to the favor of the Premier than to any merits of his own. Lord Granville, Lord Stanley of Alderley, the Duke of Somerset, Earls de Grey and Ripon, Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Grey, and Mr. Milner Gibson have none of them any substantial position except what they derived from being members of the Palmerston Ministry. Now that they have lost their leader, they have no hold whatever upon the country. They add no strength to any administration they belong to, even if they take nothing from it. This fact constituted their chief merit in the eyes of their late chief. Lord Palmerston liked to reign alone; and it was only against his will that he tolerated the independent positions which birth and connection, in the one case, and talent and energy, in the other, conferred respectively upon the late Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thus the reconstructed Ministry is very like an arch minus the keystone. Opinions may and ought to differ as to the absolute merits of Lord Palmerston as a statesman; but no candid observer can dispute his extraordinary ability as a parliamentary leader. With the same materials neither Earl Russell nor Mr. Gladstone can be expected to produce the same results as the late Premier; and yet this is the task they have undertaken to perform. As far as can be judged, the one aim of the new Prime Minister is to rally round him as many as possible of his late colleagues, and to pursue the same policy as his predecessor.

If the aspect of foreign affairs were far more pacific than it is in the Old World as well as the New, this policy would be surrounded with very serious difficulties. The question of reform, for instance, is one with which the new Ministry must deal at the very outset of its career. Both Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone are pledged to the principle of an extension of the suffrage. Hitherto they have been able to plead the personal popularity of Lord Palmerston as an excuse for not redeeming their pledges. Through their organs in the press, if not by their own words, they stated the patent facts that the country was resolved to keep Lord Palmerston in power; that the Premier was hostile to every idea of immediate reform; and that, therefore, they were obliged to bow to circumstances, and postpone the realization of their desires to a more opportune season. With Lord Palmerston's death there is an end of any such apology. The Premier and the leader of the House of Commons have it now in their own power to introduce a reform bill; and they are, therefore, compelled to make election between an extension or a non-extension of the suffrage. In the former case, they lose the support of the Whigs, who at heart are in favor of keeping things as they are; in the latter, they alienate the advanced liberals, who are resolved upon extending the electoral franchise. In either case, they destroy their majority in the House of Commons and necessitate an appeal to the country. If they could tell with any certainty whether the country really desired a reform bill or not, they might shape their course accordingly. Unfortunately, no positive opinion can be gained as to whether there is any strong popular feeling at the moment in favor of an extension of the suffrage; and, therefore, they are utterly in the dark as to whether they should adopt reform as the ministerial programme. In this uncertainty both Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone have exerted all their skill to avoid any direct expression of opinion. The Premier has resorted to his usual platitudes, the Chancellor has surpassed himself in rhetorical displays, and each of them has avoided any intelligible expression of opinion on the subject of reform. Now this sort of shilly-shallying was tolerated in the case of Lord Palmerston partly through his consummate adroitness, still more through his immense personal popularity. But it is not likely to be accepted at the hands of men wanting alike in his tact and his strange hold upon the public mind.

Mr. Gladstone has been making what in theatrical jargon is called "the provincial circuit." He has been starring it in all the great Scottish towns, and—to pursue the metaphor—has drawn enormous houses. North of the Tweed there is a love for fine phrases and metaphysical distinctions not shared in to any great extent by the English race; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer contrived to catch the taste of his Scotch audiences with extraordinary skill. But if you analyze what he said, I defy anybody to make

out any distinct statement from the torrent of eloquent words with which he inundated his delighted hearers. His most successful attempt consisted in a thesis whose object was to support the orthodox view of religion. According to the system of theology of which Professor Maurice is the ablest exponent in this country, he proved to the satisfaction of his hearers that, in the order of Divine Providence, both the Greek worship of human nature and the Judaic monotheism were necessary to the development of the perfect creed of Christianity. He argued ingeniously enough; but hypercritical persons are always prone to question the cogency of *ex post facto* reasoning, and practical persons are inclined to doubt whether a Chancellor of the Exchequer has time to master the problems of theology.

Sanguine people imagined that Lord Russell would expound the programme of the new Ministry at the inaugural banquet of the new Lord Mayor, which took place yesterday. The expectation was not fulfilled; and the guests in the Egyptian hall, at the Mansion House, came away as wise as they went, as the Premier contented himself with uttering a series of vague generalities. The liberal papers, who hope against hope, profess to gather from the Delphic utterances of the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer an intention to carry out their reform pledges. But the common impression is, that the Ministry do not feel themselves strong enough to introduce a reform bill. Alderman Phillips, the present chief magistrate of the city, is a Jew, and is the gentleman whose election twenty years ago to the dignity of alderman was the first triumph of the cause of Jewish emancipation, of which, by the way, Mr. Gladstone was then a staunch opponent. Times change and men change with them. The saying is not new, but it is, I think, appropriate.

"RECEPTIONS."

THE dissatisfaction generally expressed with regard to the manner in which the great reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was managed, suggests the consideration whether it is not a great mistake to attempt to meet the popular demand for a "sight" of Grant, or any other man of similar standing, in this way. If you cram a building or a room as full of people as it can possibly hold, perfect "order" can only be preserved by everybody's staying quietly wherever he finds himself. All movement, or attempts at movement, produce confusion, and it is a kind of confusion not repressible by the police. The ordinary effect upon nervous men or women especially, and nearly everybody now-a-days is nervous, of finding himself tightly packed amongst his fellow-creatures, is to produce an irresistible desire to get out of the fix. It is, in fact, another form of the punishment common in the navy, of locking men up in a close-fitting closet, with a hole in the door to admit the air, but it is aggravated by the heat evolved by the surrounding bodies, and at evening entertainments by the gas-light. Few women can stand it very long; it develops, even in strong men, a shocking and often uncontrollable irritability, which is apt to display itself, at last, in frantic efforts to escape, at whatever risk to other people's toes and ribs.

There is, however, another reason why a New York crowd is, under such circumstances, unusually uncontrollable. Anybody who has paid close attention to the phenomena of New York society must have observed how thoroughly pervaded it is by what may be called a noble discontent. Your genuine New Yorker always wants to be in some other place than where he is. The number of houses in which he can sit down resignedly and be conscious that the present is a happy moment, and enjoy it, are exceedingly few. As a general rule, if he finds himself at Smith's, no matter what pains the host may have taken to make his stay agreeable, he is haunted by a vague suspicion that at Brown's, round the corner, there is better entertainment to be had, and he hankers after it till he either can resist no longer and goes in search of it, or goes home with the feeling that he might have done better, and has had on the whole a stupid evening. In an ordinary "reception" the manifestations of this disease, for disease it is, are very curious and worth observation. It is aggravated somewhat by the practice in which hostesses are apt to indulge of drafting the gentlemen and detailing them in various directions to "converse" with ladies whose society is not sought by volunteers. There are few things more melancholy to witness at an ordinary evening party, where there is no dancing, than the aspect of a gentlemen led off in this way to be "introduced" to a "charming lady," whom he has never seen or heard of before, and with whom, for a few moments after presentation, he exchanges an agonized stare, while both are ransacking their brains for vivacious remarks. The general tendency to imagine that in some other part of the room lighter and more agreeable duty can be found is, of course, increased in cases of this kind by the sense of wrong which the subject of compulsion, let it be ever so sweet, always feels. The consequence is, that except on those rare occasions when "kindred spirits" light upon each other in full dress in a crowded parlor, the guest can rarely entirely rid himself of the belief that if he were down nearer the dining-room, or up nearer the street or out in the hall, his condition would be improved, and that he would have in some way or other, he does not know exactly what, a pleasanter time. This morbid fancy shows itself in people who are conversing by the incoherency of their remarks and the wandering of their eyes all over the room, and in the more desperate cases, in those not actually engaged in small talk, by their resolute dodging about through the crowd with a look of mild despair.

Now, when you take people afflicted with this lust of change, and pack them tightly together in the passages and parlors of a hotel, you stimulate the passion into the highest activity, and the wonder is not that there should be disorder, but that there should not be positive tumult. Nobody wants to stay where he is put, and the slightest effort to go elsewhere sends a vibration through the mass about him. In this case matters were made worse by the fact that Grant was in some other room, and that everybody not only wanted to be about three feet in front of him, but went there for that express purpose. The space around the general, however, although he is not a small man, is limited, and the practice of shaking hands of course restricts the number of those who can occupy it. Hand-shaking, in spite of all the unpleasant remarks that foreign critics make upon it, is a very natural and, in our estimation, very agreeable mode of salutation. It brings people nearer together, not only physically but morally, than a bow can ever do; but the trouble is that with all our great men we never observe any moderation about it. There is a tradition that General Harrison was killed by it, and if Grant does not succumb to it, all that can be said is that he is a man of vigorous constitution. On various occasions he has had to go on shaking with his arm and hand greatly swollen, and when the grasp of each of his admirers must have caused him positive torture. Now shaking a swollen and livid hand may be to some people a pleasure, but it is a barbarous pleasure, in which no person of proper sensibilities would knowingly indulge. On one occasion in this city, shortly after the fall of Richmond, when the general was enduring a good deal of hospitality, he was accompanied by somebody who played for the occasion the part of an exhibitor, or usher, whichever term be the more respectful, who warned the crowd by exclaiming at frequent intervals, "Take his hand gently, gentlemen; the general is *greatly* fatigued! the general is *greatly* fatigued!" Admonition of this kind is all the more necessary on these occasions, because in every crowd of his admirers there are always a great many who are far more solicitous about displaying their own feelings than about his comfort, and accordingly present their respects in a wild shake, which probably goes to the victim's soul.

The question arises, therefore, whether when people want to see Grant, or anybody of similar reputation, it would not be well, first of all, to prohibit hand-shaking; then to hold the reception, not in suites of rooms, but in one large one, like Irving Hall or the Academy of Music, and, having put him in some conspicuous place, let the crowd defile before him, and bow or talk to him as they go. It may be said that this would have a monarchical or aristocratic look, and so it would, but sensible people will not be frightened by words. It is one of the court customs which is worth copying, for though it is doubtless in some degree based on a respect for royalty, of which we know nothing, it is also based on convenience. The experience of ages has shown that it is that mode in which great personages can see great numbers of people on the same occasion, with the least inconvenience to themselves or their admirers, and if there is any comfort to be got out of it, Grant is as much entitled to it as any king or queen. Moreover, the work of paying respects could in this way be despatched in half the time it takes to shake hands, and give twice as many people an opportunity of seeing the hero of the evening.

At the Fifth Avenue, the other night, not one half of those present even set eyes on Grant; not a quarter even shook hands with him. Most of the company passed the time in the adjacent parlors and corridors, actively engaged in keeping the clothes on their own backs, and keeping their wives and daughters from being deprived of their hoops, and whatever covers them. Tall men who could see round corners, probably in the dim and distant crowd saw a bobbing about in one spot, such as would indicate a fight at a political meeting, and knew that there the work of presentation was going on, but this only made their own confinement more irksome. Little and middle-sized people simply suffered and perspired.

A PILGRIMAGE TO PETRARCH'S HOUSE AT ARQUÀ.

I.

WE said, during summer days at Venice, when every *campo* was a furnace seven times heated, and every canal was filled with boiling bathers, "As soon as it rains we will go to Arquà." Remembering the ardors of an

April sun on the long, level roads of plain, we could not think of them in August without a sense of dust clogging every pore, and eyes that shrank from the vision of their blinding whiteness. So we stayed in Venice, waiting for rain, until the summer had almost lapsed into autumn; and as the weather cooled before any rain reached us, we took the moisture on the mainland for granted, and set out under a cloudy and windy sky.

We had to go to Padua by railway, and take carriage thence to Arquà, upon the road to Ferrara. I believe no rule of human experience was violated when it began to rain directly after we reached Padua, and continued to rain violently the whole day. We gave up this day entirely to the rain, and did not leave Padua until the following morning, when we count that our pilgrimage to Petrarch's house actually began.

The rain had cooled and freshened the air, but it was already too late in the season for the summer to recover herself with the elastic brilliancy that follows the rain of July or early August; and there was I know not what vague sentiment of autumn in the weather. There was not yet enough of it to stir the

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair;"

but in here and there a faded leaf (for in Europe death is not glorified to the foliage as in our own land), in the purple of the ripening grapes, and in the tawny grass of the pastures, there was autumn enough to touch our spirits, while it hardly affected the tints of the landscape, and to lay upon us the gentle and pensive spell of its presence. Of all the days in the year I would have chosen this to go pilgrim into the house of Petrarch.

The Euganean Hills, on one of which the poet's house is built, are those mellow heights which you see when you look southwest across the lagoon at Venice. In misty weather they are blue, and in clear weather silver. On very bright days the lagoon seems to swim under them, and float them on its dazzling expanse, and the October sunset loves them. It dies upon their summits, whither it trails itself in bloody red athwart the crimson water. The hills rise in tender azure before you as you issue from the southern gate of Padua, and grow in loveliness as you draw nearer to them from the rich plain that washes their feet with endless harvests of oil and wine.

Oh, beauty that will not let itself be told! Could I not take warning from another, and refrain from this fruitless effort of description? A friend in Padua had lent me Disraeli's "Venetia," because a passage of the story occurs in Petrarch's house at Arquà, and we carried the volumes with us on our pilgrimage. I would here quote the description of the village, the house, and the hills from the book, as faultlessly true, and as affording no just idea of either; but nothing of it has remained in my mind except the geological fact that the hills are a volcanic range. To tell the truth, the landscape, as we rode along, continually took my mind off the book, and I could not give that attention either to the elegant language of its descrip tions, or the adventures of its well-born characters, which they deserved. I was even more interested in the disreputable-looking person who mounted the box beside our driver directly we got out of the city gate, and who invariably commits this infringement upon your rights in Italy, no matter how strictly and cunningly you frame your contract that no one else is to occupy any part of the carriage but yourself. He does not seem to be the acquaintance of the driver, for they never exchange a word, and he does not seem to pay anything for the ride. He got down, in this instance, just before we reached the little town at which our driver stopped, and asked us if "we wished to drink a glass of the wine of the country." We did not, but his own thirst seemed to answer equally well, and he slaked it cheerfully at our cost.

The fields did not present the busy appearance which had delighted us on the same road as we went to Florence in the spring, but they had that autumnal charm already mentioned. Many of the vine-leaves were sere; the red grapes were already purple, and the white grapes pearly ripe, and they formed a gorgeous necklace for the trees, around which they clung in opulent festoons. Then, dearer to our American hearts than this southern splendor, were the russet fields of Indian corn, and, scattered among the shrunken stalks, great nuggets of the "harmless gold" of pumpkins.

At Battaglia (the village just beyond which you turn off to go to Arquà) there was a fair, on the blessed occasion of some saint's day, and there were many booths full of fruits, agricultural implements, toys, clothes, wooden ware, and the like. There was a great crowd and a noise, but, according to the mysterious Italian custom, nobody seemed to be buying or selling. I am in the belief that a small purchase of grapes we made here on our return was the great transaction of the day, unless, indeed, the neat operation in alms achieved at our expense by a mendicant villager may be classed commercially.

When we turned off from the Rovigo road at Battaglia we were only hree miles from Arquà.

II.

Now, all the way from this turning to the foot of the hill on which the village was stretched asleep in the tender sunshine, there was on either side of the road a stream of living water. There was no other barrier than this between the road and the fields (unless the vines swinging from tree to tree formed a barrier), and, as if in graceful excuse for the interposition of even these slender streams, nature had lavished such growth of wild-flowers and wild berries on the banks that it was like a garden avenue, through the fragrance and beauty of which we rolled, delighted to silence, almost to sadness.

When we began to climb the hill to Arquà, and the driver stopped to breathe his horse, I got out and finished the easy ascent on foot. The great marvel to me is that the prospect of the vast plain below, on which, turning back, I feasted my vision, should be there yet, and always. It had the rare and saddening beauty of evanescence, and awoke in me the memory of all beautiful scenery, so that I embroidered the landscape with the silver threads of Western streams, and bordered it with Ohio hills. Ohio hills? When I looked again it was the storied Euganean group. But what trans-oceanic bird, voyaging hither, dropped from its mouth the blackberry which took root and grew and blossomed and ripened, that I might taste home in it on these classic hills?

I wonder did Petrarch walk often down this road from his house just above? I figured him coming to meet me with his book in his hand, in his reverend poetic robes, and with his laurel on, over that curious kind of bandaging which he seems to have been fond of—looking, in a word, for all the world like the neuralgic Petrarch in the pictures.

Drawing nearer, I discerned the apparition to be a robeless, laurelless lout, who belonged at the village inn. Yet this lout, though not Petrarch, had merits of his own. His face and hands and his legs, as seen from his knees down, had the tone of the richest bronze; he wore a mountain cap with a long tasselled fall to the back of it; his face was comely and his eye beautiful; and he was so nobly ignorant of everything that a colt or young bullock could not have been better company. He merely offered to guide us to Petrarch's house, and was silent, except when spoken to, from that instant.

I am here tempted to say: Arquà is in the figure of a man stretched upon the hill slope. The head, which is Petrarch's house, rests upon the summit. The carelessly tossed arms lie abroad from this in one direction, and the legs in the opposite quarter. It is a very lank and shambling figure, without elegance or much proportion, and the attitude is the last wantonness of loafing. We followed our lout up the right leg, which is a gentle and easy ascent in the general likeness of a street. World-old stone cottages crouch on either side; here and there is a more ambitious house in decay; trees wave over the street, and down its distance comes an occasional donkey-cart very musically and leisurely. By all odds, Arquà and its kind of villages are to be preferred to those hamlets of the plain which in Italy cling to the white-hot highway without a tree to shelter them, and bake and burn there in the merciless sun. Their houses of stuccoed stone are crowded as thickly together as city houses, and these wretched little villages do their worst to unite the discomforts of town and country with a success dreadful to think of. In all countries villages are hateful to the heart of civilized man, who made the town; and I cannot think them pleasing to God, who made the country. In the Lombard plains I wonder that one stone of them rests upon another.

We reached Petrarch's house before the *custode* had arrived to admit us, and stood before the high stone wall which shuts in the front of the house, and quite hides it from those without. This wall bears the inscription, *Casa Petrarca*, and a marble tablet lettered to the following effect:

SE TI AGITA
SACRO AMORE DI PATRIA,
T'INCHINA A QUESTA MURA
OVE SPIRÒ LA GRAND'ANIMA,
IL CANTOR DEI SCIPIONE
E DI LAURA.

Which may be translated: "If thou art stirred by love of country, bow to these walls, whence passed the great soul, the singer of the Scipios and of Laura."

Meanwhile we became the centre of a group of the youth of Arquà, who had kindly attended our progress in gradually increasing numbers from the moment we had entered the village. They were dear little girls and boys, and mountain babies, all with sunburnt faces and the gentle and winning ways native to this race, which nature loves better than us of the north. The blonde pilgrim seemed to please them, and they evidently took us for *Te-*

deschi. You learn to submit to this fate in northern Italy, however ungracefully, for it is the one that constantly befalls you outside of the greatest cities. The people know but two varieties of foreigners—the Englishman and the German. If, therefore, you have not *rosbif* expressed in every lineament of your countenance, if the soles of your boots are less than an inch thick and your clothes are not reduced in color to the invariable and maddening tone of the English tweed—you must resign yourself to be a German. All this is grievous to the soul which loves to spread its eagle in every land and to be known as American with the most star-spangled conspicuousness all over the world; but it cannot be helped. I vainly tried to explain the geographical, political, and natural difference between Tedeschi and Americani to the custodian of Petrarch's house. She listened with amiability, shrugged her shoulders hopelessly, and said, in her rude Venetian, "*Mi no so miga*" (I do n't know at all).

Before she came, I had a mind to prove the celebrity of a poet on the spot where he lived and died, on his very hearthstone, as it were. So I asked the lout, who stood gnawing a stick and shifting from foot to foot:

"When did Petrarch live here?"

"Ah! I do n't remember him."

"Who was he?"

"A poet, signor."

Certainly the first response was not encouraging, but the last revealed that even to the heavy and clouded soul of this lout the divine fame of a poet had penetrated—and he a lout in the village where Petrarch lived and where he ought to be first forgotten. He did not know when he had lived there—a year ago, perhaps, or many centuries—but he was a poet. A weight of doubt was lifted from my spirit, and I responded cheerfully to some observations on the weather offered by a rustic matron who was pitching manure on the little hill-slope near the house. When, at last, the custodian came and opened the gate to us, we entered a little grassy yard, from which a flight of steps led to Petrarch's door. A few flowers grew wild among the grass and a fig-tree leaned its boughs against the wall. The figs on it were green, though they hung ripe and blackening on every other tree in Arquà. Some ivy clung to the stones, and from this and the fig-tree, as we came away, we plucked memorial leaves and blended them with flowers which the youth of Arquà picked and forced upon us for remembrance.

A quaint old door opened into the little stone house—first into a kind of wide passage-way with rooms on either side; and, at the end opposite to which we entered, a door opened upon a balcony. From this balcony we looked down on Petrarch's garden, which, presently speaking, is but a narrow space with more fruit than flowers in it. Did Petrarch use to sit and meditate in this garden? For me I should better have liked a chair on the balcony, with the further and lovelier prospect on every hand of village-roofs, sloping hills all grey with olives, and the broad blue Lombard plain, sweeping from heaven to heaven below.

The walls of the passage-way are frescoed (now very faintly) in illustration of the loves of Petrarch and Laura, with verses from the sonnets inscribed to explain the illustrations. In all these Laura prevails as a lady of a singularly long waist and stiff movements, and Petrarch, with his face tied up and a lily in his hand, contemplates the flower in mingled botany and toothache. There is occasionally a startling literalness in the way the painter has rendered some of the verses. I remember with peculiar interest the illustration of a lachrymose passage concerning a river of tears, wherein the weeping Petrarch, stretched beneath a tree, had already started a small creek of tears, which was rapidly swelling to a flood with the torrent from his eyes. I attribute these frescoes to a later date than that of the poet's residence, but the portrait over the door of the bed-room, inside of the chamber, was of his own time, and taken from him—the custodian said. As it seemed to look like all the Petrarchian portraits, I did not remark it closely, but rather turned my attention to the walls of the chamber, which were thickly over-scribbled with names. They were nearly all Italian, and none English so far as I saw. This passion for allying one's self to the great, by inscribing one's name on places hallowed by them, is certainly very odd; and (I reflected as I added our names to the rest) it is, without doubt, the most impertinent and idiotic custom in the world. People have thus written themselves down, to the contempt of sensible futurity, all over Petrarch's house.

The custodian insisted that the bed-room was just as in the poet's time; some rooms beyond it had been restored; the kitchen at its side was also repaired. Crossing the passage-way, we now entered the dining-room, which was comparatively large and lofty, with a mighty and generous fire-place at one end, occupying the whole space left by a balcony-window. The floor was paved with tiles, and the window-panes were round and small, and set in lead—like the floors and window-panes of all the other rooms. A gaudy fresco, representing some indelicate female deity, adorned the front of the fire-place, which sloped expanding from the ceiling and terminated at the mouth without a mantle-piece. The chimney was deep, and told of the cold winters in the hills, of which, afterwards, the landlady of the village inn prattled less eloquently.

From this dining-room opens, to the right, the door of the room which they call Petrarch's library; and above the door, set in a marble frame, with a glass before it, is all that is mortal of Petrarch's cat, except the hair. Whether or not the fur was found incompatible with the process of embalming, and therefore removed, or whether it has slowly dropped away with the lapse of centuries, I do not know; but it is certain the cat is now quite hairless, and has the effect of a wash-leather invention in the likeness of a young lamb. On the marble slab below there is a Latin inscription, said to be by the great poet himself, declaring this cat to have been "second only to Laura." We may, therefore, believe its virtues to have been rare enough; and if the ghost of Petrarch ever revisits the glimpses of that wide-mouthed fire-place, I doubt not the spirit of this gifted cat purrs softly at his feet and nestles on his knees, or, with thickened tail and lifted back, parades loftily round his chair in the haughty and disdainful manner of cats.

In the library, protected against the predatory enthusiasm of visitors by a heavy wire netting, are the desk and chair of Petrarch, which I know of no form of words to describe perfectly. The front of the desk is of a kind of mosaic in cubes of wood, most of which have been carried away. The chair is wide-armed and carved, but the bottom is gone, and it has been rudely repaired. The custodian said Petrarch died in this chair while he sat writing at his desk in the little nook lighted by a single window opening on the left from his library. He loved to sit there. As I entered I found he had stepped out for a moment, but I know he returned directly after I withdrew.

On one wall of the library (which is a simple oblong room, in nowise remarkable) was a copy of verses in a frame, by Cesarotti, and on the wall opposite a tribute from Alfieri, both *manu propriâ*. Over and above these are many other scribblings; and hanging over the door of the poet's little nook was a criminal French lithograph likeness of "Pétrarque" when young.

Alfieri's verses are written in ink on the wall, while those of Cesarotti are on paper, and framed. I do not remember any reference to his visit to Petrarch's house in Alfieri's autobiography, though the visit must have taken place in 1783, when he sojourned at Padua, and "made the acquaintance of the celebrated Cesarotti, with whose lively and courteous manners he was no less satisfied than he had always been in reading his (Cesarotti's) most masterly version of 'Ossian.'" It is probable that the friends visited the house together. At any rate, I care to believe that while Cesarotti sat "composing" his tribute comfortably at the table, Alfieri's impetuous soul was lifting his tall body on tip-toe to scrawl its inspirations on the plastering.

Do you care, gentle reader, to be reminded that just before this visit Alfieri had heard in Venice of the "peace between England and the United Colonies," and that he then and there "wrote the fifth ode of the 'America Libera,'" and thus finished that poem?

After copying these verses we returned to the dining-room, and while one pilgrim strayed idly through the names in the visitors' book, the other sketched Petrarch's cat, before-mentioned, and Petrarch's inkstand of bronze—a graceful little thing, having a cover surmounted by a roguish cupid, while the lower part is supported on three lions' claws, and just above the feet, at either of the three corners, is an exquisite little female bust and head. While we thus sketched and idled, we held spell-bound our friends the youth of Arquà, as well as our driver, who, having brought innumerable people to see the house of Petrarch, now for the first time, with great astonishment, beheld the inside of it himself.

As to the authenticity of the house I think there can be no doubt, and as to the genuineness of the relics there, nothing in the world could shake my faith in them, though Muratori certainly characterizes them as "superstitions." The great poet was sixty-five years old when he came to rest at Arquà, and when, in his own pathetic words, "there remained to him only to consider and to desire how to make a good end." He says further, at the close of his autobiography: "In one of the Euganean hills, near to ten miles from the city of Padua, I have built me a house, small but pleasant and decent, in the midst of slopes clothed with vines and olives, abundantly sufficient for a family not large and discreet. Here I lead my life, and although, as I have said, infirm of body, yet tranquil of mind, without excitements, without distractions, without cares, reading always, and writing, and praising God, and thanking God as well for evil as for good; which evil, if I err not, is trial merely and not punishment. And all the while I ray to Christ that he make good the end of my life, and have mercy, and

forgive and even forget my youthful sins; wherefore, no words are so sweet to my lips as these of the psalm: '*Delicta juventutis meas, et ignorantias meas ne memineris.*' And with every feeling of the heart I pray God, when it please him, to bridle my thoughts, so long unstable and erring, and as they have vainly wandered to many things, to turn them all to Him—only, true, certain, immutable good."

I venerate the house at Arquà because these sweet and solemn words were written in it. We left its revered shelter (after taking a final look from the balcony down upon "the slopes clothed with vines and olives") and returned to the lower village, where, in the court of the little church, we saw the tomb of Petrarch—"an ark of red stone upon four columns likewise of marble." The epitaph is this:

"Frigida Francisci lapis hic tegit ossa Petrarcæ;
Suscipe, Virgo parens, animam; sate Virgine, parce;
Fessaque jam terris Cœli requiescat in arce."

A head of the poet in bronze surmounts the façade of the ark. The housekeeper of the parish priest, who ran out to enjoy my admiration and bounty, told me a wild local tradition of an attempt on the part of the Florentines to steal the bones of Petrarch away from Arquà, in proof of which she showed me a block of marble set into the ark, whence she said a fragment had been removed by the Florentines. This local tradition I afterwards found verified, with names and dates, in a little "Life of Petrarch," by F. Leoni, published at Padua in 1843. It appears that this curious attempt of the Florentines to do doubtful honor to the great citizen whose hereditary civic rights they restored too late (about the time he was drawing nigh his "good end" at Arquà) was made for them by a certain monk of Portagruaro named Tommaso Martinelli. He had a general instruction from his employers to bring away from Arquà "any important thing of Petrarch's" that he could; and it occurred to this ill-advised friar to "move his bones." He succeeded on a night of the year 1630 in stealing the dead poet's arm. The theft being at once discovered, the Venetian Republic rested not till the thief was also discovered; but what became of the arm or of the sacrilegious monk neither the Signor Leoni nor the old women of Arquà give any account. The republic removed the rest of Petrarch's mortality, which is now said to be in the Royal Museum of Madrid.

I was willing to know more of this quaint village of Arquà, and I rang at the priest's door to beg of him some account of the place, if any were printed. But already at one o'clock he had gone to bed for a nap, and must on no account be roused till four. It is but a quiet life men lead in Arquà, and their souls are in drowsy hands. The amount of sleep which this good man gives himself (if he goes to bed at 9 P.M. and rises at 9 A.M., with a nap of three hours during the day) speaks of a quiet conscience, a good digestion, and uneventful days. As I turned this notion over in my mind, my longing to behold his reverence increased, that I might read life at Arquà in the smooth curves of his well-padded countenance. His "bowels of compassion were well-rounded," as I thought, and I had a mind, making sure of absolution, that, if I got speech with him, it would be well to improve the occasion by confessing one or two of my blackest sins.

Ought I to say here that, on the occasion of a second visit to Arquà, I succeeded in finding this excellent ecclesiastic wide awake at two o'clock in the afternoon, and that he granted me an interview at that hour? Justice to him, I think, demands this admission of me. He was not at all a fat priest, as I had prefigured him, but rather of a spare person, and of a brisk and lively manner. At the village inn, after listening half an hour to a discourse on nothing but white wine from a young priest, who had stopped to drink a glass of it, I was put in the way of seeing the priest of Arquà by the former's courtesy. Happily enough, his reverence chanced to have the very thing I wanted to see—no other than Leoni's "Life of Petrarch," to which I have already referred. Courtesy is the blood in an Italian's veins, and I need not say that the ecclesiastic of Arquà, seeing my interest in the place, was very polite and obliging. But he continued to sleep throughout our first stay in Arquà, and I did not see him then.

I strolled up and down the lazy, rambling streets, and chiefly devoted myself to watching the young women who were washing clothes at the stream running from the "Fountain of Petrarch." Their arms and legs were bronzed and bare, and they chattered and laughed gaily at their work. Their washtubs were formed by a long marble conduit from the fountain; their washboards by the inward-sloping conduit-sides, and they thrashed and beat the garments clean upon the smooth stone. To a girl their waists were broad and their ankles thick. Above their foreheads the hair was cut short, and their "back hair" was gathered into a mass, and held together by a converging circle of silver pins.

The Piazza della Fontana, in Arquà, is a place some thirty feet in length and breadth, and seems to be a favorite place of public resort. In the evening, doubtless, it is alive with gossippers, as now with workers. It may be that then his reverence, risen from his nap, saunters by, and pauses long enough to chuck a pretty girl under the chin or pinch an urchin's cheek.

Our dinner was ready by the time I got back to the inn, and we sat down to a chicken stewed in oil and a stoup of the white wine of Arquà. It was a modest feast, but, being a friend to oil, I found it savory, and the wine was both good and strong. While we lingered over the repast we speculated somewhat carelessly whether Arquà had retained among its simplicities the primeval cheapness, of which you read much and see nothing whatever in Italy. When our landlord leaned over the table and made out our account on it with a bit of chalk, the bill was as follows:

	Soldi.
Chicken	70
Bread	8
Wine	20
Total	98

It surely was not a costly dinner, yet I could have bought the same chicken in Venice for half the money; which is but another proof that the demand of the producer is often much larger than the supply of the consumer, and that to buy poultry cheaply you must not purchase it where raised,

——"On misty mountain ground,
Its own vast shadow glory crowned,"

but rather in a large city after it has been transported forty miles or more. Not that we begrudged the thrifty inn-keeper his fee. We paid it cheerfully, as well for his own sake as for that of his pleasant and neat little wife, who kept the whole inn so sweet and clean; and we bade them a most cordial farewell as we drove away from their door.

III.

Returning, we stopped at the great castle of the Obizzi (now the property of the Duke of Modena), through which we were conducted by a surly and humorous *custode*, whose pride in life was that castle and its treasures, so that he resented as a personal affront the slightest interest in anything else. He stopped us abruptly in the midst of the museum, and, regarding the precious antiques and curiosities around him, demanded:

"Does this castle please you?" Then, with a scornful glance at us, "Your driver tells me you have been to Arquà. And what did you see at Arquà? A shabby little house and a cat without any hair on. I would not," said this disdainful *custode*, "go to Arquà if you gave me a lemonade."

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THAT veteran philologist, Dr. Joseph Bosworth, whose name is indissolubly connected with the revival of Anglo-Saxon studies in England, has just brought out a volume of great interest to all who are pursuing investigations into the origin and filiation of the Teutonic languages, including our own. It comprises, in a handsome octavo form, arranged in parallel columns, four remarkable versions of the Gospels—the Gothic text of Ulphilas; the anonymous Anglo-Saxon version, supposed to be contemporary with the Venerable Bede; the translation of Wycliffe (A.D. 1389); and the famous version of William Tyndale, from the first edition of his Testament (A.D. 1525). The celebrated Gothic version by Ulphilas, the apostle of the Goths, the earliest monument of the Germanic languages, dating from the middle of the fourth century, has not been printed in England since 1750 (when an edition by Lye was published at Oxford), and has, consequently, never been of easy access for scholars. The text of Dr. Bosworth's copy is from the latest collation of the famous unique "Codex Argenteus" at Upsal, the most valuable relic of Northern literature in the world. It was supposed for some time that the silver letters of this venerable manuscript were impressed with a stamp on the purple vellum, but careful examination made for Dr. Bosworth shows that it is really written, and a beautiful specimen of early calligraphy. The remarkable analogies of words and phraseology between this ancient record of Northern speech and our own idiom are pointed out by the editor, who has also furnished the volume with copious introductions, fac-similes, notes, etc., making it a valuable addition to both biblical and philological libraries. It is published by Mr. Russell Smith, and printed at the Oxford University Press.

—An edition of the "Works of John Marston," the Elizabethan poet and dramatist, is announced as in progress at Boston. It will contain his dramatic works and poems, "with some account of the author and his writings, and numerous illustrative notes, by F. F. Heard and William F. Fowle,

Esq." It will form 5 volumes crown 8vo, so as to range with the late Mr. William Pickering's editions of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Webster. The typography is intended to equal that of any book that has been issued from the American press. Forty copies will be printed on large paper at twelve dollars per volume, and two hundred on small paper at four dollars per volume. The only collected edition of Marston's works made in England is that edited by J. O. Halliwell, in three volumes, 1856. Like all that gentleman's too numerous publications it is by no means remarkable for any critical merits, and it is a sign of the growing richness of our libraries that the Boston impression will be "reprinted from the original editions." There are other contemporary dramatists better worth reviving than Marston, but the success of the undertaking—more than half the numbers mentioned above being already subscribed for—will, undoubtedly, lead to future ventures in the same field. They are, indeed, matters of necessity if people will have the books, for the mother country is drained completely dry of them, and there seems little enterprise in England now taking that direction. In fact, we imagine a portion of the above-mentioned edition of Marston would be readily bought for the English market in case there are any left over, after supplying the wants of subscribers.

—The recent death of Sir William Jackson Hooker has been speedily followed by the decease of another eminent botanist, who almost equalled him in reputation, and far exceeded him in the number of his publications. Dr. John Lindley for many years stood in the same relation to the Horticultural Society, in its palmiest days, that Sir W. J. Hooker occupied towards the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew. As secretary of the society, he gave the impulse that sent out collectors like Douglass, Hartweg, Fortune, and others, to the ends of the earth in search of the rarities of the vegetable kingdom, and it was in his periodicals, "The Botanical Register," "The Gardener's Chronicle," etc., that their acquisitions were recorded, and the names—now familiar, but then new and strange—of fuchsias, verbenas, calceolarias, etc., were first made known to the Western world. Dr. Lindley's publications, all devoted to the cultivation of his favorite science, range in every size and price, from his splendid folio, "Illustrations of the Orchidaceæ" (his favorite tribe of plants, which he brought into fashion), to the school manuals and popular practical treatises on botany and horticulture that have rendered his name universally known. Perhaps the most useful of them is "The Vegetable Kingdom," containing in one capacious volume a condensed account of the structure, geographical distribution, and uses of all the known families of plants. Dr. Lindley was born in Norfolk, in 1799, and died of apoplexy, at the commencement of this month, at his home near London. He was professor of botany in University College, London, and member of most scientific societies in all parts of the globe. For more than thirty years he was the centre of botanical science in England, a position that he filled by right of his energy, intellectual grasp, and unlimited power of enduring labor for the advancement of his favorite studies.

—Among the new enterprises in periodical literature emerging to light at the coming of the new year is a new first-class literary journal entitled the *Contemporary Review*, edited by Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, and to be published by Alexander Strahan & Co. We believe the minor particulars of size, price, etc., are not yet fully determined on, but no pains or expense will be spared to render it equal to the highest works of its class. A new monthly periodical, "The Journal of Social Science," will also commence with January next. It is edited by Dr. Lankester, and will be devoted to the publication of papers, reviews of books, and information on the various subjects embraced in the departments of the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science."

—The safe return of Mr. Baker, the African explorer, to Egypt, has caused the publication of more definite accounts of his discoveries in the regions of the Upper Nile than could be drawn from his hurried letters, while still far from civilization. The lake traversed by him is the Lutn-zigi, laid down on the map of his friend, Capt. Speke, though its relation to the stream of the Nile was not properly understood by that lamented traveller. Instead of being a "back-water" to the river, communicating with it by a channel, Mr. Baker found that the river, issuing from Lake Nyanza, flows bodily into Lake Lutn-zigi on the west, and issues afresh from it at its northern extremity, about eighty miles distant from the point of contact. At its exit it forms a sluggish stream about a mile wide, and it is presumed flows from thence to Gondokovow and Khartoum. The lake itself is a remarkable depression amidst very high mountains, exceedingly deep, abounding with hippopotami and other beasts. Perhaps it is to the indefatigable Dr. Livingstone that we must finally look for an explanation of the many vexed questions connected with the geography of the Nile basin. While the public of England and America are anxiously awaiting the narrative of one expedition, he has started on another journey of exploration, intended to connect his discovery of Lake Nyassi with the more northerly waters of Lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza—to ascertain if there is any communication between them, and throw light upon all the points of interest connected with this lately unknown region.

—Few purely literary questions depending for their solution on externa and circumstantial evidence have been more summarily and satisfactorily settled than the point lately raised by Mr. Herman Merivale on the authenticity of the correspondence known to antiquarians and historians as "The Paston Letters." Mr. Merivale's paper on the subject in the "Fortnightly Review" has called forth a masterly reply in the same periodical from Mr. James Gairdner, a gentleman connected with the Record Office, and consequently an expert in many of the details involved in a discussion of this nature. Mr. Gairdner shows conclusively how Mr. Merivale's *ex parte* brief overstated his case, and taking up his objections in regard to the genuineness of the letters *seriatim*, he proves how little there is in them that could outweigh the mass of confirmatory testimony apparent on the face of the publication and all the known circumstances connected with its preparation. After this paper it is satisfactory, but not surprising, to hear that the originals of the fifth volume of letters, printed thirty years after the previous four, have been discovered among the papers of Sir John Fenn, by the son of his nephew, Sergeant Frere, by whom they were inherited. It will be remembered that the originals of the four previous volumes were presented by the editor to King George the Third, but they cannot now be found in the Royal Library, and the fact of their strange disappearance formed a principal argument against their ever having existed. The originals of the fifth volume did not share this fate, and have fortunately been recovered at the very time most important for their reputation.

—In his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life" Dr. T. F. Dibdin describes the natural pride and pleasure that he felt on seeing a large paper set of his works valued at one hundred guineas, arising from the proof it afforded that he had not lived in vain, but that his labors had taken permanent root in literature, and were justly estimated by his countrymen. A still further gratification would be in store for the doctor could he see the lately issued catalogue of one of our New York booksellers, where—in a country scarcely known to bibliography in Dr. Dibdin's day—may be found a copy of his various works, making 21 volumes, "all in boards uncut, as clean as when issued from the press," offered at the price of seven hundred and fifty dollars. The catalogue we refer to is that of Mr. J. W. Bouton, 481 Broadway. The occurrence of any single item, at such a price, would have been a rare phenomenon in an American catalogue only a few years since. So cordial, however, has been the response to the parting toast at the Roxburgh Club dinner, "The Cause of Bibliography all over the world," at least in this Western hemisphere, that there seems now nothing startling or unusual in such an item, for which our fathers would have calculated on procuring an entire library. The catalogue in question offers a choice selection of books of the highest class of ornamental art literature, worthy to figure on the same shelf with the works of Dr. Dibdin himself. Among them we notice the Galleries of Florence, Munich, Napoleon, etc.; the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude Lorraine, Raphael's famous "Loggie," or Scripture subjects for the Vatican, Silvestre's "Universal Palœography," Lord Kingsborough's "Antiquities of Mexico," etc., and an equally rich representation of the class of old English literature now most in demand in preference to any other subject among our book-buyers. We allude to books like the publications of the Percy Society, "The Retrospective Review," Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors of England," Hollingshed's "Chronicles," "The Harleian Miscellany," etc., all of which and many others will be found temptingly arrayed in the catalogue above mentioned.

—A translation of Goethe's "Faust" into Hebrew by a Jewish scholar, Dr. Max Letteris, and published in Vienna and London, would seem at first to be a mere curiosity, until it is remembered that the oldest literature and language in the world are still living and classic for millions, a medium for the expression and transmission of thought amongst a community necessarily narrow and confined in its sympathies, but marked by great intellectual activity, finesse, and acuteness. The task of successfully rendering Goethe's drama into English has never yet, in the opinion of competent judges, been accomplished, in spite of the numerous attempts that were constantly being made, until Homer took the place of Goethe as the favorite exercise for amateur translators. One may imagine, then, the difficulties surrounding a Jewish scholar engaged in the same task. He has got over some of them by adapting the drama and its persons to the spirit of the Hebrew language and the circumstances of Polish and Lithuanian readers. For instance, Faust is transformed into Elisha ben Abuya, a famous renegade Talmudical scholar

and rabbi, who, becoming a sceptic from his attachment to Greek philosophy, is held in perennial reprobation among the faithful, and the other characters are similarly transformed. The distinguished Orientalist, Dr. Zunz, is just publishing "A Literary History of Jewish Sacred Poetry," and many other evidences might be given of the cultivation of modern Hebrew literature.

—The title of Mr. Gladstone's address before the University of Edinburgh, accidentally omitted from the mention of it last week, is "The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World."

—Among Messrs. Longman & Co.'s latest announcements is a book certain to attract attention, "The Diary of the Rt. Hon. William Wyndham, M.P., from 1783 to 1809," the year previous to his death. Hitherto the only memorials of this prominent statesman have been his Parliamentary speeches, and books of that kind count so few readers that he has become little more than a tradition for the present generation. Wyndham was a man whom all parties delighted to honor for his chivalrous spirit, noble figure, lively wit, and powers of reasoning, that would have raised him to the highest rank in the state if an impatience of political intrigue had not kept him aloof from party arrangements. The only portion of Mr. Wyndham's diary that has yet seen the light are some extracts descriptive of his visits to the death-bed of Dr. Johnson and his last conversations with that great man, printed in Croker's edition of "Boswell's Life." They raise high expectations of the value of the diaries, which were then in the possession of Mr. Amyot, the secretary of Wyndham and editor of the collection of his speeches in Parliament.

—Among the recent announcements of Messrs. Harper Brothers is an original work on China, from a source of the highest authority. It is entitled "Social Life of the Chinese, with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, Educational, and Business Customs and Opinions, by Rev. Justus Doolittle, Fourteen Years Member of the American Board; in two volumes, with more than 150 Illustrations." Mr. Gilchrist's biography of Richard Cobden, "the Apostle of Free Trade," including his political career and public services, is also promised by them, as well as several works of fiction, including Miss Edwards's "Half a Million of Money," Mr. J. S. Le Fanu's "Guy Deverell," and Anthony Trollope's "The Belton Estate."

—A curious attempt has been made to obviate the difficulties experienced by booksellers in England from the prevalent practice of selling to their customers at less than the published prices. This has grown to such an extent through increasing competition that no margin for profit is left, and the gradual deterioration of the trade rapidly follows in credit and respectability. A publisher of respectable standing, Mr. Bosworth, of Regent Street, when bringing out a book of considerable interest for clergymen, "The Directorium Anglicanum," a manual of the ceremonial usages of the English Church, attempts to meet the difficulty by declining to name any price to the public at all. He says, in a preliminary note, "As the practice of affixing a selling price to books is—in the absence of any arrangement between booksellers and publishers by which it might be maintained—without principle and an unwarrantable intrusion into the business of others, besides being delusive to the public and ruinous to the bookseller (by informing his customers of the cost of his goods, and thus depriving him of his profit), no nominal price has been attached to this book. Country booksellers may learn the terms on applying to the publisher." If an experiment of this kind had been commenced by one of the leading houses in the trade it would have met with a better chance of success, though it is a question how far it would meet the inconveniences growing out of the present old established system.

—A publication of great attraction for architects and antiquarians is in progress in England, consisting of photographic fac-similes from sketches made during his Continental tours by Augustus Welby Pugin. The drawings fac-similed are five hundred in number, and are brought out in ten parts at one guinea a part. The subjects represented exceed fifteen hundred, several being included on a single sheet, as drawn on the spot from the most exquisite works of the Middle Ages, with the masterly spirit and precision that distinguish all Pugin's works as draughtsman, author, or architect. Perhaps no one ever accomplished the same quantity of work in as short a time as Pugin. Though he died before reaching the age of forty, he had married three wives, built more churches and ecclesiastical structures than any dozen contemporary architects, written ten or twelve quarto volumes full of elaborate plates, drawn and etched by himself, designed the endless series of decorations that enrich every square inch of the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster, and erected and endowed a monastic foundation at Ramsgate that was nearly completed at the time of his death. His opinion was that there were only two things worth living for—sailing and Gothic architecture. In the indulgence of the former of these tastes he at one time in his curious career was master of a Channel lugger or sail-boat, and traded between Holland and England for eggs. Some of his finest etchings were executed on board this vessel, and he used to walk up to his publisher with the copper-plates in the pockets of his sailor's tarpaulin coat. He seemed born to combat the English superstition of respectability, and nothing but the unrivalled talents he displayed could have borne him up against the hostile influence of the profession he had mortally offended by his telling, graphic, and literary satire, "Contrasts in Ancient and Modern Architecture." Enthusiasm for the grand mediæval works of art and architecture made him a Catholic, but he was always thoroughly English in feeling, and, consequently, was never regarded with much favor by the prevalent school of modern Romanists, whose tastes are all ultramontane or pseudo-classical. The revival of an intelligent taste for and appreciation of Gothic architecture is mainly due to Pugin, who first pointed out its distinctive peculiarities. The present publication of his sketches will do much to preserve the memory of one to whom the fine arts owe so much.

PRUNING FOREST TREES.*

THE annexed titles are those of two recent French works which well deserve, if not a full translation, at least an abridged reproduction in English in the United States. We have, indeed, not yet undertaken, upon a large scale, the plantation of artificial or even the systematic treatment of natural forests, but the methods of arboriculture described in these treatises are applicable, with even greater proportional advantage, to small plantations and to trees growing in rows or avenues, or even singly. We often see noble shade-trees disfigured by holes in the trunk resulting from injudicious trimming. The stumps of the amputated boughs communicate their own decay to the heart of the tree, and an oak or an elm which was still vital with centuries of vigorous life is enfeebled, and in the course of a few years prostrated, by disease occasioned by the careless lopping of large boughs.

On the other hand, the frequency of such results has often led to the impression that old and large trees could not be pruned at all with safety, and, consequently, branches which ought to be removed are left to grow until a heavy wind tears them off, thus inflicting a wound more extensive and dangerous than would be occasioned by the most unskilful trimming.

The methods in question have been pursued by Viscount de Courval for more than forty years, and by other eminent foresters for perhaps as long, and the testimony is conclusive that, by judicious pruning, forest trees of any age and of any species, if irregular or defective in growth, may be straightened, improved in form of ramification, and cured of wounds and diseases, not only without risk or injury, but with positive advantage to beauty of shape, security against the effects of strong winds, and to quality and quantity of product in timber.

The first of these treatises is an octavo of some seventy pages of text, with a score of large wood-cuts, and, of course, somewhat expensive; the second, an octodecimo of a hundred and fifty pages, with seventy cuts, is sold at one franc, and ran through four editions in less than as many months from its first publication.

The system recommended is so simple that, though no doubt experience is requisite for its most successful exercise, yet it may be practised with advantage by any man of fair judgment and habits of careful observation in respect to arboreal growths.

The processes differ according to the objects of the cultivator, but, in general, only in respect to the selection of boughs for removal. In the management of the forest the aim is usually to obtain long, straight trunks for timber, with as little expansion of lateral branches as is consistent with the healthy growth of the tree. When trees are planted for shade or ornament a greater closeness of leaf-bearing twigs and a fuller lateral ramification are desirable. But even in this latter case the *young* tree requires approximately the same treatment as in the forest. The horizontal branches are shortened or suppressed, both to secure a proper length of stem—for even in a shade-tree a certain height is desirable—and to stimulate the growth of the trunk until it has acquired sufficient diameter and rigidity to resist the force of the winds, after which, if the tree is designed for ornament or shade, it may be suffered to expand its boughs with greater freedom.

Experience has shown that the best form of the crown or head for a young tree is the mathematical figure called a *circular spindle*, composed of arcs of a large circle, or, to express the idea in more familiar terms, its verti-

* "Taille et conduite des Arbres forestiers et autres Arbres de grande dimension, par le Vicomte de Courval." Paris. 1861.
"L'Elagage des Arbres, etc., par le Comte A. Des Cars." Paris. 1865.

cal section should resemble a long, narrow leaf, like that of the verbena. After the tree has acquired a strong growth, the spindle should be of greater diameter, and when it approaches its normal dimensions, the head should tend to a globular shape.

Des Cars describes a very simple and convenient implement for fixing the form of the tree and determining what branches to shorten or to suppress. This is simply a piece of pasteboard, a few inches square, with an aperture of the form corresponding to the age of the tree, and if trees of different ages are to be studied, there may be several apertures of different forms. A piece of pasteboard five or six inches long, and three or four wide, will contain the three cardinal forms. One of these apertures is held at a suitable distance from the eye, with its axis coinciding with the leading shoot of the tree, which is examined through it, and the branches extending beyond it are shortened, the crowded thinned out, and the badly shaped or sickly cut off.

Of course, in a brief notice like this, detailed rules cannot be given, and judgment and observation must decide what and how many branches should be removed; of larger boughs, not more than two or three, sometimes not more than one, should be suppressed altogether in a single season, but you may deal more boldly with smaller branches.

The cardinal rule and cue, which for most purposes is worth all the rest, is, that the boughs should be cut *close to the stem*, leaving no stump or projection at all; the cut surface should be made to conform to the curve of the trunk, and dressed perfectly smooth, after which it should be *immediately* coated with coal-tar from the gas-works, applied with a paint-brush. In cold weather the coal-tar may be warmed just enough to allow it to flow sufficiently, at other times it is used without warming.

If the branch so removed is sound it will not decay in the least. Vital sap will pervade it, and the wound will soon heal over. The new wood, it is true, does not actually unite by vegetable growth with the tarred surface, but is closely attached to it, and experiment has shown that when a certain thickness has formed over the wounds, the timber furnished by trees so treated is as strong as that from trees kept close trimmed from their youth.

If the branch is hollow, or if there are rots or cavities in the trunk from other causes, the dead wood must be entirely cut out and the cavity filled with pieces of good, sound wood, dressed flush with the surface of the trunk, and well tarred as before described. New wood and bark form over the plug as over the stump of a natural branch, and the decay of the tree is arrested.

When branches are to be shortened, either with a view to their subsequent complete removal, or for reforming the shape of the tree, the cut should be made just above a thrifty twig, which may serve to "draw the sap" and keep up the life of the branch, and the wound should be dressed and tarred in the same way.

There has been a good deal of discussion and some difference of conclusion as to the best season for performing these operations, but it seems, on the whole, that it does not matter much whether the spring time or the autumn, the summer or the winter, be the period when the work is done, so it be *well* done. An old orchardist, known to us, being asked what was the best season for pruning apple-trees, replied, "The season when the tools are sharpest," and this appears to be the general verdict of French foresters.

The volumes before us contain ample directions in regard to the treatment of many diseases of the wood and bark where excision is the proper remedy, to the form of cutting tools and other implements, to the precautions for the safety of the pruners, and they constitute, in short, a very complete course of the *surgery* of the forest. We earnestly recommend a compilation from the two to the notice of some enterprising American publisher.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICA.*

We have placed below the title of the works of an eminent bishop of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States, a gentleman well known for his kindness of heart, his astute judgment and courtesy of manner, and so influential as to be called (though, as we think, most injudiciously) twice by our Government to diplomatic missions—once by Mr. Polk, in 1846, to a mission to Mexico, which he declined, and again by Mr. Seward, on a private diplomatic errand to Europe, in 1862, which he accepted.

We find a record in these volumes of twenty-five years of leadership of his Church in this country at a time when, as history will hereafter relate, the greatest problem bearing on human rights of several centuries was being solved here—when privilege was struggling with right, and slavery with freedom. Posterity will point to the fact that Archbishop Hughes led the great Church of the past during a crisis of American history which involved the fate of millions and the rights of humanity for a thousand years to come. They will review the glorious record of his Church in the Middle Ages, its sympathy with the poor, its struggles for human rights, its gradual and successful efforts in breaking the fetters of the serf, and its hatred of slavery. They will observe that here its members were especially made up from the poorer classes of Europe, who had themselves suffered from oppression, and they will naturally turn to the life of the distinguished bishop of the Church for noble words in behalf of liberty, for glowing assertions of the great principles of freedom, for at least gentle and Christian expressions of sympathy with millions of slaves, some of whom belonged to the same ancient Church, and all of whom were beneath the same political banner. But they will look for such things in vain.

In the most momentous period of American history, when ideas were clashing and principles were being formed whose eventual contest was to cover the continent with blood, in the years from 1826 to 1860 not a word can be heard from this most reverend priest and bishop touching on human rights as pertaining to the negro. Not a protest—the most gentle—is breathed against the vilest system of oppression which ever disgraced civilization. Not an accent of sympathy is uttered for the millions—some of them sons of the Church—who were bought and sold, who were cut off from legal marriage, whose daughters were made concubines, and who bore wrongs which history almost shudders to relate with a patience that scarce ever murmured, and a spirit of forgiveness which, in the confessors of the Church, has been the ideal of Catholic sanctity for all ages.

Through all these years Bishop Hughes is never heard to invoke even any palliation of this enormous system; he does not instruct or advise his fellow-clergy or subordinates at the South to urge the sanctity of that most ancient sacrament of his Church—marriage—upon the slaveholders; he does not, by any word or deed, seek to retain families together, or to preserve the young girls, even of the Catholic families of Louisiana, from open pollution.

All that vast body of ignorant men and women who so hung on his words he does not attempt even to instruct or influence in favor of the liberty of four millions of chattels. And the reason for his silence is not to be found in any disinclination to speak on public matters, or any want of oratorical ability. He is very ready to speak on "Irish emancipation," but he never thinks of "African emancipation." He delivers orations without number on the sectarian influence of our public schools, on "church debts," on "political economy," on the "social servitude to capital" (not a word of the servitude to Southern slaveholders), on "emancipation in the Middle Ages," but never on emancipation in the United States. His public life (apart from his strictly religious labors, of which we have here nothing to say), in the most trying crisis of modern history, when the spirit on which his Church was originally based was struggling with the greatest organized evil of the world, was mainly spent in attempting to make the American public schools sectarian, and to perpetuate the influence of a narrow-minded priesthood.

The main importance of such a life is as an indication of the spirit of his Church in America. What will be the future of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States? is a question to be seriously considered by all thinkers. So far as political influence is concerned, the Church has here a free field. Nothing can prevent her—except her own spirit—from winning continual victories and establishing herself on the northern continent of America as she has done on the southern. To many persons from our upper classes seeking for repose from sceptical doubt, or hankering after a more ritualistic religion, she offers the perfect rest of infallible authority and the æsthetic enjoyment (though, in America, an imperfect one) of her ceremonial.

A few such are continually joining her ranks. Then the vast body of the poor and the servile class (and we use this expression with no feeling of contempt, remembering that Christianity itself began among the poor and the servants) constantly add to her numbers by their natural increase. The priesthood, too, are doing wisely in building stately and beautiful churches, especially through the smaller towns, so as to secure the habits of reverence of this class for a long time to come. The Roman Church grows then, but we think slowly, in America. Her great want is the want of *moral power*—and when that is said, all is said. She has no hold over the moral sense of the nation. She commands no respect. The only thing that pledges permanent life to an institution is the moral element, and that the American Catholic Church lacks.

No great idea, no moral movement, no reform, no general improvement of life and character in these States, has ever received any encouragement from the Roman Church as such. It is not found among our servants that their faith makes them more honest or true or kind-hearted. The influence of the priests (with a few noble exceptions) is not generally on the

* "Complete Works of the Most Rev. John Hughes, D.D.," etc. Two vols. Lawrence Kehoe, New York. 1865.

side of temperance, or order, or intelligence, or liberty. It may not necessarily be against these, but it is not conspicuously on their side. Nine-tenths of all the crime and pauperism of the country is found against the names of Roman Catholics, though here we do not charge the fault upon the Church, but only urge that the priests cannot check the vices of a miserable peasantry. There is evidently here no such elevated and self-sacrificing Romanist priesthood as in Tyrol, for instance; and public life shows here few Catholics filled with such noble humanity and profound morality as France presents now in Cochin, and Montalembert, and Gasparin, and Laboulaye.

The Roman Church in America is but a shell of moral and spiritual ideas, and from it will spring, in our judgment, no vigorous and permanent growth and life.

A Treatise on Some of the Insects Injurious to Vegetation. By Thaddeus William Harris, M.D. A new Edition. Edited by Charles L. Flint. (Crosby and Ainsworth, Boston.)—This standard work has three epochs: its first appearance in print in 1841, by order and at the expense of the State of Massachusetts; a second edition, with additions and illustrations, by the same authority, in 1859; and the present, which the Legislature permitted in 1861, in order that Mr. Harris's treatise might obtain a wider circulation, and so answer better the ends for which it was composed. It has already obtained the very highest praise for its scientific accuracy and practical utility, and of its original merits it is, therefore, unnecessary to speak. Mr. Flint, the secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, has enlarged the text with foot-notes of his own and from the manuscripts left by the author, and no one will dispute his eminent qualifications for the task. The illustrations are simply incomparable, at least in this country. Mr. Sonrel's patient and minute drawings have an almost microscopic fidelity, and Mr. Marsh's engravings on wood, even as now printed, are a marvel of art. One can scarcely believe that the latter afford no pleasure to Mr. Marsh himself, who found his real triumph and rested his reputation in the first impressions, which he himself made from the blocks, before they were inserted in the book, and of which copies were sent abroad to the various countries of Europe.

The publishers have produced so rich a volume that its popularity will be a marked compliment to the citizens of the Republic, as its execution is an honor to the commonwealth which ordered it. It ought to be added that the insects described are found not only in Massachusetts, but throughout New England, and in most parts of the United States, and that, consequently, the value of the treatise is independent of the locality from which it issued.

Poems.—Songs of Seven.—Studies for Stories. By Jean Ingelow. (Boston: Roberts Brothers.)—If the critics who hailed the poetry of Jean Ingelow as something grand and original, a year or so since, should now be taken and examined apart, could they testify, we wonder, to an unabated enthusiasm? Read in cold blood, these poems do not impress us with their grandeur; and the praise once bestowed on them for authentic power, because there was no echo of Tennyson in them, seems to us rather ludicrous. We think the calmer judgment of Miss Ingelow's poetry must be that it develops a tender love for nature, a high devotion to beauty, and a gift of attenuating and expanding ideas to a marvellous degree of slimness and thinness. Take the much-admired poem called "Divided:" there is but one simple thought in all its thirty-one stanzas, and the rest is nothing but "babble of green fields;" pretty, certainly, but telling little news about nature or her relations to human feeling. "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is a fine ballad, but has the man who wrote "Maud Müller" any right to say it is the best ballad of our time? It is curious to read the rapturous praises (kindly printed by the publishers and sent with the volume) our critics bestowed on Miss Ingelow's fair average. However, Mr. Emerson saluted Walt Whitman "at the outset of a glorious career," and when Alexander Smith appeared there were people to liken him to Shakespeare.

Miss Ingelow's prose volume has been the occasion of nearly as much fine language in the journals as her poems were. Those who read "Studies for Stories" will find them full of a healthy simplicity which lapses occasionally into the healthy commonplace, and not at all extraordinary either in thought or diction.

Rebel Brag and British Bluster, etc. By Owls-Glass. (American News Company, New York.)—Out of the vast storehouse of mistaken prophecies, hopes, opinions, and beliefs in which, from the beginning to the close of the rebellion, our enemies at the South and our friends in Great Britain indulged, with a vain effort to make the worse appear the better reason, and to sustain a struggle against the social order of Christendom, the anonymous author of this pamphlet has gleaned, of course, a measure of very ridiculous chaff. He has sprinkled the solid text with the obvious commentary, and made, as he fairly pretends, "a record . . . very pleasant to read, and instructive to all who are capable of learning." As a piece of literary workmanship, it is not comparable to Mr. Stephens's monograph on the London *Times*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Concise Dictionary of the Bible. Being a Condensation of the Larger Dictionary. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. Two Volumes. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. By John Stuart Mill. William V. Spencer, Boston.

The Children's Hour. By E. W. S. and S. W. M. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Summer Songs. By H. H. M. Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

The Fly. By Theodore Tilton. Sheldon & Co., New York.

Fine Arts.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

III.

Mr. Farrer's picture of "Northampton," No. 279, in the corridor, is sure to attract all who enter the galleries with any idea of looking at the pictures. It is just at the left hand of every person who comes up the main stairs, and its brilliancy and strength cannot fail to catch the eye.

It is well that it is hung low, rather below "the line," indeed (we assume that a picture is on the line when its horizon is on a level with the eye); for in this position the sky, by far the best part of the picture, is first seen, and, with many lookers, is almost the only thing seen in the picture. It would be well if a cord or railing could be so arranged that no one could approach nearer to the picture than about the distance of the nearest column of the arcade, about six feet; for, from that distance, the sky and distant hills are well seen, and all is seen of the foreground that is good of it, namely, its force of shadow, which makes the hills and the sky by comparison pale and distant.

It is well that it is hung below the line for this reason, also: it has been painted from a point of view high above the highest part of the foreground. The subject is dioramic. Below the spectator, and at his feet, is a dense grove of trees, which frame in the picture at its bottom edge; and beyond these is a pasture-field, with some cows, and this, which is in effect the nearest foreground, is already very distant. Beyond this is the Mill River, then Northampton village half-hidden among trees, then broad meadows dotted with single trees, nearly all huge elms, with the Connecticut winding about serpent-wise, now showing its full breadth and again but a narrow twinkling line. On the right of the picture is Mount Holyoke, and far beyond this, and closing the distance, a long line of blue hills half shrouded in mist.

We have said thus much of the subject because it is necessary to call attention to the great difficulty inseparable from the task of painting it. There is, perhaps, no class of landscape subject which is so apt to baffle the would-be painter of the whole aspect of nature. The attempt, if made in earnest, to paint such a diorama in full color and with complete recognition of details involves a struggle with very great difficulties and compulsory choice between results which are each desirable, and between which it is hard resolutely to choose. The *difficulties* are so great that it is not surprising that Mr. Farrer has partially failed to overcome them. It was not to be expected that his powers, as yet evidently not wholly mature, would suffice to the achievement of the complex task of giving, in true relation, details and the whole—delicacy and strength—at once the vastness and the full color of nature. And the *choice* is so hard to make that it is not surprising that the painter has sometimes chosen wrongly. It is not to be lost sight of, though, that the choice has been wrong. Whether consciously or not, the painter has chosen force rather than refinement, ponderousness rather than delicacy, and violent contrast rather than subtle gradation.

It is in this respect that we think this picture the most faulty. Shortcomings of execution are of little moment as long as the tendency of the work is right, but going off on the wrong road is fatal if long pursued. And this is a very wrong road, however near it may lie to the right one for a certain distance after they fork—this preference of the forcible to the tender, this disregarding of the more important truth of gradation for the less important truth of contrast, this Rembrandtesque treatment of noonday landscape.

The temptation is great, and is masked at first by a most natural and right desire for decision of statement. There are the sunlighted meadows, with the elms standing gravely, each with its shadow at its foot. It is very hard to avoid making these shadows darker and still darker, that the tree may have apparent projection, no matter what else suffers for it. And when they are dark enough to give the desired relief to the trees that cast them, it is hard to help toning down to still greater depth of gloom the shadows of nearer trees and houses, so that, at last, the shadows which are cast upon grass and foliage, several hundred yards from the spectator, are actually black in effect if not painted with black pigment. And so we have

reached the bottom of our scale and are still without a foreground. What to do with it? We cannot have sunshine there, for sunshine, in a picture, cannot be had without contrasting shadows, and what shall foreground shadows be if more distant shadows are black? A cloud shadow is our only resource, to cover the whole near foreground and make strong contrasts unnecessary. And accordingly we find a cloud shadow in this place, or what seems to be one, covering all the near trees which frame in the picture at the bottom.

No picture, indeed, can be truly sunny without true gradation of shadows. It is very pleasant to see every house and every tree in this picture carefully painted, as if it alone were the thing under observation, with its own peculiar and measurable shadow, and it is very new and delightful to see all these shadows with sharp edges, for shadows in nature, but much more seldom in art, have such. But the greatly exaggerated depth of the far-away shadows has prevented any delicacy of gradation, without which neither projection, nor brilliancy, nor distance is given in nature, nor can be given in art. If dark masses are positively needed, they are not to be put in, like mosaic, at points all over the canvas. You cannot paint ten miles square of country, and have black shadows under every tree.

In the far distance all is very beautiful. Mt. Holyoke is better worthy of a frame to itself than is the whole picture including Mt. Holyoke. And the cloud drawing is so good that it might almost stand as a model study of sky. As a composition the sky is somewhat deficient in unity, a fault which would be more considerable if the picture were not so uncomposed and broadcast in subject. But, on the whole, where the eye ceases to distinguish minutiæ of form, and sees broad masses only, all is delightful. This is in strange contrast to the foreground, where the trees are wonderfully conventional for Mr. Farrer's work, mannered in drawing, woolly in character of foliage, and without individual character.

In all these respects this picture is much like the "White Mountain Brook," in the Artists' Fund Exhibition last year, over which, indeed, it shows but little advance. There was in that, what there is not in this, beautiful and delicate drawing of simple foreground detail; in that and in this alike is to be found very imperfect drawing of complex foreground detail, as, for instance, foliage, and both in that and in this the extreme distance is admirable. We conclude, after long consideration, and careful re-examination of all Mr. Farrer's work that is within our reach, that he has up to this time shown no power to combine local with general truth. Fruit on a table he has painted admirably; fruit and flowers on the tree he has painted admirably; a bush with large leaves and close at hand he has both drawn and colored admirably (no one should forget the admirable sycamore bush in the study "On the Genesee," exhibited in 1863); any near and tolerably simple thing, of which all the details can be thoroughly made out and elaborated, he can almost perfectly render. So, when a complex subject is so distant that it becomes simple; when mountains are ten miles away and broad in their masses, as in "The Catskills," N.A.D. 1864, "White Mountain Brook," Fund Exhibition of 1864, and "Mt. Washington," N.A.D. 1865; when forests clothe distant hill-sides, as in many water-color and other studies, and notably in the picture under consideration, all goes well. But middle-distance foliage, as in "Goat Island," N.A.D. 1863; in "The Catskills," mentioned above; and in the "Northampton"—surface of field and slope of hill, as in the "Buckwheat Field," N.A.D. 1864, and also in "Northampton"—such things as these he has never rightly painted, and they are nearly always faulty enough to injure seriously his careful and meritorious landscapes.

Miss Fidelia Bridges sends three good studies. No. 89, "September Afternoon," has a country road in it between bushes, a road almost as interesting as a river. This is good student's work and right in tendency. No. 223, "Study in the Woods," is hung too high to be seen rightly, but appears to be even better than the other.

Miss Edith W. Cook has a study, No. 95, "Tahawus Glen, Adirondacks," which is pleasant to see, and full of promise. It does not seem to us so "uncompromisingly" faithful as its neighbor, No. 89, just mentioned.

Mr. R. J. Pattison, in his little picture No. 277, has grappled with a tremendous subject, a "View of the White Mountains and Androscoggin Valley." It is little to say that such an antagonist is as yet rather beyond his powers. We do not object to the taking of a difficult subject, but an artist's technical skill ought to be more nearly equal to the requirements upon it than in this case. Mr. Pattison's color has not been, so far, his strong point, but he has taken a subject involving elaborate and subtle combinations of brilliant color. Mountain drawing is not easy, nor are there many who can do it at all as it ought to be done; this is, we think, Mr. Pattison's first essay, and he has taken the White Mountain group from a point where their full grandeur shows. We had rather have seen a pen-and-ink drawing of the scene. There would more have come out of that. Mr. Pattison's good work of former exhibitions has gained for him respect and secured attention for all his pictures hereafter, but he must not forfeit it by exhibiting work which falls so far short of artistic excellence as this.

For the spirit of Mr. Nast's work in general we have a very high respect The present exhibition gives us no opportunity to do it justice. But, indeed, no exhibition of pictures that we remember has shown Mr. Nast's talent to advantage; "Harper's Weekly" and even dead "Mrs. Grundy" are better galleries of exhibition for him; for the true feeling in his designs make them welcome to all who can feel, while the serious technical deficiencies are less evident and much less annoying in the wood-cut than in color. There is lack of energy painfully evident in all his work on canvas, and his apparent indifference as to whether the lines should go this way or that way, whether the color should be harmonized or not, if it really exists, is cause enough for the technical imperfection of his work.

MUSIC.

THE OPERA.

THAT badly-printed and worse-edited programme-sheet called *The Stage*, indulged itself last week in quoting from some other paper a fling at Chicago and its opera-house, and a violent attack on the company now performing there. From all that we can learn, even putting aside the indiscriminate praise of the *Herald*, the company of Mr. Grau possesses much merit, and it will be worth our while to hear them when they come to New York. It is very unbecoming for the associated managers to make an unprovoked attack in this way, because Mr. Grau is praised by their enemy, or because he has refused to join their association. It looks too much as if the manager of the opera now here were trying to prejudice public opinion against singers who have certainly no part in his quarrel, and who deserve to be heard with attention when they come, in the hope of benefiting his own pocket. And this truly ridiculous but false description of the orchestra at Chicago leads us to comment on the fact that Mr. Maretzek's orchestra is by no means so good as it should be. It often plays well, especially when led by Mr. Bergmann, but is very frequently in strong discordance with the effect sought to be produced by the composer. With Mr. Torriani it often plays badly. The reason of the bad effect of even its good playing is that it is very badly constituted. We cannot expect and do not want a full concert orchestra to accompany an opera, but we certainly need a much larger one than we have at present. The numbers of wind and percussive instruments that have been added to the orchestra by modern composers, while they have greatly increased its power, its force of rendering, and its coloring, have quite destroyed its balance of parts. We should be glad to have all the effects which the composer designed perfectly carried out, but either enough violins and stringed instruments must be added to counterbalance the increased number of other instruments, or the score must be altered to suit the orchestra, as it sometimes is to suit the voices. Now, at the Academy of Music we have twenty-three stringed instruments matched against seventeen wind instruments, besides the drums and cymbals. The stringed instruments not only appear feeble when played with these others, but the impression that all this noise leaves in the ear, when it ceases, diminishes the effect produced by the stringed instruments. The *pianos* appear thin and weak after such tremendous *fortes*. At least twelve violins, eight violas, ten violoncellos, and eight bassos are necessary to counterbalance so strong a force of other instruments. And this is very nearly the proportion that we find in the orchestra of the Grand Opera of Paris, one of the most perfect in the world, where there are fifty-one stringed instruments to twenty-seven wind and brass. And the increase in wind instruments is almost entirely in the flutes and reed instruments, and not in the brass pieces. Here we have nearly an equal amount of noise, with only half of the sustaining strength. The bad effect of this want of proportion is noticeable nearly every night, while such an opera as "Don Giovanni," with its older style of orchestration, where some of the brass instruments are disused, allows us to see the beauty of proportion.

"Don Giovanni" was given on Monday of last week, with a very fair cast—Zucchi as *Donna Anna*, Ficher as *Elvira*, Kellogg as *Zerlina*, Bellini as *Don Giovanni*, Irfre as *Ottavio*, Rovere as *Leporello*, and Dubreuil as *Masetto*. The acting was spirited, and the singing generally good. Miss Kellogg sang "Vedrai carino" with taste and expression, the masked trio was delightfully given, and Irfre deserved great credit for his rendering of "Il mio tesoro." Bellini was excellent throughout, as well in "La ci darem" as in either of the serenades.

We are more and more impressed, every time we hear "Don Giovanni," with the beauty of its music; and yet we have been brought irresistibly to

the conclusion that, in spite of the lovely airs, the fine instrumentation, and the skill of arrangement of parts, that it is not a good opera. It approaches more nearly to being one than any other work of Mozart's, because the story has a little more sense to it than any of the others, and the music has, perhaps, a little more to do with the ideas and words. "Don Giovanni" is one of the oldest operas on the stage. No older ones, except one or two of Gluck's and one or two others of Mozart's, are ever played at all. It has been considered by many to be the turning point of operatic writing, and is the great model of a large and very prominent school of composers.

The opera was originally a kind of oratorio or sacred cantata, and the operas of "Dafne" and "Euridice," about 1590, by Peri and Caccini, were the first attempts at profane musical dramas. These consisted almost entirely of a kind of recitative, although "Euridice" contained an Anacreontic stanza at the beginning of each scene. This was the beginning of the aria which later became more fully developed in the operas of Cavalli, particularly in his "Jasone." In Monteverde's operas we find not much more than what is called an *aria parlante*, which is different from our recitative, and is, in fact, a species of melody following the words and paying the greatest attention to their meaning and expression. It was modelled after what the Greek choruses were supposed to have been. An excellent example from his "Ariadne," published in 1607, can be found in Hullah's "Lectures on the Transition Period of Musical History." Operatic writing progressed a little from this time, until it became a series of airs, all of a very formal kind, with their slow and quick movements following each other in regular order, and with little regard for the story, save as a convenient thread on which to string these beads, when it remained stationary for over a century. Gluck was the first composer who brought any change, and to him the opera owes more than to any other writer for an exposition and a realization of its aims, and for the impulse to that advance which it has made and is now making.

Gluck had written much in the usual Italian style and had become convinced of its falsity and worthlessness. He resolved upon making a change, as far as he could, in dramatic music, and bringing it nearer what seemed to him to be the true model. The opera is an elevated form both of music and of the drama. It has all the advantages of the drama, acting and scenery, and unites with these music, by which it is enabled to touch more nearly the heart and its emotions. Music is particularly suited to express the finer as well as the more powerful feelings; for language of excitement is often naturally rhythmical. If the emotions to be aroused and expressed are suitable ones, their expression in music will not seem to us in the slightest degree inconsistent. The music of an opera is, then, properly regarded as a means of expression of the sentiments and feelings of the drama. This is the way in which Gluck viewed it. Music was only one of the means of arriving at the result, which was dramatic force; and not only the music, but the words, the acting, and the scenery and costumes must all bend to that one end. A different school, with Mozart at their head, held and hold that music was of the first consequence and everything else second to it. Some even go so far as to say that to make music a mere aid of the drama degrades and lowers it, as if music were not just that kind of an art that it never could be really degraded in any position, but elevated and made ethereal everything it touched. Gluck, then, from his study and experience, enunciated these principles:

"Dramatic music can only reach its highest power and beauty when joined to a text simple, truly poetic, and exhibiting natural and definite emotions and passions, with the highest possible truth to nature." "Music may be made the language of emotion expressing the various feelings of the heart." "Music must follow with all possible exactness the rhythm and melody of the words." "In accompaniments instruments must be used to strengthen the expression of the vocal parts by their peculiar characters, or to heighten the general dramatic effect by employing them in contrast to the voice, as the text or dramatic situation might demand."

These principles he exemplified first in his opera of "Orfeo ed Euridice," the poem being written expressly for him by Calzabigi, and differing greatly from the received type of Metastasio. There were only two characters, *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and, in a few scenes, *Love*, and a chorus of Greeks at the beginning and end—in Tartarus a chorus of shades, and in Elysium a chorus of the blest. The subject was difficult, the new manner of treatment made it still more so, and no opera ever stood so severe a test. It however won its way to all hearts, and is now as fresh as ever, and a standard piece in Germany. This was in 1762. "Alceste" followed, and the two "Iphigenies," all beautiful, and all more nearly perfect than anything previously written. The influence of these works on dramatic music was very great and lives to this day, though of late it has been overpowered by other and opposite influences, and only now is dramatic music beginning to emerge from the depth to which it had been sunk by the Italian school. Gluck immediately affected Méhul, Spontini, and Cherubini, and now Meyerbeer and Gounod especially are the best popular representatives of his ideas. Wagner exhibits them in their purest form, and even goes a little beyond them. He has the truest conception of what dramatic music can and should be, and we have everything to hope from the new school of instruction in that branch of the art which is now being established at Munich under his superintendence. But perhaps Gounod is at present the most pleasing dramatic writer, in that he has yielded somewhat to the demands of the badly-educated public, while he has gone far toward the truth, and by means of a very favorable poem has succeeded in carrying the public a good distance with him.

Mozart, as we said just above, took a different view of the musical drama. With him the music was the chief thing, and the drama had for its principal object the furnishing of effective situations for beautiful airs and passages. A few years later than Gluck's works, in 1781, he produced his "Idomeneo." He had just come from Paris, where he had heard the works of Gluck, those of Piccinni and the Italian school, and those of the pure French school. "Idomeneo" was different from any of these. All of Mozart's previous operas had been written in the strict Italian manner, but in this he struck out a style of his own, which he further carried out in "The Marriage of Figaro," in "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute." His works had somewhat more of body and substance to them than those of the Italians, while he excelled in the variety and in the simplicity of his working up of airs. Piccinni and Sacchini used very generally the standard method of commencing an air by a slow movement ending in the key of the piece, of following that by a quick movement, and of then returning coldly to the slow commencement. All expression and effect were spoiled by this. Movements were used singly, also very slow, and very greatly developed; but these were almost the only kinds. Mozart introduced many new varieties of connecting movements, added new life and charm to the duos, and wrote quatuors and sextetts, which were then almost unknown. He also invented new methods of orchestration, and added new instruments, which were severely condemned by the great teachers among the Italians, and added greatly to the effect of the opera by his skill in harmony and modulation. He, indeed, side by side with Gluck, effected a revolution in dramatic music, and what he taught was indeed beneficial, until it smothered up what was good. Rossini learned his best qualities from Mozart, and through Rossini the Italian school was completely changed. But in spite of all this, the radically wrong idea of the opera with which Mozart started had its evil force, and operas became less and less dramatic and more and more lyrical, until they were hardly dramas at all.

The feeling for the true and the beautiful is, however, now showing itself, and is declaring that Mozart's ideas of the musical drama were mistaken, and that there is a greater height which it can reach yet, if it becomes more natural and less devoted to strict rules which have been imposed on it, but with little reason. For this greater advance, we must look to the men whom Gounod and Wagner represent.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Nation Office, Monday Morning, Nov. 27, 1865.

The week which ended on Saturday last was uneventful in commercial and financial circles. The imports at the port for the week amounted to $6,793,221, rather more than the average at this season; the exports—of which the return will not be made until to-morrow—were liberal; in specie, $723,000 were sent abroad. The receipts of breadstuffs from the interior continue moderate; of cotton the supply is increasing; it amounted last week to over 28,000 bales. No great change took place in the money or exchange or stock market. The following table will show the prices of Monday morning, 20th inst., as compared with those of Saturday afternoon, 25th inst.:

	Nov. 20.	Nov. 25.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881	105⅞	105⅞	....	....
5-20 Bonds, old	102⅛	101½	....	⅝
5-20 Bonds of 1865	100	99⅝	....	⅜
10-40 Bonds	91½	91	....	½
7-30 Notes, second series	97¼	97¾	....	½
New York Central	97¼	97¼	....	....
Erie Railway	92½	93¼	¾	....
Hudson River	109	110	1	....
Michigan Southern	76½	76¼	....	¼
Reading Railroad	114½	116¼	1¾	....
Cleveland and Pittsburg	94½	92⅝	....	1⅝
Chicago and North-Western	37¼	36¾	....	½
" " " Preferred	66¼	65¾	....	½
Chicago and Rock Island	108½	109½	1	....
P. Fort Wayne and Chicago	104⅝	105½	⅞	....
Canton	45½	45	....	½
Cumberland	45	44¾	....	¼
Mariposa	15	14	....	1
American Gold	147	147	....	....
Bankers' Bills on London	108⅞	109	⅛	....
Call Loans	7	7	....	....

About the middle of the week the leading railway stocks advanced with considerable symptoms of activity. North-Western common touched 40; Fort Wayne, 107; Michigan Southern, 78½; Hudson, 111; and Pittsburg, 94½. At these points sales to realize profits checked the advance, and a decline subsequently ensued. For the moment, Rock Island, Chicago and North-Western, and Erie are the popular favorites. But it is due to truth to say that speculation in Wall Street just now is confined to the regular habitués of the Stock Exchange, and that the public are holding off, waiting till the Treasury Report and the action of Congress determine whether or no further efforts are to be made to curtail the currency.

A general decline in Government securities will be noticed. This arises from the apprehension, among national banks and other holders of United States securities, that the Secretary will endeavor to pursue his policy of funding currency into long bonds, which, of course, would involve a further decline in all public securities. There are many among the financial friends of the Government, especially at Philadelphia, who scout the notion of further attempts at contraction at present, and argue that, whatever the private wishes of the Secretary may be, the influence of the South and the West will be cast into the scale against any present reduction of the circulating medium, and that that influence will be potent enough to determine the policy of Government. It is hardly worth while presenting the views of the two contending parties, as within a very few days the question will be set at rest, so far as the desires and recommendations of Secretary McCulloch are concerned. Should the Secretary advise new funding loans, a sharp decline in all classes of Government securities may be expected; should he abstain from any recommendation on the subject, the inference will be that Philadelphia influence has carried the day, and a gradual recovery in prices may be anticipated.

Trade with the South continues unusually active, and the number of steamers plying between Northern and Southern ports is steadily on the increase. It is now much larger than it ever was before the war. Notwithstanding all that is said in newspapers and at public meetings about the poverty of the South and the necessity of Northern relief societies, it is a fact that the South is now consuming *and paying for* more Northern goods than it ever took in the old palmy days of slavery; that stores in Richmond, Augusta, and New Orleans command higher rents than they ever did before the war; and that skilled labor of all kinds commands higher wages at the South than were ever before known in this country. Whoever has been impoverished by the war, the Southern country, as a whole, seems anything but poor. All who desire work can obtain it, at handsome wages, and goods of all kinds, except perhaps the more expensive classes of luxuries, command a ready sale *for cash* at all, or nearly all, the central Southern cities. An effort will be made at the coming session of Congress to obtain authority for the issue of $200,000,000 more national currency for the especial use of the South. Its fate will depend in great measure upon the admittance of the Southern delegations to Congress. If they are excluded, the opponents of further paper issues will probably succeed in defeating the scheme. If they are admitted, it is expected that they will make such representations as will ensure the requisite legislation.

Two important legal decisions were rendered last week. One was rendered by Chief-Justice Chase in the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore, Md., in the case of Jackson *vs.* The Northern Central R.R. Company. Jackson, a British subject, and a resident of Ireland, held coupon bonds of the railroad company, and demanded the full amount of his coupons, while the company claimed the right, under the Internal Revenue Act, to deduct from

the amount five per cent. to be paid the United States Government. The Court decided in favor of Jackson, and ruled that foreigners were entitled to the full amount of their coupons without deduction for income tax. The inference is, of course, that foreign bondholders will receive a larger income from American investments than native bondholders, and the effect will be that many foreign houses in this and other seaboard cities will transfer the bonds they hold to their foreign correspondents. The other case, which was tried before Justice Garvin in the Superior Court of this city, was the famous Napoleon Oil case, in which a party who had been "cornered" in that stock claimed damages of the party who had "cornered" him, on the ground that the "corner" was a swindle. The court charged and the jury found for the plaintiff, who got a verdict for the whole amount claimed. The effect of this will be to render Wall Street speculators more careful how they organize "corners" in stocks. It is likely to give rise to a plentiful crop of lawsuits, as under the ruling of Justice Garvin it seems likely that the parties who were so severely bled in Harlem and Prairie du Chien might even now recover damages from the parties who bled them.

The party of British capitalists who, under the lead of Sir Morton Peto, created such a sensation in this country a month ago, have arrived safely at home, and write to say that, in England, a new and lively interest is being taken in American securities. It is not unlikely that considerable parcels of our favorite railway stocks and bonds may go abroad during the ensuing season. There is always a large amount of capital in London seeking investment, and, at the present time, no securities in the London market offer such advantages in point of safety and income as our 5-20 bonds (which the English would not buy at 40) and our better class of railway bonds and stocks. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the Atlantic and Great Western bonds should occupy so prominent a place in the London list of American securities. The Atlantic and Great Western Railway is a fine road, broad gauge, opening up the oil country, and connecting Cincinnati with New York by a new and short route. But, among our older railway men, the concern has always been received with something like distrust. Like a young man starting in the world, it has its fortune to make, and it seems unlikely that it will escape the crisis through which all or nearly all our railway enterprises have had to pass before they reached a safe and lucrative condition. It has already had some troubles. Not many months since, it could not pay for certain rolling stock ordered in a flush of confidence by Mr. McHenry's friends, and the property was sold to the Erie Company at a considerable sacrifice. When Sir Morton Peto, before his departure hence, attempted to coerce the Erie Company by threats of hostile connections, he was smilingly reminded of the circumstance, and the prediction was made by a shrewd though unpolished manager of the Erie that if "them Englishmen" pursued the course they were taking, the Erie would own the Atlantic and Great Western for one-half its cost in less than three years. Sir Morton is a man of sense, and he probably treasured up the prediction. It will be a pity if our English friends who are disposed to invest their money in this country should regard the Atlantic and Great Western —a new road, running through a new country, built under very peculiar circumstances, and never well considered in financial circles in this country—as the type of American railway enterprises.

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WHAT WISE MEN SAY OF

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In my opinion, and judging from my own experience, annuities secured for a family are of important service to relieve the mind of the father of a helpless family from a corroding anxiety on their account. It has been for many years a comfort to me that my family will have the benefit of annuities at my decease; and though, on account of my protracted life, the fund will be a great gainer by me, yet I do not regret that, as the gain belongs to a benevolent institution.—*Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander.*

Life Assurance may be employed advantageously for the benefit of families and of individuals of all classes of society, as well for those in affluence as for those in moderate circumstances. All may, by the exertion of a little forethought and a small outlay, protect their families from want, independently of any charitable aid.—*Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pa.*

The relief from anxiety afforded by Life Assurance very frequently contributes to prolong the life of the assured, while it materially augments the comfort and well-being of those dependent on him. It has also an obvious tendency to strengthen habits of accumulation.—*M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary.*

A policy of Life Assurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family. It is time our people understood and practiced more generally Life Assurance. Many a widow and orphan has had great reason to be grateful that the advantage of Life Assurance was understood and embraced by the husband and father.—*Dr. Franklin, in* 1769.

It is unquestionably the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own. We would say that it is not less his duty to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. Indeed, between these two duties there is no general distinction; for Life Assurance makes the one as much a matter current expenditure as the other.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

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Liabilities, - - - - - - - -	**77,901 52**

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INSURANCE.

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Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - - - 400,000

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The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

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Surplus, Jan. 1, 1865, - - - - - - - - 275,253

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Chartered 1850.
Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

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Assets - - - - - - - - - - - - 1,500,000 00

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HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
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Departures of 1st and 21st connect at Panama with steamers for SOUTH PACIFIC PORTS. Those of 1st touch at MANZANILLO.

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THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

Wonderful REVERSIBLE FEED MOTION. SELF-ADJUSTING Tension. No Snarling and Breaking Threads. FOUR distinct Stitches.

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MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

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LOCK-STITCH SEWING-MACHINE.

N. B.—Money refunded if the Machine is not preferred to any in market for family use.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 23. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1865. { Six Dollars per Annum / Single Copies, 15 Cents

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The Week.

THE habeas corpus has been restored by Presidential proclamation in all the Northern States. The power which the suspension of the writ placed in the hands of the President has, considering the state of the country, been exercised with wonderfully little abuse. But it is impossible to deny that the precedent set may some time prove a dangerous one. For the first time in the history of constitutional governments the Executive has not only been armed with the power of making arbitrary arrests, but of deciding for what length of time it may exercise it. The constitutionality of the practice has, we believe, been placed beyond question, but its expediency is another matter.

WE had hoped that the recent meeting in Brooklyn, under the joint auspices of the American Freedmen's Aid Commission, the American Union Commission, and the American Missionary Association, was the sign of a popular movement toward concentrating the efforts of the benevolent in behalf of the freed people. This most desirable consummation seems in danger of being delayed, if not rendered fruitless, by new organizations not tributary to the union, and resting on a purely sectarian basis. Such is that which owes its origin to the late Episcopal Convention at Philadelphia. It is obvious that if the Episcopalians are not content with the numerous societies already in existence, the Baptists, Methodists, and other denominations will feel constrained to make an exhibition of their interest in so eminently Christian a cause, and likewise to create boards, appoint superintendents, and send out teachers to the South. Such a contagion, however respectable the motive in each case, would be still deplorable. The union, formed with so much difficulty, and only by the most generous concessions and accommodation, would be shorn of its support and perhaps find its power and utility crippled beyond repair. We sincerely trust the example we have cited will not be followed, and that it may even be abandoned in view of the probable mischief which will ensue.

THE manner in which the insurrection in Jamaica has been suppressed will, if not promptly disowned by the English Government, and, in fact, whether or no, reflect indelible disgrace on the English name. If anybody wants to know how thoroughly pagan an "officer and gentleman" can still be in our day, he has only to read the report of Colonel Hole, of the Sixth Royals, telling of his having hunted down rebels with a boy tied by the neck to his stirrup, and constantly threatened with a revolver, acting as guide, and pointing out the persons to be hanged. The colonel and his coadjutors seem, in fact, to have hanged nearly everybody they caught, and upon the vaguest suspicion. One man was hanged because, after receiving forty-seven lashes, "he ground his teeth, and cast a ferocious look of defiance on the provost-marshal," which the London *Spectator* truly characterizes as "a worse crime in the sight of God than that of the rebels themselves." Certainly the ferocity of a civilized and educated Englishman or American must, on any theory of accountability, be a sin of infinitely deeper dye than any which a poor benighted and degraded black is capable of committing. There could not, in our opinion, be a more striking proof of the really small impression as yet made upon the world by Christian principles than the remorseless cruelty into which men of English breed invariably plunge whenever they are brought into collision with what is called an "inferior race." The history of the suppression of the Indian mutiny, and of this Jamaica insurrection, will always remain a most shocking revelation of the amount of downright heathenism which still pervades the character of the race which of all others is loudest in its professions of Christianity, and foremost in its offers of instruction in Christian duty to the rest of mankind. The London *Times*, with characteristic brutality and absurdity, defends the atrocities of the troops on the ground that the pursuit of the rebels was difficult, as if an officer only needs to have a small force, and to have lost a good deal of sleep, to be exempt from the ordinary laws of humanity; or, in other words, as if the weaker one is, the more like a tiger he may behave. And what twaddle there is written both here and in England about the incurable ferocity of the negroes, apropos of this outbreak, as if St. Bartholomew, or the Sepoy massacres, or the massacres of the French Revolution, had never been heard of, or were not the work of Caucasians. It is bad enough that the negro should convert civilized men into Malays, but it is too bad that he should bemuddle their brains every time they begin to argue about him.

GOVERNOR HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, was, when elected, General Humphreys of the defunct Confederate army, an unrepentant recusant and rebel. President Johnson pardoned him for the purpose of qualifying him for office. He is now in office, and, by way of proving what a "worthy object" he is, has just sent a message to the Mississippi Legislature, in which he declares that negro emancipation has been "accomplished under pressure of Federal bayonets, urged on by the misdirected sympathies of the world." Of the Freedmen's Bureau, he says that "four years of cruel war, conducted upon principles of vandalism disgraceful to the civilization of the age, was scarcely more blighting and destructive to the homes of the white man, and impoverishing and degrading to the negro, than has resulted in the last six or eight months from the administration of this black incubus." Further on he speaks of it as "a hideous curse, permitted by heaven to rule and ruin our unhappy people," and recommends the passage of a law admitting negroes to testify, as the best means of securing the withdrawal of the Federal troops. He must be a very captious person, indeed, who questions the devotion of such a man as this to the new order of things, or fears to hand the State over to him.

THE Boston Board of Trade voted, last week, that it is of vital importance for the Government to sustain and organize, within the sphere of its legitimate powers, that portion of the laboring classes South which cannot be reached by private capital. Mr. Tobey, who moved the resolutions, considered the Freedmen's Bureau a lawful instrumentality for this end, needing only to have its authority enlarged by Congress. Mr. Atkinson objected to this plan that it left out of sight the paramount necessity of protecting free labor at the South. At present

there is no security for the isolated Northern men who undertake to plant in Georgia, Texas, and the other States. On another page will be found some of the testimony on which this statement was based. The fact, to our mind, is incontestable; and so, unhappily, is the soundness of the principle on which Mr. Tobey proceeded, to wit: that the time when specie payments can be resumed depends, in no small measure, on the quantity of cotton to be produced hereafter.

The Hon. Martin F. Conway, in a letter to the *Times* of this city, presents quite forcibly the claims of the Virginia delegation to immediate admission to their seats in Congress. It cannot be doubted that West Virginia exists constitutionally as a separate State only by the confession that Virginia proper has suffered no lapse like the other rebellious States, but has maintained a loyal, even if an inefficient and merely nominal, government. Common sense repudiates the idea that Eastern Virginia was not as thoroughly devoted to secession as South Carolina; and Gov. Peirpoint's administration within the Federal lines, though serving the purpose of organizing a new free State, was certainly nothing else than a ridiculous fiction. The Virginia that consented to a division which was not less a physical than a social necessity, was a very different Virginia from that which chose the representatives now sought to be foisted upon Congress.

Secretary Seward has advised the North Carolinians to follow the example of the South Carolinians, and to ratify the Constitutional Amendment. Why there should be any hesitation about it in any Southern State it is hard to say, as with a good vagrant law they can have most of what they consider the advantages of slavery with but few of its drawbacks.

General Grant is in Richmond, and has been, it is said, talking Mexico there again. We submit, with great respect, that he has, perhaps, said enough about it. His opinions on it being now well known to the country, would it not be well to leave the agitation of the question to others? It is scarcely fair, considering the extreme difficulty of the whole subject, to increase the pressure on the Government.

In another column will be found two letters from the correspondent from whom we have so often quoted already, bearing testimony to the unbroken fierceness of temper of the white people of the South, their undiminished hatred to the Union and to the blacks. More startling reading it would be difficult just now to meet with, taken in connection with such extraordinary utterances as are to be found in the message of Governor Humphreys, of Mississippi, on which we have already commented. We commend it to the attention of Congress, and to that of all other men who feel as they ought to feel the tremendous importance of the question of Southern reconstruction. We doubt if a question of such awful moment was ever submitted to a deliberative assembly. But every utterance that comes from Mr. Johnson just now proves that he is at last alive to the real nature of the situation, and is determined to do whatever the occasion calls for.

It appears that it was owing to a telegraphic blunder that Schuyler Colfax was made to connect "Across the Continent" with "The Duties of the Next Congress" as a subject for a lecture. He confined himself to the former, but would it not have been as well to say a "Journey across the Continent?" Is not this sort of ellipsis a sensational trick which authors of books of travel have wore out?

About a year and a half ago a colored man was expelled from a street-car in Cincinnati, and his action against the company has just been concluded. The counsel for the defence relied upon a printed regulation by which the plaintiff ought to have been riding on the front platform, instead of inside with his wife, and also upon a pretense that the prejudices of the community deserve to be respected. The judge charged otherwise, and the jury returned damages at eight hundred dollars. The plaintiff, like his wife, is a person of light complexion and the most respectable bearing. He was born a slave, but was emancipated by his father, acquired an excellent reputation in Cincinnati, and at the time he was assaulted had just returned from California with a fortune obtained in business there. No better person could have been selected to expose the stupid and vulgar spirit of caste and to obtain a verdict which condemns it definitively.

Sir Morton Peto addressed a portion of his constituents at a dinner at Bristol, on the 13th ult. He had something to say of home politics, but more of his recent experience in this country. The very flattering picture which he drew of our condition at the close of the late tremendous struggle elicits comments from the London papers. They are inclined to respect his testimony, even though they surmise that the show of wealth and prosperity which astonished him may be lacking in reality. Sir Morton assured his hearers that in all his travels in the States he saw nothing to remind him that there had been a civil war; that the army had been absorbed into the civil ranks with marvellous facility and composure; that the national debt would be honorably discharged; and that no young man about to enter business ought to consider his education complete till he had visited America.

The commissioners appointed in England to investigate the Rinderpest, and report means to check its ravages, were naturally not unanimous in their conclusions. What the majority recommend seems, to the London press at least, even worse than the murrain itself. They would suspend altogether, for a limited time, the cattle traffic in Great Britain. This would prevent any movement of cattle except for immediate slaughter to a market or slaughter-house, from healthy districts, and under license. For the rest, there is so much killing that the butchers themselves might stand aghast. Meanwhile the price of meat rises steadily, and the public maw begins to turn to the sea and the rivers for other food. Pisciculture is gaining new devotees, and regard for the statutes for the preservation of trout and salmon is earnestly invoked.

At Christ Church, Oxford, and Cambridge, the charge for "commons" by the butlers of those institutions is undergoing an exposure, and it is found that these gentlemen know on which side their bread is buttered if the undergraduates do not. They amass a handsome fortune by their exorbitant rates, from which they have ingeniously prevented escape by making the record of the Buttery the only one by which a student's residence is proved! Eightpence a day, at Downing College, is the charge for "a modicum of indifferent bread and butter." If more bread is required, it must be paid for at the rate of eightpence for a loaf which may be got at the shops for threepence.

Tom Sayers was buried at Highgate Cemetery on the 15th of last month, and his body was followed to the tomb by a procession of some 30,000 persons, chiefly, of course, of the very lowest character. At the entrance these disreputable mourners became an unmanageable mob, sweeping away the police, and rioting among the graves in the very spirit of Bedlam. Trees, monuments, and railings were damaged extensively, and the quiet with which the coffin was lowered to its place was the only redeeming feature of an otherwise brutal and disgusting exhibition.

At the exposition of the fine arts applied to industry, in Paris, is a painting by Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. It represents a horseman on guard; the scene is of moonlight, and the horseman's attitude is the pensive attitude of one who "recalls home and friends from distance and the past." There is said to be no doubt of the authenticity of the piece.

M. Guizot is said to be at present occupied with the second volume of his "Méditations Religieuses."

The Parisian authorities have at length decided that the friends of horseflesh may open a butcher's shop for the selling of this sort of meat, on condition that the butcher shall provide himself with shambles devoted solely to the slaughter of horses. An eminent and expe-

rienced butcher, M. Gautier (doubtless an enthusiast in his profession), will preside over the destinies of the experiment. Apropos of which is the letter of Dr. Blatin, published in the *Débats*, denying that horseflesh is heir to the ills of *épizootie* now afflicting brute-life in France, and declaring that on the contrary it is so wholesome as to be almost a specific against cholera, the soldiers in the Crimea who ate it habitually having suffered comparatively little from the epidemic.

Le Droit gives the story of one of those deeds which seem purely and properly French crimes. Two worthy laborers had a son of eleven years and a little daughter of eighteen months. They were obliged, in going out to work, to leave the latter in the care of the former. One day the poor mother returning found her babe strangled in its bed, and her son hanging dead behind the door. There was no evidence that the violence had been committed by any one outside of the house, and the only light that could be thrown upon the horrible affair was the mother's recollection that her son, when urged to go to school, sometimes threatened to hang himself. It is supposed that he killed his sister and then committed suicide.

The *Journal de Roanne* tells a pathetic story of the effects of imagination in the case of a poor woman of Roanne, who had promised her dying husband that she would not marry again. After four years of widowhood, she was wooed by one to whom her heart inclined. At the same time she was torn with secret remorse. On All-Souls' day (Nov. 2), she went to pray at the tomb of her husband, and there implored his pardon for having thought of another marriage. In her frantic state she imagined that, in response to her prayer, the word "Never!" came from the grave, and she fell into a swoon. When succor arrived she was able to relate the occurrence, but lapsed from one convulsion into another until she expired.

The German Confederation maintains a garrison at Aix-la-Chapelle, of which the greater part is composed of Austrians and Prussians. While off duty the soldiers are permitted to go about the town with their bayonets at their belts, a custom which the people of Aix now ask to have abolished, as something involving hazard to their peace and safety. Lately there have been disturbances between the citizens and drunken soldiers, in which the latter used their bayonets; and there is common complaint of the ferocity and lawlessness of the Confederate garrison. The soldiers quarrel with men and insult women upon the streets, and on one occasion two of them broke into the Convent of the Sœurs-Grises, from which they were expelled with difficulty, while assailing the *religieuses* with the grossest language.

A Viennese paper announces that at an early day the use of passports will be abolished throughout Austria. There has been, since 1857, no *visa* of passports necessary within the empire, and now it is to be dispensed with even at the frontiers. With the new year Saxony abolishes passports, according to a treaty last February with Bavaria, Hanover, and Würtemberg.

The Federal Council of Switzerland is in trouble with the new commercial treaty between France and the Confederation, which obliges the Swiss to treat French Jews according to the equal rights and privileges granted them by French law. But in several of the cantons Swiss Jews have not the rights and privileges enjoyed by Christians, and the embarrassing question is whether these can be extended to French Jews. These cantons have refused to abolish the existing disabilities, and it is probable that the Federal Constitution will have to be so amended as to place Jews throughout Switzerland on the same footing with Christians.

The libraries of all the ministers of the Bourbon Government in Naples have been united, and opened to the public.

Correspondence of a Parisian journal relates that a large part of the Neapolitan population believes the cholera to be the result of poisoning.

The Neapolitan brigands have lately had the happiness to capture, near Salerno, the son of Signor Wenner, a rich proprietor, and now hold the young man subject to a ransom of $100,000. The chief of the band explains to the prisoner that if his father can afford to build such fine country houses as that in which he was captured, he can pay handsomely for his release. This seems reasonable, but it has made country gentlemen in the neighborhood of Salerno very uneasy, and it is said that they remain fortified in their villas, and have given up calling on each other for fear of falling in with brigands if they step out of doors.

Roman correspondence of the *Débats* describes the office of Papal minister of finance as something embarrassing. St. Peter has not even money enough to pay his employees. It is a question still whether Antonelli will try to put an end to this state of things by seeking an accommodation with Italy. As yet he evidently has not sought it, but attends events with his arms folded, and trusting in Providence—a fine attitude for a Pope, says the correspondence quoted, but not for the minister of a temporal government.

It seems that religious intolerance still exists in Spain to a degree worthy of the days of the Inquisition. An Englishman who sickened and died of the cholera, in Murcia, was abandoned by everybody during his illness, and after his death was refused burial by the clergy, in the cemetery, while no landholder dared give the corpse ground enough to hide. At last the remains were packed in straw, and sent to the British consul at Carthagena.

THE FREEDMEN.

There have been some interesting medical reports to the Bureau during the past week. From them it appears that the number of freedmen in and around Richmond is 25,000. One thousand of them occupy an old Confederate hospital (Chimbardzo), which has been divided into small tenements for families. Nearly all of the occupants are self-supporting, and pay a small rent. The health of this camp is good. The indigent sick in the city are attended under the direction of the Virginia Medical College, without expense to the Government except for medicines. There is an increase of sickness with the approach of cold weather. The orphan asylum is carried on almost entirely by the Society of Friends. The only freedmen's hospital about the city is the Howard Grove Hospital. The Friends also assist in the support of this. Arrangements are making to have the medical duties performed, under the direction of the college just named, by professional assistants, one of the faculty consulting each day. The new system of commuting the hospital ration has created a small fund in the various hospitals for the purchase of delicacies.

There seems to be a decided change in the conduct of the country physicians with regard to the freedmen, and that for the better. Some of them have volunteered to take charge of the freedmen in their vicinity free of charge, provided the Bureau will furnish the medicines, and in many localities the offer has been accepted. Of the planters not a few care for their hands, either according to contract or out of sympathy; but by far the greater portion leave the colored people to care for themselves.

The number of freed people cared for by the Bureau in Louisiana, from July 1 to November 1, was 2,548; of sick and wounded, 1,906, with a mortality of 319. The deaths from yellow fever were fewer amongst the blacks than amongst the whites. The two colored orphan asylums in New Orleans have been consolidated, and are now in charge of the National Freedmen's Relief Association.

When Gen. Sherman arrived at Fayetteville, N. C., he sent to Wilmington 10,000 freed people, who were organized into a colony at Fort Fisher. The mortality amongst them has been fearful. Between March 17 and May 31, 2,000 of them died, which was at the rate of 30 a day. They are now, however, much improved in condition, and doing comparatively well.

The colored surgeon in charge of the freedmen's hospital in Savannah wrote to the surgeon-in-chief of the State for instructions as to whether he should enlarge his hospital with a view to the great increase of sickness. The reply was that the city must provide for its

own sick; whereupon, Surgeon Horner, chief medical officer of the Bureau, wrote as follows:

"Whilst the commissioner expects the civil authorities to attend to their own poor, he also expects the officers of the Bureau to see that the sick freedmen do not suffer when these authorities neglect their duty in providing for their wants."

Dr. Horner's report contains the following statistics: Whole number of refugees treated medically from the organization of the Bureau till Oct. 30, 2,551; deaths, 227, or six per cent.; whole number of freedmen thus treated in the same time, 45,898; deaths, 5,804, or 13 per cent.; remaining under treatment Oct. 30, 6,645 freedmen, 338 refugees.

The representations made at the North of the present and prospective suffering amongst the freedmen in Washington have been greatly exaggerated. The instrumentalities for their relief have been so well organized as to allay apprehension for the future. Mrs. J. S. Griffing's official connection with the Bureau has been terminated. Her duty hitherto has been to provide homes for such freed people as desired to go North.

There is a demand for labor in Louisiana that far exceeds the supply. The planters are beginning to make ready for next year's work, and liberal wages are offered along the Mississippi for able-bodied hands.

Rev. T. W Conway has been ordered to report to Gen. Fisk at Nashville, for assignment to duty.

Minor Topics.

Not born in New England (and we beg pardon of all New Englanders, and especially Bostonians, for the youthful inadvertence), what right have we to speak of the sacrificial feast which New England piety and persistence have made, in common with so many other good things, at last national? On this Thanksgiving Day, when so much sound doctrine will be pounded out of so many pulpits, from Bangor to Providence, throughout the whole May-Flowery Kingdom, should one, not native to the land, speak of the great religious festival which sprang from the very essence of New England life? As we hold up to ourselves in this objective light the idea of our presumption, we shudder to think what would have befallen our audacity in the good old days when all the thankful, well-filled stomachs of New England wore the heavenly blue of imputed righteousness, and one had better have been a heathen Pequod or a godless Quaker than a trifler with the austere and solemn mysteries of a Puritan holyday. What would those stern Pilgrim fathers, who have so long landed in such a number of ways on Plymouth Rock (we like them best as we see them in the charming engraving on the reverse side of the national bank-notes), have done with such a scribbler, if they could have laid their devout hands upon him, and confronted him with his Thanksgiving article in their own day?

We were so appalled by these reflections that, when considering how we should treat the subject, we concluded that we would merely speak of pumpkin-pies and turkeys and cranberry sauce. But, indeed, friends, would not that comprehend the whole festival in too many cases? Huge eating is the form that true happiness takes in all people of Northern blood; and whereas the frugal children of the South are as merry as crickets upon an empty stomach, your Northerner is only gay and grateful when gorged. His bosom's lord sits lightest on his throne when neighbored by a potent dinner. We are far from making this a reproach to our race, for we think it the duty of every man to eat a good dinner if he can get it; but we would have grace go before meat, and would mingle a little afterthought with the walnuts and the shag-barks which end the repast.

Doubtless, we are all very thankful to-day; but for what? "Why, sir," says old Jones—who has been so patriotic over the President's proclamation that he would not have faltered to serve up the American eagle on the bars of the national shield, had there been defect of turkey—"why, sir, we are once more a united people." And, in fact, this blessing deserves the first place in our gratitude. Alas! for many years the land has echoed to the awful voice of drums calling so loudly the young and brave to the feast of death, and our hearts may well be light that at our board to-day there is no suggestion of the dreadful past except in the turkey's drum-stick with which the youngest boy, as usual, has been wronged out of his dinner. But, in our national pride and in our personal gratitude, let us not forget the many, many tables at which a dreary absence sits; let us not forget the tables where want pinches the pale face ofthe wife who must attend her "war-broken soldier," like a helpless child, where the empty blue sleeve dangling from the maimed shoulder is the pathetic image of the empty purse; let us not forget the widows' houses in which no table is spread to-day; let us not forget the hungry homes of rebellion throughout the desolated South; nor yet the simple souls in black who came to us so nobly in our need, and who now wait humbly the sign, long withheld, of our gratitude and affection. Yes, we are once more a united people; but let us not forget at what fearful cost, nor fail to thank God that He did not give us peace in our sin, and that He made us suffer until we put slavery away.

"*I* think," says Smart (who, indeed, occupies so remote a place at The Nation's table that, but for his speaking, we should hardly have known he was there at all), "we ought to be grateful that the women are giving up waterfalls."

Do you, you poor soul? Then why do you not write three columns about it for some newspaper, and boldly attack the waterfall, now it is down? Nay, we say, let the ladies wear their hair how they will, they never can make it ugly nor themselves unamiable in the fond regard of The Nation. If they have appeared at our poor Thanksgiving feast, it is for their presence we must be grateful, and not for their new fancy of dressing their hair *à la grecque*. As we walk up and down our stately streets, and look at the lovely women going by, we doubt if the women of any other land are so fair, and we are sure that no others are so good; and but that it would be too much like expression of gratitude for the sun, moon, and stars, we think we might properly give thanks to-day for American womanhood. That, too, not less than the republic's manhood, has been tried in the long war now passed, and the heroines of the struggle, if obscurer, are hardly fewer than the heroes. Friends, there is yet a little sherry in the decanter (and if any likes it better, there is water on the table), and so let us drink a health, since it would be absurd to offer thanks for the blessing: The Ladies—May their descending waterfalls drown out and utterly wash away the silly grumblers who accuse them of vanity, idleness, and extravagance.

Without doubt, while we all feel collectively grateful for the happiness bestowed on us as a people, each of us has some individual blessing to acknowledge. To have been prospered in business; to have been spared sickness or saved from death; to have made new friends and kept old ones; to have ended some ancient feud, and taken the hand of him that used to hate us; to have been helped to do charity and aided to show mercy—these are things for some of which we hope each one of us has to be thankful. If any one has to be thankful for them all, he is the happiest man here.

"Yes," says the poet, with a consciousness in his voice, by which we know that he has verses to read, and is guiltily casting about for some absurd pretext to produce them,—"yes, and I believe we have quite as much reason to be grateful for the blessings of omission as for the good positively bestowed. Indeed, I think most of God's beneficence is negative, and that when men faithfully examine their hearts they have to rejoice not that they have received this or done that, but that one thing has been withheld, and that they have been restrained from another. It seems to me we have been put here under healthful and pure conditions, and that the divine goodness is chiefly shown when we are not permitted to change them. At any rate," and here the poet goes on to mumble something about English words set to the feeling of an old Italian hymn, in such wise that he hardly knows whether he is or is not guilty of imitation, and then we catch the verses of his

THANKSGIVING.

I.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought:
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still:
For the heart from itself kept,
Our Thanksgiving accept.

II.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer:
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement:
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

"Why this," comments the preacher, in the tone of a man who has had his thought picked of his valuables, and sees them in the words of another, "is what you would be apt to hear from most pulpits to-day." And none the worse for the pulpits, as we think, but much the better for the pews if they heed the lesson, and do not go home and bury it "deeper than did ever plummet sound" under successive billows of oysters, turkey, and pie.

"At the same time," remarks the business-man, "I think the poet makes his gratitude for the negative blessings too vague. I would have him particularize: he should have specified our preservation from the cholera up to the present time, for I am sure that nothing but God's mercy has saved *this* filthy city from it, and He alone ought to have the praise. I should also have liked to have him say something about railroad accidents. Every day, as I ride up to my place in the cars, I read of fellow-creatures horribly mangled and ruthlessly murdered on the railroads somewhere; and I think all who travel by rail and come home unhurt, should fall down and thank God for His compassion on them. For me, I am most sincerely and humbly grateful to Providence for three hundred and sixty-five hair-breadth escapes during the past year."

"Well, Bobby, what are you grateful for, this Thanksgiving Day?"

Master Bobby, who never expected to be addressed directly by The Nation, pauses a moment from his engagement with the drum-stick, and then responds in a shrill voice, uniting all that is most pleasing in the squeak of a door and the music of a pencil on a slate, "I was six years old last Saturday."

And you, madam, his mother, it is Bobby himself you are thankful for, that is plain to be seen by any one who looks at you passing your hand proudly over his head and lifting back the yellow hair from the brow bent over the drum-stick. Could any other boy have made such an answer as that?

"On a day like this," says a finely-modulated voice, which the reader must have heard before, "we ought all to be thankful that we are not as other men are." This remark makes the speaker very popular with the company, who, indeed, might have found the poet's verses heavy of digestion, and the business-man's observations not too cheerful, for, at last, most of us will not be kept from doing the evil we want to do, and some of us are directors of railroads. "I say," repeats the speaker, seeing the good impression he has made, "we ought all to be thankful we are not as other men are." The speaker is the Pharisee, and it is he and not poor Ahasuerus who is the real Wandering Jew, or, as the Germans call him much better, the Everlasting Jew. He has survived to this day, and he will never die. He is a very respectable man and his name is Tartuffe Podsnap, Esq.

Friends, let us leave you in your pleasant conceit. We see that the hostess is making those well-concealed signals, which everybody sees, for the host to rise from the table; and we know old Jones, who is so thankful we are a united people that he sets everybody the example of uniting the bulk of several people in his own person, longs to throw himself into his arm-chair before the glowing grate, and cast the bandanna of oblivion over his heavy eyes.

We think all reasonable people must be more than satisfied with the manner in which the Otero murder case has thus far been conducted. The police, in their prompt pursuit and discovery of the supposed assassins of the ill-starred Cuban, did their duty admirably, and Captain Waddy, who made the arrest of Gonzales, may be said to have exceeded, in his professional zeal, the bounds of duty.

We suppose we need not recount minutely the facts of this horrible affair; how Pellicer was taken the day after the murder; how he confessed to the Spanish Consul, implicating Gonzales as his accomplice; how Gonzales was captured, and how the dead man's money was found in his room. The reader has seen all this in the daily papers, where, also, he may have learned much concerning Gonzales which the well-regulated public would wish to know, as, for example, that the miserable man's countenance is "one of the worst that can be imagined, having a most diabolical look;" that "his eyes are deeply set, and have a sinister gleam in them, like the Medusa glitter of the fabled basilisk;" that when suddenly confronted with the corpse of poor Otero, "his dark, evil eye fell on the face of the murdered man," and "instantly a tremor shot through his frame, a gurgling sound issued from his throat, his face grew absolutely livid, his lips parted, and a choking sensation came over him." Captain Waddy's headquarters were besieged for several days, we have been told, by "a crowd of eager visitors," who taxed the good-humored captain's patience to the utmost, "making him repeat, for the hundredth time, the story of the chase and capture of the alleged murderer Gonzales." Indeed, Captain Waddy seems to have been willing to make the affair as much an ovation to himself as possible; and, loth to let his celebrity perish with the indictment of the supposed murderers, he turned the victim himself to account, and achieved continued newspaper compliments by commanding, at Otero's funeral, an escort of a hundred policemen. Nay, besides the newspaper compliments, this last stroke won him the praises of Señor Cuyas, of the Barcelona Hotel, who, after the body was interred, obtained, before the chapel of the cemetery, "a knot of his dark-eyed countrymen," and repeated to them, "for the last time, the oft-told story of blood," and then finally made a neat speech of thanks to the police, and to Captain Waddy in particular. In fact, the business has been conducted from beginning to end with the utmost harmony between the hero of the drama, Captain Waddy, and Señor Cuyas, a subordinate charater of great merit.

In working up the interest, however, it seems to us that injustice has been done to Gonzales, not as a character—(for, certainly, no man accused of murder could wish to appear more impressively to the public than he has been made to)—but as the prisoner of the law, and under its protection.

Captain Waddy, having satisfied his curiosity as to the effect of the dead man's appearance on his victim, and finding that Gonzales could not be induced to look at it a second time, next proceeded to gratify his professional vanity at the expense of the prisoner. He took him to a photographer's and had a picture made of himself and his prey:

"The captain dressed himself in the same costume which he wore at the capture of Gonzales, and a picture was taken of both men in the position in which they were at that time. The captain is standing with his right hand grasping Gonzales' collar and his left hand, with the club, holding his wrist. Gonzales' head is thrown back, and he is in the same attitude as he was on the sidewalk outside the Centre Street boarding-house. The captain and his charge then returned to the station-house."

We confess that we sicken as we read this, and have scarcely stomach to comment on it. The hard conditions of society impose on some the necessity of taking thieves and murderers, and we suppose it is well that the officers of the law should have some sort of interest in it, and a professional pride in the execution of duty. But why should Captain Waddy like to be pictured with his clutch upon a prisoner's collar, and his face looking into the terror and agony of the prisoner's face? Was the picture meant to be engraved for the criminal journals, or is it to be multiplied and offered for sale at the stationers'? Or does Captain Waddy merely wish to preserve for his own delight the proudest moment of his life, and hand down the image of it, a ghastly heirloom, to his descendants? Would some hangman like to be photographed with his foot on the spring of the trap?

As far as the miserable Gonzales was concerned, the transaction was so gross a violence to his defencelessness, that we hardly know how to characterize it. Captain Waddy seems to have thought that his prisoner was his property, his slave, his chattel, his beast, with which he might have his will in any way he chose. But he really had no more right to make Gonzales minister to his horrible vanity, than he had to hail from the street the first man he met, and compel him to the like office. One figures to himself the Spaniard's amazement and bewilderment at Captain Waddy's proceeding, and his dumb doubt (which never could have struggled to a protest in English) whether all this were lawful and just, and cannot but answer him that it was neither.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE WORK BEFORE CONGRESS.

THOSE who predicted that the great difficulty before Congress would be the harmonious organization of the House will, by the time this paper meets the eye of the reader, have seen their error. The true difficulties are yet to come. While the elements which will enter into the political problem are so incalculable that no foresight can now predict its solution, we may, nevertheless, take a passing glance at the points likely to be the center of interest for several months to come.

First in order, as in importance, comes the grand question of the reconstruction of the Union. It is universally expected that the present Congress will virtually settle both the time and the terms on which the States lately in rebellion may fully resume their dissevered relations with the national Government. Their claim to participate as co-equal partners in that Government having been totally forfeited by their own act of war, their re-admission to their old rights and privileges must depend upon such conditions as the Government itself shall impose. These conditions have not been and cannot be determined by the Executive branch of the Government alone. What is called "the reconstruction policy" of President Johnson is merely tentative and initiatory, and it remains with the legislative branch of the Government to take a deliberative survey of the whole field, to confirm or annul such acts of the Executive as do not rest upon positive law, and to fix, by appropriate legislation, the whole policy of the future.

In entering upon this part of its labors, Congress will have need of all the lights which can be thrown upon its path by experience and observation. The condition of society and the state of opinion in the Southern States they are bound, by every consideration of justice and public policy, thoroughly to scrutinize and to understand before deciding a question so momentous. Are those States which have so lately dropped the sword of rebellion, if at once restored to all their ancient powers, likely to prove safe and peaceable members of the body politic? This is a question not to be lightly settled, after a few weeks of wordy warfare. The consequences of a wrong decision are too fearfully grave to permit that headlong tendency which is so apt to control our politics to usurp the place of reason and deliberation. We seek to become settled, and are impatient of delay; but it becomes us to remember and apply the axiom, that "nothing is ever settled until it is settled right."

Next in importance to the re-admission of the lately insurgent States, and, indeed, indissolubly connected with it, comes the question of the rights and future *status* of four millions of emancipated bondmen. That question, aside from its intrinsic importance, is forced upon the early attention of Congress by the late action of several Southern States which have attempted to "hedge" against their overwhelming losses of slave property by enacting codes for the future government of the freedmen. The second clause of the Constitutional Amendment (now secured, beyond peradventure, by the certain acceptance of the requisite number of States) imposes upon Congress the duty of giving effect to the prohibition of slavery "by appropriate legislation." How far this is to operate as a grant of power to regulate the labor-system of the South, and to interpose the strong arm of Federal control between the exactions and oppressions of a "Code Noir" and its victims, will be the subject of early and warm debate. The doctrine of State rights *versus* Federal supremacy will be again thoroughly agitated, and we hope with good result. That the liberties of the black race are ultimately secure, we do not for a moment doubt. The Supreme Court as at present constituted would enforce the essence of the Constitutional Amendment, with or without that "appropriate legislation" on the part of Congress which it contemplates. But in a matter of such immediate consequence to every individual freedman, it would not be proper that the protection of their rights should be postponed to the remote contingencies of a judicial decision. What every man needs is justice, and justice must be brought to his own door, or the Government which is instituted expressly to secure this has failed of its end.

We attach little importance to the classification attempted by certain journals of the members of the present Congress as "Radicals" or "Conservatives" upon the questions in issue. There are reckoned in the House of Representatives 143 Unionists to 41 Democrats, and in the Senate 39 of the former to 11 of the latter. This leaves out of account (as is proper for the present) 58 representatives and 22 senators chosen, or to be chosen, in the eleven lately rebellious States. The Democrats elect all belong to the Bourbon school of politicians, and have not learned that the war has abolished slavery, nor forgotten that their party, in conjunction with the slave power, once ruled the Union. Their affinities can be accurately foretold. But it is idle to speculate about the action of the majority. While a great number of them owe their election to the predominant anti-slavery sentiment in their districts, many represent merely the triumph of a "Union" sentiment, or a coalition against the secession heresy. This element is rather negative than positive, and is quite likely to act upon the theory so elaborately defended by the late Mr. Buckle (and of which Stephen A. Douglas was the champion in this country), to wit: that expediency and not justice should be the aim of the legislator. Whether there is a sufficient number of stern believers in a loftier creed, to whose undimmed vision shines for ever the polar star of justice, like the flaming cross before the victorious legions of Constantine, yet remains to be seen.

Of the other measures likely to engage the attention of Congress, the financial problem is perhaps the foremost. The policy of expansion, as is widely felt, is to give place to the policy of contraction. Yet the latter policy cannot be carried into general effect so long as the national bank issues are being multiplied so rapidly as the existing laws permits. For the Government to recall its own issues of "legal tender" while suffering the banks to issue an unlimited amount, upon no other basis than its own bonds, of fluctuating value, is thought by multitudes to be the reverse of wisdom. Congress will have to consider the whole question of the currency maturely, and perhaps amend it in important particulars.

The internal revenue system will also undergo changes. There will be more than the customary pressure from special interests which declare themselves over-taxed, and some of those interests will probably be successful. It is known that the burden of taxation may be safely reduced, consistently with the future wants of the Treasury, and the tendency is, as in Great Britain, to concentrate the tax upon as few articles as possible. In no event, however, must the necessity of a sufficient revenue to yield a considerable sinking fund, in addition to the current expenditure, be lost sight of.

The existing tariff upon imported goods is not likely to be seriously disturbed. High as it is upon most articles, the feeling is strong that we should discourage the importation of mere luxuries. But the tariff of twenty-five per cent. upon books, and of twenty per cent. upon printing paper, operates injuriously upon the diffusion of knowledge, and should be promptly reduced or repealed.

The attempt will be renewed to pass a general bankrupt law, but it is unlikely to succeed, until, at least, the next "commercial crisis" shall render the measure more universally popular.

The Pacific Railroad, left in a provoking state of suspension by the action (or non-action) of the last Congress, will be again vigilantly brought to the notice of the national legislature by the special committee of which Senator Howard is the chairman. Of its future fortunes and of the probable influence upon them of the late Western tour of British capitalists, of which we have heard so much, we have no present room to speak.

The questions of the repeal of the confiscation law and of the test-oath of July 2, 1862, will doubtless cause protracted controversy, and will be settled or postponed according to the now uncertain judgment of the majority upon the overshadowing issue of reconstruction.

NATIONAL PROTECTION FOR WHITES AND BLACKS.

NEVER, since legislation was, did a legislative body come together under such a weight of responsibility, and charged with duties of such far-reaching and long-enduring issues, as the Congress which assembled at Washington last Monday. It is more than a legislative body. From the necessity of the case, it largely partakes of the nature of a

constituent body. For it has to decide questions and settle policy which are to determine the political condition of half the Republic. By its power of excluding the persons elected from the States lately in rebellion, it can fix the conditions on which alone they can come in, reaching to particulars of domestic policy and of the treatment of their inhabitants which belong, in ordinary times, exclusively to the determination of the States themselves. The Thirty-eighth Congress made itself immortal by the passage of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing and for ever prohibiting slavery. The Thirty-ninth has the not less glorious, but much more arduous, task of organizing the victory of the nation over its rebels into institutions assuring for ever the safety and happiness of all the inhabitants of that chastised region, and the prosperity, honor, and glory of the whole Union.

But though the task is arduous, and one that may well excite the most serious reflection and the liveliest sense of personal duty, it is one that needs only the application of plain common sense, in the light of the facts of our history for the last seventy-five years, to make the difficulties disappear and the necessary action obvious. Slavery was the occasion of the war. Slavery had practically abolished the clauses of the Constitution securing freedom of speech and of the press, and the right of the citizens of one State to claim the privileges of citizenship in every other State. And slavery had defied the general Government to enforce the Constitution in these particulars within its sacred domain. There can be no question as to the duty of Congress to provide for the protection of all the good people of the United States in travelling whithersoever they will in the Southern country, and of saying and printing whatever they choose there, subject to the laws of the land constitutionally expounded, without danger from lynch law, whether administered within or without the walls of a court-house. This it was always the duty of Congress to do, and it is not to be supposed that it will permit the old reign of misrule to be established anew, now that the opportunity of reformation is forced upon it. Formerly, too, slavery held one-sixth part of the inhabitants of the land in the vilest bondage on which the sun ever shone, which reduced them to the condition of the brutes that perish, as far as human wickedness could effect such fiendish metamorphosis. But slavery compelled the nation in its own defence to adjudge it worthy of death, and to carry the sentence into execution. In all the revolting States it has no existence, and though it has the name of living in two semi-loyal commonwealths, it is virtually dead even there, and will soon be buried out of sight by a constitutional decree of the nation. But its victims survive, crushed, maimed, degraded, helpless. The nation has given them their freedom; it is to see to it that they are secured in the perfect enjoyment of that freedom by all guarantees which wisdom and experience can devise. It is doubly bound to this duty by the fact that it is to the flower of their race, bond and free, that the great victory of right over the powers of darkness is in part due.

To take the last and most pressing duty first, how is Congress to perform to the unfortunate victims of slavery the duties which have devolved upon the nation? Plainly, by charging the nation with their protection against the white population until this last is content to leave them in the enjoyment of equal rights with themselves. The moment the Constitutional Amendment becomes a part of the law of the land, Congress is directly invested with full power to legislate to this end. But we believe that it is fully empowered, by the necessity of the case, to act at once, and to require the repeal of all the black laws which the rebel States are busy in passing, as essential to their restoration, or, this failing, to declare them null and of no effect. To leave the negroes at the mercy of such merciless legislation were scarcely a less crime than the rehabilitation of slavery proper. Protection to the persons and property of the freedmen is the first duty of the Government, and this is to be afforded at any expense, any risk, and any amount of exasperation and mortification of the late masters and the "white trash" worse than they. And this we conceive to be a duty precedent to that of investing the freedmen with the right of suffrage. It is well known that we go as far as the farthest in claiming for the black men of the South equality as citizens with the white men, subject to no other conditions or restrictions than such as apply impartially to all, white and black. But we would not have this question, on which there exists an honest difference of opinion among loyal men, mixed up with that of protection, on which there ought not to be the least discrepancy, and will not be except on the part of rebels at heart. The nation may at least extend to the freedmen the protection which it gives to women, minors, and its other non-voting members. As it is obvious that the ordinary tribunals and officers of the late slave States are not to be trusted with the execution of laws securing this protection, provision must be made for enforcing them outside of, or rather within, the States themselves. The nation should be willing, and we believe is willing, to maintain an army of two hundred thousand men for twenty years, if necessary, to garrison the rebel States and enforce the national laws. Military tribunals, or special magistrates with a military force behind them, should have supreme authority in all cases affecting the freedmen, until the States show themselves fit to be entrusted with their protection.

Without this national protection the gift of suffrage would be but a new power of mischief put in the hands of the ruling class at the South. We utterly dissent from the doctrine that the ballot alone is sufficient to enable the negro to protect himself. Should the late seven States agree to give him the franchise on condition that all national interference were withdrawn, and he be left to their tender mercies, the ballot would be but a mockery to him, and a new strength to the hands of his old masters. Is the negro to be supposed superior to all the inducements of terror and interest and influence which are all-powerful but too often at the North? How many of the workmen in the navy-yards, in Democratic days, voted any other than the Democratic ticket? We will not argue too curiously as to how it has been since the Republicans came in. How many of the employees on the Camden and Amboy and New York Central Railways vote contrary to the known wishes of the directors? Have there been no instances of agents of factories marching up to the polls at the head of the operatives, all voting as one man? And is it very long since the oldest, wealthiest, and most respected inhabitants of this city were deterred from voting by fear of death or wounds in the attempt? And can the negroes be expected to resist the temptations of interest and the influence of intimidation more resolutely than intelligent and comparatively independent voters at the North? No; the armed protection of the nation will be needed by the negro at the polls as much as in the fields, in the school-house, in the church, and in the court-house. Give him effectual protection in his contracts, his labor, his family, his education, his freedom of locomotion, his right to bear arms, to sue and to testify in all courts, and the right of suffrage will not be long withheld from him, even if it cannot be secured along with those other rights.

Not merely the rights of the blacks at the South, but those of the whites at the North, before referred to, demand a resolute determination on the part of Congress to hedge them round with national bayonets, and to maintain an *imperium in imperio* at the South until the white men there have become accustomed to see their former slaves exercising the rights of freemen, and also learn that their own prosperity and safety are bound up with those of the freedmen. For the slave States never were really fit to govern themselves. They require a season of probation and education to prepare them for the new state of peace, safety, and prosperity which courts their hand. For Congress, in protecting the freedmen in their rights, and Northern men in theirs, will be conferring these blessings on their late enemies, and in the highest and truest sense be returning good for evil.

BISMARK.

Of all the civilized countries yet saddled with the mediæval institution of a hereditary nobility, Germany carries the load of the most arrogant and needy variety. The English nobleman seeks a post of honor in his country's service; the cavaliers of old France took for their maxim, *Noblesse oblige*. The German aristocrat renders this "Nobility exempts"—from taxation and public responsibility. If in the possession of an estate, which case is the exception, for there is not a single Protestant nobleman in the receipt of half a million of income, he devotes himself to the badgering of his tenants. If poor, as he is in ninety-nine cases out of a

hundred, he achieves a lieutenancy, or attains the position of ornamental footman to the reigning prince. The only disgrace he never incurs is a *mésalliance* with any of the thriving bourgeoisie who are rapidly rising above the ruins of the old order. Still, subserviency is the road to power; and the monarchs, especially those of Prussia, conscious that their own importance is greatly enhanced by the existence of a class which, while dependent on the throne for the very necessaries of life, is not more cringing to them than overbearing to the mass of the people, have been at some pains to preserve the race from extinction. Thus these barnacles on the ship of state, not unlike the slaveholders of our own South, whom they resemble in bigotry, scorn of labor, and self-conceit, have maintained almost a monopoly of the most influential public offices, and a disproportionate influence on the politics of the country.

In some respects a fair type of his class, Charles Otto, Count of Bismark-Schoenhausen, is decidedly their superior not only in intellect and education, having taken a university degree, but also in the fundamental character of his politics. Though found, at this moment, on the side of legitimacy in the contest respecting the distribution of domestic power, he has given ample proof that this position, instead of being regarded by him as the final end and goal of all political action, is adopted to subserve a temporary purpose. He belongs to the school of politicians known in Europe as the Napoleonic, having been initiated by the first and perfected by the third Napoleon. Unscrupulous in the choice of means, peculiarly adroit in the mixture of truth and falsehood, regardless of tradition as well as of positive law, levellers in the spirit of a centralizing despotism, and even revolutionary when it serves their ends, these men are filled with hatred of the people and of all popular aspirations, on the suppression of which they can alone exist, and which occasionally they, nevertheless, pretend to favor. In times of political transition, when the public are halting between two opinions, and the uncertainty of affairs reflects this vacillating condition of the general mind, there are fits of impatience which lead people to crave the attainment of no matter what result, at any cost, in preference to the characteristic indecision of the period. It is in answer to such demands that the Napoleons and Bismarks of the day, like the tyrants of the Greek republics, strut their hour upon the stage, achieving successes which, though really fraught with losses to the masses, are preferred by them to the imperceptible gains. Expediency is the only rule of action of these bastard statesmen; to find occupation for their talent for bringing about results they are constrained to raise complications where none would otherwise exist, and aggravate those they find existing. On the other hand, they often become benefactors of the human race against their will, because the necessity of self-preservation and self-aggrandizement compels them to launch their boats on the strongest currents, which, in the nature of things, invariably follow the channels of progress in the end.

All these peculiarities are strongly exemplified in the brief career of the subject of these remarks. Born at Brandenburg, in 1813, he lived on his farmers until 1847, and then entered the parliament called by Frederic William IV. as a reactionary of the straitest sect, distinguished only by that "plantation manners" style of oratory, then little known in Europe, by which he rose into notoriety. In 1851 it procured him the position of Prussian representative at the restored German Diet at Frankfort. He then contracted an admiration for Louis Napoleon, which so far influenced him during the Italian struggle of 1859 that the degree of favor toward France and of coldness to Austria with which he acted led to his recall by the ministry. After having served for some years as ambassador at St. Petersburg, and for a short time at the Tuileries, he was called to the head of Prussian affairs on the 24th of September, 1862.

At one of the first committee meetings of the chamber he took occasion to remark that great questions are not decided by speeches and majority resolutions, but by "blood and steel." When the assembly met in January, 1863, and voted that the ministers had violated the constitution, he declared that political conflicts, if not adjusted by compromise, are always decided by force. He denied the power of the House to make rules of order binding upon the ministers in debate, and when the Speaker was sustained by the House in calling a member of the cabinet to order, the ministry withdrew, and declared they would not return until expressly exempted from parliamentary discipline. The struggle ended in the dissolution of the chamber. The next assembly having convened November 9, 1863, and having refused to vote a loan of twelve millions of thalers to enable the Government to uphold the unity of the Danish monarchy under the treaty of London of 1852, Bismark declared that the Government meant to take the means of carrying out its policy wherever it should find them, and dismissed the chamber with a speech in which he declared that they had taken sides with the enemies of Prussia for the purpose of coercing the Government in violation of the constitution.

Ever since his assumption of the government it has been his studious effort to direct attention from these intestine broils to the subject of foreign affairs. A very liberal commercial treaty with France having been made the subject of remonstrances by the Austrian government, coupled with a proposal to enlarge the German Diet by a house of representatives elected by the people, Bismark replied that Austria must either make common cause with Prussia, "or seek her centre of gravity at Buda." In 1863 Francis Joseph convened all the German monarchs at Frankfort, and submitted a crude project of reform of the German confederation, without manifesting any anxiety to have it maturely considered before adoption. Prussia refused to attend, complaining that Austria wanted to take Germany by surprise, and that the project was not to be thought of unless the proposed representatives were to be elected by universal suffrage. At this point the death of the King of Denmark overturned all existing calculations. Both Prussia and Austria had stipulated at London, in 1852, that on the occurrence of that event the duchies Sleswick and Holstein, which the deceased monarch had inherited, not as King of Denmark, but as Duke of Holstein, should fall to the new King of Denmark, who, as such, would have had no title to the succession, and should be and remain integral parts of the Danish kingdom. The German Diet and the lesser German monarchies were not parties to the treaty of London, and were, therefore, free to insist, as they did, that these provinces were the rightful inheritance of the Prince of Augustenburg, and entitled to the protection of the German confederation, to which they belong, against all encroachments by the Danes or other foreigners. The logical result would have been an alliance of Prussia and Austria with Denmark against the Diet. Bismark did join hands with Austria; but the alliance with Denmark was impracticable, first, because the national pride of Germany, in Prussia as well as out of it, was deeply enlisted in the revindication of these duchies, and still more because Prussia itself had long coveted their possession. When, therefore, the Diet deliberated upon the occupation of the disputed territories, the two great powers went no further than to procure the substitution for that measure of an "execution," that is, of an armed invasion to overcome the recusancy of the new King of Denmark, in not submitting his claims to the adjudication of the Diet. Having carried this amendment, they moved that the "execution" should be committed to them exclusively. Meeting with a peremptory refusal, they curtly declared that they would take the matter into their own hands, and proceeded to fulfil their engagement to guarantee the integrity of the Danish monarchy by invading that very kingdom for not submitting the question of its disintegration to a hostile party, and closed a very successful campaign by the treaty of August 1, 1864, in which, notwithstanding the fulminations of the English diplomatists at the conference at London, Denmark renounced all claim to the duchies. Then ensued a diplomatic struggle between the victors relative to the division of the spoils, resulting in the treaty of Gastein, which gives Sleswick to Prussia and Holstein to Austria. But this agreement was made in open contempt, not only of the Duke of Augustenburg, the party whose "rights" constituted the sole excuse for any one's interference, but of the German confederation, of which both Prussia and Austria are constitutive members, and, therefore, clearly bound by its decrees, and which is the only representative of that German nationality to vindicate which was the ostensible object of the war. The assertion of a right to do as they have done, implies, on the part of Austria and Prussia, a right to make partition of all the smaller states, and forebodes a bisection of Germany as the issue of the efforts for its unity, while the protest of the Diet applies not more strongly to the present confiscation of the provinces than to the betrayal of them in 1852, and

is incompatible with any action of these powers in which Germany is interested, not in subordination to the nominal head of the German confederation.

On the other hand, Bismark is entitled to the credit of having proved by experiment that there is practically no power in Germany outside of Austria and Prussia, and that the remaining principalities are incapable of postponing their selfish desires to a common purpose, and forming a balance of power in the German body politic. This idea of a *trias* has been exploded by the pressure administered by Prussia. The lesser states have suffered the golden opportunity of vindicating the national honor, when betrayed by the two great powers in the earlier stages of the struggle, to pass unimproved, and it will not return. A feeble protest was all they dared interpose. By inducing Austria to accept a share of the spoils, Bismark has further dispelled the illusion hitherto kept up by the latter power that it would protect the small fry of the old empire against the ambitious designs of Prussia. The consequence is not only a loss of German influence by Austria, but the parting of the last moorings of the little monarchies. Long since deprived of the good-will of their subjects, these petty rulers have now lost even their reliance on Austrian support, and are poised in mid-air, ready to be submerged by the waves of the next grand political inundation, which will probably scatter them as waifs on the strands of Prussia, Austria, and possibly, for a time, of France. Thus the great question has been relieved of a number of its embarrassments.

PRICES.

During the war we were treated nearly every day to long and solemn exhortations from the newspapers, addressed to the speculators, warning them to desist from their wicked practices of running up the price of gold. There were many writers, and there was a large portion of the public, who could not be persuaded that if the speculators could somehow or other be punished or restrained, the ups and downs of the gold market would not cease, and legal tenders drop down to par, or nearly par. Nor was there the slightest use in calling their attention to the fact that it was the uncertainty created by the events of the war that gave the speculators all their power of mischief; that the real root of the trouble was in the public mind, which was agitated by hopes and fears; and that as soon as public events resumed their ordinary course, the speculators could no more speculate in gold than live in an exhausted receiver. There is, in fact, no more use in declaiming against gambling in the public funds during great political convulsions, than in inveighing against flies for appearing in dining-rooms during the hot weather. But the preaching went on in this case till Congress tried its hand at punishment in 1864. The great "gold bill" was introduced which was to drive the speculators back into their dens, and cover the political economists who advised their being let alone with confusion. The result was that gold ran up to nearly 300, and the bill, after having done immense mischief, was repealed in twelve days. This put a stop to the preaching on this subject. The speculators were henceforward treated with silent contempt; and, as everybody knew who had ever given any serious thought either to the laws of trade or the laws of human nature, the wretches found their occupation gone the minute the war was over. Gold still remained to be bought and sold. The speculators were as anxious as ever to run it up. But the public mind was no longer agitated by the storm of war; the price ceased to vary to any but a very slight degree.

Peace, however, did not bring any great diminution in prices. In fact, they have been rising steadily since very soon after Lee's surrender. The causes of this are to be sought either in the state of the labor market, or in the proportion borne by the quantity of currency in existence to the quantity required, or in taxation. To find them in any of these, however, would have required a good deal of thought and research, so the easier course was resorted to of abusing the butchers and bakers and grocers as extortioners. The dearness of everything was ascribed to a conspiracy amongst the tradesmen, and people were gravely encouraged to form anti-meat and other self-denying clubs for the purpose of bringing the harpies to their senses. All this was pure waste of paper and ink, though a great many simpletons read it as gospel. As a general rule, people know themselves when beef and cloth are dear without being told by their newspapers, and know also whether or not they can afford to buy them; and unless some great change should take place in human nature, persons who like beef, and find that their means enable them to eat it, will continue to do so as long as the world lasts, newspaper advice to the contrary notwithstanding. Providence has provided means of putting prices down, when they get higher than the supply warrants, far better than any club can devise. When meat gets dear, those who feel its dearness eat less of it, or stop eating altogether, without waiting for a hint from the press; and as these constitute a considerable proportion of the public, the butcher very speedily knows that if there be any room for coming down, down he must come. This class, therefore, could do no more for cheapness by signing their names to a pledge than they do without it. Those, on the other hand, who like meat, and can afford to eat it at any price, will continue to eat it, no matter what editors may say.

We need hardly say no clubs of this kind were ever formed. The mass of the community being sensible and economical people—as the mass of every community must be which is rapidly growing rich—they continued to manage their own affairs as before, and to regulate their butchers' bills without submitting them to a council of their neighbors or publishing them in the daily papers. A movement got up by some ladies whose zeal outran their knowledge, for the formation of an anti-foreign goods association, towards the close of the war, ended in the same way. In the first place, there were not enough women found to forswear foreign goods, or any other goods that suited their tastes or their pockets, to make the smallest impression on the market. In the second place, the retailers were found anything but ready to come forward as patriotic venders of native manufactures. Not only were they not willing to confine themselves to the sale of American goods, but they were found to be rather inclined to sell everything as foreign goods—the reason being that, in spite of many luminous articles in the magazines and daily papers, people were found to prefer French gloves and French and English cloth, whenever they could afford to buy them, for the simple reason that they were better and more durable. The association said they were not, but the persons who wore them flattered themselves—like the buffalo with regard to the proper side of his hide to be exposed to the weather—that they knew better.

We now hear no more talk of voluntary associations for the promotion of cheapness. The denunciations of the butchers and bakers have also ceased, and prices are higher than ever, although gold has for some months back remained stationary. As long as it was only in currency that prices rose, of course there was something to hope from Congress or Mr. McCulloch, but neither he nor Congress can bring about contraction in specie, or make either food or clothing one cent cheaper except by reduction in taxation. The indications that the present high prices and their upward tendency are due to a constant and of late rapid increase in the value of gold in circulation are numerous enough to satisfy us that we shall never again see the "old prices." The movement is not confined to this country. It is apparent also in France and England, where, however, the suffering or inconvenience will be much greater from it than here. In both these countries there is a vast body of annuitants, who cannot at all, or cannot readily, change their investments, to whom every fall in the value of money is a positive and irretrievable diminution of income. In America almost everybody can readily adapt his income to prices, either by a change of investments or a rise of wages; but the sooner we all make up our minds that the rise takes place, not owing to the deep-laid villany of speculators but in obedience to a great economical law, the easier the transition will be. It can be greatly mitigated, however, by a reduction of taxation, and what reduction can be made, if any, with a due regard to the public credit, it will be the business of the present Congress to decide, with the light furnished them by the commission which has been sitting in this city during the summer. If something cannot be done to lighten people's burden, here in New York, business will inevitably be driven to other places, and we are not sure that the country would not be benefited by a greater distribution of it.

TO THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

O PEOPLE-CHOSEN! are ye not
Likewise the chosen of the Lord,
To do His will and speak His word?

From the loud thunder-storm of war
Not man alone has called ye forth,
But He, the God of all the earth!

The torch of vengeance in your hands
He quenches; unto Him belongs
The solemn recompense of wrongs.

Enough of blood the land has seen,
And, not by cell, or gallows-stair,
Shall ye the way of God prepare.

Say to the pardon-seekers: Keep
Your manhood; bend no suppliant knees,
Nor palter with unworthy pleas.

Above your voices sounds the wail
Of starving men; we shut in vain
Our eyes to Pillow's ghastly stain.

What words can drown that bitter cry?
What tears wash out that stain of death?
What oaths confirm your broken faith?

From you alone the guaranty
Of union, freedom, peace, we claim:
We urge no conqueror's terms of shame.

Alas! no victor's pride is ours
Who bend above our triumphs won
Like David o'er his rebel son.

Be men, not beggars. Cancel all
By one brave, generous action; trust
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hands from off the negro's throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To Labor's utter nakedness.

Revive the old, heroic will,
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

Defeat shall then be victory,
Your loss the wealth of full amends,
And hate be love and foes be friends.

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and let
Its memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all:

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands and bid ye welcome home!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Correspondence.

"OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN."

BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: The enclosed letter from our correspondent has been in my hands for some weeks. I have not sent it to you before because I did not wish to put into print statements so strong as to discourage Northern men from going South until such statements should be confirmed from other sources of information, as they have been.

The letter is dated from Galveston, but does not give the writer's impression of Texas, but of South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama. In the latter State he saved the cotton-laden boat on which he was passing down the Tombigbee River, and his own life with it, by his great coolness in directing the escape of the boat from a band of guerrillas who attacked and followed three miles down the river, an account of which he gave in a letter to his father —not to me. E. A.

WEBOS RANCH, Isaquena Co., Mississippi, Nov. 13, 1865.

I regret to state that under the civil power, now deemed by all the inhabitants of Mississippi (since the order of President Johnson revoking Gen. Slocum's decree in relation to the State militia) to be paramount, the condition of the freedmen, in many portions of the country, has become deplorable and painful in the extreme. I must give it as my deliberate opinion that the freedmen are to-day, in the vicinity of where I am now writing, worse off in most respects than when they were held as slaves. If matters are permitted to continue as they now seem likely to be, it needs no prophet to predict a rising on the part of the colored population, and a terrible scene of bloodshed and desolation; nor can one blame the negroes if this proves to be the result. I have heard, since my arrival here, of numberless atrocities that have been perpetrated against the freedmen. It is sufficient to state that the old overseers are in power again. The agents of the Freedmen's Bureau are almost powerless. Just as soon as the United States troops are withdrawn, it will be unsafe for the agents of the Bureau to remain. The object of the Southerners appears to be to make good their often-repeated assertion to the effect that the negroes would die if they were freed; to make it so, they seem determined to goad them to desperation in order to have an excuse to turn upon and annihilate them. There are within a few miles of where I sit writing several Northern men who have settled here, designing to work plantations; they all assure me that they do not consider themselves safe in the country, and two of them, ex-colonels of the United States army, are afraid to leave their places without an armed escort. Other Northern lessees do not dare remain on their places.

The following is another letter of an earlier date from the same source:

GALVESTON, Texas, Oct. 16, 1865.

DEAR SIR: I leave here this afternoon for Houston. You asked me in your last letter what my ideas were in relation to cotton-planting.

If Northern men will assimilate to these half-civilized Southerners, will consent to give up all the ties that connect them with their homes, promise to oppose negro suffrage to the death, and submit to a constant and untiring surveillance of every action, they will be permitted to remain in this Southern country, although any man born north of Mason and Dixon's line, or who has ever borne arms in the Federal army, will be regarded with more or less distrust, will hear his friends, sentiments, and education made the subject of never-ceasing abuse and vituperation, and must never expect to be allowed to advocate any theory that does not meet general favor. If any man from the North comes down here expecting to hold and maintain radical or abolition sentiments, let him expect to be shot down from *behind* the first time he leaves his house, and know that his murderer, if ever brought to trial, will be acquitted by the jury. If the military are withdrawn, his home will be no protection, and he may expect to be hung from his own chamber-window. I tell you, Mr. Atkinson, these men are only taking breath and recuperating; not that there is the slightest danger of any immediate outbreak—the Southern people are too smart for that. They will never again measure strength with the North, unless their success be assured beforehand. In case of foreign war or domestic convulsion at the North, they will rise, but they will never try it alone and without assistance. Meantime, they propose to take it out in hating. Already our officers are the subject of a social ostracism.

It will be possible, by minding one's own business and not interfering with politics on either side, by keeping at home as much as possible, and adopting a conciliatory policy, to get along; but for one I should rather plant under the old state of affairs, for then it was fair and open warfare, and we knew what to expect; now there are hundreds of the most bitter and resentful secessionists at home who were then in the army.*

These men say what they will do, and I believe them. I repeat that any man of radical views who comes down here to plant cotton will be in constant danger, day and night, unless he holds his tongue.

The Union that these men fancied they were returning to is the *old* Union of Pierce and Buchanan. My room-mate on the *Magnolia* told me he would make one of a party to assassinate all the officers connected with the Freedmen's Bureau in a minute. I told General Gregory of it, but the remark was too common to attract notice. Nevertheless, if people think these threats mean nothing they are much mistaken, else I am a very poor judge of human nature.

Military law is the only chance or hope for permanent order in this unhappy country. I begin to think, with Carlyle, that "America is the dirtiest chimney of the nineteenth century, and must burn itself clean."

The ministers of the Gospel of all denominations, the instructors of the youth of the country, the women and the young men, all hate the North with a degree of intensity that cannot be exaggerated. The only men on whom it is possible to depend, singular as it may appear to you, are the leaders of the South during the war. Convert such a man as their Vice-President, Stephens, and his influence for good will be immense, but the masses of the people are beyond our reach.

The wealthy and educated men of the South are not so foolish but they must see how useless all this blind hate is, and if you can secure their influence in abating it you will have done all that can be done at present. All our officers will confirm my assertion, when I say that the soldiers and

* Mr. K. attempted cotton-planting last year on the Mississippi.—*E. A.*

officers of the Confederate army are more moderate, more reasonable, and milder in their views than those who never fought for the cause at all.

I find our officers are getting to return hate for hate, and no wonder.

They were and are a conquered people, and can only be held as such. They must be held down, or they will hold us down.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES.

III.

THE STATES UNDER THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONFEDERATION.

WE have seen that when the people of the colonies took up arms in defence of their liberties they entertained no purpose of revolution, of separation from the mother country, or of establishing a new political sovereignty or sovereignties; that the course of events gradually forced upon them the conviction that their only security was to be found in national independence, and that in proportion as they were weaned from their hereditary reverence for British supremacy, a Congress of their own creation advanced step by step to the sovereign position formerly held by the government of the British Empire. Congress sanctioned the establishment of provisional, and afterwards of permanent, local governments. Congress appointed the leaders and controlled the operations of the national armies which achieved our national redemption, and Congress finally declared the independence of the people of the United States and severed for ever the tie which had bound them to the parent land.

The members of the Congresses of 1794, 1795, and 1796 were appointed partly by the popular branch of the colonial legislatures, *in which case it was thought necessary to submit the choice thus made to ratification by popular conventions*, partly by members of those legislatures acting, after the dissolution of the assemblies, as self-constituted committees, and, in a still larger proportion, by popular conventions assembled without warrant of law, upon the call of influential individuals. It does not appear, I believe, that in any case the freemen voted directly for the delegates in the primary municipal assemblies, and therefore, as I have before remarked, the immediate relation between constituent and representative did not exist. The members of Congress were accordingly representatives of the people at large, and not of this or that particular district, or county, or other territorial circumscription, and they expressly declared themselves, in the most general and broadest form of expression, to be "delegates appointed by the good *people* of the colonies." All this clearly shows that the provincial governments, both those which held over under the old colonial organization and those established under the authority of Congress, were regarded as bodies of very limited powers and of purely local jurisdiction, and thus far we find not the slightest countenance for the notion of any sovereignty but that of Congress.

It may seem idle to enquire whether the Declaration of Independence either conferred the attribute of sovereignty upon the States or recognized it as subsisting in them, for it is evident that it was invested with no power to make such a grant, no authority to bind the people by such a concession. But, in spite of unpatriotic sneers at its "glittering generalities," the Declaration of Independence has always been regarded by our soundest statesmen as an authoritative statement of the principles of American liberty, and of the American political system. Hence, though it is of earlier date than the confederation and the Constitution, it is of importance as our expository commentary on those instruments.

The Declaration of Independence, so far from proclaiming the several nationality, sovereignty, or independence of the single States, does not even recite their names, or designate them in any way except by the comprehensive appellation of the United Colonies and the United States of America. There is not in the document, from beginning to end, a single phrase which recognizes even so much as the municipal individuality of the States, except the fact that the collective name of the Republic, whose independence was declared, is, grammatically speaking, a plural. It nowhere appears from this instrument that any one colony had its special history, its special rights and powers, its special grievances, although it is notorious that some of them were, strictly speaking, provinces, some proprietary corporations, and some technical chartered colonies; that their privileges under the British Crown were widely different; and that, in many cases, the tyrannical acts most loudly complained of by one colony in nowise extended to or affected the others, in nowise infringed the rights which those others claimed. If the framers of the Declaration considered the States as distinct, sovereign, and independent, why should they have specified the grievance of one as the grievance of all? What had *independent* Georgia or South Carolina to do with the oppressions of *independent* Massachusetts or Virginia? The answer is plain: When the Council and Assembly of New Hampshire resolved that Congress ought to "declare the Thirteen United Colonies AN INDEPENDENT STATE," they spoke the will of that "people" in whose "name" and by whose "authority" Congress issued its for ever memorable Declaration. With the American people, the "Thirteen United Colonies" was but a "geographical expression," not implying plurality of sovereignties. They regarded themselves and were regarded by their delegates as ONE in birth, allegiance, interests, rights, duties, political principles, political destiny. They declared themselves absolved from allegiance to the British crown because, by keeping among "us" standing armies in time of peace, without the consent of "our legislatures;" by cutting off "our" trade with all parts of the world; by imposing taxes on "us" without "our" consent; by taking away "our" charters and abolishing "our" laws; by numerous other acts of purely local tyranny, which injured none but the immediate citizens of the colony aggrieved; and, finally, by plundering "our" seas, ravaging "our" coasts, burning "our" towns, and destroying the lives of "our" people, the King of England had "abdicated the government" of his American subjects and forfeited the sovereignty of their common, undivided, and indivisible country.

Up to this point, then, there is no question that, both historically and legally, the sovereignty, when it departed for ever from the British crown, lodged and became vested in the whole people of the Thirteen United Colonies, or, as they now called themselves, States. It is equally certain, as has been before said, that no one colony or State ever achieved its own separate independence and sovereignty, either with or without the consent of the rest. Hence, it irresistibly follows that the States individually are possessed only of just such and so many of the attributes of sovereignty as the people of the United States have conceded to them.

The words "sovereign" and "sovereignty," it is to be remarked, do not once occur in the Declaration of Independence. They were now and then vaguely used in public documents at an early period of the Revolution, but the first time that either of them is to be met with in a context which both fixes and defines its meaning as applied to the States, is in the Articles of Confederation. The second article of this instrument—which in various passages declares the union witnessed by it to be "perpetual"—runs as follows: "Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." In other words, the people of the United States renounced in favor of the individual States all the prerogatives and attributes of sovereignty which they did not, by the Articles of Confederation, expressly reserve to themselves, as represented in Congress. What, then, were the "sovereign" attributes reserved, or, if the words of the instrument be insisted on, "delegated" to the United States, and what were those conceded to, or "retained," by the individual States?

The Articles of Confederation are to be construed, like any other legal instrument, as a whole, and if, through inadvertence, misapprehension, or excess of caution, words, phrases, provisions, or reservations inconsistent with the general scope and purpose of the articles, and with the plain and obvious intent of their authors, were introduced into them, they are to be interpreted in a sense consonant with the general character and object of the document, or rejected altogether as repugnant and void. This is a principle of construction universally applied to contracts, conveyances, wills, and other legal writings between private parties, as also to acts of legislation, to governmental grants and ordinances, and to treaties between sovereign powers. All such instruments are to be so interpreted *ut res magis valeat quam pereat*, so as not to defeat themselves, and the subordinate word or clause must yield to the supreme and general purpose. Tested by this principle, it will be found that the word "sovereignty," as used in the Articles of Confederation, means only municipal and territorial individuality, and local jurisdiction. The States "retained" the nominal quality of "sovereignty"—a quality now, for the first time, claimed in their behalf—while, by the same act, they acknowledged themselves destitute of all its substantial attributes, just as a king who has abdicated or been deposed is still complimented with the title and ceremonial honors of "Majesty," and as a dowager duchess, though superseded by a younger incumbent, is still saluted as "Your Grace;" or—to use a more national, and therefore a more patriotic illustration—as a gentleman once a member of Congress continues to be addressed as "the Honorable Mr. So-and-so" to the end of his life. The parallel, indeed, is not exact, because the States professed to delegate what they had never possessed—the real prerogatives of independent supremacy—while the dethroned monarch, the widowed lady, the Honorable James Brooks, and the Honorable Fernando Wood have lost material powers and privileges which they once actually enjoyed.

I may here observe, by way of parenthesis, that I am arguing, for the moment, upon the supposition that the Articles of Confederation were really a contract between parties competent to enter into such stipulations. These

articles were, indeed, often spoken of at the time as a "compact," but the ablest constitutional expositors have always held that the word, as thus used, did not imply what was not the fact, namely, that it was an instrument whereby certain engagements and certain concessions were really made by independent parties competent of themselves, or duly authorized by others, to contract. The articles were no more a contract than was the Declaration of Independence, which nobody ever dreamed of designating by that appellation. The Congress which framed them was elected in the same informal way as its predecessor; the credentials of a majority of them came from voluntary popular assemblies gathered in pursuance of no law; and though, in a few instances, the State legislatures had passed resolutions vaguely authorizing the delegates to co-operate with those from other States in measures calculated to give greater force and authority to the action of Congress, most of the members had no instructions whatever more specific than simply a testimonial of their election. But a more conclusive objection to the validity of this instrument, regarded purely as a contract between the States, is the want of all power in those corporations to set themselves up as parties to such an instrument. They were, as has been sufficiently shown, in no sense "sovereign," except as any town or even highway district is sovereign; they were not independent, except as their people shared in the common independence which all were struggling to conquer. The Articles of Confederation, then, were an *application* by the people of the United States of the *principles* promulgated in the name and by the authority of that people in the Declaration of Independence. They were in the *concrete* what the Declaration was in the *abstract*.

But to return to the question, What sovereignty was reserved or delegated to the United States, what conceded to or retained by the individual States?

The *first* article provides that the style of the confederacy shall be "The United States of America."

The *second* has been already quoted.

By the *third*, the States "enter into a firm league of friendship with each other for their common defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare, and pledge themselves to assist each other against all force offered to, or to attacks made upon, them or any of them," etc., etc.

The *fourth* recognizes a community of rights in the whole people of the Union, by securing to the citizens of each the rights of citizenship in all—a provision utterly inconsistent with the idea of a distinct nationality or political sovereignty in each State.

The *ninth* declares Congress to be invested with the sole and exclusive right and power of determining on peace or war; of sending and receiving ambassadors; entering into treaties and alliances; establishing prize courts; deciding all disputes between States concerning boundary, jurisdiction, or any other cause whatever, and all disputes growing out of conflicting grants of land by different States; regulating the alloy and value of coin; fixing the standard of weights and measures; establishing post-offices; raising money on the credit of the United States; building and equipping a navy; directing the operations of the land and naval forces of the Union, and with other important prerogatives of sovereignty.

On the other hand:

By the *sixth* article the States are forbidden to receive embassies; to enter into any conference, agreement, alliance, or treaty with foreign powers or with each other; to lay any duties which may interfere with the stipulations of treaties entered into by Congress; to maintain an army or a navy in time of peace, or to engage in war except for self-defense in case of actual invasion.

After all this, it is very evident that those who insisted on the concession or retention of the "sovereignty" of the States had no clear notions of the meaning of the word. It could not be intended to cover the right of secession; for by the very terms of the confederation, Article 13, the Union was declared to be *perpetual*, and it is difficult to imagine how any statesman could ever have supposed a government to be "sovereign" which could have no foreign relations, or even be known to foreign powers as having any political existence except as a municipal corporation; which could not maintain at its will an army or a navy; and which had, moreover, expressly acknowledged the supremacy of another body in every attribute, every power, every jurisdiction, by which nations are known to the world as bodies politic.

True, the States could tax their own citizens for purposes contemplated by the constitutions which they had framed for themselves by authority of Congress. So can every city, and, in States where people learn to read, so can every school-district; but they are not, therefore, sovereign.

They could define and punish crime. So can many inferior jurisdictions. The city of Boston made it a crime to smoke cigars in the streets, and punished its first mayor for a violation of this law; but Boston is not, for this reason, an empire. They could organize and discipline a militia. The city of London had, and perhaps still has, its "Train-bands," but it acknowledges the supremacy of Parliament.

The great defect of the confederation was the want of an express grant by the people to Congress of powers necessary for efficiently carrying out the will of the people, not the reservation of powers to the States which, from the very nature of the case, they were incompetent to exercise. The question of MacFingal:

> "For what is your Congress and its end?
> A power to advise and recommend!"

suggests the difficulty, though it does not state it with logical precision. So far as the foreign relations of the Union were concerned, Congress had most, though certainly not all, of the necessary powers. The Government could have gone on had Congress been invested with the means of making itself respected and obeyed at home. While the war lasted, the pressure of necessity and the spirit of patriotic forbearance secured, in a sufficient degree, the harmony requisite for the conduct of the military operations; but that pressure once removed, the elements of discord developed themselves, and it was seen that the people of the Union must provide, by a new fundamental law, more energetic and authoritative organs for the expression and the execution of its sovereign will. G. P. M.

MRS. GASKELL.

LONDON, Nov. 18, 1865.

THE ranks of our English novelists have sustained a heavy loss by the death of Mrs. Gaskell. The death was a very sudden and unexpected one. Within the last few months Mrs. Gaskell had bought a small house in the little Hampshire market-town of Alton, and was stopping there for the purpose of furnishing it. On Sunday she was dining with her daughters, when she suddenly fell off her chair. She died within a few hours, and, I believe, was never conscious after her seizure. On your side the Atlantic she must have numbered thousands of readers, as I have seen her novels in book-stalls all over the Union. She counted many Americans amongst her intimate friends, and her house at Manchester was visited by almost every American traveller who had letters from the New England literary community. On this account, as well as from the fact that she was in many ways a representative English writer of the highest class, I think you will like to know what little there is to tell of the authoress of "Mary Barton."

If you can pardon the paradox, I should say that the most remarkable feature about Mrs. Gaskell's life was that there was so singularly little to be said about it. Even in these days, when novel-writing is about the most lucrative of professions, women seldom become authoresses unless there is something exceptional about their lives. Most of our chief lady novelists have in some form or other strayed beyond the fold of commonplace existence before they began to write—have, in fact, life-dramas of their own. As far as I am aware, Mrs. Gaskell had none, except in as far as any human being has some sort of drama in which he or she has been the chief performer. Her early life was, I have heard, passed at Knutsford—the original of "Cranford." At the ordinary age that English girls marry, she married the Rev. William Gaskell, who has been for many years the minister of one of the chief Unitarian chapels in Manchester, and who was then, and is still, one of the most popular ministers in the Unitarian denomination. Americans, used to the tolerance which prevails amongst them with regard to religious differences, must find it difficult to understand the social penalties—if it is not too strong a word—adhering to the mere fact of not belonging to the Established Church in England. In the great manufacturing towns of the North, the Unitarians are an opulent and influential body, and Unitarianism has always been considered, I scarcely know why, the most *genteel*, or, more strictly speaking, the least ungenteel, form of dissent in England. Still, as a matter of fact, the wealth and rank and intelligence and culture of English society are to be found amidst the members of the State Church; and if you do not belong to it you are placed socially at a disadvantage. This fact accounts, I think, to some extent for the length of time which elapsed before Mrs. Gaskell entered the field of literature. My impression is that she must have been close upon forty before she began to write, or, at any rate, to publish. It was in the year 1848 that she first came before the world. Some short time before she had lost her only son, and in order to distract her grief she took to writing. The result was "Mary Barton." The book was published anonymously, and I have been told that even members of her own family were ignorant of its authorship till long after it had made its appearance. The novel was a brilliant success. In

those days of 1848 and 1849—those *anni mirabiles* of Continental revolution—the working-man question had assumed an importance it has never quite attained to since. It is not my intention—God knows—to decry in any way the cause of labor; and it was the fact that the model working-man, the intelligent mechanic, was credited at that period with virtues and acquirements which calmer consideration has not led the public to endorse to the extent which was then fashionable. "Mary Barton" coincided exactly with the popular enthusiasm of the day. It was a plea for the operative as against the employer of labor, and as such it created an immense sensation. The cotton interest resented bitterly charges which they held to be ill-founded; and when it was discovered that the author of "Mary Barton" was a Manchester lady, the wife of a minister to whose congregation many of the chief mill-owners belonged, very great indignation was not only felt but expressed by the society in which Mrs. Gaskell had hitherto moved. In fact, she was very much in the position that I suppose a Southern clergyman's wife who had written an anti-slavery novel would have been in some years ago in America.

However, the popular success of "Mary Barton" must have more than compensated for the ill-feeling it created amidst the cottonocracy as the name of its author became known. Mrs. Gaskell found herself famous. Never, I think, was there a woman less injured by success, or who bore her honors more quietly and retiringly. I remember—at the time she first visited London as a successful authoress—an anecdote worth, perhaps, repeating now. She was seated at a dinner-party by Bulwer. In the course of conversation, she asked Sir Edward if he knew Manchester. "The only thing," was the baronet's answer, "that I ever knew about Manchester was that Mary Barton was born there." But in spite of her success, Mrs. Gaskell never entered much into literary society. Her visits to London were neither long nor frequent, and her home was with her family at Manchester, where she led, I fancy, rather a secluded life. She was a slow writer, and with the exception of some short stories and sketches which appeared in Dickens's "Household Words," she allowed four years to elapse from the publication of "Mary Barton" before she brought out her second novel. "Ruth" was comparatively a failure. In the first place, the star of Currer Bell had arisen meanwhile, and had somewhat eclipsed that of the authoress of "Mary Barton." And secondly, the subject-matter of "Ruth" was one with which Mrs. Gaskell was scarcely qualified to deal. It was her nature to resent bitterly injustice and wrong, and "Ruth" was intended to be a protest against the cruelty of our social laws towards fallen women. But the very purity and sensitiveness and refinement of Mrs. Gaskell's mind rendered it impossible for her to describe a Magdalene in her true colors. The element of passion was one above or below her grasp, as you choose to consider; and "Ruth's" fault was polished away to such minute dimensions that she had really nothing in common except her womanhood with the poor lost women whose wrongs Mrs. Gaskell sought to expose. "Ruth" was followed by "Cranford," and by "North and South," both which novels appeared originally in "Household Words." Clever as these novels were—perfect, indeed, as delineations of different phases of English life—they lacked, somehow, any central interest, and they did not do more than sustain the reputation of their authoress.

In 1857 Mrs. Gaskell brought out her life of Charlotte Brontë—the cleverest, in my judgment, of all her writings. The dreary life of Haworth, the chill, bleak moorland scenery, the strange, uncanny Brontë household, are brought before the reader with a dramatic power unequalled in any modern biography that I know of. Unfortunately, this book, which will unite the fame of Currer Bell with that of Mrs. Gaskell, was the cause of bitter trouble to its author. It was undertaken as a labor of love, and the biographer identified herself with the fortunes of the Brontës to an extent which obscured the calmness of her judgment. The proximate cause of the sort of Nemesis which overtook the Brontës was the misconduct of their only brother. Naturally enough, the sisters attributed his ruin not so much to his own wickedness and weakness as to an unfortunate *liaison* which he was supposed to have formed. Mrs. Gaskell, taking the Brontë view of the question, commented on the assumed depravity and falsehood of the lady in question in very strong terms. Friends of the lady took the matter up, and Mrs. Gaskell was forced to acknowledge that her statements were not borne out by the evidence at her command. The affair would have been unpleasant to any one, but the authoress of "Mary Barton" was too sensitive not to feel the annoyance to an almost morbid degree.

Some years, I should think, must have elapsed before she brought out her next novel, "Sylvia's Lovers." Here, too, the inability to comprehend, or at any rate depict, passion of the highest order marred the great beauty of the work. With the exception of "Mary Barton," none of her novels was so popular as "Wives and Daughters," which for the last year has been publishing in the "Cornhill Magazine." I hear that it is not finished in MS., so that we shall never know the end of Molly's heart-aches and Cynthia's flirtations. Strangely enough, the last pages Mrs. Gaskell must well-nigh have written were those describing the sudden death of Osborne Kenley, and the trouble which befell the household. Within a few days her own house was to be in mourning for a death not less sudden.

Whenever the literary history of our time is written, one of its most curious features will be the extraordinary success of women as novelists. "If there is one thing," Lord Macaulay said, "about which mankind are honest, it is in the books they read." The circulation, therefore, of a book is a very fair estimate of the value placed upon it by the public. Judged by this test, the literary claims of our female novelists are indisputable. Currer Bell, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Evans, Miss Braddon, Miss Young, and Mrs. Riddell stand in the very first rank of popular novelists. Amongst this company Mrs. Gaskell would hold a very high place indeed. In power of delineation, in the finish of her word-painting, in the grace of her style, she perhaps excelled any of her fellow-writers. Moreover, in these days when Carlyle and Ruskin have done so much to destroy the grand simplicity of English writing, it is no small praise to say that she wrote plain Saxon English.

In private life she was a bright, kindly English lady, as free from the affectations of authorship as if she had never written anything but a private letter in her life. I should fancy that as a young woman she must have been very handsome. Even late in life there was a very present beauty about her broad, high forehead, and her deep, wistful eyes, and her sweet, sad smile. For many long years she had always taken a deep interest in the question of American slavery; and, unlike many of the old anti-slavery party, she, though living in Manchester, never failed to express her strong sympathy for the cause of the North. One of her latest magazine papers was an article in "Macmillan's Magazine" on the death of Colonel Shaw. And those, I believe, who knew her best, loved her even more as a woman than they admired her as a writer.

THE UNSETTLED STATE OF EUROPE.

PARIS, November 3, 1865.

TWO years ago Europe was looking towards America, and deplored, with a pity mixed with disdain, the unhappy events which, in her opinion, could only end in the final disruption of your republic. On your side all was anarchy, disorganization, and weakness; on her side, all was firm and solid. The momentary greatness of the American democracy was nothing but a castle built of cards, an artificial structure without foundation, which the wind of the first revolution would overturn. Our political Cassandras did not spare their gloomy prophecies, their interested advice, their profound counsels. But now all is changed; they seem like men awakened from a long slumber; they rub their eyes, and see you, with astonishment and envy, stronger than ever, more united, and, worst of all, better than ever, since you have thrown off slavery, which was your crime and their opportunity, your weakness and their strength. And, as they look around and condescend to choose a nearer field for the exercise of their sublime intellects, they see that everything in their own Europe is as uncertain as it seemed to be some time ago in America. Not that civil war is openly raging between the nations of the old continent, and that great armies meet on the old battle-fields of the Rhine, of Italy, and of Germany, but the political field is utterly confused; it seems as if some wicked hand had thrown into utter disorder the pieces of the chess-board, and tossed kings and bishops and knights into an inextricable heap. The "balance of power" is utterly lost, and so is the balance of the mind. In this Europe of the nineteenth century, which prides itself on its liberalism, the axioms and dogmas of Hobbes, of Macchiavelli, of Julius Cæsar, are reviving like forgotten phantoms. Between historical rights and popular rights, between legitimacies and nationalities, between Cæsarism and democracy, the minds of men are lost, like a ship among breakers or contrary currents. Before I enter into any details and attempt to draw a picture of our political chaos, I will say at once that this extraordinary confusion arises from the fact that the establishment and triumph of the second French Empire has acted on Europe like a dissolving force. There is a permanent contradiction between the aims of the empire and its means. A system which intends to represent democracy and crushes the people under the weight of its despotism, which appeals to nationalities and nurses in its armies the love of war and of adventures, which pretends to be founded on universal suffrage and leaves only a nominal power to the representatives of the people, is, in fact, a living lie; it has corrupted public opinion in France, and the extraordinary triumphs of its policy abroad have finally corrupted public opinion all over Europe. The

spirit of the second of December, made up of fraud and violence, has conquered everything. The old votaries of liberty and of liberal institutions, the candid admirers of political sincerity, feel themselves humbled and forgotten; they are dead among the living. They are obliged to turn their eyes to America in order to satisfy themselves that a free people may exist, that Cæsars, Bonapartes, and Bismarks are not absolutely necessary to a nation, that diplomacy can be something else than a fraud. But with majorities, be they made of the people or of sovereigns, success is good conduct; the means are forgotten in the end; and after a time the means themselves are admired, even when they at first seemed wicked and fraudulent.

I believe in moral epidemics as much as I do in cholera or the plague. The contagion of that spirit which I cannot better characterize than by calling it the spirit of the Second of December has pervaded one nation after another. You may think me a monomaniac, but I have even at times discovered a trace of it in the secession of the South; the insurrection of the Southern States was planned by men of whom many had visited France at the time of the establishment of the empire. The movement of secession was nothing but a *coup d'état*, an attempt to overthrow an established constitution and to substitute might for right. But I will not follow this comparison too far, but go back to Europe. To-day I shall confine myself to Germany, as the German question is about to take on presently a prominent importance.

The condition of Austria is critical, even more so than that of Prussia; the last Italian war has left this ancient empire in a state which may well alarm its statesmen. They tried first, after the termination of the war which separated Lombardy from the empire, to enter on the path of constitutional government, in order to give some satisfaction to the numerous nationalities which compose the population of Austria. But in order to realize this progress, it was thought necessary to harmonize the laws of the country. Schmerling made it his object to create an Austrian parliament under the name of Reichsrath, and to destroy the municipal and provincial institutions, which he thought in opposition with his schemes of centralized government. Had his views been sincerely supported by the crown, had his new constitution been inspired by a spirit of real liberalism, it would, perhaps, have been possible to merge the numerous nationalities of Austria in a new nation—to substitute a feeling of unionism for the secular provincialism of the Germans, the Tchegues, the Hungarians, the Slavonic races; but this was not the case. The Emperor felt in a measure the necessity of a change, but he did not desire to leave too great a place to constitutional and liberal ideas; his instincts were at variance with his interest; in his court nothing but hatred and disdain was felt for these rising men, most of them of obscure rank and condition, who dreamt of introducing the habits of free government in a country which has always been subjected to despotism. Without the active and generous support of the executive power, it is not possible to impose constitutional government on a numerous and proud aristocracy. But this was not the only obstacle. Had all the nations of Austria cheerfully sent their representatives to the Reichsrath, it might have become a real and living parliament, though with great difficulty; but one nation stood aloof, and that nation happened to be one of the most important in the empire, not only by its numbers, but also by its traditions and its history. Hungary would not be represented in the Austrian parliament, and, if Hungary is not Austria, it may at least be said that Austria is not Austria without Hungary. The Magyars maintained that there was only, and could only be, what they called a *personal union* between their old kingdom and the empire; they were unwilling to change anything in their old constitution and to accept the changes forced momentarily upon them after their unsuccessful rebellion of 1848; Francis Joseph was nothing to them if he did not come among them to receive from the hands of their primate the crown of St. Stephen. They owed their loyalty to the King of Hungary, not to the Emperor of Austria. Many attempts were made to reconcile these historic theories with the necessities of the time and of parliamentary government; it would be idle to tell the long story of the negotiations of the party of centralization and of the party of the personal union. The resistance on the part of the Hungarian noblemen was due to their pride, to their hatred of constitutional government, and to their desire to oppress the secondary nationalities which had long been subjected to the Magyars; on the part of the followers of Kossuth it was owing to revolutionary ideas, to the hatred of the Hapsburg, and to the desire of separating Hungary altogether from Austria.

In the face of such a unanimous hostility, the Reichsrath and the crown were powerless; the new parliament was like a man whose right arm has been cut. It was legislating for the empire without being composed of the representatives of the whole empire. The Emperor did not see with as much sorrow as the Austrian liberals the inanity of the first efforts made for introducing the parliamentary system into his empire. When these efforts were proved vain, he determined to throw himself on the side of the old Hungarian aristocracy. He was encouraged to take this step by Bismark, when Austria became the ally of Prussia against Denmark. The object of Bismark was simple enough; he had a great desire not to see Austria become a constitutional power, and he knew that the Emperor would wound the ambitions and passions of Germany if he sacrificed to the Hungarian nationality the hopes of the German populations of his empire. The young Emperor did not appreciate fully the treacherous designs of his new ally; he believed in the promise which Bismark undoubtedly made to support him if Italy, aided or not by France, attempted to conquer Venetia. He did not, however, dare to suppress the constitution which he had himself given to his people; he merely suspended it, but this suspension is equivalent to its abolition. Every wish of the Hungarian magnates has been satisfied. Hungary is to preserve its historic rights, its complete autonomy, and even its despotic authority over the Slavonic populations which have so long been enslaved by the Magyars. The Croats, the Transylvanian Germans, the Hungarian Wallachs, are sacrificed in the new system which has bought up the loyalty of Hungary. The constitutional revolution which has just taken place, far from being a liberal revolution, is a reaction towards aristocratic and feudal ideas. The Emperor is now levying taxes without the consent and vote of a parliament, and he finds himself again in the place where his ancestors used to be; he may be cheered in Pesth by a crowd of magnates, but he has lost the confidence and affection of the most enlightened among his German subjects. The step which he has taken may not be a definite one; he may soon try a new policy. But these variations, these irresolutions, are perhaps the most alarming symptoms of the unsettled condition of his empire. Any system is better than no system. Austria seems to me like a patient who tries doctor after doctor, and medicine after medicine, and hastens in that way the fatal conclusion of an incurable disease. Incurable! The word is, perhaps, too severe; I have drawn a dark picture of the state of the empire, and I could have made it much darker, if I had spoken of its finances; but to give you the real expression of my thought, I must add, nevertheless, that there is in this old empire a strange and astonishing vitality, that it has often met with even greater dangers, that defeat and adversity seem to have no complete power over this singular country, made of so many distinct and even hostile nations; its position in the valley of the Danube, between the highly cultivated parts of Germany and the semi-barbarous nations of the Lower Danube and of Turkey, ensure to it an importance which the follies of its rulers and the faults of its government can hardly destroy. It is like a *trait d'union* between civilization and barbarism; between Christianity and Mohammedanism; the friends of progress ought not, therefore, to wish for its complete dismemberment and destruction; they ought rather to desire that the spirit of liberty should enter and pervade the old edifice, which has been erected during the Middle Ages. Looking at events from this point of view, I am not of those who applaud the actual triumphs of the Hungarian aristocracy. I regret that the Austrian Reichsrath should have been such a short-lived and impotent parliament; I believe that even German bureaucracy and pedantry is better than the domination of petty magnates, than the enslavement of the rural populations, than the disintegration of the empire, resolving itself in a hundred jealous little states, than the abdication of European culture before the Eastern culture. I still hope that the day may come when Austria, abandoning her last conquests in Italy, will throw all her energies in the direction of the Lower Danube, without losing its legitimate importance in Germany. But I hardly expect to see my wishes realized without great convulsions, without wars and revolutions. Nations, like men, seem unable to learn much by the experience of others, and often learn little from their own experience. Nothing but force could drive Austria from Lombardy, though every sensible Austrian felt that Austria was in Lombardy like a stranger, and could never win the loyalty of the Italian people. The strong quadrilateral of Verona and Mantua still defends Venetia against the legitimate hopes and ambitions of Italy, and nothing but force will drive the Austrian armies from the last parts of Italian soil which they defiantly preserve. To all the difficulties which are here presented, add those which arise from the confused state of the German confederation, from the intermeddling of Austria in the Danish affairs, from the dangers which may arise from the convention of Gastein signed between Austria and Prussia, and you must acknowledge that the position of Austria is far from being an enviable one and that their story forms a fit chapter of these studies of what I have called "the unsettled state of Europe."

A. L.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

THE bloodlessness of turnips is a fact undoubtedly established by science; but the kindred assumption, that diplomatic correspondence must be dry and juiceless, is one on which we have learned to look with misgiving, especially since we read Mr. Seward's report on Mexican affairs for 1865. It is a large volume of state papers, to which the student of contemporary history may turn for instruction concerning the French conquest of Mexico, and the foundation of Archduke Maximilian's imperial rocking-chair upon the volcanic ruins of the republic; but the report has also a lighter character, which opens upon the reader with the charm of surprise when he comes to the account given to Mr. Seward, by the Mexican Minister, of the dinner which the latter received last year from distinguished citizens of New York, in compliment to his personal and official qualities.

Señor Romero had cause (as what public man who has ever been reported has not cause?) to be dissatisfied with the newspaper histories of the dinner and its eloquence, and he prepared in Spanish a faithful relation of the whole affair, which he caused to be exactly done into English, and which he then sent to Mr. Seward. This relation embraces a narrative not only of the dinner in question, but also of a previous dinner given by Señor Romero to the eminent gentlemen who afterwards returned his compliment. In both cases full reports of the speeches are given, with brief notices of the character and position of the guests, and a statement of the places which they relatively occupied at the time, while the whole is concluded with a copy of the bill of fare, diplomatically subscribed "Delmonico." An exalted restaurateur is thus made to fill that high station in public affairs to which his talents entitle him, and his bill of fare assumes the dignity of a state paper. It is, of course, not possible to say that if Mr. Delmonico could have foreseen the distinction he was to achieve in Mexican affairs he would not have subscribed his bill of fare, addressing it to some personified general public, "I have the honor, sir, to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration—Delmonico;" but we rejoice that the choice was not offered him of language alien to the national spirit, and that his name appears signed with a republican simplicity, "*Fruits et Dessert*—Delmonico." We imagine that this fortunate accident must have consoled Mexican patriots fighting against the government forced upon their country, while it gave all Spanish-America a pledge that the representation of the principle of Spanish-American liberty was worthily entrusted in this country to a man who could dine at such a democratic restaurateur's. We hope it has also not been without effect in Europe. We figure to ourselves the dismay of courts not accustomed to the publication of bills of fare among state papers when they came to that august signature, "*Fruits et Dessert*—Delmonico," and tried to evolve a meaning from the appearance of the bill among our public documents, and we suppose that the Emperor of the French, who, while in this country, had scarcely the means of making acquaintance with those costly birds, must have been greatly disturbed by the words "canvas-back ducks" among the *rotis*. That imperial Macchiavelli would suspect a more dangerous game than that which plainly appears to us under the name given, and, remembering Mr. Pickwick's declaration of love disguised in the phrase, "Chops and tomato-sauce," would shudder at the menace with which these canvas-back ducks might be stuffed.

But it is not in the reproduction of Mr. Delmonico's bill of fare that Señor Romero is most ingenious, that Mr. Seward is most amusing. The one eminent statesman furnishes to the other, in the biographical notices of his guests which we have already mentioned, a great deal that is useful for Spanish-Americans to know, and even more entertaining for us to read. Perhaps, also, there is instruction for us in all this; and the Secretary of State has, while he diverted, wished to teach us by what slight shades of misconception the alien mind produces a ludicrous image of that which is gravest and awfullest in our esteem. The French, who love to call Shakespeare the Divine Williams, and who always spoke of a certain English statesman as Sir Peel, have produced the same sort of flavorous absurdity which Señor Romero carries to such delightful excess in his relation. It is not a mistake, but something much droller than a mistake, when he describes Mr. Bancroft as enjoying "a well-deserved reputation as a literary man," and Mr. H. E. Pierrepont as a "protector of the fine arts," and belonging "to one of the oldest and most respectable Huguenot families." Hon. George Folsom is a "distinguished member of the Ethnological Society of New York, *and consequently* a noted philologist;" Mr. J. W. Hammersley is "of an ancient and notable family in this city," and though not a politician (because, singularly enough, of his "independent position"), "his heart is entirely American, and he considers that the absolute independence of this continent from the old is (as he eloquently expresses it) a principle filtered in the veins of every true son of Washington by the milk that he has drawn from his mother's breast, a password and countersign, and a terrible monition to Europe!" It is on Mr. Bryant, however, that Señor Romero expends the wealth of his peculiar powers of characterization, and we cannot forbear presenting to our readers the reflex of our reverend poet in the admiring Spanish-American mind:

"Mr. William Cullen Bryant is a most respectable elderly person, great poet, eminent literary man, and one of the first editors of the press of this city. As a poet he has been a perfect prodigy of precocity and lengthened genius, to be compared only with Lope de Vega and Voltaire. When he was only nine years old he published his first verses, and at thirteen a regular poem, in connection with other beautiful compositions, was issued to the eyes of the world. He is now over seventy years of age, and has just given light to a new poem that has called forth the eulogy of the press, and in which his robust mental faculties have not deteriorated in the slightest degree. By the refined taste displayed in his compositions, he is considered as a poet of the most classical taste that this nation has hitherto produced. To the golden crown that girdles his venerable head may be added the respectability which Mr. Bryant enjoys for his knowledge, his well-tried probity, and his constancy in defending the most disinterested political opinions. In regard to these, Mr. Bryant belongs to the extreme portion of the Republican party, being, consequently, an abolitionist. Septuagenary as he is, he still preserves the moral and physical vigor of youth, and is ready to defend any cause that has for a foundation liberty and justice; he has also all the necessary activity to be even now chief editor of the New York *Evening Post*."

It is, of course, not possible to know what may have been the Spanish of which Señor Romero says the foregoing is "a correct translation in the English language;" but we assure him that the English is very funny, and that it reads like the English of a Spaniard who had acquired fluency in our tongue from perusal of the newspapers. Señor Romero could scarcely have understood this, however, and it is difficult to comprehend why the Secretary of State, to whom all this was unofficially addressed, should have caused it to be printed in a public document. Señor Romero would have been amply protected from the mischief likely to attend his erroneously reported remarks by the publication of the remarks alone; and the condition of Republican Mexico is such that she can ill afford to have her representative laughed at to serve the end we have hinted. If the Secretary of State merely wished to make fun, why, there are the reports of our own ambassadors abroad, which are sometimes infinitely amusing.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE oldest literary property in England is now in the market. The proprietor of the venerable "Gentleman's Magazine," Mr. John Henry Parker, of Oxford, finding himself obliged to live in the south of Europe on account of ill health, announces that he is unable to give it the requisite degree of attention, and is willing to treat with a purchaser. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the associations connected with the name of "Sylvanus Urban," that it may fall into hands which will keep up its old renown. It is now one hundred and thirty-four years since Edward Cave sent out to the world, with considerable misgivings, No. 1 of his sixpenny pamphlet, whose destiny was to outlive all its contemporaries and the greater portion of the periodicals that have started since. It was founded on a basis of pure piracy, being mostly a selection from the papers of the day, with scarcely a word of original matter, as the motto, still to be read on the cover (of interest to Americans), "E Pluribus Unum," proclaims. The extraordinary success of this compilation led to its gradual improvement, to which the advice and co-operation of Dr. Johnson much contributed. In 1778, Mr. John Nichols, the celebrated literary antiquary, became connected with the magazine. Under his charge it assumed the decided turn for antiquarian subjects of all kinds—topographical, literary, historical, etc., that has ever since distinguished it. That fine scholar and genial writer, Rev. John Mitford, became editor about 1830, when a "New Series" was commenced. The most brilliant period of the magazine's existence was at this date, and for a few years subsequently. Many of Mr. Mitford's papers are extraordinary and attractive specimens of learning, fine taste, and vivacity, and would well bear republication in a separate form. About ten years since the veteran periodical became the property of Mr. Parker, the Oxford publisher. He is well known for his various books on Gothic architecture and kindred subjects, and has done more for the revival of those studies than any other non-professional man. The leading tastes of an editor are sure to be reflected in the works under his control, and the "Gentleman's Magazine" has of late been rather too exclusively devoted to architectural antiquities, so that it needs a new editor, such as Rev. A. Dyce or Mr. J. P. Collier, to restore the balance that should exist between literary and graphic antiquarianism. One of its most

valuable features has been kept up through more than a century with commendable care—its "Obituary," or biographical sketches of deceased persons. This makes the two hundred and twenty volumes that now form the set indispensable for every library of reference, and it is accordingly to be found in most of our public and large private collections.

—If ever there was a writer unsuited for the mass of the British public who patronize cheap literature at the railway book-stalls, we should say it was Dr. O. W. Holmes, and that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" was the book they could least understand or sympathize with. Nevertheless, the accidents of literary proprietorship play strange freaks with books. The "Autocrat" now exemplifies both extremes of the booksellers' scale. Three or four rival twenty-five cent editions compete for purchasers from the million, while an embellished impression "with twenty-four illustrations engraved by Linton, from drawings by J. Gordon Thomas," is got up to attract the more select and the aristocratic classes. Dr. Holmes may well enjoy this unsought-for and genuine acknowledgment of the merits of his works.

—Contemporary with the French translation lately mentioned of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," appears a fine English edition illustrated with a chromo-lithograph and numerous wood-cuts by Charles Keene, beautifully printed on an extra-toned paper, etc., so that Douglas Jerrold's *jeu d'esprit* may fairly be considered a classic. No other contribution to *Punch*, not even excepting Thackeray's "Book of Snobs" or "Jeames's Diary," has met with anything like the same success. Since the loss of John Leech, indeed, that paper has lost much of its old attraction, and its value as a property has seriously diminished. Some of Leech's best designs, which had been mostly lost sight of, are contained in a handsome volume just published, entitled "Follies of the Year." It is composed of the series of colored etchings made by Leech for the frontispieces of "Punch's Pocket-Books" for no less than twenty years, 1844 to 1864, with some explanatory notes by Shirley Brooks. The collecting of Cruikshank's etchings and wood-cuts has become a recognized pursuit in England; it is not difficult to foresee that every scrap and fragment from Leech's pencil will soon possess an equal or superior value.

—The new work by Algernon Charles Swinburne, "Chastelard: A Tragedy," is now in press from the sheets supplied in advance of publication, as per agreement, to Messrs. Hurd & Houghton. In what style the author of "Atalanta in Calydon," whose mind seems (to judge from that work) thoroughly saturated and interpenetrated with classical feeling, will treat a subject of more modern date and less remote interest, is a legitimate subject of curious enquiry for poetical students. The success of "Atalanta" will probably call the attention of our publishers to Mr. Swinburne's first publication, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond: Two Plays," as yet hardly known to American readers.

—The publishers of the Globe edition of "Shakespeare's Complete Works," Messrs. Macmillan & Co., announce with justifiable satisfaction that the sale already, within, we believe, less than a year, has exceeded fifty thousand copies, and they are now advancing steadily beyond that number. This is an extraordinary result to happen with a book that every reader was supposed already to be in possession of, and shows what an inexhaustible mine the first-class works of the world always present for intelligent enterprise. A good article, combined with a low price, will always attract purchasers, without any possibility of glutting the market. "The Globe Shakespeare" is carefully edited by the gentlemen engaged in the preparation of the Cambridge edition in eight vols. 8vo. The typography is clear and legible, though, we think, neither the type nor the size and shape of the book will compare with a one-volume Shakespeare published by Whittingham in 1830, now very scarce. The latter, however, was issued at one guinea, and the "Globe Shakespeare" at three-and-sixpence, which accounts in a great measure for the favorable reception it has met with. The "Globe Shakespeare" has not been reprinted in this country, but quantities of the English edition have been introduced with the names of American publishers on the title, and by a curious variation from former usage the selling price has been actually raised considerably above the current English rate, to adapt it to the present increased scale of charge for American books.

—The recognition of the rights of authors and artists implied in the passage of an international copyright law between England and France, is gradually bearing fruit in the increased relations between the literary men of the two countries, and the interchange of artistic works, as book illustrations, etc., which are made available for impressions in both languages. By arrangements of this nature the talents of Gustave Doré are becoming as familiarly known in England as in his native country. His designs would almost have defied the copyist, or, at all events, could not have been reproduced in that manner at anything like a remunerative price. Now, by stereotypes and duplicate impressions of the plates, they are issued with English text as regularly in London as in Paris. His illustrations to the Bible have cost the owners for designing and engraving nearly four hundred thousand francs. When an outlay of this magnitude can be divided and partly borne by a foreign house, the chances that really good works will be undertaken are much increased, and the arts receive an impulse accordingly. A beautifully illustrated book by M. Figuier has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, "The World before the Deluge," translated from the French, with two hundred and twenty-five ideal landscapes of the ancient world, figures of animals, plants, fossil remains, etc. These are the identical illustrations of the Paris edition. Another elegant scientific book is now preparing on the same plan, "The Heavens, an Illustrated Hand-Book of Popular Astronomy," by Amédée Guillemin, edited by I. Norman Lockyer, imperial 8vo, with over two hundred chromo-lithographs and wood-cuts by M. Becquet, of Paris. These facts are worth noting, as showing the emollient effects of literature on traditional national hatreds and antipathies, now, happily, growing more and more obsolete every day.

—Another brother of the Kingsley family appears in literature, though in an entirely different department from those occupied by the Cambridge professor of history and his brother Henry, the novelist. Dr. G. H. Kingsley comes forward as editor of one of the forthcoming issues of "The Early English Text Society"—a reprint of Francis Thynne's strictures on Speght's edition of Chaucer, 1598, a curious specimen of Elizabethan philological criticism, entitled "Animadversions upon the Annotacions and Corrections of some Imperfectiones of Impressiones of Chaucer's Workes reprinted in 1598." The other parts furnished for the present year's guinea subscription by the society are "The Story of Genesis and Exodus," an early English song of about 1250 A.D., now first edited by Mr. R. Morris from the unique MS. in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; "Morte d'Arthure," from the Thornton MSS. preserved in the library of London cathedral; "The Romance of Merlin," from a MS. in the Public Library, Cambridge; and Sir David Lyndesay's "Monarche," from the impression of 1552, an edition lately discovered of this work of the Scottish poet, six years earlier than any previously known to exist.

—Two of the most distinguished authors of France, already famous in other walks of literature, M. Thiers and M. Henri Taine, are making their *début* as writers on art. The first volume of a "History of Art," by M. Thiers, is just about to appear, and great expectations are raised concerning it from the well-known general "*habileté*" of the author on every subject that he discusses. It is now said that M. Thiers began his literary career as an art critic, and that his mode of treating art matters marked a new era in journalism. M. Taine's work is already published, and, under the title "Philosophie de l'Art," contains the substance of his inaugural lectures as professor of the School of Fine Arts at Paris. In it he inculcates the idea that the philosophical study of art is no longer to be pursued by itself, apart from the other departments of human knowledge, and that the business of philosophy in relation to art is no more to frame axioms and definitions, but to point out natural effects and laws, testing its different manifestations by their sympathies for nature and humanity, and rejecting nothing as low or ignoble that harmonizes with their feelings.

—The scanty musical literature of England has been much enriched lately by new publications, which, though chiefly translations from the German, show that an interest in the cultivation of the science is gradually increasing, and with it the number of purchasers for books on the subject. It is curious that while the unpromising period of the last century gave birth to two such standard and voluminous works as the "Histories of Music" by Dr. Burney and Sir John Hawkins—one in four and the other in five volumes quarto—the succeeding seventy-five years should be almost barren in the production of any books of importance for the musical library. It is only with the recent attempts to introduce music in the course of educational studies, and to encourage its practice among the people, that the literature of the science has shown signs of increasing in bulk and value. During the late English publishing season have appeared Carl Engel's work on "The Music of the most Ancient Nations," an elaborate and exhaustive book, showing great archæological and scientific research; "Lectures on the Transitional Period of Musical History," by John Hullah, in continuation of his former series on the origin and early growth of music during the Middle Ages; "Furioso, or Passages from the Life of Ludwig von Beethoven," from the German; "The Autobiography of Louis Spohr," the composer and violinist; Dr. Schlutter's "History of Music," translated from the German by Mrs. R. Tubbs; and "The Letters of W. A. Mozart, 1769–1791," translated from the collection of Louis Nohl by Lady Wallace. As a fresh contribution

to the history of this born musician, who, in a short life of thirty-five years, enriched his science with works that grow in value and estimation with every succeeding generation, they are of great interest to many besides mere musicians, and give further testimony to, without explaining, the wonderful youthful precocity that in him was not followed by its usual accompaniments of disappointment and decay in maturity. The most valuable general book of reference on musical history and biography, the "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens et Bibliographie Générale de la Musique" of M. Fetis, is just completed in the new and enlarged edition of MM. Didot, forming eight volumes octavo.

—The annual trade sale of Mr. Murray, at which, after an excellent dinner at the Albion Tavern, his publications are offered to the representatives of the London booksellers there assembled at a slightly reduced rate in order to offer a temptation for liberal purchases, has just taken place. The results are considered significant of a lively demand for new and standard books; and as an index of the comparative taste of the public, a notice of the number of some of the principal works offered is worth making. 4,800 copies were sold of Dr. Livingstone's forthcoming "Narrative of his Expedition to the Zambesi River;" 600 of Fergusson's "History of Architecture," Volume I., an enlarged edition of his "Handbook of Architecture," beautifully illustrated; 3,700 of Dean Stanley's second volume of "Lectures on the Jewish Church;" 700 of Bertram's "Harvest of the Sea," a new book on fish and fishing; 8,000 copies of Dr. Smith's "Bible Dictionary Condensed," in one volume, published at one guinea; 500 of Dean Milman's "Translations from the Great Dramatists;" 1,800 Smiles's "Lives of Boulton and Watt," forming Volume IV. of his "Lives of the Engineers;" 600 of Rev. George Rawlinson's "Babylonia and Medea," the new volume of his "History of the Five Great Empires of Asia;" 500 of the "Student's Blackstone," and 1,500 of the "Student's Manual of Sacred History"—two new volumes of the series, the previously published volumes of which ("Student's Greece, Rome, France, etc.") sold to the extent of 10,200 copies; 200 of Grote's "History of Greece" was considered a fair sale for a book of that magnitude, while 9,000 of Mr. Markham's histories were disposed of, and 8,000 of "Little Arthur's History of England;" 1,200 copies of Hallam's works, and 1,000 of Lord Byron's Poems, show the permanence of standard authors. The amount of the entire sale was about thirty-five thousand pounds.

—Among the large number of authors returned to the new Parliament who will give a literary tone to the deliberations of the collective wisdom of the nation is Mr. Torrens McCullagh, whose "Lectures on the Use and Study of History," "Industrial History of Free Nations" (two vols. 8vo, 1846), "Memoirs of Richard Lalor Sheil" (two vols., 1855), "and more recent "Life of Sir James Graham," show the acquirements of a practised writer and sound thinker upon political and historical questions. Mr. Torrens McCullagh was brought up to the bar, but has never sought for general practice. He has been a member of the Government Commission of Enquiry on Irish Pauperism, and took an active part in alleviating the distress caused by the famine in Ireland. He stood, by invitation of the electors, for the important metropolitan borough of Finsbury, and was triumphantly returned; a fact that testifies to the improved intelligence of the community since the time when to be known in literature was dangerous to the aspirations of a statesman.

—Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will add to their list of valuable publications illustrative of American history, during the present season, some important books, including "The Life and Times of Joseph Warren," by Richard Frothingham; "Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams," with his correspondence, etc., by William V. Wells, in three vols. 8vo; "History of the Life and Times of James Madison," by Wm. A. Rives, the second and concluding volume; and "Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions" by Edward Everett, Volume IV., and last.

—An interesting volume for antiquarians may be looked for in a book announced by Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, "Hone's Scrap-Book," a supplementary volume to the "Every-Day Book," the "Year Book," and the "Table Book," from the MSS. of the late William Hone, with upwards of 150 engravings of curious or eccentric objects, thick 8vo, 800 pp. If this work answers the description, it will be well received by all who, from familiarity with his "Every Day-Book," etc., are aware of the services rendered by Hone, through every discouragement of poverty, privation, and sickness, to the knowledge of old English customs, manners, traditions, etc., from which our acquaintance with the past derives its most vivid coloring. In this capacity the value of his works was recognized by Southey and other historians. Early copies of the "Every-Day Book" and its companions, with choice impressions of the cuts, are scarce, and now bring a high price, though the profits of their publication were insufficient to keep the author out of a debtor's prison. Mr. Hotten, who announces the book, has brought out some curious and valuable books, and is following them up in a line peculiar to himself, as the following titles from his list of books in press will show: "History of Sign-Boards from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters," with 100 illustrations; "Puniana, or the Piccadilly Riddle Book," an entirely new collection—illustrated by 100 exquisitely fanciful conceits from the pencil of the editor, Hon. Hugh Rowley; "The Choicest Jests of English Wits, from the Ruder Jokes of the Ancient Jesters to the Refined and Impromptu Witticisms of Theodore Hook and Douglas Jerrold, including the Cream of Joe Miller, comprising the best Sayings, facetious and merry, which have contributed to give to the country the name of Merry England"—edited by W. Moy Thomas, and uniform with the "Choicest Humorous Anecdotes and Short Stories in the English Language," "Choicest Humorous Poetry," and "Choicest Epigrams," each in one volume.

—"Kent's Commentary on International Law Revised, with Notes and Cases brought down to the Present Time," edited by J. T. Abdy, LL.D., is announced for publication by Messrs. Deighton, Bell & Co., of Cambridge. The letters of "Historicus" have drawn general attention to this portion of Chancellor Kent's commentaries. It is recommended by the author, Mr. Harcourt, as the most authoritative work on the subject, and having no equal in any European book.

THE HESSIANS OF THE REVOLUTION.*

THE number of mercenaries furnished by German princelets to the British Government in the War of our Independence was 29,166,† of whom no less than 17,313 returned to their native country. The other 11,853 fell in battle or succumbed to the diseases incident to a soldier's life in a strange and variable climate. The loss by desertion was entirely inappreciable; the "call of duty" bound the German of the eighteenth century with a spell of which the American of the nineteenth can form no conception. An army, kidnapped in part from among the lowest dregs of the population, and pitted against a people with whom they had never had a thought of quarrel, fought with heroic courage, and endured the sufferings of a protracted captivity, without even seriously entertaining the idea of seeking safety and freedom in flight from its oppressors.

The idea that the progeny of these Hessians constitutes any considerable portion of the population of this country is unfounded. Introduced as a mechanical force, they were withdrawn in the same manner, and left no impression behind them. Their fortunes enlist the attention of the student of German rather than of American history, as an episode bringing into full relief the political and social condition of Central Europe to an extent which would otherwise have remained unnoticed, if not unknown. It is because these bondmen depleted the English Exchequer to the amount of £6,096,857 5s. 11¾d.‡ that they provoke enquiry; and it is because of that handsome little item—representing in absolute value more than twice its amount at the present day—only £4,306,743 7s. 3d. flowed into the army-chests, and £1,790,113 15s. 8¾d., or nearly three-tenths, swelled the revenues and, for all practical purposes, the privy purses of the illustrious sovereigns who had impressed them, that the investigation becomes instructive.

Of the entire contingent 16,992 were subjects, native or kidnapped, of the Landgrave of Hesse; the rest were supplied in various proportions by the Duke of Brunswick, the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Hanau, the Margrave of Anspach, the Prince of Waldeck, and the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, potentates distinguished from the mob of their peers and colleagues chiefly by their parts in this transaction.

Charles I. of Brunswick (1735–1780) had managed to involve his principality of 150,000 inhabitants, sadly wasted and worn in the Seven Years' War, and incapable of yielding a revenue of more than a million and a half, in a debt of twelve millions of thalers, which his efforts to make gold had not availed to discharge. He paid a salary of thirty thousand thalers to his opera manager, Nicolini, and another of three hundred to his librarian, Lessing, then the foremost light of German literature. He had found it necessary to check his own extravagance by placing his treasury under the custody of his heir-apparent Ferdinand (duke from 1780 to 1806), a man of some ability and with a tendency to avarice. Father and son looked upon the British proposal as a godsend, and signed a treaty in forty-eight hours after the opening of negotiations. The men were promptly stolen and delivered; but shoes, stockings, and overcoats, not obtainable on the same

* "Der Soldatenhandel deutscher Fuersten nach Amerika (1775–1783). Von Friedrich Kapp." Berlin: Franz Duncker. 1864. 8vo, pp. 300.

† Exclusive of 2,365 Hanoverian infantry.

‡ Including £509,000 16s. 11½d. paid the troops from Hanover.

terms, had to be procured, as well as a new set of uniforms, with English funds at Portsmouth. On the transports the recruits were packed six in a bed, and their pillows are compared, in the military report, to pin-cushions. They revenged themselves on their sovereign by being taken prisoners at Saratoga, thereby not only diminishing his chances of extraordinary compensation on the death or maiming of any of them, but also keeping him in mortal fear of their being exchanged and sent back to their native country, in which case their recitals would necessarily have destroyed the chances of further recruiting. The supplications of his minister to avert such a calamity are heart-rending. There is not another instance on record of such a display of energy by a German government in behalf of its subjects abroad.

The Landgrave of Hesse, Frederic II. (1760 to 1785), differed from the prince in being rich and powerful. His forefathers had kidnapped and traded in soldiers for a hundred years. The business, in his hands, was systematized and productive. Cassel, his capital, gloried in palaces and public buildings, erected with the funds thus realized, and his court was a colony of Versailles. He had imported the cast-off mistress of the Duc de Bouillon, and paid her a salary of forty thousand thalers. He refused to see any of his legitimate children for twenty-nine years because their mother had left him on his embracing Catholicism. Yet he left sixty millions of thalers in ready money, at his death, the earnings of his subjects under the flags of foreign countries. The Seven Years' War had swept away the youth of his dominions; scarcely had a recovery set in, when one-twentieth of the entire population was sent to America. More experienced in these negotiations and less pinched for money than any of his illustrious competitors, he succeeded in making far more favorable terms with his English customers.

The hereditary prince of this monarchy administered the government of the county of Hanau as a sort of appanage. He had the avarice and the licentiousness of his father, coupled with a detestation of anything that even bore the appearance of refinement. Of his innumerable illegitimate children, two have achieved a dismal notoriety as the brothers Haynau. Twenty-two others were born of a Miss Schlottheim, his avowed mistress, all, as she is particular to state in her memoirs, "without love." She at first fled to elude his advances, but was captured and delivered up to him by her own parents. A lady of Cassel who related this circumstance in conversation, and found that it excited some disgust, observed that it would have been out of the question for the Hessian gentry to have allowed such an advantage to escape them. It was this gentry which afterwards encircled the throne of Jerome Napoleon.

Of Prince William's English epistolary style, the following specimen has become immortal:

HANAU, 1 May, 1776.

TO THE EARL OF SUFFOLK:

MY LORD: The luck I have had to be able to show in some manner my utmost respect and gratitude to the best of kings, by offering my troops to his majesty's service, gives me a very agreeable opportunity of thanking you, my lord, for all your kindness and friendship to me upon that occasion, and begging your pardon for all the trouble I may have provided you in this regard.

My only wishes are that all the officers and soldiers of my regiment, now to his majesty's orders, may be animated of the same respectful attachment and utmost zeal I shall ever bear for the king, my generous protector and magnanimous support. May the end they shall fight for answer to the king's upper contentment; and your laudable endeavors, my lord, be granted by the most happiest issue. The continuation of your friendship to me, Sir, which I desire very much, assures your goodness and protection to my troops. I ask in their names this favor from you, and hope they will deserve it.

Excuse me, Sir, if I am not strong enough in the English language for to explain as I should the utmost consideration and sincere esteem with which I am for ever, my lord, your most humble and very obedient servant,

WILLIAM, H. P. of Hesse.

None of these potentates, however, have so varied a personal history as Christian Frederic Charles Alexander, the last of the margraves of Anspach and Baireuth, whose father, Charles Frederic William, a good shot, had once, for the diversion of his mistress, and at her suggestion, brought down a chimney-sweep from the top of a house with his rifle, afterwards indemnifying the widow with a donation of five florins. On another occasion the same monarch, having commissioned a Jew to procure certain diamonds to be presented to the King of England, discovered, after the present was made, that Bohemian glass had been fraudulently inserted in place of the jewels. The Jew was immediately dragged to the capital, and handed over to the executioner, who tied him to a chair, and drew the sword of justice. In his agony the unfortunate man jumped up, and ran around a long table with the chair tied to his back, crying out piteously for only a moment's audience with the landgrave; but the executioner was too practised a hand to be foiled in that way; reaching across the table he struck the blow with unerring accuracy, and Jew, chair, and head tumbled in a heap upon the floor. Nor was this rigor by any means exercised upon Jews exclusively. Counts and colonels are known to have been executed, while the reasons for which they suffered were never mentioned. Christopher William von Rauber, accused of having ridiculed the government in print, was sentenced to slap himself on the mouth, to burn his pasquil, and then to be beheaded; the last clause of the sentence was mercifully commuted to life-long imprisonment, but all his property was confiscated. A Hungarian who had shot the margrave's orderly was broken on the wheel. A Prussian soldier's wife, who had induced a private of the margrave's body-guard to desert, was hung, and the Prussian recruiting officer, who had been arrested at the same time, imprisoned. The deserter himself was too valuable a piece of property to be damaged. A citizen of Gunzenhausen, doing duty as sentry, so ill versed in military etiquette as to obey the personal command of the margrave to hand him his musket, was tied to a horse's tail and dragged through a pond, and died a few days after. A gamekeeper, who had the charge of the margravial hounds, was accused by backbiters of neglecting them. The sovereign rode up to his door, called him out of his house, and shot him down.

The wife of this great man had insisted on sending her son to study at the republican university of Utrecht. Having completed these studies, he had made the tour of Italy, but returned with a constitution greatly shattered by vicious indulgences, for which his august father immediately wreaked condign vengeance upon his tutor, a privy counsellor of state, and cast him into prison; whether he remained there, or whether he was beheaded, rumors are conflicting. Perhaps in consequence of his semi-republican education he so far departed from the traditions of the family as to admit ladies who were not of noble birth to his court; but it was on condition that they should never utter a word in their mother tongue, a stipulation which the ladies from Paris exacted as due to them. Being at this moment in debt some five millions of thalers, he received the British emissary with open arms, and made all haste to furnish his contingent. The transaction has obtained a place in German classical literature, from at least an allusion to it in Schiller's play of "Kabale und Liebe," "Love and Intrigue." He introduces the margrave's avowed mistress, Lady Milford, whose real name was Lady Craven, as the only person of condition in all the land who is alive to the tyranny of the proceeding. Learning that the diamonds which the prince sends her were bought with the blood-money obtained for these recruits, she rejects them with disdain. "My sons are among them, too," says the lackey who brings them. "Not by compulsion, I hope?" enquires the lady. "O dear, no!" he answers; "all volunteers. Two or three jackanapes stepped out of the ranks and asked the colonel what he took for a yoke of men? But our gracious sovereign had them shot in the presence of all the regiments. Their brains spurted over the paving-stones, and we all shouted, 'Ho for America!' Then the drums beat, and off they went, orphans howling after their hiring fathers, and mothers telling their husbands to run bayonets through their children, and bride and groom hewn asunder with sabres, and aged crones throwing their crutches after their departing sons."

All this is founded on fact. The Anspach troops mutinied while on the way down the river Main in boats, and might have robbed the margrave of all his vested rights in their flesh and blood had he not ridden night and day to overtake them, and overawed them, partly by the grandeur of his presence and partly by means of his double-barrelled rifle, with which he posted himself on one of the boats, and accompanied the transport to the Netherlands. "At the sight of His Serene Highness," says a contemporary newspaper, "the good soldier shed tears of joy, and took up his march in patience." But the hussars of the Bishop of Würzburg were also called in to keep up the effect.

Frederic Augustus, the last of the princes of Anhalt-Zerbst (1747-1793), reigned over 20,000 subjects, among whom, ever since 1716, the deaths had exceeded the births. Brother of the Empress Catharine of Russia, he was a caricature not only of monarchs in general, but even of the little monarchs of Germany. His hatred of Frederic the Great, his near neighbor, was such that in 1763 he took a final leave of his dominions, and spent the rest of his life at Basle and Luxembourg. After frequently admonishing his subjects not to violate the sanctity of his retreat with petitions for the redress of grievances, he put up a placard expressly forbidding such impertinences. His life was cut short by the execution of Louis XVI.; on hearing of that calamity, he steadfastly refused all nourishment, and expired in a few weeks. His troops were accepted by the English only at his urgent solicitation. Some of his French letters are even more curious than the English ones of the hereditary Prince of Hesse-Hanau. "Four brothers in Dessau," he writes to an English diplomatist, "had six hundred hounds in common, all

quartered upon the citizens. A fine garrison! And at the first crack of the whip they assembled like soldiers at the beat of the drum. Whew! If we could make the Americans scamper like these hounds! But that will require troops?" He even offers the King of England "two frigates and two sloops of war, which will be found indispensable—1, to keep up the communication with the Anhalt troops; 2, to convey reinforcements; and 3, to enlarge the British navy."

There were also negotiations with the rulers of Würtemberg, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Saxe-Hildburghausen, but they came to nothing, either because the troops, after having been promised, were found never to have been in existence, or because the reputation of the particular principality was such as to deter the English; or, in the case of Darmstadt, because the sovereign was so fond of seeing his soldiers on parade that he would not part with them.

Such are some of the features of the gloomy chapter of German history which our author has given to the world in the pages we have been citing. "Humiliating as is the reflection," he says to his German readers, "the story must be written; for the wounds then struck have left their scars upon the present generation. The crime here denounced, so far from being expiated, is repeated even at this day wherever a people are compelled to shed their blood and lavish their treasure in a cause which is not their own. The causes which produced it are still at work; the destruction of Germany into a heap of petty despotisms is as rife as ever. The grandfathers of our present princes sold the corpses of their subjects to the English King for fifty-one thalers and fifteen silver groschen a-piece; their sons, the heroes of the 'Rheinbund,' became kings by the grace of a Corsican attorney's son, and sold him the flower of the country's youth to fight his battles on the Moskwa and the Guadalquivir. The grandsons still occupy the same thrones, and alternately seek the protection of Austrian, French, or Russian bayonets as the bids rise and fall. The miseries of such a system must be renounced at any price."

As to Mr. Kapp's work itself, a further introduction is not needed. His "Life of Steuben," "Life of Kalb," and "History of Slavery in the United States," have made his name the all-sufficient passport with all who read for the purpose of increasing the range of their information. Mere amusement is not his aim. Instead of encumbering with valueless anecdotes the records of subjects already over-written, he loves to rescue from oblivion what would else be lost, to cast new light into dark places, to correct traditional opinions by facts newly discovered, or never yet brought into connection with them, and to bring the lessons of the past to bear upon the stern realities of the present. His readers are so much the less numerous, but the influence of his pen on the minds of men is the greater. Every one of his publications might well bear for its motto the remark of Goethe: "The man meant to do more than write a book."

BUCHANAN'S TESTAMENT.*

THE Administration of "the late President," as Mr. Buchanan chooses to style himself, had the misfortune to overlap two rebellions, identical in principle and significance, having a common fate, and differing only in magnitude. More properly, the Kansas struggle was to the grander one just concluded what a skirmish in reconnoissance is to the decisive battle between main forces. It was a portion of the same campaign, and while developing the irrepressible conflict and the hostile parties, also foreshadowed distinctly the victory. It is Mr. Buchanan's self-appointed task to inform his countrymen how, "whilst in the exercise of Executive functions he never violated any of the provisions of the Constitution," he yet contributed what he could to the overthrow of constitutional government as embodied in the legitimate rule of the majority; how one who is opposed to slavery in the abstract, and pronounces it a social evil and a political evil, played into the hands of a conspiracy for the forcible domination of the slave power over every acre of the national soil.

A survey of the antecedents of the rebellion, from the beginning of the anti-slavery agitation in 1832-33, is designed merely to introduce the circumstances in which Mr. Buchanan was called to the Presidency; and his defence begins with Kansas and Lecompton. Up to 1854, when the South and the Democratic party at the North united in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the slave States, in our author's judgment, had been the assailed, more sinned against than sinning. Wrongful as was this measure, its success, corroborated by the Dred Scott decision, silenced every scruple in the breast of the new President, and when he had reviewed the theatre of territorial strife, he at once resolved to support the pro-slavery pretensions of right, and to see in the civil warfare in Kansas only the attempt of a disloyal faction to defy the laws of the nation. To this decision, indeed, he clung and still clings as to a mast, not caring to endorse that portion of it which strips the negro of all human rights (yet not repudiating it), but affirming its correctness in regard to the protection of every sort of property in the common Territories of the United States. Never was policy more logical than that determined by these two guides—an infamous breach of political faith, and a decision as void of legality as it was of heart and conscience. The frauds and atrocities of border-ruffianism were backed up by the military resources of the Administration, and the victims of Missouri invasions coolly pilloried as being "unwilling to trust to the ballot-box—the certain American remedy for the redress of all grievances." Is it necessary to examine further the arguments of a man who thus belies the record—who looks at a flagrant, violent revolt against the ballot-box from one side, and immediately charges it upon the opposite—who receives the forged and throws out the honest suffrages—who has caresses for Lecompton and bayonets for Topeka?

The period between the two uprisings of the South was spent by Mr. Buchanan in a state of mingled apprehension and astonishment. The Kansas question had been settled; the President and the rebels were nominally victorious, the North actually. The Territory had been saved to freedom on an issue involving the public lands, but the principles of the Government concerning slave property in that and all other Territories had triumphed in the approval by Congress of the Lecompton Constitution. Mr. Buchanan was prepared to witness an end of agitation. He had been disappointed by the failure of the compromises of 1850 to allay the violence of fanaticism. He was absolutely amazed that the Dred Scott decision was oil equally wasted. His heart sank within him when John Brown went to Harper's Ferry; and when the Charleston Convention divided, he fell straightway to prophesying the opening of the sixth seal—he saw blood, and he began to make for peace. He did not hold the doctrine of the secessionists, nor did he believe that Congress had power to coerce a State; the individuals which compose it he thought might be constrained to obey the Federal statutes. The regular army was weak, and distributed where it was needed, along the Indian frontier. He made it weaker by proclaiming his fears in his message of December 3, 1860, and pointing out the helplessness of the Government. He was resolved to execute the laws, but equally resolved not to call for volunteers unless specially empowered by Congress. He implies that President Lincoln's action was extra, though perhaps not anti-constitutional, and justifiable only from the exigencies of the case. Despairing of regiments, he bethought him of compromise—an old weapon with which he and other statesmen had often sought, with bitter ill-success, to keep the peace; yet he would give it one more trial. He asked for amendments to the Constitution by which the Dred Scott decision, the Fugitive Slave Law, and an express recognition of the existence and sanctity of slavery in the States, should be incorporated in that instrument. It was a very trifling request; not more than that the late election should be annulled; not more than to surrender the gains of civilization over barbarism in the painful encounter of thirty years; not more than to annihilate the value and stability of all elections by placing them at the mercy of a bullying minority. The President had discharged his duty when he had opened to the North this way to peace; but he has never ceased wondering why his proposition was despised. Mr. Crittenden's resolution was the next and the last opportunity afforded for a general agreement, provided the North was willing to abate its prejudices. Mr. Buchanan is to this day profoundly mortified at the unaccountable perverseness of the free States in this particular also. He will probably die in the conviction that, had they consented to the resolution, there would have been no further dispute. So efficacious had been the several compromises in which he had shared!

He had now done his best to stimulate the activity of the conspirators by showing his personal readiness to toss them any sop which should shut their terrible jaws. A peacemaker all his life, except for one abnormal hour at Ostend, the little of a policy that was left him in the last days of his Administration was still to postpone the dread necessity of war. He complains that Congress deserted him, refusing to vote him supplies or troops; but he had previously deserted himself, following his courage, which had taken early flight. When Anderson had crossed from Moultrie to Sumter, he heard of it with chagrin, and would have ordered him back and restored the *status quo* if it had turned out that the major had been needlessly alarmed for the safety of his command! That would have been a merry Christmas gift to the nascent rebellion, which fortunately soon made clear the discretion of Major Anderson. From that moment up to the 4th of March, 1861, the President was like a loose sail flapping with every breath of conciliation and peace. He allowed himself to be bound by an unwarranted armistice

* "Mr. Buchanan's Administration on the Eve of the Rebellion." D. Appleton & Co., New York.

which the South Carolinians obtained of the fortress, and then to be put off by the commission sent to make impossible demands of him in order to gain time for their political and military arrangements. He had planned to send the *Brooklyn* instead of the *Star of the West* to reinforce the garrison of Sumter, and attributes the consequent miscarriage of the expedition to Gen. Scott.

It is not our object to enter into the long discussion between "the late Lieutenant-General" and "the late President." We are disposed to allow that neither the latter nor the War Secretary, Mr. Holt, ever pledged the faith of the Government to abstain from executing the laws of the land, by force if necessary, in the seceded States. This would, indeed, have been to violate provisions of the Constitution. Grant that Mr. Buchanan is not culpable. The blot on the close of his Administration consists in the imbecility of which his book is an ingenuous autobiography. He has written an apology for weakness without a suspicion that a tool may be as mischievous as a tyrant, and, if unprincipled, as blameworthy. Mr. Buchanan may be called a venerable man, and it is likely that this is his last intrusion upon the public notice, but he has written for himself an epitaph under which few men of this generation would care to lie. His voice, he impresses upon us, in the protracted difference between North and South, has been consistently raised for tranquillity and peace. But what tranquillity and what a peace! No moral sacrifice was too great, no human right too sacred, no democratic principle too fundamental, to stand in the way of that delusive quiet for which he compromised them all. With the same pious suavity he urges the *right* of slaveholders to take their property wherever they please, and deplores the blasphemy of the John Brown song. For him there is no law superior to the Constitution; anything which looks beyond, above, is fanaticism; yet he would have amended it in the interest of cruelty and oppression, and his latest breath is a rebuke of his countrymen for having preferred the ordeal of battle to a corrupt submission to the encroachments of a giant iniquity.

It is bad enough when despotism writes its memoirs; the Old World manfully protests against it. But here is compromise in self-defence; and Atheism is worse than Cæsarism.

OUTCROPPINGS.*

We have read (somewhat to our own surprise, we confess) nearly all there is in this little book, which came to us so pleasantly printed, with such a quaint outside of German quarto, and with each poem in it so daintily set with en graver's caprices of flower and fruit that we could not help giving it a friendly attention, and should now be glad to have found it much worthier perusal than we did. There are four or five genuine poems in the volume, and the remaining selections are rhymes which might interest the observer of this age's fatal facility of making verses. A great and unerring genius has winnowed the poetical vocabulary of base diction, and has enriched it with such opulence of expression, that any contemporary lady or gentleman of ordinary education and warmth of feeling may sit down, after the perusal of Tennyson, and make much better verses than Doctor Johnson did, with all the lumber of antiquity at hand to supply him the material for his wooden effusions. If these facile geniuses lived long, we should find poetry worse than the plagues of Egypt, and the poets would infest all the dough-troughs (except their own empty ones) in the land. Happily, however, these myriad immortals are usually carried off by business, by marriage, and by subsidence of the spring-tide of youth, before they have time to pipe more than half-a-dozen songs, and then their immortality lies folded away in old newspapers till some one comes to make a collection of it.

As California has been peopled by the average culture and talent of the older States, and has yet had no time to develop a peculiar character of life and thought, there is no reason why the present collection of California verse should be different from a collection of Ohio verse or New England verse. At any rate, it is not; and these California poets rarely make mention of her climate and scenery; but sing, with an exile's fondness, of the seasons and landscapes known to us of the eastern shore of the continent. The fervor of California suns is palpable only in the erotic nature of some of the verse, which is often sweet and tender, and at times almost original. "Cupid Kissed Me" and "In the Pouts," by Ina D. Coolbrith, have a slight pathos and saucy charm quite their own; while "The Mother's Grief," by the same poet, is veritable and fine. One day the baby plays at the door, and tries to clutch the sunbeam on the threshold; and the next day the mother weeps as the sunbeam falls on the baby's bed:

"I weep to see its shining band
Reach, with a fond endeavor,
To where the little restless hands
Are crossed in rest for ever."

Miss Coolbrith is one of the *real* poets among the many poetic masqueraders in the volume; Emilie Lawson is another; and Mr. C. H. Webb is, say, half another. "Das Meermädchen" is a genuine ballad, and is marred by none of the prosaic lapses not to be noted without smiles and sadness in his other poems. "The Omen," by H. C. B., is also the fair expression of a true feeling. J. F. Bowman has three poems in the selection, one of which is a translation. The other two are both good; one, indeed, is *so* good that we must copy it:

THE WHOLE STORY.

When Jones was sixteen, he was bent
On one day being President.

At twenty-five, Jones thought that he
Content as District Judge would be.

At thirty, he was much elated
When Mayor of Frogtown nominated.

But bootless all the nomination—
His rival Tompkins graced the station.

At forty-five, his dreams had fled;
Hope and Ambition both were dead.

When from his toils he found release,
He died—a Justice of the Peace.

O youthful heart, so high and bold,
Thus is *thy* brief, sad story told!

* "Outcroppings: Being Selections of California Verse." A. Roman & Co., San Francisco; W. J. Widdleton, New York.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

The "Atlantic" opens with the first chapter of Charles Reade's new story, "Griffith Gaunt," in which the reader feels such a flush of pleasure as follows the rise of the curtain upon the beginning of a good play. There is already matter of vividest drama introduced, and in the characters of Kate Peyton, the proud, irresolute woman, with her delicious possibilities of coquetry; of Griffith Gaunt, the jealous, faithful, and unwise lover; and of George Neville, brilliant, audacious, and generous, the author has wrought a spell that will hold his readers to the end. Those who remember Mr. Reade's successful dealings with the past in "The Cloister and the Hearth" and in "Peg Woffington," will rejoice that his story is of people who lived at least a hundred years ago. George Neville's wooing is an admirable study of the gallant love-making of that gay time as you may find it in the pleasant, wicked comedies.—We find the translation of "The Parting of Hector and Andromache," which Mr. Bryant has made from Homer, so simply and gracefully done that we think it a pity the venerable poet should not do the whole epic into English. Longfellow will give us the Dante which shall supersede all other versions; why should not Mr. Bryant perform for literature the like office with "the Ionian father of the rest?"—"William Blackwood" is another of Mr. Neal's garrulous papers about the early part of his literary career.—Mrs. Stowe's "Chimney-Corner" discourse is this month devoted to discussion of the question why housekeeping forms no part of woman's education.—We like Mr. Taylor's poem, "The Sleeper," for its tranquil and lofty feeling, but it seems to us needlessly long and rather labored. Still, it is the best poem which the "Atlantic" has printed for some time; has fine thoughts and touches of delicate beauty.—As for the other two poems of the number, they have no fault except that of not being poems: "Beyond" is prose, and "Dios te de" is nothing whatever, and adds the offence of affecting to convey a moral.—Every one will read with sympathy Charles Dickens's tenderly sketched outline of the life and character of Adelaide Anne Procter.—The other articles are: "The Forge, II.;" "Clemency and Common Sense," by Charles Sumner; "Dr. Johns," by Donald G. Mitchell; "Books for our Children," by Samuel Osgood; and "King James the First," by Gail Hamilton. The last, we suppose, must have been written for Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's "Young Folks' Magazine," and made up into the "Atlantic" by one of those errors which are not the less mortifying because quite unavoidable, at times, in large establishments. After the blunder was committed there seems to have been an effort made to qualify the puerility of the paper by inserting some passages from Gail Hamilton's "Spasm of Sense," in which the spasmist rebukes sick people for begetting children, and longs for a time when such wickedness shall come, like theft and murder, to be considered "a sin against God, a crime against the state." We have not given the subject great thought, but the only way out of the trouble seems to be to expose all sickly infants at the birth, or to begin with the error of God himself, who gives sick persons much the same affections and desires which he bestows upon well ones.

The half-baked quality of much of our American performance is curiously illustrated in "The Eclectic Magazine" for the present month. This peri-

odical is merely a judicious selection from the English monthlies and quarterlies, but it occasionally contains an original paper from the pen of the editor. The number before us has one of these papers, "A Sketch of the Kremlin of Moscow," it is called, and should have been entitled: "A Composition—subject, The Kremlin of Moscow." The way the editor came to visit Moscow was this: "'Have you seen Moscow?' said Prince Gortschakoff to us at St. Petersburg. '*Not yet, sir, Prince.*' 'Oh, you must go and see Moscow! You do not see Russia unless you see Moscow,' he added with marked enthusiasm." So this friend of princes went to Moscow, and saw those wonders of the Kremlin which he describes, and among which was the famous golden and jewelled Bible. "We had previously enquired," says the editor in a fine philosophical spirit, "of one of the Moscow pastors how many New Testaments in modern Russ he would need to supply the destitute in that city; he answered fifty thousand copies. We thought," he adds, continuing his shrewd reflection, "how many such Testaments the gold and jewels of this one Bible would pay for!" In another part of the Kremlin he saw a palace built by the Emperor Nicholas. "In this palace he learned his sons the art of war in handling the musket," says our ill-taught traveller, but cannot stop to describe its splendors. Taking leave of the city, he relates how, when Napoleon's army first beheld it, "The loud exclamation, Moscow, Moscow! ran along the extended ranks. We could not avoid the same exclamation, Moscow, Moscow! from very admiration of the beautiful capital city of Russia." The climax is singularly thrilling, but the writer spoils it by adding something else, and concluding with a sentiment, as from Peter Parley, that it is worth a long journey to see Moscow. The editor of the "Eclectic" has lived a long time among the roses, no doubt, but he is not a rose, and will not be in a thousand years, probably. Men of his small literature would scarcely aspire to write in any other country but this, and we are sorry that it has so long been safe for them to do it here. The facts and ideas in his sketch of the Kremlin are no more ordered than apples in a barrel, and we doubt the right of a man to print it even in his own magazine. Some regard is due to the national literary reputation, even from the sovereign plenitude of editorial power.

The December number of "Our Young Folks" is, no doubt, very charming, though we find the reading of juvenile literature rather a heavy task, and have spared ourselves all but a glance through this little people's magazine. The quality of the publication seems to be good and wholesome, without noticeable cant or quackery, from which children's books are sometimes no freer than those meant for men and women.

The opening review in the "Christian Examiner" is cordial applause of Mr. Mill's recent criticism of the Hamiltonian philosophy. The reviewer regards the demolition of the Scotch metaphysician as so complete that he confesses to a feeling of something like mortification in having esteemed Sir William so great a philosopher, and owns to a present doubt whether he was a philosopher at all, in the noble sense of the word. The second article does not make a great deal of Palgrave's "Arabia," though the book is evidently one on which a charming article could have been written. The third review is of Dr. Newman's "Apologia," in which the writer sketches the great convert's spiritual history, as he finds it in his own relation, and concludes with the opinion that Dr. Newman was logical and conscientious in going to Rome, "if, as he took for granted, man is so constituted that he never can attain to any knowledge of the truth, and yet cannot be saved in any other way than by a knowledge of the truth." Of course, the reviewer himself does not hold these premises, but he declares that they are "exactly those which are accepted by the whole of Christendom, unless, as some believe, Christendom is large enough to take in Theists and Transcendentalists." Somebody has performed for Mr. Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World" the office already described as done for Palgrave's "Arabia"—though in both cases the poor result seems attributable rather to a feeling of haste and a sense of confinement to certain limits of space than to want of appreciation or ability. Besides these articles there is one on English colleges and schools, in review of the books by Mr. Everett and Mr. Atkinson. The "Review of Current Literature" is good and honest and attractive. We understand that the publication of the "Examiner" is to be removed from Boston to this city, with Dr. Bellows as local editor.

The editor of "Harper's Magazine" celebrates the commencement of its thirty-second volume with an interesting sketch of its history and its manufacture from month to month. It is quite worth while to know something about making a magazine of such importance to our literature, and Mr. Guernsey tells us a great deal without telling us too much. We have to praise his paper for treating the subject with clearness, and for enlivening to an unexpected degree its statistical features as well as its unavoidable descriptions of machinery, scarcely less tedious, intrinsically, than facts and figures The article is really a valuable contribution to useful knowledge, for, apart from its special historical merit, it acquaints the reader with all the modern inventions and processes of book-making adopted in our large printing and publishing houses, and no doubt brought to the greatest perfection in that of Harper & Bros.—We can scarcely judge of the worth of Mr. J. R. Hamilton's article on "The Natural Wealth of Virginia," but the subject is one of present interest, now that the South is to be partly repeopled from the industrious North and Northern enterprise is turning to the development of her resources.—"The Royal Portraits" is the title of a poem by W. D. Howells.—"First and Last: A Retrospect," is a just-as-was-to-be-expected story by Louise Chandler Moulton, and well enough written. —Mr. De Vere, in the "Names of Men," seizes a topic in which all men (except the Snookses, possibly) are interested, and treats it pleasantly and intelligently.—"Sally's Disappointment" is very flat, indeed.—The two poems, "Aspirations" and "Death," by Caroline Seymour, are, as we have understood, the work of a young girl who has not yet reached her sixteenth year, and they must be regarded rather in the light of promise than performance. Without, of course, teaching anything new, they seem to be the graceful expressions of a veritable poetic power.—"A Village in Massachusetts" is a very lively essay on Boston traits, with just that spice of injustice and that shadow of exaggeration which we love to have in talk about our neighbors. We imagine that Bostonians themselves will rather like it, for there is a tacit compliment in the fact (scarcely predicable of any other American city) that Boston traits are sufficiently marked for recognition and criticism; and then, the writer says nothing in dispute of the Bostonian supremacy in culture. Indeed, it would be scarcely worth while to dispute the fact that nearly all that is worth living in American literature has come from Boston; or that with the present generation Boston's intellectual primacy will pass from her for ever.

Cenni Storici sugli Stati Uniti d'America per S. Frenfanelli Cibo.—When the bibliography of the war for the Union is fully recorded, not the least curious and suggestive emanations of the press, inspired thereby, will be the contributions of foreign scholars, in comparatively out-of-the-way places, towards the enlightenment of their neighbors on the "American question." Not only have eminent publicists in France, like Laboulaye and Gasparin, and Englishmen of letters, like Goldwin Smith, exercised their pens in defence of truth and right, but less known persons in Italy and Germany, moved by affection for our country and interest in the cause of freedom, have written with intelligence and feeling of the prominent facts and tendencies of American history. Some of our readers doubtless remember with pleasure an accomplished young Italian who was quite a favorite in New York society just before the outbreak of the rebellion. Seraphino Frenfanelli Cibo was known also in literary circles for the graceful translations he made into his native tongue of several poems by American writers, among which we recall one by Bryant and one by Mrs. Howe. The brother of this gentleman having married a lady of this city, he became an *habitué* of many cultivated households, and acquired facility both in writing and speaking the English language. Frenfanello is a native of Foligno, in the Roman States. Travellers in Italy will recall this picturesque town, which is one of the halting-places between Florence and Rome. His father for many years was mayor of the little city; and the son, last autumn, became a candidate for the Italian Parliament from the same province. Cherishing a delightful remembrance of his sojourn in the United States, and finding his countrymen, in a great measure, ignorant of the antecedent facts and true significance of the great struggle, he prepared a brief but luminous summary of the principal events in our history, and described the real questions at issue and the vital interests at stake. This handsomely printed little volume, issued in October last, in that far-away and little-frequented town among the hills on the road to Rome, seems to us a most pleasing tribute—the spontaneous and intelligent offering of one who, during a brief sojourn, learned to love the institutions and appreciate the destiny of this country. Although containing little over one hundred pages, it concentrates the essential facts with lucid order and emphatic logic. In the appendix is a statistical table made up from the census, a geographical illustration of slavery as it existed before the war, and extracts from the Constitution and Washington's Farewell Address. No Italian of average intelligence can read this modest *brochure* without deriving therefrom a very authentic and distinct idea of the course, character, and issues of American history, from colonial times to the present year. With the exception of Prof. Botta's excellent letters to *L'Opinione*, of Turin, descriptive of our educational system and the events of the war, we know of no source of information in the Italian language more correct and seasonable than this book, which is dedicated by the author to one of his New York friends.

West Virginia: Its Farms and Forests, Mines and Oil-Wells, etc. By J. R. Dodge, of the United States Department of Agriculture. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.)—This hand-book professes to give but a partial and cursory idea of a State which, while forming part of the Old Dominion, was either neglected by the dominant eastern section, or remembered only to be subjected to unequal representation and taxation, and, consequently, figured little in industrial statistics and reports. The author has devoted his leisure moments to researches among documents and men, and derived a very exalted opinion of the resources of the new-born commonwealth. He finds her soil, climate, and scenery unsurpassed—the last almost unrivalled—in America. Agriculture in all its branches obtains a rich return. Stock-

raising and wool-growing are also highly profitable. Her mineral stores are incalculable. Iron and salt abound, with coal-fields as available as extensive, and petroleum wells notorious for their numbers and yield. The eleven closing chapters are devoted to a pretty thorough discussion of the last-mentioned product, including, besides a description of the oil districts, and the methods of boring, etc., a list of the companies actually in operation, as far as could be ascertained. A good map would greatly have enhanced the value of the book.

The brief historical sketch of the erection of West Virginia into a State gives no hint of the questionable constitutionality of that procedure. It says that, "on the 13th of May (1862), the Legislature of Virginia gave its consent to the formation of a new State within the jurisdiction of Virginia." Of course the "Virginia" Legislature referred to is the rump that met at Alexandria, and regarded Governor Peirpoint as the rightful magistrate, while Letcher played the usurper at Richmond. This fiction was not without its convenience in the case of West Virginia, but has entailed much political confusion upon us now that the rebellion is over.

Miscellanies from the Collected Writings of Edward Irving. (Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 1865.)—Considered absolutely, Edward Irving was a very different man from Theodore Parker, and yet relatively to their respective churches and positions the course of these two men was much the same. It would be difficult to say which was the greater heretic or which the stouter and more resolute defender of his thought, or which of them received the harder treatment in the name of Christ and Christianity. But this handsome volume symbolizes other qualities which they enjoyed in common. Its relation to Irving's genius is the same as that of Parker's "Lessons from the World of Matter and of Man" to his genius. It will surprise many persons that from the writings of these men a collection of thoughts has been made so universal in its character. From these collections it will appear that their negatives were the smallest part of them, that the wonder of them was their stalwart faith in God and every great reality. It would never be guessed from these miscellanies that Irving was fanatical in any of his views. And it is very strange that nowhere does his fanaticism leave a mark upon his style, which is always wonderfully pure and noble, much nobler and purer than was Parker's, in whose nature there was not a shred or sign of the fanatic. The Messrs. Strahan have given us another eminently religious book. It is this in spite of one part called theological, for the same spirit breathes through that also. It contains passages that we should like to print, because of their great strength, or tenderness, or beauty, and among them are these: Pharisaism (p. 81), The Four Offices of Friendship (p. 133), Prosperous Preachers (p. 140), Sunshine Christians (p. 324), Idolatry of the Bible (p. 358).

Songs of Praise and Poems of Devotion in the Christian Centuries. With an Introduction by Henry Coppée. (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.)—The nucleus of this collection is Neale's "Hymns of the Eastern Church," consisting of versions from the Greek and Latin fathers. To these the editor has added others, chiefly modern, and largely from the present century, including several of his own. A rigid taste—and, in criticizing devotional poetry, what taste can be too rigid?—would pronounce against the admission of much that Prof. Coppée has approved, and all the more because of the vastness of the field of choice. Surely there is no such dearth of lofty strains as to justify, even as "padding," the insertion of Tupper's "Hymn for All Nations," though it had the honor to be sung at the great exhibition in London, in 1851, and "translated into thirty languages in upwards of fifty versions." This, we admit, is the very worst instance of mistaken judgment that we can charge the compiler with, yet it is evident that the strength of his discrimination must be estimated by his weakest selection, and that the value of a work like the present consists rather in its freedom from defects—in its symmetry—than in the abundance of its excellences. The reader of "Songs of Praise" will not lack for noble nourishment, but he will occasionally meet with very indifferent fare. The same inequality is observable in the engravings, and forbids our complete endorsement of the very high estimate which the preface sets upon the holiday comeliness of the volume, which in other respects is honorable to the publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ellen Vincent and the Blank Sheet. From the Religious Tract Society, London. Henry Hoyt, Boston.

Humorous Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. [Companion Poets for the People.] Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The Trip of the Steamer Oceanus to Fort Sumter and Charleston, S. C. By a Committee Appointed by the Passengers of the *Oceanus*. Brooklyn. 1865.

The Ordeal for Wives. By the Author of "The Morals of Mayfair." American News Company, New York.

A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith. Ticknor & Fields, Boston; B. H. Ticknor, New York.

De Vane. A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard. Blelock & Co., New York.

Life and Military Career of Major-General Philip Henry Sheridan. By Rev. P. C. Headley.—Life and Naval Career of Vice-Admiral David Glascoe Farragut. By the same. William H. Appleton, New York.

Glimpses of History. By George M. Towle. William V. Spencer, Boston.

The Home of Washington and its Associations, Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial. By Benson J. Lossing. New Edition. W. A. Townsend, New York.

The Bushrangers. By William H. Thomas.—The Yankee Middy; or, The Adventures of a Naval Officer. By Oliver Optic.—Dotty Dimple. Fairy Book. [Little Prudy Series.] By Sophie May. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Spirit of Harper's Ferry. A Poem for the Times. By William W. H. Curdy. Bland, Meyers & Woodbury, Indianapolis

The Twenty-third Psalm.—Three Kings of the Orient. A Christmas Carol. By John H. Hopkins, Jr., M.A., Deacon.—Cinderella: Puss in Boots: Beauty and the Beast. With Original Illustrations by H. L. Stephens.—Hymns in Prose for Children. By Mrs. Barbauld. Illustrated.—The Water Lily. By Harriet Myrtle. With Twenty Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne.—Picciola. By X. B. Saintine.—On the Ferry-Boat. By Jennie Harrison.—The Cyclopædia of Biography. By Parke Godwin. New Edition. With a Supplement, brought down to the Present Time, by George Sheppard. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Mitchell's New Reference Atlas. For the Use of Colleges, Libraries, Families, and Counting-Houses.—The American Angler's Book. By Thaddeus Norris. New Edition, with a Supplement. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia; Sampson Low, Son & Co.; James Miller, New York.

Fine Arts.

THE EXHIBITION OF PICTURES BY EUROPEAN ARTISTS.

A collection of about a hundred and fifty pictures by French, Flemish, and English painters is now on exhibition at the "Studio Building," 15 Tenth Street. There was a small gathering of artists and friends of art at the gallery on Thursday evening last. The galleries were tolerably well lighted, and so few persons were present that the pictures could be easily looked at and all seen that gas-light will show. But it is well that the pictures are not to be shown by gas-light again. The usual "private view," to which ladies as well as gentlemen are invited, was held on Saturday last at the unusual hour of from one to five in the afternoon, instead of in the evening. The title-page of the catalogue announces that the exhibition will be open daily from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. This is a new fashion for New York. The custom has been to have everything in the way of an art exhibition open in the evening—in the day-time also, if convenient, but, at all events, in the evening! Now it is simply absurd to look at a work of color by gas-light, for pleasure, for profit, or for judgment of its merits. If the object of an exhibition be to make money, and the public be ignorant of what pictures are, and desire to view them of an evening, let the public be gratified, by all means, and the treasury filled. But it ought to be well understood that pictures in full color are wholly invisible by gas-light. And so we are very grateful to the managers of this exhibition for promising to shut their doors every day at nightfall.

As the collection was shown on Thursday evening, it and the catalogue did not perfectly agree. According to the latter, there are one hundred and seventy-one pictures, by ninety-seven painters; but several of those enumerated were not to be found upon the walls. Want of room is the sufficient reason. But it is to be hoped that some room in the building can be secured to receive the outcasts, for one at least among them is of considerable importance.

We offer no analysis and no criticism of any picture here. The lessons to be learned from these pictures, or any of them, are matters for future careful consideration. It is possible that a few words might be written which would be useful to persons visiting the exhibition, and which would also serve to introduce it, as representative of European art, to those who will not see it but still care to hear about pictures. But, after all, we have not space to speak of every artist or of every noticeable picture, and must defer all detailed comment.

The committee in charge of this enterprise, and especially the more active members of it, whom we take to be Mr. Gambart and Mr. Knoedler, together with the secretary, Mr. Pilgeram, are entitled to the thanks of the community. The little peeps into the comparative daylight of Europe which we, in our darkness, get by the kindness of Mr. Knoedler and Mr. Avery, are of the greatest use to all of us, artists and laics together. This is a broader field of vision, and we are allowed a longer look at it. We are in the position of the traditional and perhaps mythical person whose business announcement has descended to our time, "The smallest favors thankfully received—and larger ones in proportion." We received very thankfully such favors as looks at Leys's "Wandering Minstrels," Tissot's "Margaret," Gérome's "Prayer in the Desert" and "Almée," the dozen or more delightful pictures by Edouard Frère, those by Williams and De Jonghe, and others. This last favor is certainly, by comparison, a large one, and we are grateful, we think, in proportion.

But we deem it right to call attention to the fact that this exhibition is no more truly representative of European art than are the single pictures or the accidental concurrences of two or three pictures which are often given us. In fact, a single first-rate picture is more nearly representative of the school or period of art to which it belongs than a collection of inferior ones can be. Now, it would be, perhaps, inaccurate to call this a collection of inferior pictures, although in so qualifying it we should use the word inferior in its proper relative sense; but it is true that there are no first-rate pictures in it, if we except the Gérome (No. 59, "Muezzin calling the Hour of

Prayer—Evening, Cairo"), and it is true that some great painters are poorly represented, while some of the greatest painters are not represented at all. *Per contra*, some painters whom we hardly call great send us better work than has been seen of theirs before, so far as we know, in America; and some of the younger artists are now for the first time represented here. There is no doubt of the value of the exhibition which for the first time introduces to Americans such painters as Heilbuth, Köller, Alma-Tadema, and Dillens. And it is with no small pleasure that we greet so attractive a Willems as No. 170; so remarkable a Meissonier as No. 102; four pictures by Edouard Frère; two by Baron Leys (a third is catalogued, but not hung); and four by Plassau. But, we repeat, there are no first-rate pictures, unless the Gérome be such; some great painters, as Gérome, Leys, Millais, are but poorly represented, and some of the greatest painters, both French and English, are unrepresented.

We must, therefore, go to the galleries to learn what we can from single pictures, guarding ourselves carefully from the danger of too general conclusions about other art than our own, keeping ourselves from judging men or schools by too few and not uniformly well chosen examples of their practice. There is a great deal more good to be got out of the collection than we shall any of us get out of it; but we must be careful not to rate too highly its importance or its standard of excellence as regards modern art.

MUSIC.

"L'AFRICAINE."

A YEAR had passed after Meyerbeer's death when, after long preparation, "L'Africaine" was produced at Paris. Scribe, the author of the libretto, had died three years before. Few operas could arise from such a double grave. This, however, has won a triumph over death, thanks to the careful superintendence of M. Fétis, who left all his other duties to devote himself to the revisal of this master-piece of his friend. But if the author could have lived it would have been much more perfect; he only knew how to alter and revise. What he did in such cases we can tell when we remember that he wrote the celebrated duo in "Les Huguenots" during the rehearsals, and inserted it at the last moment.

"L'Africaine," though last completed, was not the last begun of Meyerbeer's works. It was first written as long ago as 1839. "Robert le Diable" appeared in 1831; "Les Huguenots" was given in 1836. The director of the opera at Paris was eager for another work. Meyerbeer had two in his hands, "Le Prophète" and "L'Africaine," but, though besieged for each alternately, refused to give them up. "Le Prophète" was finally represented in 1849. During the rehearsals of this opera, influenced by the criticism of a friend, he sent the libretto of "L'Africaine" back to Scribe, and it was entirely re-written. Originally, the story was only about some *Fernando* or other, loved by two women, a white and a black, ending in the death of the black under the upas tree, while seeing him sail off with her rival. To the passion of love was added in the new version the thirst for fame, and the authors connected it with the story of a famous man, Vasco di Gama, and with one of the greatest geographical discoveries, that of the Cape of Good Hope.

The revised libretto was returned to Meyerbeer in 1852, and the partition was finally finished in 1860. The old manuscripts, which are preserved, show that it was greatly improved.

In order to connect Vasco di Gama with the plot as first sketched out Scribe was obliged to sacrifice a little the truth of history, and make Vasco, whose life was one continued success, experience trials more like those of Columbus than of any one else. In fact, the character of Vasco, as drawn by Scribe and colored by Meyerbeer, is a tissue of contradictions. That an intense and absorbing eagerness in the pursuit of one object in life should so repeatedly give way to love is hardly probable, nor that the second love should so completely for a time eradicate the first. Musically the character is better; but that of *Selika*, the African queen, is much finer and is more harmoniously drawn. *Nelusco*, too, stands out a fine conception, while some of the minor personages, as the *Grand Inquisitor* and the *High Priest of Brama*, are musical types, never previously given, of great originality and power.

The plot is almost ridiculous. Scribe has not shown his usual skill in it. He and Meyerbeer were very well suited to one another, as their long collaboration shows. Scribe was not like Meyerbeer in character as he was like Auber; but he was a skilful worker, and could appreciate and make the most of the composer's ideas. His operas, all of them, are a mere groundwork of effective situations, which were filled up by the composer. This is more the case here than in any of Meyerbeer's other grand operas, of whose success Scribe is often considered the author. Here the play is a drag upon the music rather than an aid to it.

The partition is the opera here, and the hearing and reading of it show us that "L'Africaine" is one of the finest works of the composer, and instantly ranks on a level with his best. Time may put it at the head of them all, and make it the crowning glory of his life. The work commences with a fine introduction, worked up from two themes of the opera, one occurring in the romance of *Inez* in the first act—an air which recurs several times—and the other in the septuor at the end of the second act. Meyerbeer has never written a satisfactory overture, and this is a mere prelude, played principally by the wind instruments, which leads easily to the romance of *Inez*, a remembrance of the farewell of *Vasco di Gama* when he sailed on the expedition from which he has not yet returned. This is graceful and melodious, and contains a fragment of a waltz. A terzett follows, of an elevated and restrained style. We learn from these that *Inez* is in love with *di Gama*, but is forced by her father to marry *Don Pedro*, one of the king's council, who informs her of the death of her old lover. This is all at Lisbon, in the royal council chamber, which is speedily filled with the councillors, who come in to a march with a pointed rhythm, of a kind much liked by Meyerbeer, and of which his works offer many examples. The grand inquisitor and the other clergy invoke heaven in a hymn of great majesty and power, better suited to the occasion than if more devotional. This grand phrase is repeated several times in the finale, and each time with greater effect. The council is called to debate the question of sending a new expedition of discovery to the south, where the fleet of Diaz has just been lost. The discussion is hardly begun when *Vasco di Gama* is introduced, he being the only one of the fleet who had escaped alive. He tells, in a calm, dignified recitative, the story of the disaster, and asks for a new fleet, claiming, as his share of the expected returns, immortality alone. He introduces two slaves, *Selika* and *Nelusco*, to confirm his statements. They are haughtily reserved, and refuse to answer. The council consult, and reject the project of *Vasco* as mad. He is indignant, and insults them in return; for which he is condemned to perpetual imprisonment. This gives rise to a fine quatuor with a chorus, and to a splendid malediction, sung by the bishops in unison. This whole finale, with the enthusiastic declamation of *Vasco*, the bizarre music introducing the captives, the deliberations of the council, at first calm and grave, then excited and warm, the passions being only quieted by a repetition of the hymn, and the final burst of passion, all marked by continually varying rhythm and keys, is one of the finest pieces in all Meyerbeer's works. The celebrated fourth act of "Les Huguenots," with the benediction of the daggers, is the only thing that can be compared with it.

The second act lessens in musical as well as dramatic interest. *Vasco* is asleep in prison. *Selika* watches over him, and sings a delightful Indian melody accompanied with gentle tinklings of the triangle, producing a very pleasing effect. *Nelusco*, jealous of *Vasco*, in an air of classic turn, and perhaps too regular for a savage, declares his intention of killing him to save the honor of his queen, and is only prevented by *Selika* awakening *Vasco*. Then follows a duet of some beauty, but of doubtful character, the subject being the elucidation of a geographical question. *Inez* comes to liberate *Vasco*, and, in a septett, quite delicately accompanied, *Vasco* learns that he is deprived by *Don Pedro* at once of his bride and of his fame. He has his revenge, however, by *Pedro's* acceptance of *Nelusco* as his pilot. This finale is noticeable for the way in which the voices are allowed to die away without the usual crescendo accompaniment.

The third act finds us on board ship on the ocean. This ship is a fine specimen of stage carpentry, though the celebrated manœuvre is here almost nothing. The great objection to it is that it takes so long to prepare and remove it, with so little result either dramatically or musically. We could have wished that the mast were prolonged to its full height and that it did not stop short behind the sail. A chorus of women at the beginning of the act is cut out, as well as a duett and septett. The best part of it is the fine sailors' chorus, "Su, su, marinari," followed by the prayer, "O gran San Domenico," introduced by the tolling of the bell, and sung by a double chorus. The interest of the act centres on the few phrases without accompaniment with which *Nelusco* commands the course of the ship to be changed. The ballad of "Adamastor" is odd, with an accompaniment of violins played on with the wood of the bows, but is out of place, and shows a yielding in Meyerbeer to the demands of French taste, which requires a ballad in every opera. *Vasco*, who has followed in a ship of his own, boards the vessel, informs *Don Pedro* of *Nelusco's* treachery, but too late. The vessel grounds, and is attacked by savages, who, with strange incorrectness, are armed with tomahawks, and dance over the decks and murder the crew.

All operas have one great act. In both "The Prophet" and "The Huguenots" the fourth is the best. In this, too, the fourth is the best, but it is

almost equalled by the first and the fifth. We have now reached the country of which *Selika* is queen, wherever it may be. In the original it was Madagascar, in this version it is Hindostan; at all events it is some mythical place sufficiently near Africa to give the name to the opera, and like enough India to have the religion of Brahma. The whole fourth act is a new revelation. It is as far from the first act in character as the religion of India is from that of the Inquisition. The music is strange, weird, and oriental. Dances of a novel character introduce it, and an Indian march, which is almost a dance, till reinforced by a brass band on the stage. Different groups enter, priests, warriors, dancing girls, Brahmins, and each is characterized by the music. It swells to a tremendous outburst at the approach of the queen. *Selika* is then crowned and recognized by her subjects. We regret the omission here of two very beautiful choruses. *Vasco* here approaches, enchanted by the beauty of the country. The andantino with which he comes in is a marvel of orchestration. A very delicate melody on the clarionet detaches itself from the murmur of flutes and violins, with occasional responses of the cymbals, but the remainder of the air is not equal to this movement. He is about to be slain when *Selika* saves him by declaring him her husband, a statement which she makes *Nelusco* reluctantly confirm in a passage of tender beauty. The grand Brahmin unites them according to the Indian rites, and they are left alone. Here follows a duet, in many respects equal to that between *Raoul* and *Valentine*, or *Jean* and *Fides*. It is love, this time the passionate love of a savage, and the momentary enthusiasm produced by a potion, which dies away when the voice of *Inez*, singing his farewell song, is heard in the distance.

Of the fifth act we have only two scenes, a duet betwen *Selika* and *Inez*, somewhat similar in character to that between *Norma* and *Adalgisa*, but far surpassing it in beauty, and remarkable particularly for one phrase: "E per tanto ei t'ama ancor." The impression produced by this deepens at every hearing. *Selika* gives up *Vasco* and sends him away with *Inez*, and resolves to die. For this purpose she goes under the upas-tree, takes her last look at the retreating vessel, and sinks into a stupor. Introducing this is one of the most remarkable passages of the whole work. It consists of only sixteen bars, but in unison. In unison absolutely, for no octaves are used, and the different sets of stringed instruments, supported by two bassoons, play the same air, ranging only over eleven notes. The melody is remarkable, the sound is loud but absolutely *pure*. The quality is very beautiful, being at times almost like the human voice. The effect is strange, and the audience are silent and affected.

We have no space to speak of the manner of the performance last Friday night, except to say that few operas have ever been given here with so great regard to scenic effect, and with so great propriety and correctness. The singing was at times weak, but that we hope will be cured in subsequent representations.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Monday Morning,
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THE general trade of the port of New York for the week ending on Saturday was fairly active. The foreign imports were $5,143,629, of which $1,994,024 was dry goods; the aggregate import entries for the calendar year to date are $197,400,000, being a decrease from last year of $11,900,000. Our exports of produce and merchandise continue light; for the eleven months ending 30th November they are $46,000,000 behind those of the corresponding period of last year. The export of specie continues nominal. Our receipts of cotton continue large, say 22,000 bales a week, and the pric has given way about two cents per pound; but the stock is firmly held, owing to the confidence of speculators for the rise, and the ease with which money can be borrowed on cotton. Nothing definite has yet been received from the South with regard to the prospects of the crop of 1866; the ex-rebels predict that the negroes will not work, and that there will be no crop whatever, while the agents of the Freedmen's Bureau are hopeful of a yield at least as large as that of 1864 or 1865. From the West our receipts of breadstuffs have been increasing of late, but the falling-off from last year is too heavy to be overcome at this late period of the season. The falling-off was, on November 23, in flour, 286,000 barrels, 5,630,000 bushels wheat, 1,200,000 bushels oats, etc., etc.; while the receipts of corn at tide-water were 7,200,000 bushels in excess of those of the same period of last year, but 4,100,000 bushels behind those of 1863. As the wheat crop of 1865 was much larger than that of 1864, it may be inferred that large stocks are held back at the West in the hands of farmers and speculators. In the event of the adoption of vigorous measures of currency contraction, a panic in breadstuffs would thus be imminent at the food centres of the West. In general merchandise there is nothing worth particular mention, except the great

advance in copper, occasioned by the war in Chili. The article has advanced £22 a ton in England, and sales were made here last week at 46 cents per lb. Should the war last, the consequences upon our Lake Superior interests would be very important. Chili is the largest producer of copper in the world; should the Spanish blockade of her ports be maintained for a few months, the development of our mines on Lake Superior—which has been arrested by the want of capital—will, probably, be prosecuted with vigor, and a large number of mines which are now half developed, and in the hands of companies that have expended all their means, will be placed on a paying basis. The expenditure of a few million dollars on Lake Superior would, probably, double the copper product of the United States, and, at anything like present prices, the outlay would be returned within three years.

The following table will show the course of prices in the stock, exchange, gold, and money markets during the week:

	Nov. 25.	Dec. 2.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881	105⅞	106⅛	⅝	....
5-20 Bonds, old	101⅛	101¼	....	¾
5-20 Bonds of 1865	99⅛	99⅛	....	⅛
10-40 Bonds	91	90¾	....	¼
7-30 Notes, second series	97¼	96⅛	....	1¼
New York Central	97¼	97⅝	⅜	....
Erie Railway	93¼	92	....	1¼
Hudson River	110	108¾	....	1¼
Reading Railroad	116¼	115⅜	....	⅞
Michigan Southern	76¼	75¾	....	½
Cleveland and Pittsburg	92⅝	92¾	⅛	....
Chicago and North-Western	36¾	36	....	¾
" " " Preferred	65¾	64¾	....	1
Chicago and Rock Island	109⅛	107	....	2⅛
P., Fort Wayne and Chicago	105⅛	105¼	....	¼
Canton	45	46	1	....
Cumberland	44¾	43¾	....	1
Mariposa	14	16	2	....
American Gold	147	148¼	1¼	....
Bankers' Bills on London	109	109	....	....
Call Loans	7	7	....	....

As a general rule, the movement of prices has been downward, in view of the expected report of the Secretary of the Treasury in favor of contraction. Comment on the subject would be out of place, as the report itself will be in the hands of the people about as soon as these lines are read. It must suffice at present to note the facts. Government securities have declined, with the exception of the Sixes of 1881, of which the supply in market is small and inadequate to meet any unexpected demand. Five-Twenties and Ten-Forties are ⅜ a ½ lower; the foreign demand for these securities has ceased; they might be imported from Europe to pay a profit to the importers. Seven-Thirties, second series, are again down to 96½, at which figure the subscribers net a loss of over 3 per cent. The market is supplied with these securities by National Banks, which took them on speculation, or advanced the money to subscribers, and which are now anxious to realize, for fear of currency contraction. It is feared by many that before these securities find a final resting place they may decline to still lower figures. Parties who may be advised to sacrifice them should remember that the faith of the Government is pledged to their redemption at par in currency within three years from their date. The option of converting them into long bonds rests with the holder, not with Government.

The railway and miscellaneous shares are generally lower than they were a week ago. The exceptions are Mariposa, which is 2 per cent. higher, on the judgment discharging the receiver and handing over the property to the trustees; Canton, which is being gradually absorbed by parties in the management and their friends, on the theory that the company is at length going to prove profitable; and Cleveland and Pittsburg, which is manipulated by a clique, and is pushed up and let down alternately to suit their necessities. The books close next week, and after the closing no further conversions of bonds can take place till they re-open. During the closing it is surmised that an attempt may be made to "corner the shorts." A dividend of 4 per cent. was declared at Cleveland on the 30th of November, payable 10th January; it is just a year since the last dividend—5 per cent.—was paid out of money borrowed for the purpose by the new direction. It is estimated that the party which, under the auspices of the American National Bank of this city, obtained control of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Road in December, 1864, paid a million dollars in money for the luxury. The new election takes place this month. The heaviest decline during the week was in Rock Island and Hudson River. These stocks are understood to have been largely held by a prominent firm which enjoys intimate relations with a member of Congress, and the heavy fall is ascribed to sales by this firm, predicated on early intelligence of the extremely conservative tenor of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. Erie sold as high at one time last week as 93¾. It closed on Saturday 1¾ per cent. lower. It is still selling 3 or 4 per cent. higher here than in London, and the bears look for large receipts of the stock from abroad. Such expectations have seldom been realized. So long as foreign holders receive their interest and dividends regularly from this side, they are seldom influenced by the fluctuations of our markets. The receipts of all the railways continue large, and the prospect is that very few of them will be able to carry the freight which will be offered them this winter. The four trunk lines are sure of more business than they can do with their present equipment and single track.

Money was easy throughout the week at 7 per cent. on miscellaneous collaterals, with occasional exceptions at 6 on governments or choice railways. The Sub-Treasury began to pay off the "tadpole" notes on the 1st inst., and its disbursements were large on Friday and Saturday, which added considerably to the supply of money on the Street. Still, the balance is higher than it was a week ago; it amounted on Saturday evening to the extraordinary sum of $77,259,000; more than half of which is gold, and about $7,000,000 "tadpole" notes to be cancelled. The banks are gaining currency from the South and West, and will for the present continue to show an increase of legal-tender strength. The national bank currency now amounts to about $225,000,000, and it is understood that a further issue of $100,000,000, swelling the aggregate authority to $400,000,000, will be authorized by Congress.

Gold advanced at one time last week to 148¾, and closed yesterday at about 148¼, 1¼ per cent. higher than on Nov. 25. The advance was exclusively due to political rumors with regard to the relations between this country and France. Exchange did not participate in the advance, thus showing that it was independent of mercantile influences. There is but little speculation in gold at this time; the Gold Room is one of the quietest and coziest places in the city. But it may be noted that no considerable body of operators are willing to sell gold for the fall at any material reduction from the cash price. Six months ago, scores of individuals were willing to give two points for a sixty or even a thirty days' option in gold, so general was the belief that, with the final restoration of peace, the premium on specie would become merely nominal. Now it is impossible to buy gold on sellers' option at any material concession from the current market rate. It is generally understood in the Gold Room that the Secretary of the Treasury is going to recommend to Congress the reduction of the legal-tender currency by at least one hundred millions during the ensuing year, but the understanding does not tempt even the most inveterate bear to sell gold for the fall.

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS,

AND DEALERS IN

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

AND

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

THE 7.30 POPULAR LOAN

5 NASSAU STREET,

(Continental Bank Building, near Wall Street).

DEPOSITS RECEIVED, COLLECTIONS MADE.

ALL KINDS OF UNITED STATES

AND OTHER POPULAR

FIRST CLASS SECURITIES

BOUGHT AND SOLD AT MARKET RATES.

E. W. CLARK & CO.,

BANKERS AND BROKERS,

35 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES

OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS,

COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.

WHAT WISE MEN SAY OF
LIFE INSURANCE.

In my opinion, and judging from my own experience, annuities secured for a family are of important service to relieve the mind of the father of a helpless family from a corroding anxiety on their account. It has been for many years a comfort to me that my family will have the benefit of annuities at my decease; and though, on account of my protracted life, the fund will be a great gainer by me, yet I do not regret that, as the gain belongs to a benevolent institution.—*Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander.*

Life Assurance may be employed advantageously for the benefit of families and of individuals of all classes of society, as well for those in affluence as for those in moderate circumstances. All may, by the exertion of a little forethought and a small outlay, protect their families from want, independently of any charitable aid.—*Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pa.*

The relief from anxiety afforded by Life Assurance very frequently contributes to prolong the life of the assured, while it materially augments the comfort and well-being of those dependent on him. It has also an obvious tendency to strengthen habits of accumulation.—*M' Culloch's Commercial Dictionary.*

A policy of Life Assurance is the cheapest and safest mode of making a certain provision for one's family. It is time our people understood and practiced more generally Life Assurance. Many a widow and orphan has had great reason to be grateful that the advantage of Life Assurance was understood and embraced by the husband and father.—*Dr. Franklin, in* 1769.

It is unquestionably the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own. We would say that it is not less his duty to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. Indeed, between these two duties there is no general distinction; for Life Assurance makes the one as much a matter of current expenditure as the other.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Has paid more than

ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS

To Widows and Orphans.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,

OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - -	**$2,000,000 00**
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - - -	**3,765,503 42**
Liabilities, - - - - - - - -	**77,901 52**

FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND

INSURANCE.

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT.

A. F. WILMARTH, VICE-PRESIDENT.

JOHN McGEE, Secretary.

J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.

W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

Marine and Fire Insurance.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,

108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - -	$1,000,000
Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - -	400,000

This Company ensures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR., 2d Vice-President.
HENRY H. PORTER, Secretary.

COAL $8 50 PER TON.
GLOBE MUTUAL COAL COMPANY.

COAL AT ACTUAL COST TO SHAREHOLDERS,

Which is now being delivered at their residences from the yard of the Company, West Thirty-seventh Street.

Shares, $10.

Which entitles the party to ONE TON of Coal per year, at the actual cost, for every share subscribed.

See Prospectus of the Company.

OFFICES:

GLOBE BUILDINGS, 64 BROADWAY AND 19 NEW ST., NEAR WALL.

LET THE PEOPLE SAY WITH ONE VOICE, DOWN WITH THE PRICE OF COAL!

The following are among the many Stockholders who have received and are now using the coal supplied by the above Company at $8 50 per ton.

N. MENDLESON, 76 Nassau street, New York: HENRY KLINKER, 8 Pearl street, New York; J. F. SHULTHIES, 40 Stanton street, New York; E. GRAEF, 37 and 39 Bowery, New York; Mrs. C. WETHERBEE, 134 East Fourteenth street, New York; G. F. WYGANT, 495 Third Avenue, New York; D. BRINCKMAN, 81 Broad street, New York; D. A. WOODWORTH, 9 Beekman street, New York; HY. SIMMONS, 2 Front street, New York; HORATIO HOWARTH, 166 Washington street, New York; JOHN RENEFER, 44 Greenwich street, New York; W. J. F. PRELLE, 467 Greenwich street, New York; BRADLEY & REEVES, 10 State street, New York; CHR. ROES, 244 Cherry street, New York; JAMES COSTELLO, 510½ Pearl street, New York; MITCHELL BROS., 17 and 19 Fulton Market, New York; D. COMBS, 16 and 18 Fulton Market, New York; M. A. SCHROEDER, 79 Montgomery street, New York; WM. AUGUSTIN, 68 Greenwich street, New York; F. WOHLERS, 43 Whitehall street, New York; HENRY HEINS, corner 22d street and 11th avenue, New York; R. H. LOSHE, Columbia street, Brooklyn; T. B. SIDEBOTHAM, 433 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn; JOS. SLOPER, 133 Marshall street, Brooklyn; M. MORROW, 273 Fulton street, Brooklyn; H. B. L. HERR, 546 Columbia street, Brooklyn; L. E. L. BRIGGS, 25 Hicks street, Brooklyn; J. W. BRODIE, 66 Sands street, Brooklyn.

Where I Can Ensure,

WHAT I CAN ENSURE AGAINST,

AND

WHAT IT WILL COST ME.

I CAN ENSURE IN THE

NATIONAL LIFE AND TRAVELLERS' INSURANCE CO.,

243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

OPPOSITE CITY HALL PARK,

Authorized Capital, - - - Half a Million,

AGAINST EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENTS that can happen to me on Sea or Land.

I can ensure my life on the purely Mutual Plan, either by an Endowment, or a Life Policy, or a Ten-year Non-forfeiture Policy.

$25 secures a General Accident Policy for $5,000, with a Weekly Compensation of $25.

$10 secures a Marine Policy for $10,000 for a voyage to any European port, covering loss of life at sea from accident.

$167 35 per annum secures an Endowment Policy for $5,000, with profits payable at the age of 50, or at death to a person 25 years of age.

$96 90 per annum secures a Life Policy for $5,000, with profits, to a person 25 years of age. A Loan of one-third of the Premium, or Life, or Endowment Policy will be given, if required, without note.

POLICIES ISSUED AT ONCE.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

HOFFMAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Office, 161 Broadway, New York.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - - $200,000

WILLIAM B. DIXON, President.

JOSEPH W WILDEY, Secretary.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, $885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE

Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

B. C. MORRIS, President.

WM. M. WHITNEY, Secretary.

FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE
ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.
ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS		$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	$134,672 00	
Temporary Loans	92,630 00	
Real Estate	10,000 00	
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00	
Government Sec., value	144,514 00	
Cash on hand	18,042 34	
Interest due	3,085 58	
Premiums due	6,785 26	
PRESENT LIABILITIES		$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS		198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against
DISASTER BY FIRE
At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the
PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,
pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby
(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)
of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed
FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,
the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.
☞ The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.
NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.
ASHER TAYLOR, President.
H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

BAIRD & BRADLEY,
CHICAGO
LOAN AND COLLECTION AGENCY.

Investments for a term of years made for Eastern Capitalists. Corporations and Estates amply secured by First Mortgage on Real Estate in Chicago and vicinity, with semi-annual interest payable at any point East.

Real Estate purchased, managed, and sold for Eastern parties.

Notes collected and avails promptly remitted.

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WILLIAM C. GILMAN,
46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

FOURTH NATIONAL BANK,
27 & 29 PINE ST., NEW YORK,

Has for sale U. S. 7 3-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.
P. C. CALHOUN, President.
B. SEAMAN, Cashier.
ANTHONY LANE, Asst. Cashier.

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO	$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865,	275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.
CHARTERED 1850.
Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.
P. NOTMAN, Secretary. JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.
" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL	$1,000,000 00
ASSETS	1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President.
PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

BROWN, BROTHERS & CO.,
56 WALL STREET,
Issue, in New York, Circular Credits for Travellers, available in any part of the world.

The Nation:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THIS journal will not be the organ of any party, sect, of body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with care, is pursuing a journey through the South. His letters appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

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WASHINGTON HAMS
are now ready for sale.
Name branded in full.
ALSO ALL KINDS OF SMOKED MEATS.
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1,600 HAMILTON STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
MACHINISTS', FOUNDERS', SMITHS' and BOILER-MAKERS' TOOLS.
SHAFTING, with Ball and Socket Bearings and Double Cone Vice-Couplings, admitting of the easiest possible adjustment.
A complete assortment of PULLEY and WHEEL PATTERNS, from which Castings or finished work will be furnished.
RAILWAY EQUIPMENTS, TURNING and TRANSFER TABLES, and PIVOT BRIDGES.
Sole Manufacturers and Licensees of
GIFFARD'S INJECTOR,
For Feeding Boilers.
WILLIAM SELLERS. JOHN SELLERS, JR.

BOYNTON'S FURNACES.
Boynton's Brick and Portable Furnaces, Fire-place and Parlor Heaters, Kitcheners, Ranges, Parlor and Office Stoves, are warranted to give satisfaction. Send for circular.
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234 Water Street, near Beekman, New York.

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PYLE'S SALERATUS. PYLE'S O. K. SOAP.
PYLE'S CREAM TARTAR. PYLE'S BLUEING POWDER.
Articles designed for all who want the best goods, full weight. Sold by best Grocers everywhere. Each package bears the name of JAMES PYLE, Manufacturer, New York.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH
B. T. BABBITT'S
Pure Concentrated Potash,
OR READY SOAP-MAKER.
Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington st., N. Y.

AMERICAN WATCHES.
J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 BOWERY, N. Y., sell at lowest rates
American Gold and Silver Watches,
English Lever Watches,
Fine Swiss Watches.
The handsomest Detached Lever Watch in the market for $25.
PURE GOLD WEDDING RINGS.
Fine Jewelry, diamonds, silver ware, and best quality silver-plated ware of our own manufacture.
Articles sent free of expense to all parts of the country, and satisfaction guaranteed.

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.'S

Celebrated Gold Medal

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first-class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL

J. BAUER & CO., Agents.

SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL.

(From Watson's Weekly Art Journal.)

AWARDS TO MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—A Gold Medal was awarded, at the late Fair of the American Institute, to CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO., for the best Reed Instrument on exhibition—a most just testimonial.

"They are an exceedingly good substitute for an Organ, and I can speak of them in the highest terms."
GEO. W. MORGAN.

"I have found them to be the *finest Instruments of the class I ever saw.*" GEO. F. BRISTOW.

"They are entitled to be ranked as the *first* and *best* among instruments of their class." WM. A. KING.

"*The tone is incomparable*, and they are *far in advance* of any other instrument of a similar kind."
CHARLES FRADEL.

THE PARLOR ORGAN,

with the recent improvements of Mr. J Carhart, is, without exception, *far superior* in QUALITY, POWER, SWEETNESS, VARIETY and EXPRESSION OF TONE. DURABILITY OF CONSTRUCTION, ELEGANCE OF CASE—POSSESSING IMPROVEMENTS APPLIED BY US ONLY.

A Descriptive Catalogue and Price List sent by mail.

CARHART, NEEDHAM & CO.,
97 East Twenty-third St., New York.

PIANOS.

RAVEN & BACON'S PIANO-FORTES.

(ESTABLISHED 1829.)

A full assortment of these Instruments, which have been well known in the New York market for more than thirty years, constantly on hand. We are continually adding improvements to our Pianos, and our facilities enable us to furnish them at terms and prices satisfactory to purchasers. Pictorial circulars sent by mail.

Wareroom, 135 Grand St., near Broadway, New York.

The Horace Waters

Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, and CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and retail, at reduced prices. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains, prices $60, $75, $100, $125, $150, $175, $200, and $225. Factory and Warerooms, 481 Broadway. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos.

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SEWING MACHINES

WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS
At the State Fairs of

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New Jersey,	Michigan,	N. Carolina,
Vermont,	Wisconsin,	Tennessee,
Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
Ohio,	Kentucky,	Oregon,
Indiana,	Missouri,	California,

And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

1. The seam is stronger and more elastic than any other.
2. It is more easily managed, and is capable of doing a greater variety and range of work than any other.
3. It is capable of doing all the varieties of sewing done by other machines, and, in addition, executes beautiful embroidery and ornamental work.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1823.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

At the Great Mechanics' Fair, held in Boston in October, 1865, Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS were awarded

THE FIRST GOLD MEDAL

For the *BEST GRAND PIANOS.*

The *FIRST SILVER MEDAL*
For the *BEST SQUARE PIANOS.*

The *FIRST SILVER MEDAL*
For the *BEST UPRIGHT PIANOS.*

This Fair called forth an UNUSUAL COMPETITION—35 Pianos being represented. The report of the judges is very thorough and very decided on the merits of the CHICKERING PIANO.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, of 1865, awards Chickering & Sons THREE FIRST PRIZES.

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THE WISCONSIN STATE FAIR, of 1865, awards Chickering & Sons TWO FIRST PRIZES.

FOURTEEN FIRST-CLASS GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS IN THE MONTHS OF SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1865.

Making a total of FIFTY-FIVE PRIZE MEDALS awarded to CHICKERING & SONS, as

FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL COMPETITION for the SUPERIORITY OF THEIR PIANOS.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS.

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"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos, beyond comparison, the best I have ever seen in America."

GOTTSCHALK.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos superior to any in the world."

WEHLI.

"I believe that, in every particular, your Pianos are superior to any I have ever seen in this country or in Europe."

SATTER.

"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled."

BASSINI.

"I always use and always recommend your Pianos to my pupils and friends."

MUZIO.

"I consider your Pianos the finest I have ever played upon."

Watson's Art Journal, of November 11, in its criticism of Mme. Abel's concert, says: "Madame Abel performed on the new Chickering Grand, which took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, held at Boston last month.

"IT IS THE NOBLEST INSTRUMENT WE EVER HEARD IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

"Grand in power, without noise; capable of sustaining any amount of forcing, without losing the rich purity of its tones; clear, bright, and beautiful throughout the entire range, every tone is a pearl of sound, sympathetic and vocal as the finest human voice cultivated to the highest point of perfection."

AGRAFFE BRIDGE.

Pianos with or without the Agraffe Bridge, which we have constantly used for the past twelve years.

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652 BROADWAY, N. Y.
246 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
914 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Clothing for Fall and Winter.

OVERCOATS
OF
MOSCOW, CHINCHILLE, ESKIMO, and CASTOR BEAVERS.

BUSINESS AND WALKING SUITS FOR MEN.

DRESS AND SCHOOL SUITS FOR BOYS,
VERY SUPERIOR IN EVERY RESPECT,
and
LOW IN PRICE.

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BROADWAY, COR. WARREN STREET, N. Y.

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 24. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1865. { Six Dollars per Annum / Single Copies, 15 Cents

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The Week.

CONGRESS is going vigorously to work. Mr. Sumner has introduced a batch of bills and resolutions intended to make the Constitutional Amendment a reality, and protect the rights of the colored population *de facto* as well as *de jure*. It is generally conceded that the Southern members have as yet no chance of admission to either Senate or House—a result which Governors Perry, Humphreys, and others must find, after all their confidence, the reverse of amusing.

ALL the reports of the departments except that of the Treasury have, necessarily, only a retrospective interest. But Mr. McCulloch's is all-important as regards the future, and is, perhaps, the ablest state paper that has issued from that quarter for many a year. He strongly urges the contraction of the currency as indispensable; does not believe in the reality of much of our apparent prosperity; and, although he announces a probable deficiency of $112,194,947 in the fiscal year ending June, 1866, he anticipates a surplus of about the same amount in the fiscal year ending June, 1867. At this rate, supposing no fresh political convulsions or foreign war to take place, the debt would be paid off in twenty-eight or thirty years. The probabilities are it may be done much sooner. Mr. McCulloch's calculations as to the future tax-paying power of the country are curious and interesting. They show that, supposing its wealth to increase in the future in the same ratio as in the past, the appropriation of about $200,000,000 a year to a sinking fund would begin at less than five per cent. of the revenue of the country, and end in 1900 at seven-tenths of one per cent. The Government charges in England began fifty years ago at 17 per cent. of the resources of the country; they are now only eleven per cent.; and yet her debt is one-third greater than ours, her expenses double, and her production of wealth not nearly so rapid.

GENERAL GRANT'S report makes sad havoc of General Butler's military reputation. There is positive cruelty in printing in full Butler's vainglorious report of the great things he had done, and of the greater things he was going to do at Bermuda Hundreds, and then following it with the cool announcement that, after this, Beauregard "corked him up as in a bottle." It appears, too, that General Butler went of his own accord to Fort Fisher, that he relied much on the powder boat, and that in coming back he disobeyed his orders. It is true the Congressional Committee whitewashed General Butler, but when Grant says one thing on a subject of this kind and a committee of Congress says another, we know which of the two the country will believe. The fact is, that Butler ought never have been made a general in active service, any more than Banks, and that many a valuable life would have been saved if neither of them had ever made his appearance on the field of glory.

THE New York mayoralty election passed over quietly on Tuesday, resulting in the choice of Recorder Hoffman, to whom nobody seems to have any stronger objection than that he is a Democrat. A charge of having paid his office-boy out of the city funds was strongly urged against him, and supported by an affidavit from that youth and his father, but apparently made no impression on the public mind. Mr. Hecker's old pro-slavery paper, the *Churchman*, combined with his farina and copperheadism, seem to have seriously damaged him. Marshall O. Roberts pressed Mr. Hoffman very closely, and poor Mayor Gunther, who ran on his own account, came in "nowhere," in spite of his own confidence. There is no doubt either of the honesty or ability of the Mayor elect, and the new Corporation Counsel, though afflicted with the usual weakness of patriotic Irishmen on the subject of the negro, is as upright a man as could be found for the place. But what difference will it make? Both are powerless before the Aldermen and Common Councilmen. The steady improvement visible in all officers elected by the whole city suggests strongly the abolition of electoral districts as the best means of bringing the best men to the front.

THANKSGIVING DAY was a dismal day in this city, as far as the weather was concerned, and the newspapers made the morrow dismal by reporting the sermons. Hardly one of them is ever reported in full, and the reporters are probably as unfit to condense as men can be. They generally pick out and retain the least valuable, because most sounding and pretentious, portion of the discourse, and cloud the remainder by misapprehension of the meaning. It is high time the practice of reporting them at all was given up.

MAYOR GUNTHER wrote a characteristic letter during the war, strongly discouraging European emigration to this country, which, owing to his official position, was said to have been used with some effect by our enemies abroad. Emigrants, however, continued to arrive in unprecedented numbers, but the American Emigrant Company has thought it necessary to ask him to recant. This he has done. He says his objections to European immigration are now removed, and, to use his own language, "he now says, Come." We may therefore prepare for a fearful rush to our shores as soon as it becomes thoroughly known abroad that Mr. Gunther has no further objections.

THERE is trouble amongst the Fenians. The "Senate" pronounces the late issue of sixty-eight thousand dollars' worth of bonds to be unauthorized and fraudulent, owing to the failure of the President to appoint an "agent of the Republic." It has, moreover, impeached and deposed him, and makes, in doing so, some curious disclosures as to "what comes of the money." At present it seems likely that a large portion of it will go to line the pockets of a parcel of greedy adventurers. The worst of all this is that the ridicule brought on "Irish grievances" in the eyes of the civilized world, by the performance of these worthies, paralyzes the exertions which are being made by honest and high-minded men in Ireland, such as Dr. Hancock and Judge Long, to procure a redressal by practical means of the wrongs which alone make English domination odious.

WE have received a printed copy of resolutions passed unanimously by the vestry of the Church of the Nativity, Philadelphia, on the 14th

of last month, condemning the action of the recent General Episcopal Convention upon Mr. Binney's resolution. They remove explicitly the defence set up not long since by a distinguished correspondent, whose argument, admitting its premises, we examine on another page. The protest of distinguished clergymen and laymen who voted with Mr. Binney had already shown that the question of the convention's consistency of action was an open one even within the pale of the Episcopal Church itself. Unhappily, the real concern—which was the animus of that body, and, so far as the convention was fairly representative, of the Church—was not suffered to be debated. The spirit which prevailed was unfavorable, not to say hostile, to the great reformation which the war has wrought.

ANOTHER long list of the Confederate bondholders in England has appeared. Doubtless, most of those whose names appear on it were really creditors of the Confederacy, but the list is, nevertheless, plainly untrustworthy. It contains the names of such men as W. E. Baxter, the member for Bradford, and J. Caird, both of whom were warm friends of the North throughout the war. These are certainly used without the knowledge of the owners, and if so used, cannot have been found in any real books of accounts. The same thing may, doubtless, be said of many others, that of Mr. Gladstone for example. The agent of the Associated Press does not say where the books were found from which the list is taken; not certainly in Richmond, for it is in the office of the agent in England they would have been used; and we are driven to fear that some hungry rebel is perpetrating "sells" on some of our foreign ministers in order to raise the wind. The matter is of no great moment, except in so far as it affects the credit of the press here for accuracy. It is worthy of notice that "the address" of very large numbers of the bondholders is given as "London" simply, which is about as valuable and as business-like as "Europe" would be.

COUNT DE GASPARIN has addressed a very long letter to the President, instructing him in his duties during the present crisis. M. de Gasparin's opinions on American questions in the earlier part of the war were of considerable value, because they were expressions of sympathy at a period when we needed a great deal and got very little. But at present we doubt very much whether he can afford any aid in the solution of the problems now before the country. What he says, in the letter before us, has hardly sufficient novelty, or, in all cases, sufficient pertinence, to give it the weight to which the character and name of the author would otherwise entitle it, though excellent in itself and doing great credit to his heart.

SECRETARY WELLES says in his report that, so far from being unhealthy, as was feared, there was less sickness on board of the monitors than on the same number of wooden ships with an equal complement of men similarly exposed. The fact is, however, that the crews were regularly changed at frequent intervals, to avoid sickness; so that the statistics prove very little.

MISSISSIPPI wants to accept one-half the Constitutional Amendment and reject the other; that is, she is quite willing that the Constitution shall prohibit slavery, provided Congress shall *not* have power to enforce the prohibition "by appropriate legislation." From the very nature of our Government, the second section is superfluous, since Congress and Congress alone can give efficiency to the Constitution. But this very action on the part of Mississippi shows how important it is to leave no room for differences of construction, and to express in unmistakable terms the authority of the National Legislature to guard against the defeat of the national will in the matter of universal and absolute freedom throughout the country.

THE Kentucky prosecutors of Maj.-Gen. Palmer must appreciate the proverb about those who go a-shearing and come back shorn. Their indictment against him for aiding a slave to escape has been dismissed from the Jefferson Circuit Court by Judge Johnson, on the ground that the requisite number of States had previously adopted the Constitutional Amendment, "and, therefore, that all criminal and penal acts of the State Legislature relative to slavery were null and of no effect." The judge evidently holds the common-sense view that the loyal States are as abundantly competent to stand for the nation now as when forced to do so by the breaking out of the rebellion. Three-fourths of them have ratified the Amendment, but the Secretary of State still hesitates to announce that the Constitution has a thirteenth article. So far as Kentucky is concerned, however, Gen. Palmer has proclaimed the non-existence of slavery there, and advised the colored people to apply for redress to the courts if molested.

THE lady clerks at Washington are again making a desperate effort to secure an increase in their now miserable salaries. Why the Government should keep anybody in its service on starvation wages it is hard to say. If a woman takes the place of a man in a public office, why not pay her a man's salary? That they can be got for less is no argument at all; for plenty of men could be got for far less than any clerks in the Government offices are now paid.

GOVERNOR ORR'S inaugural address to the Legislature of South Carolina contains some very frank admissions about the real object of the late rebellion, and equally frank concessions as to the decision of the "God of battles." It has also a humane word for the freedmen, giving them credit for the constancy with which they abstained from any rising during the war, and for the possession of qualities "that invite our respect." He advises that they be treated kindly and receive such moral and intellectual elevation as will render them better laborers, neighbors, and men.

THE author of the discovery that a national debt is a national blessing, has, on other grounds, at least, deserved well of his country, and is unquestionably a very able broker. But he can hardly esteem himself so highly as not to blush on seeing in print the exquisite bathos of his pastor, on occasion of a recent address in Philadelphia. This worthy divine was remarking, as so many have done before him, that Providence generally matches grand emergencies with actors and characters as grand. Of course he drew his illustration from the late crisis of his native land, and beginning to enumerate the great men whom it had evoked, he mentioned Grant and Sherman, and concluded: "and I may add, Jay Cooke!"

THERE has been a very sharp triangular correspondence on the Rio Grande between the French naval commander, M. Cloue, and General Mejia at Matamoras and General Weitzel at Brownsville. Cloue and Mejia both complain of the same thing—American interference in the hostilities going on at Matamoras—and both are very angry, but Cloue is evidently the angrier. General Weitzel returned one of his letters as disrespectful, and to the second one replied that one commander on one subject was as much as he could correspond with at a time.

GOVERNOR EYRE, of Jamaica, has published an exceedingly lame defence of the conduct of the troops during the late "insurrection." Of the gravity of the rising, some idea may be formed from the fact that not a single casualty has befallen one of the soldiers or sailors, "and they are all in good health." There is not a single word in fact to justify the wholesale hanging and flogging of men against whom there was not a particle of proof of any participation in the outrages; and public indignation in England is rising rapidly.

THE correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* announces from Paris that a publisher of that city is about to begin the publication of "Shakespeare," with illustrations by Gustave Doré.

THE art of advertising has been greatly cultivated in this country, but we have yet to equal the Parisians. *L'Audience* newspaper, of Paris, gravely announces, as an inducement to subscribe, that none of its subscribers have died of the cholera!

M. Dupin, the senator of France who wrote the pamphlet on "The Reckless Extravagance of Women" in the present day, is recently dead. He left his whole fortune to the Princes of Orleans, and for announcing this fact the Paris *Figaro* has been warned by the Minister of the Interior, because as a comic paper it has no business to publish news.

The late M. Proudhon left notes for a "Life of Cæsar," in which he endeavors to prove that Gaul, at the time of the Roman invasion, was not a barbarous country, and that primitive France, although inferior to Rome in military organization, enjoyed a certain degree of civilization.

The Dutch are very indignant because of the arrest of certain swindlers, by the Prussian police, at the theatre in Rotterdam. According to the treaty between Prussia and Holland, the rendition of criminals must be made diplomatically; but it is intimated that the Prussians were so much encouraged by their success in snubbing the small German States, that they ventured to dispense with the legal formality. The Dutch (who seem, by the way, to have done nothing to hinder the Prussians) will demand explanations.

It is said that the Grand Duke of Baden is deranged. Judging from the despotic folly of the little German princes in alienating the affections of their subjects, at a moment when Prussia is seeking to undermine the independent governments of the confederation, it would appear that all of them are "laboring under a permanent suspension of the mental faculties."

The discussions of the constitutional amendments continue in the Swiss Federal Council. It is proposed, among other things, to forbid, by the organic law, all games of chance in Switzerland, and to declare absolute equality of religion and perfect liberty of conscience in all the cantons. The excitement incident to these debates has been increased by the fact of the recent whipping of a Protestant printer in the Catholic canton of Uri, on account of his religious opinions. A meeting has been held at Berne to express indignation against the authorities of Uri and sympathy with their victim, and it was resolved to ask the Society of Swiss Riflemen to refuse the citizens of Uri the privilege of taking part in the next federal shooting-match unless reparation should be made to the printer for the outrage inflicted.

King Victor Emanuel has gone to Naples, where the cholera is raging, and it is believed that his presence there will somehow have a good effect upon the public health. This is brave of Victor Emanuel, but does not seem particularly useful. Chloride of lime and an occasional ablution would be much better for the Neapolitans.

The Spanish Government continues its attention to the subject of the slave trade, while the journals discuss the question of abolishing slavery in the colonies. The *Epoca*, of Madrid, says that emancipation in the United States has imposed grave duties upon Spain; slavery must soon disappear everywhere, and Spaniards must consider how far machinery can be substituted for the labor of slaves, and what other means there are for supplying the anticipated deficiency of laborers.

The Russian dramatist, Potiskhine, has lately written a comedy in which the invectives against the proprietors of serfs, and the reactionary party in general, are so bitter that its first representation produced a tumult in the theatre. The aristocratic spectators hissed and the democrats applauded. When the nobles sent a deputation to the Prince Dolgoroukow for the purpose of demanding a withdrawal of the play, the Prince refused to receive it. Plantation manners are at singular discount in the world, just now.

The Senate of Finland is considering a proposition to authorize the use of the Russian language in the Finnish courts and offices equally with the Swedish and Finnish tongues. The latter has only recently come into official use, the language of the tribunals having always been Swedish.

CONGRESS.

Washington, Dec. 9, 1865.

The predominant feeling in Congress is buoyant and hopeful. Whatever elements of division and controversy may be latent in the great Union party, which holds so heavy a majority of both Houses, no token of such division was manifested in the first week of the session. The striking unanimity with which Mr. Stevens's resolution, relegating the whole question of the admission of Southern members to the future, was adopted by the House, surprised all. The few Democratic representatives already speak of their puny numbers as present only for the sake of form, and seem to think it hardly worth while to go through the ceremony of voting *nay*. Upwards of one hundred working majority, in a house of 183 members, after making all allowances for the absent, the wavering, and the indisposed, represents a solid phalanx of power such as our politics have not witnessed since the halcyon days of Monroe's administration. As a mere question of present power, the Union party could afford to admit at once the 58 Southern representatives elect, or to be elected. But the feeling is strong against any such admission, in advance of any guaranty that the results of the war against secession are secured throughout the whole South.

The New England members are no more determined in this sentiment than are those from the great Middle and Western States. Those who are accustomed to rail at "Massachusetts radicalism" may come to entertain a wholesome respect for opinions which are even more tenaciously held by the representatives of Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa. Nor is this sentiment the mere bigotry of party. About half the representatives constituting the House (ninety out of one hundred and eighty-three members) are new to our legislative halls. They represent, not a well-drilled and thorough-paced party majority, but they represent the people. When Ohio sends seventeen out of nineteen of her members who will listen to no blandishments; when Iowa commissions her solid delegation of six members who are as strenuous as Massachusetts for the eternal rights of man; when even calculating Pennsylvania elects sixteen out of twenty-four who will not bow the knee to Baal, it is safe to reckon that a new era has dawned upon our politics.

The message of the President is praised most loudly by the most moderate among politicians. Its careful diplomacy wins admiration quite as much in what it avoids saying as in what it says. Some there are who have an intimate persuasion that the entire message is the composition of Secretary Seward. But those who are nearest to the matter aver that the Secretary of State is only responsible for the portion relating to foreign affairs, with an occasional retouching elsewhere of the expression, while President Johnson can claim full credit for the rest.

Mr. Senator Sumner's shower of resolutions, bills, and constitutional amendments, offered on the first day of the session, provokes much comment. The senator was never solicitous to avoid having many irons in the fire, however much some of them might be burned. It is surprising that a lawyer of such erudition should take so little pains to put his propositions into legal form as is evinced in his scheme to submit to a popular vote in the lately rebellious States five several conditions precedent to their restoration to the Union, the first of which reads as follows: "1. The complete re-establishment of loyalty, as shown by an honest recognition of the unity of the republic, and the duty of allegiance to it at all times, without mental reservation or equivocation of any kind."

The important recommendations of Secretary McCulloch's report meet with universal favor. Congress is not disposed to blink the necessity of taking care of the public credit, and the finance committees of both Houses will take early measures to mature bills embodying both the steady reduction of the public debt and the gradual contraction of the circulating medium.

The adoption in the House by an unanimous vote save one (the latter cast by a Kentucky copperhead) of Mr. Randall's resolution affirming the sacredness and inviolability of the public debt, and frowning upon all attempts, direct or indirect, to repudiate any part it, is the re-echo of a universal popular sentiment. Its championship by the Democracy is a cheering sign, and should they only prove sincere, it will give the death-blow to those dishonest and scheming poli-

ticians who have been looking forward to an alliance between the Southern rebels and the Northern copperheads to repudiate the national debt, while arresting or reversing the national regeneration.

DIARY.

Monday, December 4, 1865.—In Senate, Mr. Wade introduced a bill extending the right of suffrage to colored men in the District of Columbia.

Mr. Sumner offered resolutions that the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, having been adopted by three-fourths of the States not in rebellion, is a part of the Constitution; and that no State lately in rebellion which refuses to ratify it be permitted to resume its relations with the Union. Also, resolutions declaring it the duty of Congress to insist upon the following conditions of re-admission in the case of all States seeking to return to the Union: 1. Loyalty. 2. Emancipation. 3. Repudiation of the rebel debt, and adoption of the national debt, in just proportion. 4. Education for all, without distinction of color. 5. Election of loyal officers only. Also, resolutions declaring that Congress can accept no State Government as republican where large masses of loyal citizens of the United States are excluded from the elective franchise. Also, bills prescribing a new oath to maintain a republican form of government in the rebel States; prescribing appropriate legislation to enforce the Constitutional Amendment; to enforce the guarantee of a republican form of government by Congress to the States; to endow the colored race in the District of Columbia with the right of suffrage; and to amend the Constitution so as to apportion representatives among the States according to the number of male citizens therein, of the age of twenty-one years. Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to maintain the freedom of the inhabitants in States lately in insurrection.

In the House of Representatives, an organization was effected by the re-election of Schuyler Colfax (Union) as Speaker, by 139 votes, over James Brooks (Democrat), who had 36 votes. Edward McPherson was also re-elected Clerk. The roll of members participating in the organization contained no names from any of the eleven States lately in rebellion. Immediately after the organization, Mr. Stevens offered a resolution for a joint committee of fifteen to "enquire into the condition of the States which formed the so-called Confederate States of America, and report whether any of them are entitled to be represented in either House of Congress," and declaring that until such report should be made, no member should be received into either House from any such State. —Adopted: ayes, 133; noes, 36.

Dec. 5.—In Senate, the House resolution for a joint committee of fifteen members to report upon the propriety of admitting Southern members elect was called up, but, being objected to by Mr. Reverdy Johnson, was laid over under the rules. The credentials of Messrs. Sharkey and Alcorn as Senators from Mississippi, signed by Gov. Humphreys, were laid upon the table. Resolutions of the Legislature of Vermont, that the "moral power and legal authority of the Federal Government should be exerted to secure equal rights, including the elective franchise, to all citizens, without respect to color, in the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion," were received. The President's annual message was received and read. In the House, Rev. C. B. Boynton was chosen chaplain. Mr. Randall (Dem.) offered a resolution that the public debt created during the rebellion is sacred, and that any attempt to repudiate or impair it should be rejected by Congress. Adopted: yeas, 162; nays, 1. Mr. Stevens offered, as an amendment to the Constitution, a prohibition upon the United States and every State in the Union to assume or pay any part of the rebel debt. Referred to the Judiciary Committee. Also, constitutional amendment apportioning representatives among the States according to their respective legal voters. Referred. Also, a constitutional amendment that "all national and State laws shall be equally applicable to every citizen, and no discrimination shall be made on account of race and color." Referred.

Dec. 6.—In Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a bill authorizing all railroads to carry freight and passengers from one State to another. Referred. Also, a resolution requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate what officers have been permitted to take office and receive pay from the U. S. without having taken the oath prescribed by Congress. Laid over. Adjourned to Dec. 11.

In the House, Mr. Thayer offered a bill declaring who shall act as President in case of the death or disability of both President and Vice-President of the United States. Referred. Mr. Bingham offered a constitutional amendment repealing the prohibition of a tax or duty upon exports. Also, another conferring upon Congress power to make all laws needful to secure to all persons equal rights of liberty and property. Referred. Mr. Washburne offered a resolution to revive the grade of general in the army of the United States. Adjourned to December 11.

THE FREEDMEN.

A YEAR ago there was formed in Baltimore an association for the moral and educational improvement of the colored people. It was composed of some of the most enlightened, prudent, and humane citizens there resident, but it encountered at the start, and has never ceased to encounter, the indifference or contempt of many and the open hostility of an indefinite number. Nevertheless, it has established in Baltimore sixteen schools, having nearly two thousand scholars, and in the various counties of the State eighteen schools, with about twelve hundred scholars. In accomplishing these highly creditable results the association has expended sixteen thousand dollars, of which the local share is set down at only thirty-nine hundred! We are told in a recent circular, issued from its office at 3 and 4 Bible House, that

"The association challenges the experience of the citizens of the State to show more effective and competent teachers, or more orderly, studious, and attentive scholars, than the schools of the association contain, or to point out an enterprise which in so short a period has done more by its action to improve the minds, morals, and homes of any other class of people than it has done for the colored people of this State, where its influence has been allowed to be felt.

"Nothing has so cheered the hearts of the members of the association, aside from the extraordinary thirst for information which the scholars, both young and old, exhibit, than the effect which the school has upon the household and home. The cleanliness, order, higher hopes and aims, which succeed the attendance of the children at school are everywhere apparent."

The old pro-slavery malice is not to be appeased, but rather stirred afresh, by such an exhibition of capacity for improvement in those who were lately marketable chattels. Accordingly, the association reports that

"Its school-houses have been burned in five or six different places, its teachers warned to fly, or to suffer what we had fondly hoped by this time was impossible in free Maryland—the brutality of an ignorant mob.

"Its scholars have been beaten on the country roads, their books and clothing taken from them, and such dread inspired in the breasts of the colored people that few, where these things have been done, can be encouraged to attend school at all."

A teacher was employed to instruct the girls in sewing, but the law, in order to compel negro apprenticeship, makes the child dependent on the parents; and those thus bound to service find it for their interest to know as little that is useful as possible, in order to shorten their term in proportion to their unprofitableness. Oppressive as are the statutes, and notorious as is the opposition of the community to the benevolent efforts of the association, the churches have thus far failed to protest against either, even by so much as countenancing the movement. Not a single clergyman on the Bay Shore has pleaded for justice and kindness toward the persecuted blacks. One meeting-house was refused the association for holding its anniversary, simply because of the odium which clings to it. Two hundred and fifty private notes were addressed to the respective clergymen of the city requesting Christian co-operation, and produced but twenty-three answers, not one of which was a straightforward compliance. The clergymen of several denominations, who are members of the Board, and the congregations of the two Israelitish synagogues, are specially excepted.

In the face of these important facts, at once so honorable and so disgraceful to the State, the undismayed handful of men who are helping thus to redeem a State which needs redemption sadly, appeal to their fellow-citizens and to all generous and philanthropic persons in or out of Maryland for further and increased support. In this case moral agencies and instrumentalities can alone be employed, since the military arm of the Government has been withdrawn south of the Potomac. The nation can ill afford to let this circumstance accrue to the benefit of the still vital spirit of despotism. It concerns the general interest that Maryland should be made a free State as thoroughly and as rapidly as our means will permit. Wm. J. Albert, President, and John T. Graham, Actuary, of the association, will receive and wisely expend the funds that may be put into their hands for this purpose.

Minor Topics.

MR. BENJAMIN RHETT, of South Carolina, tells the editor of the Charleston *News* that a most seasonable article in that paper, under the signature "Planter," expresses without doubt the sentiments of the planting community of South Carolina—if not of the whole South. It is a question, however, says Mr. Rhett, whether red republicanism and philanthropy, of whatever color that may be, have not determined that labor shall not be re-organized at the South. The "inner light of New England's conscience," Mr. Rhett says, has not the smallest objection to the wholesale destruction of the negro race *now going on*, and for which the inner light is responsible, but cannot stomach easily the recuperation of Southern prosperity, unless for tax-paying purposes. Nevertheless, although so impressed with the conviction that his attempt is vain, the benevolent Mr. Rhett, unwilling that the inner light should shine so dimly, is determined to trim it a little with the snuffers of experience, and has happily devised a plan which, in these shifting times, is of the highest importance, to remove from the South the evils which liberty, forced upon her by mistaken philanthropy, is inducing, and to establish in their place a system which shall satisfy the prejudices of the Northern and the humanity of the Southern States. Searching the globe for some model of equitable legislation in a similar case, the eye of Mr. Rhett lights naturally upon French Guiana, for that South American country, like ours, contains freedmen and planters, and is governed by Louis Napoleon. The happy system put in

operation by that bulwark of Christendom is this, which, Mr. Rhett says, renders the labor of the freedmen there as effective as when they were in that patriarchal state which united the practice of Christian to the form of Jewish life. Every freedman who has to labor for his daily bread is compelled by law to hire himself to some employer for the year. In most places, it takes two to make a bargain, but in French Guiana it takes three—the employer, the employee, and the state, who, in the person of a magistrate, comes in to see that all is right. If the employer and employee happen to differ, the former steps round the corner for the magistrate or policeman, who settles the difficulty if he can, and if he can't, which may perhaps be the case when the employer has given the servant thirty-nine lashes and then accuses him of impertinence, the master gives notice of intention to discharge, and the employee is taken to a house of industry, where he works for his support until engaged by some new party. This excellent law has proved effective, Mr. Rhett says, and we have not a doubt of it, in preventing vagabondage and pauperism among a race who it is so well known will not labor voluntarily; a fact conceded by all, Mr. Rhett says, who are not guided by inner lights and higher laws, but are willing to be governed by common-sense. It will be seen that the law proceeds upon a thorough recognition of the sanctity of labor.

The puzzle is now solved, Mr. Rhett says, and if we will imitate the Guiana system America may become as happy a country. We have only one alteration to propose: that the benefits of this law be extended to all contracts for labor, on both sides (for we have no idea that the laborer shall have all the advantage), throughout the United States. We would propose that Congress should pass an act somewhat of this nature:

AN ACT TO PROMOTE LABOR, IMITATE GUIANA, AND IMPROVE AMERICA.

Whereas, We have been much puzzled, and our difficulties have been solved by Mr. Benjamin Rhett, who refers us to the example of his Majesty the Emperor of France in French Guiana, and being desirous of extending the blessings of that happy country to our own,

Be it enacted by the Senate and Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

I. Freedom shall never hereafter exist in the United States, except as punishment for crime.

II. In all cases of labor contracts, there shall be three parties, the master, the servant, and the State of South Carolina. In case of any disagreement the master and servant shall give mutual notice of discontinuance, and shall be both incarcerated in a house of industry for the remainder of the term of their contract, where they will labor for their support at the treadmill.

III. This law will be enforced in each case by his Majesty the Emperor of the French in person.

Whether this or any other plan, Mr. Rhett says (speaking of the Napoleonic model), will exempt us from that pestilent, intermeddling philanthropy which, however excellent in theory, has proved so destructive to white and black in practice, is problematical. Mr. Rhett has his doubts whether even Louis' philanthropy and humanitarianism will prove acceptable to the spotless descendants of the Plymouth Rock Pilgrim Fathers, who have an absurd way, Mr. Rhett says, of going about in their clean clothes and pointing out the spots on their neighbors'. It is true, he adds, that this system is inferior to slavery, because it does not provide for the increase of the colored race.

The other day they had, on the New Jersey Central Railroad, one of those interesting accidents which have become fashionable of late. One car was thrust forward into another, by the force of a collision, like the slide of a cigar-holder into its case, shaving off the heads and arms of such passengers as sat next the aisle, and remaining enclosed in its novel receptacle for the gratification of the curious, who have since flocked to look at it. A similar accident, it will be remembered, occurred at Newark not long since, and, perhaps, thrusting one car inside another might be classified as the New Jersey casualty. It is quite time that the exact sciences began to take cognizance of occurrences which the law does not in any way notice, and that statisticians should begin to collect and arrange the facts of railroad assassination.

At present, when one sets out on a journey, although there is great probability that the train will meet with some mishap, there is no means of speculating, with any degree of certainty, as to the nature of the misfortune in store, whereas, if each passenger could be provided with a table of averages along with his ticket, he might predetermine with a fair degree of accuracy the character of the disaster. Or, if this table were kept for sale at the newsdealers' and at the hotels, people who have a prejudice for or against certain forms of maiming and murder could choose beforehand the kind of railroad slaughter at which they would like to assist, and take the train destined by the science of statistics and by the rule of order in disorder to accomplish their wishes.

A friend of ours tells us that he never takes the cars now-a-days without noting all his fellow-passengers, and wondering what death each will die before the journey ends, or with what frightful bruise or mutilation they shall eventually come off. He looks at the white-haired old man in the seat before him, and figures him with a broken neck; at the well-dressed, handsome, happy man beside him, who is to have both legs torn off above the knees directly; at the lovely young girl across the aisle, who shall shortly be burning to death in the flames of the blazing car; at the mother behind him, who will soon be stretched pale upon the grass, deaf to the shrieks of her babe impaled on a jagged splinter of the broken floor. As to what horror he forebodes for himself, he is too faint to tell of it.

Much of this sort of speculation might be spared to sensitive people if the information we already possess on the subject were systematized as we have suggested. It may, of course, be urged that since these railroad butcheries are absolutely necessary (the companies finding them much cheaper in the long run than the employment of sufficient numbers of good servants and the maintenance of their roads in perfect repair), it would be cruel to demoralize the travelling community by bringing their horrors so vividly before them. Some of the companies, we know, proceed upon this theory, and it is said that the public never hears of the small casualties involving a death or two on certain roads running into this city. But it seems to us that people suffer quite as much for want of the classified facts as they would from their presentation in a convenient and portable form. Besides, the battles in the late war were as unavoidable as the present railroad accidents, and yet their histories were immediately recounted in bloody detail by the newspapers, which the soldiers destined to fight the next battle saw and read.

It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the variety of railroad crimes has been nearly exhausted in this country (although the smashing of a horse-car by a Harlem express car, and the killing of a passenger, in the Bowery the other day was certainly novel), and the present seems to be a good time to collect and digest the facts, for, of course, the tables can be altered from time to time according to the exigencies of incident. It would be interesting to know what numerical advantage one form of disaster has over another, and what are the chances of escape which they relatively afford. Is it better, on the whole, to run from a misplaced switch, and be hurled crushing from the track, or to go from a broken rail, and tumble over an embankment? There may be slight differences, which people would like to know, favoring those who plunge from a bridge into a swollen torrent where the passengers are drowned in the cars like rats in a trap, over those occupying a rear car run into by a locomotive, where the people are roasted and scalded to death. Which sort of collision is preferable, that with a freight train or an express? The trick of one car slid inside another seems now to be the mode, but is the succession of two accidents of this sort merely coincidence, or really fashion? Is any old accident, long disused, likely to be taken up again, such as the fatality of the drawbridge at Norwalk? A thousand such questions as these will present themselves to the minds of the ingenious statistician. Consider, also, with what interesting anecdote the whole can be relieved! A volume of the most entertaining literature for railroad travellers could be formed of these statistics properly philosophized, and interspersed with stories of horrible death and hair-breadth escape, and we commend its publication to the company which ensures passengers against accidents, and has already done so much to make travel cheerful by the pictures of collision and other disaster with which it decorates the depots.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

OUR LAST BATCH OF STATE PAPERS.

Whatever may be thought of President Johnson's policy, nobody can deny that he has expounded and defended it with force and ability. No one can read his message of last week, with the reports of the various departments, without becoming conscious that the war has in more senses than one inaugurated a new era. Those who remembered the mixture of twaddle, sophistry, and bombast to which Messrs. Pierce and Buchanan, and we might add some of their predecessors, treated the country once a year, hailed with no small sense of relief, and even of delight, the simple and manly English in which Mr. Lincoln said his say. His grammar might have sometimes been improved, and he now and then touched slightly on subjects which it was apparent he did not thoroughly understand; but taken for all in all, his state papers were amongst the ablest that any crisis in history has produced. No other statesman was ever called upon to deal with such a problem as he had presented to him, and the way in which he stated his views with regard to its various phases, will always remain one of the most splendid examples of naked, unadorned force to be found either in the English or any other tongue. As mere specimens of the literary results which native shrewdness, experience of everyday life, and natural perception, a clear head and pure heart, may enable a man to achieve, apart altogether from their political weight, they will always possess the highest interest.

President Johnson is evidently not an unworthy successor of Mr. Lincoln. His style is perhaps less quaint; it is less nervous, and perhaps not always so forcible; but it is certainly clearer, and it is certainly the style of an honest man, who knows what he means and means what he says. The Pierce-Buchanan rhetoric was unquestionably the rhetoric of a declining people, of a people from whom all moral strength—and moral strength is the only national strength—was rapidly departing. When we take up the messages of the last five years we are at once conscious of a change, not the less striking and impressive for being subtle and almost undefinable. We seem to find ourselves, as we read, face to face, not simply with a new order of ideas, but a new order of men, and to breathe a purer air.

Mr. Johnson's duty has been in some respects more difficult than Mr. Lincoln's. The principal business of the latter was, after all, as he himself tersely expressed it, "to keep pegging away;" as long as he did this successfully the reconciliation of parties at the North, and even the solution of the emancipation problem, were matters of secondary moment. But Mr. Johnson has to do what is in many respects harder than to achieve victory, and that is so to use victory that it may prove a blessing and not a curse.

We have criticized very freely the mode of reconstruction to which the President committed himself and the Government at the close of the war. We thought that whether the South was acting in good faith or not, there was undue haste exhibited in the measures which he took for the restoration of the State governments. Both whites and blacks would have been more than human if they had become in two or three months so reconciled to the new social order as to respect each other's rights without restraint from without. The first steps taken by the President to restore civil government were, however well intentioned, of a nature to deceive both the planters and the freedmen. The former were cheated into the belief that they would in a very short time get rid of the Federal troops and manage things as they pleased, short of restoring slavery; the blacks were, on the other hand, disturbed by doubts which tended to prevent them settling down to work. The result has been the state of things which everybody who visits the South agrees in describing as a state little short of anarchy. The President has been accordingly forced, as we predicted at the outset he would be, to go on increasing his demands for guarantees, and now, when they have all been complied with, he finds himself still compelled to maintain that military control of the South which he justly deprecates in his message, and to do away with which at the earliest possible moment has been the great object of his reconstruction policy. "If," as he says, "good faith requires the security of the freedmen in their liberty, their property, their rights to labor, and their rights to claim the just return for their labor," there is certainly no way of maintaining it except by the exercise over them of extra-constitutional protection on the part of the general Government; and this in the last analysis means, and can only mean, the reservation of the power of military interference. So that we reach, as far as we can see, very nearly the same point by the road which Mr. Johnson indicates, but declares he will not follow, as we reach by that traced out by the most radical of his critics.

The assurance, however, which the message solemnly conveys, that the freedmen will be protected, no matter through what process of political pacification the whites may pass, is all we can now seek from him. Even if Mr. Johnson had done what he seks to justify himself for not having done, bestowed the franchise on the blacks, they would still have to be protected in the exercise of it. In short, no matter from what point of view we look at Southern society, or what scheme of re-organization we may fix upon, we are still driven to the conclusion that the reservation of the power of irregular interference with the State governments by the President will, for some time to come, be absolutely necessary, and as long as he undertakes to use it, when required, we can readily listen to the arguments by which he proves that it is not to be thought of.

Taken for all in all, however, the message is one which any democrat as well as any American may well read with pride. We do not know where to look in any other part of the globe for a statesman whom we could fix upon as likely to seize the points of so great a question, and state them with so much clearness and breadth, as this Tennessean tailor, who was toiling for his daily bread in the humblest of employments when the chiefs of all other countries were reaping every advantage which school, college, and social position could furnish. Those who tremble over the future of democracy may well take heart again when men like Lincoln and Johnson can at any great crisis be drawn from the lowest ranks of society, and have the destinies of the nation placed in their hands with the full assurance that their very errors will be better and wiser than the skill and wisdom of kings and nobles. For if the President were to-morrow to commit every mistake or sin which his worst enemies have ever feared, his plan of reconstruction would still remain the brightest example of humanity, self-restraint, and sagacity ever witnessed—something to which the history of no other country offers any approach, and which it is safe to say none but a democratic society would be capable of carrying out. That passage, too, in which he deprecates the concentration of great patronage, either in his own hands or in those of any other man, and deprecates it with a sincerity proved by his acts, will, to European ears, seem strange and novel language to issue from the lips of a ruler. And that final burst of feeling—for such we may safely term it—in which he defines the position of the United States in the world, sketches the part they are to play in civilization, and the triumphs they are destined to achieve in the fields of peace, is, in our mind, something far better and far higher than a patriotic boast; it is a solemn and emphatic declaration that a State has at last been founded in which the promotion of human happiness is, in practice as well as in theory, the great end for which society and government exist, and in which the Christian idea of the equality of men for the first time in history receives a solemn and official recognition.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND THE FREEDMEN.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, at its recent convention in Philadelphia, earned for itself an unenviable fame all over the country. It was a city set conspicuously on a hill; it was a candle by no means hid under a bushel, but placed on a very high candlestick, so that its beams fell into every corner of the national house; but the city was not recognized as a "City of God," nor did the lofty candle shine in a way to reveal many "good works." Long and ardent discussions respecting the proper ordination of a bishop, protracted deliberations on points of ritual observance and etiquette, profound meditations on

the text of the Prayer-Book, and the expediency of altering by a word or a point a few verses in the book of hymns, exhibited a painful nicety in the art of measuring mint, anise, and cummin, which would have done credit to certain unapplauded persons in the New Testament; while an apparent insensibility to the crying sorrows and evils of the time, a marked indifference to the issues that were distracting the nation, a strange unwillingness to enter on the discussion of any matter that practically interested their fellow-men, and a passionate refusal to admit that the extermination of the cause of the war, the abolition of slavery, was a blessing to be grateful for, proved how stubborn was the spirit that declined to give its attention to the weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and truth.

To say that the church in doing as it did was simply following the line of its traditional usage, that its convention was ecclesiastical purely, and could only by a violent departure from its ends touch the domain of social, political, or humane interests, instead of being a justification of its course, would seem to be the most emphatic condemnation of it. To excuse an act of unfaithfulness on the ground that it is but the last of a long and uninterrupted series of infidelities, is a strange procedure on the part of Christian men. To say that a church shall stand unrebuked for a conspicuous neglect of social duty because on all similar occasions, when the like opportunity was offered, it had been equally neglectful; to affirm that because a church had never engaged in matters of political or national reform, it should be allowed the privilege of never doing so; to give as a reason for silence at a great critical moment, when the very stones were crying out, that its rules and regulations forbade its speech, is certainly the most extraordinary kind of reasoning that was ever used in a bad cause.

For the Episcopal Church to have taken such a position was especially unfortunate for itself and for the community. Had the representatives of some small, obscure, impoverished, illiterate sect, destitute of power and prestige, and absorbed in its dogmatical peculiarity, met in a village vestry-room, and, in the intensity of their zeal, forgotten the world outside, the character of their proceeding would have been the same, but the consequences of it would have been insignificant. But here was a great church, commanding enormous wealth, enjoying immense social prestige, holding in its communion vast numbers of the intelligent, the educated, the cultivated, and the influential; completely organized, with a faith fixed beyond debate or question—a church relieved from the necessity of maintaining a constant battle for the preservation of its forms and the integrity of its dogma, and therefore able to throw the accumulated force of its influence into the warfare of humanity with an effect well-nigh sufficient to decide the conflict; and for such an establishment to remain neutral at a time when neutrality meant opposition—for such an establishment to withdraw from the field its vast supplies of material, intellectual, and moral aid at a moment when the simple withholding of aid was giving aid to the enemy, was one of the saddest—we must say, one of the most culpable—procedures we could be called on to recount.

But the Episcopal Church is about turning its attention to the freedmen. At a meeting of its Board of Missions, held at St. Luke's Church, Philadelphia, on the evening of October 5, it was resolved that so much of the report of the Domestic Committee as relates to the freedmen of the South be referred to a committee of seven. At a subsequent meeting of the board, held at the same place, on the evening of October 13, this committee presented the report which we have before us, wherein they recommend the establishment of a commission, to be called the "Protestant Episcopal Freedman's Commission," to whom shall be committed the religious and other instruction of the freedmen. It was decided that, until otherwise ordered, the commission should consist of twenty-eight gentlemen, sixteen of whom were clergy, among them four bishops and several eminent doctors of divinity. The first public meeting in behalf of the commission was held in Calvary Church, in this city, on the evening of December 3. A few statements in the report under our eye, giving briefly the reasons that are supposed to justify this ecclesiastical movement, deserve a passing word of comment. It is asserted, in the first place, that "the religious associations by which the negroes were formerly surrounded have been broken up;" that "religion has either ceased to be heard by them at all, or is heard in utterances the most fantastic and demoralizing;" that "among themselves religious institutions, in almost any stable and orthodox sense, have ceased to exist." This last declaration, unless it may be understood as applying to the institutions of the Episcopal Church, certainly cannot be sustained in anything like its full breadth. As far as our knowledge extends—and it covers large portions of the Southern States—the black churches are at least as well organized as the white, and in many places their condition is more flourishing. The negroes show in many ways that they value their religion more than the white people do. The last thing they will abandon is their church. Their pastors are devoted; their congregations are devout. So true is this, that the slaveholders have relied on the "piety" of the negroes as a means of keeping them in subserviency almost as potential as the sacred whip. They were always sure of the fidelity of the religious sense. To say that this religious sense is tinctured, nay, is saturated, with superstition, that its utterances are "fantastical," is simply to say that it is the religion of untaught, impulsive, sensuous, and fanciful people; not the most enlightened religion, to be sure, but quite as much so as its devotees—till they become more rational—can entertain. It is the religion that belongs to them; they are satisfied with it; and they must become a different people before they will be satisfied with any other. We may say that in one sense it has been "demoralizing," for it has encouraged an inertness of their moral nature which was extremely prejudicial to their personal independence and their social emancipation; but "demoralizing" in the ordinary sense it certainly is not, unless all intense spiritual excitement be pronounced so.

We fear that the zeal for the negro's spiritual welfare is merely a sectarian zeal. Indeed, this is frankly avowed. For the gentlemen proceed to say that in forming the "Episcopal Commission" they are but following the example of other sects, meaning, we presume, the Baptists and the Old School Presbyterians. But does my neighbor's narrow policy justify mine? It should rather rebuke mine. Will the great Episcopal Church, which has haughtily stood aloof from all dissenters and carefully avoided their ways, take a hint from them precisely when their ways are most perverse? Because two out of the numerous Protestant sects choose to descend into the arena, and, taking advantage of the black man's helplessness, chaffer and struggle together for the possession of his bewildered soul, is it a noble thing for the dignified church to dash in for its share of the spoils? We should judge it to be rather the time for it to manifest a calm conservatism which should chide these hot partisans and make them desist.

If the example of the sectaries furnishes no excuse for the establishment of another commission, still less does the example of the anti-sectaries of the Unionists furnish one. "The only general society," says the report, "which claims public support in this connection, comprises Unitarians, Universalists, and Humanitarians among its leading men. In such a society, men holding that in the Gospel alone is salvation cannot unite." Had the gentlemen told the whole truth they would have added, supposing them to refer to the "National Freedmen's Relief Association," that among its leading men were also Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians; and, had they been entirely honest, they would have remarked further that all these gentlemen counselled and worked together with entire unanimity; that no sectarian dispute ever arose among them; that they made it their business to give secular education, with domestic instruction in the arts of practical living, and nothing more; that they chose their agents and teachers with a single eye to their capacity and fitness for that work, asking no questions about creed or church connection, but accepting character under whatever form of religious discipline matured. Is the good churchman forbidden to join an association like that? Then he is forbidden to join any association which is formed with the purely humane purpose of civilizing and enlightening his fellow-man.

The movement just inaugurated is especially untimely at this moment, when the bitter spirit of division which has so long obstructed the great work of educating the freedmen is beginning to yield before the pressure of public opinion, which demands unity and combination. Last summer the several Eastern societies working for the freedmen effected a union among themselves for the better conduct of their enterprise. The Western associations did the same thing among themselves. In the early autumn these two great branches—East and

West—combined in one central organization, having its secretary at Washington. The object was to present to the public one noble and powerful commission, unecclesiastical, unsectarian, Christian in the earnest, human sense—an association noble enough to command the respect of the country, comprehensive enough to secure general sympathy, and strong enough to wield all the resources that might be devoted to the work it undertook. It was a scheme worthy of all praise; the execution of it demanded thought, effort, sacrifice. They were freely given. The plan did gain approval, sympathy, support. A new spirit began to stir and spread. There is a purpose now, we understand, to take the American Union Commission into the general organization.

Unity is the word. Concentrated action for common human ends is the desire. It is the only desire that all can cherish with the same intensity and can express in the same manner. If the work is to be well done, it must be done with a hearty and unanimous will, and such a will can only be directed to the comprehensive improvement of the black man's temporal condition. The deadliest foe of such union is sectarian prejudice. The party which thrusts this forward now, under pretext of doing "higher" work, labors, according to its efficiency, to frustrate the worthiest philanthropic enterprise of the generation.

EXULTANT.

My lover fell: at dead of night
I woke in dreams of wild affright;
The trumpet's notes I seemed to hear,
The clash of arms smote on mine ear.
Morn broke, and with it tidings came;
They quivered through my heart of flame;
These were the words, I know them well:
"At the Blue Ridge he fighting fell."

No sad dove mourning for its mate,
Disheartened and disconsolate;
Like a wild lyre intense, and fine,
And jubilant, this heart of mine.
Beyond the battle's baleful breath,
And dread, unnumbered shapes of death,
Beyond this narrow reeking space,
To yon eternal resting-place,
He led; I follow to the goal,
Till the last heavy drum shall roll,
And the last battle finished be,
With trumpet notes of victory. S. D. C.

Correspondence.

THE NEGRO DIALECT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

During a residence of some months upon one of the Sea Island plantations of Port Royal I gave considerable attention to the analysis of the negro dialect, and made some observations which I think possess interest and even philological value. I have hoped that some person with a wider experience than myself—for instance, Col. Higginson, who I know was interested in this subject—would treat it with more fulness than I can do. Fearing, however, that in the progress of civilization among these people these curious features will vanish, I wish to put them on record before they fade from my own memory.

Ordinary negro-talk, such as we find in books, has very little resemblance to that of the negroes of Port Royal, who were so isolated that they seem to have formed a dialect of their own. Indeed, the different plantations have their own peculiarities, and adepts profess to be able to determine by the speech of a negro what part of an island he belongs to, or even, in some cases, his plantation. My observations were confined to a few plantations at the northern end of St. Helena Island.

With these people the process of "Phonetic Decay" appears to have gone as far, perhaps, as is possible, and with it the extremest simplification of etymology and syntax. The usual softening of *th* and *v* into *d* and *b* is observed among them; likewise a frequent interchange of *v* and *w*: as *veeds* and *vell* for *weeds* and *well*; "De wile' sinner may return" (for *vilest*). This last illustrates also the habit of clipping syllables, which they do constantly: as *lee'* for *little*; *plänt'shun* for *plantation*. The lengthening of short vowels is illustrated in both these words—*a*, for instance, never has our short sound, but always the European sound. The following hymn illustrates these points:

"Meet, O Lord, on de milk-white horse,
An' de nineteen wile [viol] in his han',
Drop on, drop on de crown on my head,
An' rolly in my Jesus' arm.
E'en [in] dat mornin' all day,
When Jesus de Chris' bin born."

The same hymn, particularly the second verse,

"Moon went into de poplar tree,
An star went into blood."

(the figures evidently taken from the book of Revelations), is a fair specimen of the turn which Scriptural ideas and phraseology receive in their untutored minds. It should be observed, by the way, that the songs do not show the full extent of the debasement of the language. Being generally taken, in phrases, from Scripture, or from the hymns which they have heard sung by the whites, they retain words and grammatical forms which one rarely hears in conversation. The common speech, in its strange words and pronunciation, abbreviations, and rhythmical modulation, sounds to a stranger like a foreign language.

These strange words are, however, less numerous than one would imagine. There is *yedde* for *hear*, as in that sweetest of their songs:

"O my sin is forgiben and my soul set free,
An' I yedde from heaben to-day."

There is *sh' um*, a corruption of *see 'em*, applied to all genders and both numbers. There is "huddy" (how-do?), pronounced "how-dy" by the purists among them. It is not irreverence, but affectionate devotion, that is expressed in the simple song:

"In de mornin' when I rise,
Tell my Jesus huddy O,
Wash my han' in de mornin' glory," etc.

Studdy (steady) is used to denote any continued or customary action. "He studdy 'buse an' cuss me," complained one of the school-children of another. This word *cuss*, by the way, is used by them with great latitude, to denote any offensive language. "He cuss me, 'git out,'" was the charge of one adult against another. "Ahvy [Abby: in this case the b had become v] do cuss me," was the serious-sounding but trifling accusation made by one little girl against her seat-mate. *Both* they seldom use; generally "all-two," or emphatically, "all-two boff togedder." *One* for alone. "Me one an' God," was the answer of an old man in Charleston when I asked him whether he escaped alone from his plantation. "Heaben 'nuff for me one" [*i. e.*, I suppose, "for my part"], says one of their songs. *Talk* is one of their most common words, where we should use *speak* or *mean*. "Talk me, sir?" asks a boy who is not sure whether you mean him or his comrade. "Talk lick, sir! nuffin but lick," was the answer to the question whether a particular master used to whip his slaves.

The letters *n* and *y* are often thrown in euphonically. I can only remember at this moment *n* before a long *u* as n'Europe, n'United States, no n'use; but I think it is used with other vowels. Of *y* also I can only recall one instance, which I will give presently. The most curious, however, of all their linguistic peculiarities is, I think, the following: It is well known that the negroes all through the South speak of their elders as "uncle" and "aunt;" from a feeling of politeness, I do not doubt—it seemed disrespectful to use the bare name, and from *Mr.* and *Mrs.* they were debarred. On the Sea Islands similar feeling has led to the use of *cousin* towards their equals. Abbreviating this after their fashion, they get co'n or co' (the vowel sound ŭ of *cousin*) as the common title when they speak of one another. C' Abram, Co' Robin, Co'n Emma, C' Isaac, Co' Bob, are specimens of what one hears every day. I have heard Bro' (brother) used in the same way, but seldom; as in the song,

"Bro' Bill, you ought to know my name,
My name is written in de book ob life."

I come now to the subject of grammar, upon which I might almost be entitled to repeat a very old joke, and say that there is no grammar; for there probably is no speech that has less inflection than that of these negroes. There is no distinction of case, number, tense, or voice—hardly of gender. Perhaps I am wrong in saying that there is no number, for this distinction is made in pronouns, and some of the most intelligent will, perhaps, occasionally make it in nouns. But "Sandy hat" would generally mean indifferently Sandy's hat or hats; "dem cow" is plural, "dat cow" singular; "nigger house" means the collection of negro houses, and is, I suppose, really plural. As to cases, I do not know that I ever heard a regular possessive,

but they have begun to develop one of their own, which is a very curious illustration of the way inflectional forms have probably grown up in other languages. If they wish to make the fact of possession at all emphatic or distinct, they use the whole word "own." Thus, they will say "Mosey house;" but if asked whose house that is, the answer is "Mosey own." "Co' Molsy y'own," was the odd reply made by a little girl to the question whose child she was carrying; *Co'* is title; *y* euphonic.

Nearly all the pronouns exist. Perhaps *us* does not, *we* being generally in its place. *She* and *her* being rare, *him* is the usual pronoun of the third person singular, for all genders and cases. "Him lick we" was the complaint of some small children against a large girl. *Um* is still more common, as objective case, for all genders and numbers; as *Sh 'um* (*see 'em*).

It is too much to say that the verbs have no inflections; but it is true that these have nearly disappeared. Ask a boy where he is going, and the answer is "gwine crick for ketch crab,"—"going into the creek to catch crabs" (*for* being generally used instead of *to*, to denote purpose); ask another where the missing boy is, and the answer is the same, with *gone* instead of *gwine*. Present time is made definite by the auxiliary *do* or *da*, as in the refrains "Bell da ring," "Jericho da worry me." Past time is expressed by *done*, as in other parts of the South. The passive is rarely, if ever, indicated. "Ole man call John," is the answer when you ask who is such and such a person. "Him mix wid him own fät," was the description given of a paste made of bruised groundnuts—the oil of the nut furnishing moisture.

I have not by any means exhausted the subject, but have given the chief part of what I remember, and hope this may stimulate others to make a note of what I overlooked or have forgotten.

Many of my illustrations are taken from the songs of the colored people, and perhaps a few words upon this very interesting topic may not be out of place. The people of the Sea Islands have hardly any secular music. I heard, to be sure, one day, a verse beginning "Dog-flea da bite me"—profane enough one would say, but I think very likely it brought in the Jordan before the end. Even their boat music is chiefly religious; almost all the rowing tunes I recognized as having heard in the praise-meetings and "shouts." The only song that I am acquainted with which is purely a boat song, is the fine lyric:

"Michael, row the boat ashore—Hallelujah,"

and here I have no doubt that it is the archangel Michael that is alluded to.

For the rest, the songs may be divided into *hymns* and *shouts;* or, as they class them themselves, *sperituals* and *running sperituals*. The first class contains many sweet and touching tunes, and many which bear strongly the impress of their peculiar religious ideas. For instance, to "fin' dat ting" means to find religion; and I suppose this is referred to in the favorite song, some of the verses of which are:

"O where d' ye tink I fin' 'em?
I fin' 'em, Lord, in de grave-yard.
I fin' 'em in de boggy mire."

(For a verse is often only a single line, repeated with the refrain.) This last verse alludes also to their custom, when under religious excitement, of wandering through the woods and marshes, like the ancient Bacchantes. The following song, to a very beautiful tune, alludes to this still more distinctly:

"I wait upon the Lord my God,
Who took away the sins of the world.
You want to be a Christian,—Go in the wilderness,
To wait upon the Lord.
Oh, come back, come back, etc.,
Oh, half-done Christian," etc.

The following will, perhaps, give as good a notion as any of the character of these hymns. It is often sung in the church on St. Helena Island:

"De talles' tree in Paradise
De Christian call de tree ob life.
An' I hope dis trumpet blow me home
To de new Jerusalem.
Blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow your trumpet, louder!
An' I hope, etc.

"Paul an' Silas bound in jail
Sing God's praise both night and day,
An' I hope," etc.

The greatest peculiarities are, however, found in the "shouting tunes," as, indeed, the "shout" is the most peculiar institution of these people. It is a kind of shuffling dance, accompanied by a measured movement of the arms and clapping of the hands, and a sort of ducking motion of the body at the turns of the tune, performed by a line of persons moving about in a circle. I am told that they sometimes move backward, but I do not think I ever saw this. The singing is usually done by a sort of choir of bystanders. One leading singer carries on the song, stringing verse after verse of the most absurd stuff, which he often makes up as he goes along. The others "base" him, as it is called; that is, sing the chorus or refrain. The "base" almost always overlaps the tune, striking in before the line is finished, when the singer at once stops without completing the line, taking up his part again in his time before the base is quite through. The whole is accompanied by clapping of hands. The tune is often preceded by an introduction, in chanting style, during which the "shouters" (that is, the dancers, not the singers) move quickly round in the circle, not beginning the "shout" proper until the turn in the tune. The following is a great favorite for "shouting," and is used also for rowing:

"I know member, know Lord,
I know I yedde [hear] de bell da ring.
[*Repeated several times.*]
I want to go to meetin'—[Base] Bell da ring.
I want to go to 'ciety (lecter),
De heaven-bell a-heaven-bell,
De road so stormy (boggy),
Brudder, hain't you a member?"

And so on to any extent. Every verse is repeated, and the refrain, "Bell da ring," repeated each time. The refrain in the "shouts" is usually some short phrase like the above, *e. g.*, "Hallelujah," "O Lord," "Yes, my Lord," "My army cross over," "Join the angel band." Sometimes it is a little longer, as "Turn, sinner, turn O!" (the most beautiful and dramatic of all the shouts), "O Lord, de rock o' jubilee," and "Archangel open de door." Sometimes the whole tune is more elaborate, as in the following, perhaps the finest of all:

"I can't stay behind my Lord,
I can't stay behind.
There 's room enough—[Base] Room enough,
Room enough in heaven for you (repeated),
I can't stay behind.
I binny all aroun'—I binny all aroun',
My fader call—An' I mus' go.
O stoback member—stoback member."

"Stoback" is "shout backwards."

Most of the music of these people has a quite civilized sound, and much of it might no doubt be traced to tunes which they have heard from the whites, and transformed for their own use. They have so much native musical capacity that it is a real obstacle to their learning tunes by heart—as soon as they have one partly learned, they begin to sing it and soon change it into something quite different. At any rate, there is no doubt that their music as a whole has been influenced by their civilization, and is rather European than African in its character. It is probable, however, that the "shout" is the direct descendant of some African dance, as the Romaika is of the Pyrrhic; and I have thought that in a few tunes I observed a peculiar character that might point to an African origin. For instance, there is a strange, wild, minor "shout:"

"Jesus die—shall I die?
Die on de cross.
Jesus da comin',
Run for to meet him," etc.

Comparatively few of the tunes, however, are minor; some of them are even merry, and the prevailing character is that of sweetness and cheerfulness.

I append two of the most peculiar and characteristic of their "shouts:"

"Pray a little longer—[Base] O Lord—Yes, my Lord.
Pray, true believer.
Jericho da worry me,
Jericho—Jericho.
Went to de meetin',
Met brudder Haclers [Hercules].
Wha' d' ye tink 'e tell me?
Tell me for to turn back.
Patrol around me.
Tank God he no ketch me."

The two last lines point to the days of slavery. The other song has an incomprehensible introduction, followed by a very distinct allusion to the most prevalent form of illness—"pain in head an' feber:"

"Way my brudder, better true belieb,
Better true be long time get ober crosses;
Way my sister, better true belieb,
An' 'e get up to heaben at las'.
My body rock 'long feber [Base] O, wid a pain in 'e head.
I wish I bin to de kingdom,
To set along side o' my Lord."

MARCEL.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XX.

PORT ROYAL ISLAND, Nov. 17, 1865.

WHILE staying on the plantation mentioned in my last letter, I visited a school kept by two young ladies resident there, and attended by about a hundred children from the immediate neighborhood. A portable school-house sent out from Philadelphia last winter was partly destroyed by Sherman's men before it could be erected, and for the present the school-room is the large barn-loft of a cotton house. Its uses in the past are shown by the broken bits of machinery fixed to the posts, and the dusty, worn-out gins pushed away into a far corner to make room for the blackboards and benches of to-day. The school has been in operation almost six months. The teachers, like those of nearly every school in the Sea Islands not supported by the munificence of some planter, are paid by some of the Northern charitable associations, and instruction is given gratuitously. Usually, after the children are dismissed, a few of the laborers on the plantation receive a lesson in reading, and at the regular school session I saw three or four adults present; but most of the scholars are between six and sixteen years old. Some of them were very neatly dressed and all were tolerably clean. Their behavior, as a rule, was quite orderly, and in all cases it was obedient and respectful. There was more noise in the room than most teachers of a Northern school would allow, but this was because the lessons are learned out of school hours, and because of the lack of proper school furniture. Nothing could be better than the close attention given to the book and the teacher by each class actually engaged in recitation. There is seldom any need of resorting to whipping or other punishment. The grown people, I was told, are slow to learn, even though they apply themselves faithfully and laboriously; but the children do quite as well as white children in Pennsylvania, for they are willing and eager to be taught, and are very constant in their attendance. The morning of my visit was rainy, but there were eighty pupils assembled, and some of them had walked a distance of two or three miles. After looking at the copy-books, which were singularly clean and contained some very fair specimens of running hand, an opportunity was afforded me to judge of the proficiency of the most advanced class. They had begun their studies in March last, at which time some of them knew the alphabet, and have had a long vacation of three months in the hot weather, so that they have only been five or six months under instruction. First they answered general questions on the map of North America. The relative positions of the various countries were given and cities and chief towns were named with commendable correctness. The worst blunder made was that of a boy who was asked "What large city is on the Pacific coast?" "New York," he said, and the teacher rebuked him: "William has been in New York himself, and he says it is on the Pacific Ocean. He does n't deserve to go there." When the day's lesson was finished, the class gave definitions of terms in physical geography. Then came a reading lesson and the spelling of words which had occurred in it, some of them being of three or four syllables and each pupil defining the word he spelled. This was very well done. In written arithmetic the class were able to perform long sums in addition with great promptness, and came out easily successful from the attempt to enumerate large numbers made up of significant figures at the beginning and end and ciphers only in the middle. In mental arithmetic the performance was in multiplication, and was equally satisfactory. All this time the primary department was in full operation at the other end of the room, and those on the benches divided their attention between the alphabet cards on their left hand and the globe and the long rows of figures on their right. After a short recess, several patriotic songs were sung and the "shout" chant, "Hold your light," which is religious in its character and hortatory, one and another Christian brother and sister being addressed by name and urged to hold their light "on Canaan's sho'." In respect to pronunciation, by the way, it is noticeable that in the singing and other school exercises, the peculiar negro dialect is to a considerable extent discarded; in their ordinary talk, as might be expected, they again lapse into it, and the transition is sometimes amusingly sudden.

During the week just past I have visited several plantations on St. Helena Island, and had opportunity to converse with many gentlemen who for the last three or four years have been engaged in raising cotton. They are all Northern men, and some of them are persons who were sent out from Boston by the Freedmen's Aid Society, in the spring of 1862, as superintendents of plantations. Afterwards, when lands in the Sea Islands were sold for the non-payment of direct taxes, they either purchased plantations for themselves or became managers for other purchasers.

The planter with whom I first talked was of this latter class. He had in his charge several plantations, containing in the aggregate eleven hundred acres of land, and cultivated by about one hundred laborers of both sexes. This year he planted two hundred and thirty-five acres of cotton, and an equal number of acres was planted in corn and miscellaneous crops by the people for themselves, so that the total quantity of land cultivated by each laborer was 3.7 acres. For their manual labor on the cotton crop, up to the time of laying by, the people were paid fifteen dollars an acre, and for the picking they received two and a half cents a pound. Mr. R. finds that these wages are sufficiently high to stimulate the people to work, and, as a general rule, to work well. The former owner of one of these plantations paid a visit to it in the course of the past summer, and gave it as his opinion that the land was as well and faithfully tilled now as in old times under the old system. Mr. R. speaks of one exception to the general rule. The collection of marsh-grass and marsh-mud for manure is a branch of farm-work comparatively disagreeable, and the negroes will not undertake it except at a price which is altogether exorbitant.

This year's crop was injured by the drought, and very much diminished by the caterpillar, so that the whole amount of ginned cotton produced will not exceed 11,000 pounds. The same number of acres in 1863, the most favorable and the most successful season since free labor has been employed, would have yielded 21,150 pounds, and under the system of slave labor, as the average yield per acre was 130 pounds, the product of 235 acres would have been 30,550 pounds. This difference in production is owing to several causes, but mainly to the fact that formerly the land was much more thoroughly manured than at present, and this will account, also, for an admitted deterioration in the length and fineness of the staple.

As to the profits of planting at the present time, Mr. R. informs me that, exclusive of the value of the land occupied by the laborer, and of the fuel and house-rent which is given him, each pound of cotton that he can raise in an ordinarily favorable year costs him fifty cents. The business may be made remunerative, therefore, while the present high prices are maintained. It is known that for some years previously to emancipation the cultivation of long-staple cotton in South Carolina was not a lucrative occupation, the capital invested seldom returning in the way of profit a higher rate of interest than four or five per cent. The plough, Mr. R. thinks, may hereafter take the place of the hoe to a very great extent, and by means of it he expects to lessen the expenses the coming season. Mr. R. says that he has found the negroes on his plantations neither improvident nor idle; that, except in the matter of getting marsh-grass and mud, their labor is quite as much under his control as he considers desirable. They cultivate less land now than in old times, when each hand was required to work about six acres; but this is because while the soldiers were here in great numbers the people have been able to obtain money more easily by the sale of fish and poultry and vegetables than by plantation work. Doubtless their experience in that respect has injured their character as hired laborers, but now that the army is withdrawn, he looked for an immediate improvement, if one chose to call it improvement; the money was honestly earned in either way. He had never observed that there was any disinclination to work in the cotton-field; some of the men who owned land of their own proposed to plant cotton for him next year. It would not be easy to substitute the system of day-labor for the task system now in use, for the people preferred the latter; yet it could be done, and the negroes could become efficient and profitable day-laborers. They would need instruction first, and example; the farmer should take off his coat and work with them.

Each of the plantations, he said, which he was superintending had been divided by the owner, and one-half the land he was now selling in small lots to such families as were living on it at the time of the Government sales in 1863. Five dollars an acre was the price demanded, and the negroes were very glad to purchase. By the general adoption of some such plan he thought the troublesome question of settling upon a labor system would receive an easy solution.

The possession by every head of a family of such a quantity of land would preserve the negro from being wholly dependent on the employer, and would not diminish the supply of labor while it improved its quality. The men who were buying these small homesteads still wished to be hired by him, and some were unwilling to purchase until they had been assured that they could continue to get employment on his plantation.

Within the last four years the domestic condition of the people had considerably improved. He could now sell many little articles of household furniture, such as knives and forks, plates, tinware of all kinds, and other similar conveniences, of which their cabins were then entirely destitute; and they all dressed themselves much better now than formerly. There were few families of his acquaintance, he thought, that had not a little hoard of money. He knew some great liars and thieves, but had no reason to doubt

that more than nine-tenths of his people were reasonably honest and truthful. They were very much like white men.

The negroes who hold land, he said, are not managing it so well as the white planters. At the present time, perhaps, no land in the Sea Islands is cultivated as it should be. Theirs, as a general rule, for want of capital and skill, is rather worse cultivated than any other.

Stopping on my way from this hospitable plantation to another, some eight or nine miles distant, I passed a pleasant hour in the largest of the St. Helena schools. It is divided into three departments: a primary, an intermediate, and a higher, each of which is in charge of its own teacher, and occupies a separate room. The branches of study pursued in all the rooms are reading and spelling, writing, geography, and arithmetic; the degree of advancement attained by the pupils constituting the only difference between the departments. The oldest scholar that I saw was a young man, and he was in the primary school-room. The children flock in so numerously that the school accommodations have grown too small—the seats designed for a hundred and twenty scholars being filled full and crowded by the hundred and eighty who are admitted, and not a few are altogether shut out. The exercises were, of course, similar to those already described, and were even better performed, for the school has been longer established; and, as it seemed to me, the length of time during which the pupils have been engaged in intellectual pursuits had not only brought about an improvement in their manners and general appearance, but had worked a visible change in the expression of their faces. One of the teachers apologized for the dress of her scholars, saying that at this season of the year most of them were obliged to work in the morning, harvesting the sweet potatoes, and, as tardiness was not permitted, came from the field in their working-clothes. For most of them, however, no apology was necessary. The school building was a gift from friends in Philadelphia, and is a neat little house, standing surrounded by some magnificent green and grey live-oaks, whose shade was grateful even in November.

The second plantation which I visited is quite large, containing 1,500 acres and supporting a colored population of two hundred and forty persons of all ages. One hundred and forty of these, who are over sixteen years of age, may be called workers, and, during the past season, have cultivated one hundred and ninety-four acres of cotton. As on the other plantations of which I have any knowledge, an equal extent of ground has been cultivated by the people for their own use. Upon their corn land they pay a tax of one bushel to the acre, and they are also expected to supply all the sweet potatoes that may be needed by the white family. The caterpillar and the drought carried off three-eighths of the cotton crop, so that less than 12,000 lbs. of clean cotton will be produced. The cost of production has reached $7,776, an amount which does not include the expenses of the shipment and sale of the cotton, the diminution in the value of the stock and implements, the interest on the money invested, nor the sum of $587 expended for the support of a free school in which more than a hundred children have received instruction.

The gentleman who carried on this plantation was of opinion that before cotton-raising in the Sea Islands could become either a profitable or pleasant occupation it would be necessary to make a complete change in the system of labor. The fault of the present plan lay in the fact that the employer had no control whatever over his laborers. They worked when they pleased, and at what they pleased, and only so long as they pleased. It was a fault that made the system almost unendurable. He agreed with his friend, Mr. J., to live in this country and try to carry on a plantation was a constant tax on a man's self-respect. He could not secure the obedience of the men whom he hired; was under the necessity of coaxing them to do the work they were paid for, and often he coaxed in vain. For example, Mr. H. said, he had a good blow of cotton in the field once, and was very desirous of getting it picked; so he told the people to go out and pick it. They were busy at the time ginning the cotton already gathered, and at the end of a week he found that not one person had been into the field. He was determined to get the cotton picked, so he locked the gin-house door. That exactly suited them, however; it was just time then to dig the slip potatoes, and till the slips were dug the cotton was not touched.

Such cases, Mr. S. said, were of weekly occurrence on his plantation. It so happened that he had found no difficulty in getting marsh-grass cut, but some planters had found it almost an impossibility, and every planter was subject to the caprice of his people.

Mr. H. said that under the present system the laborer worked for his employer rather less than three months in the year; he seldom labored more than five hours in the day, and half of that time was spent in cultivating his own crop of corn or potatoes or groundnuts, so that his employer had the use of his services about one-fourth of each working day. But it was not wonderful that they had become bad laborers. The only wonder was how so much good came to be left in them after all the efforts of their enemies and their injudicious friends. He would like to see all the working people of the Sea Islands hiring themselves out to a set of tight-fisted Yankee farmers, who would be just towards them, taking nothing and giving nothing for nothing, and without a spark of sentiment in them. It would be for the best interests of the people that such a thing should come to them, and come as soon as possible. The present system of things was unbusiness-like and ought to end. He had no objection to the negroes doing as they pleased; but he had a right to live here as well as they, and they ought to do as they pleased on their own ground. Though, for that matter, the plan of allowing them to take up so much of the plantation for their own exclusive use, and the fact that it had been almost impossible in the past to discharge any laborer, no matter how idle he might be and how ill-behaved, had made them about as independent of the land-owner as if the land were owned by themselves.

I asked these gentlemen what opinion they had formed of the general character of the negroes in Port Royal. The longer he lived with them, Mr. H. said, the less confidence he had in their truth and honesty. Mr. S. said that it would be necessary to admit the negroes to the witness box, but he was afraid that very little reliance could be placed upon their word. The taking of an oath would make them not a whit more worthy of belief. They seemed to disregard perjury. There were several cases which had been brought before plantation commissions on St. Helena that still remained unsettled, because, in the confusion of lies and perjuries that must have been uttered by the opposing witnesses, the members of the commission were entirely at a loss. Lawyers would untangle such skeins, he supposed. He had serious doubts if the testimony of one respectable white man ought not to outweigh that of ten negroes. Stealing is very common; cotton is pilfered on all sides, and sold to unprincipled dealers at Beaufort, who buy and ask no questions. But one great reason for that is because stealing can be done with impunity, there being no settled law now in operation. In respect to chastity, there seemed to be some improvement, though the ties of marriage were yet too easily taken on and thrown off. They were improving, too, in their desire for home comforts, though less rapidly than one would expect.

And many of their faults, Mr. S. thought, had been encouraged and confirmed, rather than discouraged and removed, during the past four years. He felt convinced that a system of labor which should leave the employer and the negroes perfectly free would show that the latter were careful, industrious, and profitable servants. Only give him the power over his laborers which a Northern farmer has over his hired hands, and he would ensure as large a crop of cotton as was ever produced in old times.

At the house where I passed the night, that of a Quaker from Delaware, who has been in the Sea Islands a little more than three years, but who never planted cotton till this spring, I had an hour's conversation on the same topics. He, too, had carried on cotton raising at a loss, although he had escaped the ravages of the caterpillar. If he gathers all the cotton that he now expects to gather, it will have cost him when ginned a dollar a pound. His condemnation of the present system of labor was unqualified. For every acre that his people planted for him for wages they planted precisely two acres for themselves, and it was hard to induce them to take up more cotton ground than would supply them with spending money. Their living they expected to make off their own land. As a friend of the colored people, he would say that he would not wish a final judgment of them to be deduced from their present condition in the Sea Islands.

These same opinions, which I found to be held by a majority of the gentlemen with whom I conversed, would be expressed, perhaps, in less temperate language by a majority of the Northern planters in Port Royal. On Thursday next they are to meet in the Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, for the purpose of taking into consideration the system of labor now in use and devising means for its improvement. Whether or not any of the negroes are to be present at this conference I do not know.

"PERSONAL ITEMS."

M. Auguste Laugel, in his recent book, "Les Etats-Unis pendant la Guerre," notices the inappeasable appetite of the Americans either to tell or to hear some new thing about some new man, and turns it to the kindest account for us in one of the best studies of the national character which we have ever seen. The Americans, he says, exceed all others in an insatiable curiosity to know men's hearts:

"Art, abstract ideas, nature, philosophy, are matters of indifferent or inferior interest. His memory seems capable of embracing all names, all

genealogies, all anecdotes, all dates. If he studies a doctrine, the sectarian interests him as much as the sect. He loves the poet equally with the poem. Longfellow, Bryant, and Lowell are the personal friends of every American. They sit at every fireside; everything belongs to them; they are the true kings of this democracy which people call vulgar and rapacious, and depict on its knees before the dollar."

"The American," continues M. Laugel, "is eminently sociable; but his sociability is not that commonplace complaisance which plays with vain formalities; it is more exacting. It says to the new-comer, to the unknown, Who are you? what do you bring me? what can you teach me? are you a man? do you excel in something? do you know how to cut down a tree or translate 'Homer?' He drops his plummet into all consciences, and despises, above all, a useless existence, indolence, sluggishness, inertness of spirit."

The picture is in some things so just and true that we are loth to say in what we think our lively Gallic friend flatters us. It is true that every sort of manhood is valued and honored among us; but it must be confessed that if we give our great men reverence, we take it out of them, on the other hand, by the most vexatious enquiry into all their personal affairs. Yes, the poets sit down at our firesides, but we oblige them to answer innumerable questions about things we have little right to know; and sometimes the nation goes and sits down at their firesides and bores them frightfully. It wants to know what has become of their first loves, and how they came to marry their present wives, and whether they are happy with them. It is eager to learn what they have for dinner, and whether they beat their children or employ moral suasion; also, whether the poets themselves smoke, or eat opium, or drink strong waters, or use profane language. It is by no means content with knowing on what works they are engaged, or what poems they have said they would like to write if they had time.

All this, however, would not be so bad if the public curiosity were fed only upon people of note and proper public interest. But, as we hinted,

"The little life of bank and brier"

is not more secure from us

"Than he who warbles long and loud"

in the hearing of the whole world. Indeed, we are afraid that the demands of the average American enquirer are not those dignified questions framed for him by M. Laugel. If we could guess their nature from the sort of response constantly made him in the newspaper gossip, they are something more like these: What is your middle name, Jones? What was Smith taking over to Brooklyn in his overcoat-pocket? Is Robinson an Irishman by descent? How is Brown's sore thumb? Does Thompson, who is translating Télémaque, know anything about French?

As the little people far outnumber the great people in this world, it necessarily results that the personal intelligence must be chiefly of that factitious interest which belongs to tittle-tattle about persons for whom nobody actually cares. Curiosity concerning the affairs of distinguished men is vicious enough, but it seems to us that the gnawing desire to know whether Daubs has got back from the Adirondacks, or Chisel has set up his group of Whitman Tapping on a Drum, or Scribble has corrected the proofs of his new poem, is something that must at last reduce the whole reading public to the moral and intellectual level of idle old women at a village tea-party.

The power which the newspapers have in stimulating this kind of curiosity is very remarkable. If one of the morning papers were to take it into its head to chronicle for a few weeks or months the movements of Brown or Smith, by saying, for instance, that he is "amongst the guests at Lovejoy's Hotel," or that he may be seen walking down Broadway on such a morning "with his usual smiling look," he would soon become an object of the deepest interest to the public, although he is in all respects a very commonplace person. If, however, he supports his newspaper notoriety by some literary or artistic exploit, the eagerness to know all about him grows in geometrical ratio, and he must be a wary and secretive man if he can conceal from the knowledge of the "item" mongers even such private peculiarities as the possession of one of those moles by which long-lost daughters and sons are recognized and recovered in the "blood-and-thunder" novels. Nothing but an absolute repudiation of all literary or artistic pretensions can secure his privacy. Because if he has even once read a "poem" before a Phi Beta Kappa Society, or sketched a Sunset in a Cabbage-garden, the presumption lingers long in the public mind that he is engaged in the secret recesses of his apartment in the production of another great work of the same sort, and the noses of the "personal-men" are constantly protruded under his door snuffing for signs of his progress.

The great purveyors of this sort of intelligence are, as we have said, the New York correspondents of the country papers. If anybody wants to know how many great *littérateurs* and artists there are in New York, of whom he has never heard before, he has only to peruse regularly the "spicy" correspondence say of "Fiddlesticks" in that "live paper," the "Nineveh Dawn." "Fiddlesticks's" qualifications are probably a good pair of legs, an insatiable curiosity, a rich supply of slangy English, and what is called "the run of the newspaper offices." When there is an absolute dearth of the other materials of his trade, he supplies "personal items" about the editors, reporters, and proprietors of these establishments, the rows they have had, the jokes they have been making, tells who compiles the deaths and marriages, and who the shipping news. Sometimes he turns his piercing eye on his brother correspondents, and tears aside the flimsy veil under which they conceal themselves from an inquisitive public. He lets you know, for instance, that "'Possum," "the well-known correspondent" of the "Baalbec Gong," is John Smith, and you have hardly got over your astonishment when you learn from the next paragraph that "'Coon," of the "Palmyra Earthquake," is none other than John Robinson; and so on through a list of twenty or thirty. Probably you never heard of either Smith or Robinson before, and have never lighted upon their brilliant contributions in either the "Gong" or the "Earthquake," but far from supposing that you have lost nothing thereby, if you are an ordinary man you heave a sigh over the intense absorption in business which prevents you devoting more attention to "light literature."

The eagerness for "personal items" about literary men and artists is, however, due in a great degree to the prevalence amongst the public of a vague belief that men who write or paint or make statues form a sort of caste, the members of which are distinguished from the rest of the community by certain deep-seated mental and moral peculiarities. The interest displayed in their lives and actions has little or nothing to do with the merits of their works. It may be that Daubs is working up the sketches he brought back from the Adirondacks into an execrable picture, or that the new "poem" on which Scribble is engaged is simply vile prose, or that his forthcoming article is simply drivel. Yet the item-monger chronicles the progress he is making, and mentions which leg he puts down first when he is getting out of bed, at just as great length as if the story were told of Church or Lowell, and the public reads it with almost as much gusto. In fact, the impression seems to be not uncommon that all intellectual efforts are respectable because they are intellectual efforts, no matter what amount of success may attend them, and that anybody whose business it is to make them becomes *de facto* an object of mysterious interest, and even of veneration.

In truth, however, artists and authors are very much like other men. There are uncommonly few geniuses amongst them, the popular presumption to the contrary notwithstanding. A man's taking to literature or art as a calling is, in nine cases out of ten, nay, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the result of accident, or of personal taste, or of pressure of circumstances. He *may* write very passable books, or paint fair pictures, by mere force of industry, or aided by a little talent, which is a very different thing from genius. A livelihood may be earned in these as in other occupations by very commonplace persons, and the industrious collection of "personal items" about them, therefore, without reference to the quality of their work, is just as absurd as the collection of "items" about lawyers, or doctors, or, for that matter, of wholesale grocers, would be. If the public only saw things as they are there would be nothing more interesting in Daubs making a trip to Lake George, or Scribble to the oil regions, or in his getting a new pair of boots, or in his fondness for oyster stews, than in the visit of Counsellor Scroggs to Saratoga, or his appearance on Broadway with a bundle of papers under his arm. We judge *him* by the quality of his speeches, and if he makes very poor ones we leave him in obscurity; but every time Daubs takes hold of a brush, or Scribble of a pen, the item-monger calls on the nation to pause and behold, and it is apt to respond.

In so far as authors and artists differ, or have differed in times past, from other people, it has been due in a great measure, if not wholly, to the greater precariousness of their calling, the uncertainty of the market for their wares. This always begets recklessness and improvidence, as is seen in the case of soldiers and sailors and all other men whose fortune is unusually doubtful. So that the very name of writer or painter was at one time, and with many people is still, a synonym for poverty and shiftlessness. But under the large and steady demand for pictures and books and articles of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, which has grown up with the progress of democracy in this and other countries, the profession of an artist or author is getting to be almost as reliable as any other, and the habits of the members of it are accordingly greatly changed. Artists in England and France are now amongst the most *posés*, respectable, and thrifty persons in the community, accumulate large fortunes, give good dinners, and go to church on Sundays, and change their linen once a day. There is nothing peculiar about them as men, either there or here. Not one in a thousand is a genius, or anything else but a decent citizen, who supports himself or his family by the steady, plodding pursuit of a very pleasant calling.

As to authors, one of the most opular novelists of the day maintains

that a boy can be brought up to romance writing as he can to any other profession, and declares that he means to put one of his own sons into it. This is doubtless an exaggeration, but it has a large basis of truth. Before "personal items" of either writers or painters can have any real value, we have to go behind the profession, and find out what manner of man he is we are scrutinizing. If he has done great things with either pen or pencil, of course it is but human to desire to know whether he paints with his legs crossed, or writes standing up or sitting down; but if he has not, and is, after all, merely a "good husband, good father, exemplary in all the relations of life," like so many defunct aldermen, firemen, and other members of public bodies, earning an honorable livelihood by middling pictures or indifferent books, we think it would be as well to let him alone.

PAPER AND PRINTING.

VERY soon after the present Secretary of the Interior Department entered upon his important duties, he caused a radical change to be made in the manner of working up, for publication, the returns of the Census Office; and the first tangible result is a quarto volume of 750 pages on the "Manufactures of the United States in 1860." The press has not yet been supplied with copies of this work, as it undoubtedly will be, but from a friend in Washington we have obtained the subjoined synopsis of facts, taken therefrom, on the subject of paper and printing:

The total number of paper manufactories in the United States was 555, of which 204 were in New England, 273 in the Middle States, 53 in the Western States, and 24 in the South. Connecticut with 55 mills took the lead in New England, and New York with 126 mills was far in advance of any other State. The total value of this product in 1860 was $21,216,802, since which time, notwithstanding the closing of the Southern mills, there has been a very large increase; and, when compared with the statistics of France and England, we find that the annual production in the United States is greater than that in either of those countries. Some of the largest mills in this country have turned out paper at the rate of seven tons per diem; and the articles which have entered into its composition have not only been cotton and linen rags, but the waste of cotton, flax, and hemp mills, and of rope and cordage factories, and such things as coir, jute, straw, hay, stable-refuse, various kinds of wood, corn-husks, mulberry leaves and bark, and various canes and reeds.

The first paper-mill erected within the present limits of the United States was built by an ancestor of David Rittenhouse, at Roxborough, Pennsylvania, in 1693; the second mill was built at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1728, during which year the first mill in Massachusetts was built in Boston; another was built at Olneysville, Rhode Island, in 1765; and at Hempstead, Long Island, another mill was erected in 1768, which is still in operation. The first mill established west of the Alleghany Mountains was built at Fayetteville, Pennsylvania; and a mill erected in Dalton, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, in 1802, has ever since been the centre of a very extensive paper business.

The book, job, and newspaper establishments returned from thirty-six States in 1860 numbered no less than 1,666; the aggregate capital employed by them amounted to $19,622,318; the number of persons employed in printing was 20,159; the cost of carrying them on was $7,588,096; the cost of material employed was $12,844,288; and the total value of the product from this source was $31,063,898.

Printing was first executed in the American colonies at Cambridge, Massachusetts, by a printer named Daye, who, in 1639, printed the "Freeman's Oath" on a press brought over from England during the preceding year. His first regular book was the "Bay Psalm-Book," which was printed in 1640; it was an octavo of 300 pages, and a second edition was printed in 1647. It was in Daye's building that the materials were set up for printing "Eliot's Indian Bible," and it was there that all the printing was executed for the Colonies for forty years.

In 1672, according to the Census Office, the first privilege in the nature of copyright was granted to John Usher, one of the earliest booksellers of Boston, for a revised edition of the laws of the colony. In 1674 the first press was established in Boston by John Foster; the first in Philadelphia was set up by William Bradford, in 1686; and it is singular that, in this connection, there is no mention made by the census editor of the first press established in New York. The first press established in Connecticut was at New London, in 1710; the first in Maryland, at Annapolis, in 1726; the first in Virginia, at Williamsburg, in 1729; the first in South Carolina, at Charleston, in 1730; the first in Rhode Island, at Newport, by a brother of Benjamin Franklin, in 1732; and the first west of the mountains, in Kentucky, in 1786. The first patent for a printing-press was taken out in 1796 by Dr. Apollos Kinsley, of Connecticut, which was an improvement on a press invented by one Nicholson; and the number of printing-press manufactories now in the Union is fourteen, mostly located in the three leading Atlantic cities.

THE ETIQUETTE OF SMOKING.

IT is not our intention to enter into any discussion of the utilities or the inutilities, the pleasures or the mischiefs, of tobacco. We accept its use as a fixed fact, something which may, possibly, be improved away by the time we have abolished all our custom-houses, cleaned the streets of New York, and the relations of labor and capital are satisfactorily settled, but to the present existence of which we can neither shut our eyes nor our noses. We propose to concern ourselves merely with its bounds and regulations.

The great difference between smoking and various practices about the morality or propriety of which men differ is its continual and unavoidable obtrusion upon non-smokers. If Deacon Coldstream has forsworn fermented beverages, nothing in the world obliges him to set foot in the fashionable dining-room, the country bar-room, or any other place where what lecturers delight to miscall the "wine-cup" is wont to circulate. If Brother Mawworm regards all actors and actresses as necessarily children of the evil one, he has no possible reason or excuse for venturing inside a play-house, and if he does not go to see the players, he may be pretty sure they will not come to see him. The Puritan who anathematizes the memory of St. Vitus need never hear a fiddle or see a caper; and if the vegetarian is sometimes exposed to the smell of roast beef, at least the savor does not sicken him. But the ordinary course of his business or pleasure is continually bringing Tom, who does not smoke, into contact with Dick and Harry, who do. Smith, whose cigar is more necessary to him than his dinner, and whose every garment reminds you of the tobacconist, meets habitually not only Jones and Brown, but *Mesdames* Jones and Brown, to whom the odor of the weed is positively nauseating. Drinking and dancing and many dear delights may be carried on with a certain amount of secrecy and seclusion; but a man cannot smoke a cigar under a bushel or under a bed.

The mere police of the thing, the saying by law that men shall not smoke in this or that public building or place or conveyance, is comparatively easy, though even here there are some inconsistencies and difficulties. How absurd, for instance, that a man may carry his pipe through Central Park, and a lady may not carry her nosegay! London regulations allow you to buy a cigar in an arcade (answering to the French "passage"), but not to smoke it there.

But the great trouble is when you come to the extra-legal relations of the subject. Between the smokers and the non-smokers there must be a continual self-sacrifice on one or the other side. There is a pleasant club, large or small. As men go, probably three-fourths of the members smoke, half the other fourth don't mind it, and the remaining eighth are not merely annoyed by the customary cloud, but actually unable to sit in it for any length of time. This eighth may comprise some of the very best men in the club, but as they cannot give the law to the majority, the practical result is that they are banished from the fullest and pleasantest meetings. A gentleman and lady are walking or travelling together; he suspects that a cigar would annoy her, she more than suspects that the want of one annoys him, and thus the pleasure of their intercourse is considerably impaired, and so on in fifty cases of everyday occurrence. Under these circumstances a review of the unwritten usages of society in different countries, with regard to this habit, may not prove altogether uninteresting or uninstructive.

To begin with the Old World, we find that European custom in this, as in many other social matters, may be broadly divided into two codes, the English and the Continental. The English rules in theory, and, to a great extent, in practice, are very strict. Smoking is presumed to be a vice, and regarded much as wine-drinking is, by public opinion, in most parts of New England. Youths of eighteen or nineteen, whom we should call young men, and the English call boys, are forbidden to smoke at the public schools, under pain of corporal punishment, at the military academies (some of them, at least) under pain of expulsion. For a gentleman to be seen in a fashionable street of London, by day, with a cigar, is almost as compromising as if he were to be seen there intoxicated, and no professional man would *dare* to sport his "weed" in Regent Street. No respectable hotel will allow a guest to smoke in his own parlor; and at very few hotels (those frequented by foreigners form the chief exception) is there any accommodation for smokers. The dining-room of a private house is a temple never to be profaned by the odor of tobacco, even should there be no ladies within a quarter of a mile. At some country-seats it is a regulation, actually printed and stuck up, hotel-fashion, that no smoking is allowed anywhere in the house; consequently, most of the gentlemen betake themselves after breakfast to the

stables—about the last place, for obvious reasons, where smoking should be carried on. In short, your English gentleman, or business man of the old school, regards a cigar or pipe in much the same light as some other indulgences abstractly vicious, but which, nevertheless, a great many will have.

Such is John Bull's etiquette of smoking, a queer social fiction, and a striking example of the peculiar kind of hypocrisy which pervades English society. Perhaps we ought rather to speak of it in the past tense, for the cloud-compelling propensities of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may have modified it within a few years. Shortly after Queen Victoria's accession, when her love of riding had given an additional impulse to the already well-developed equestrian taste of her fair subjects, an enthusiastic cigar-merchant exclaimed: "Oh, if Her Majesty would only take to smoking, like the Queen of Spain, what a lift it would give our trade!" If that vender of weeds is still alive, how he must bless the Prince!

On crossing over to the Continent we find a great change. In the first place, it is nearly a matter of course that, as a general rule (some exceptions will come up a little further on), no man objects to smoking where only men are present, even when he has the law on his side, as in the compartment of a railway-carriage. His consent will be asked out of courtesy, but it is taken for granted that he will not refuse it. Not only does no gentleman hesitate to smoke in the street, but in public dining-rooms the practice is generally allowed, except for an hour or two before dinner, and cigars are frequently lighted before dessert is finished or the ladies have left the table. As to the rule with ladies and families of your acquaintance, the hat and the cigar stand about on the same footing; and the former is a pretty good measure of the latter. Thus, you would not enter a house or apartment with your hat on unless you were on very familiar terms, indeed, with its inmates; neither would you with your cigar. You lift your hat on stopping to address a lady in a public promenade, you also throw away your cigar (*à fortiori* if you are going to be introduced to her), and so on. The same correspondence of hat and cigar holds good in relation to personages of superior rank, and to entering offices for the transaction of business, public or private.

Lax as these rules are in theory, the Continental practice continually tends to loosen them. The infamous desire to appear to have more or less *réussi avec* every desirable woman of his acquaintance, will often tempt a Frenchman to violate his own code of manners *purposely;* and in some other countries the use of tobacco is so nearly universal as to overcome all ordinary rules of ceremony. A German prince or general may, by some extraordinary dispensation of Providence not smoke himself, but his friends and officers will smoke under his very nose. True, he might stop them by a word, but it would be at the cost of such unpopularity as even a German potentate does not like to encounter. Besides, wherever the ladies have, in any appreciable number, adopted the practice, the men are, of course, relieved from most of their scruples in that direction. Now female smoking (to the extent of cigarettes) is very general in Russian society, tolerably so in Italian, and we suspect more common in French and German than most French and German ladies would allow before strangers.

Recrossing the ocean in a southerly direction, we come upon, to use a pet newspaper phrase, the carnival of tobacco, at its original headquarters. All the Spanish-American nations smoke, literally without distinction of age or sex, and, the churches only excepted, without distinction of place. The first gentlemen of Havana light up between the acts at their opera. The first ladies of Mexico and Peru join their guests in a cigar (*not* a cigarette) after dinner.

Our own practice in this as in many other things is a compromise between the insular and continental European, with rather more tendency to the latter. Our public etiquette is nearly that of the Continent, though much laxer in regard to business offices, and much stricter as concerns public dining-rooms. Where ladies are more especially concerned, the English element of our civilization is apt to predominate, and so it does in this particular. A general impression of fastness, joined to the popular delusion that drinking and smoking go together, makes us regard a lady smoker with something very like abhorrence. Seriously, and without wishing to advance a paradox, we think a very good case might be made out for ladies who smoke; but to develop the argument would be foreign to our present purpose. We are only dealing with facts, and must accept as our theory, because it is mainly true in fact, that North American ladies do not smoke, and that the smell of tobacco is more or less disagreeable to the majority of them. And this admission involves more than is apparent on the face of it. The old maxim that the effect ceases with the cause does not apply to tobacco, the after odor of which is often more disagreeable to non-smokers than the immediate result of its consumption. Hence a gentleman should purify himself thoroughly after smoking before venturing into ladies' society, and a room where gentlemen are accustomed to smoke should be carefully ventilated and pastilled before it is used by ladies.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

AMERICAN biographical literature will shortly be enriched by two new works commemorative of deceased worthies, each among the most eminent in his several spheres. We allude to the memoir of Prof. Benjamin F. Silliman, by Prof. Geo. P. Fisher, of New Haven, and of Chancellor Kent, by Hon. C. P. Daly, judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The materials left by Prof. Silliman available for biographical purposes are unusually abundant. They consist of diaries and journals of travel at home and abroad, extending over considerably more than half a century, and of correspondence with nearly every scientific man of the day in Europe and America. Prof. Silliman, in fact, was considered abroad a representative of the whole physical science of America in a manner that can scarcely fall to the lot of any succeeding person. This position was naturally awarded to him by the length of time that his name had been before the world as a cultivator of the various branches of natural philosophy, the importance of his investigations in chemistry, and the high reputation attained by the scientific journal known by his name and current throughout both continents. With praiseworthy good taste, Prof. Fisher (a connection of the family) allows the venerable philosopher to be the historian of his own career, furnishing merely the necessary connecting links for the narrative. This work is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. C. Scribner & Co., forming two volumes post 8vo, with a fine engraved portrait, etc. Judge Daly's life of the great legal luminary, Chancellor Kent, is also advancing to a conclusion, though we believe the details of its publication are not finally settled. The author has had full access to the materials of all kinds in the possession of the family, and is enabled naturally to command all the resources that the memory of the living contemporaries of the chancellor can afford. The work will, in some sense, be a history of the New York Bar during the most important period of the legal history of the State, at a time when its system of jurisprudence, heretofore vague and unsettled, was taking scientific shape and consistency under the influence of the eminent lawyers and advocates, sketches of whom will be included in the memoirs of one who stood confessedly at the head of his fellows and first commanded the respect of Europe for the legal lore of America.

—The sudden decease of Mrs. Gaskell is a loss to the world of letters that all can feel because all have participated in the pleasure derived from her labors. She exemplifies in no ordinary degree the fertility of modern novelists, considering that her death took place at the early age of forty-three and that her first book was published no longer ago than 1848. This was "Mary Barton," a story of life in the manufacturing districts around Manchester, such as it presented itself to her daily observation as the wife of a Unitarian minister in that outwardly unpicturesque neighborhood. The power and fidelity of that work were immediately recognized, and at once gave the authoress a rank among female writers that her succeeding works have scarcely heightened, though they have well sustained it. The titles of her novels are so well known that it is useless to repeat them. Latterly she had adopted the serial style of publication for her stories; one of them, now near completion in the "Cornhill Magazine," develops powers of conferring interest on scenes of ordinary life and characters of everyday mould at least equal to the talent displayed in the same walk of fiction by Miss Jane Austen, that commanded the astonishment of Sir Walter Scott as a miracle of art, compared to which his own "drum-and-trumpet style" was unworthy to be named. The "Life of Charlotte Brontë" is the only acknowledged work of Mrs. Gaskell not belonging to fiction. Her story of "Cranford" is said to represent faithfully the small town in Cheshire where her youth was passed, under circumstances of great seclusion, previous to her marriage. Her death was sudden, and occurred soon after her return from a holiday visit to Italy.

—Mr. John Payne Collier announces that his reprint of the rare miscellany of old English poetry, "The Paradise of Dainty Devices," from the unique copy of the edition of 1578, is just completed, and furnished to the forty-five gentlemen who subscribe the cost, twenty shillings each, while he contributes the editorial labor for the sake of perpetuating the book, and guaranteeing its preservation from the chances of destruction that a single copy is always exposed to. He says, in a communication to the *Athenæum*, "At the moment of writing I have before me three letters from the United

States, requesting me to forward five copies for New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Of course I am unable to comply, as my fifty copies have been distributed." Mr. Collier has furnished corrections, etc., for the republication of his "Bibliographical and Critical Catalogue of the Rarest English Books," undertaken by Mr. David G. Francis, of 506 Broadway, and is much gratified by the appreciation shown in this country for his literary labors. The edition is now proceeding at the Riverside Press of Houghton & Co. with all the speed consistent with the accuracy demanded by the nature of the work. In typographical execution it promises to excel greatly the English original. The large-paper copies—strictly limited to seventy-five copies—are already eagerly sought for, and will undoubtedly command a handsome premium before the work is issued.

—It is a feature of good omen for the future of Mexico that, since its independence was won, the history and antiquities of the country have met with patient and acute investigators among her learned men, who have pursued their researches even through the periods of anarchy that apparently, to us at a distance, threatened the very existence of society itself. The most learned and exhaustive work on the native languages of America is said, by competent judges, to have been produced by Don Francisco Pimentel, Conde de Heras, whose "Cuadro Descriptivo y Comparativo de las Linguas Indigenas de Mexico" was commenced, in 1862, by the appearance of Volume I., in a handsome royal 8vo, from a Mexican press. It contains monographs or comparative grammars of twelve of the languages or idioms native to Mexico, as the Aztec, the Othomi, etc. Five of these are entirely new to philology, and have never before been made known to scholars. The general introduction contains a survey of the modern science of languages and its bearing upon American philology, written with an evident familiarity with the best modern sources of information. From the difficulty of collecting materials, the author was unable to specify a definite time for the continuation of the work, but it is now understood that the second volume is in press and will shortly appear.—Of equal importance to the historian is the "Colecion de Documentos para la Historia de Mexico," by Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, commenced in 1859, and continued in a new volume just published. The collection comprises much valuable unedited matter, including a letter by Hernan Cortez, which was wanting in the series that he sent to the King of Spain descriptive of his successes, and was supposed to have perished; a fac-simile edition of this "Carta Inedita," confined to 70 copies (14 pp.), is being printed in Mexico.—A third volume, comprising the famous "Historia Ecclesiastica Indiana" of Father Gennerio de Mendieto, long regarded as lost, is also in press and will shortly appear.

—John Ruskin has prefixed to the second edition of "Sesame and Lilies" a preface primarily intended to explain his remarks on the English *furore* for Alpine adventure in connection with the late unfortunate catastrophe on the Matterhorn, but diverging, as is his wont, to a variety of other topics. It contains several eloquent passages in what artists might call his *best manner*. In words of encouragement for pedestrians of feeble powers, he explains how the true beauty of mountain scenery is most to be enjoyed from below, and is inconsistent with a violation of the sanctities of nature. With a singular disregard of the sanitary conditions now all powerful, he calls the proposed plan for replacing the walls of Florence by boulevards and public walks "an accursed project," and says that one compensation for the disagreeables of advancing life is, that he saw the cities and streams of Switzerland before the former were desecrated by vandal destruction of ancient monuments, and the latter blue as the heavens previous to the defilement of manufactures that now pollute them. The announcement of his new book will be a puzzle to those most familiar with his writings not likely to be unravelled on the appearance of the work itself. It is entitled "Ethics of Dust: Being Ten Lectures to Little Housewives, by John Ruskin, M.A.," and is to be published during the present month.

—Mr. Winwood Reade, the African traveller, whose work was reprinted by Messrs. Harper, gives some curious particulars of the impression made by Dr. Livingstone on the natives and Portuguese settlers, in a notice of his new book, showing how speedily events acquire a mythical coloring among a rude people. He says: "When, some years afterwards, we travelled in that country we heard much of the Englishman who, mounted on an ox, went from sea to sea. We were shown relics of him which had been religiously preserved. He was spoken of by these mulatto planters and officials always with respect, and sometimes with veneration. The name of Livingstone, which they cannot pronounce, will there go down mangled to posterity."

—An agency for the publications of the great French house of MM. Didot et Cie has been opened in New York by F. C. Christern, of 763 Broadway, and F. Leypoldt, 646 Broadway. They keep on hand the elegant editions of French classics and modern authors that have made the names of the publishers current wherever French literature is known, and also supply, on favorable terms, the larger works of MM. Didot, whose catalogue comprises more expensive, valuable, and important books than are produced by any other single establishment in Europe. Many of their enterprises, as the "Bibliotheca Græca" (of which some sixty volumes are already published in royal octavo); "L'Univers Pittoresque," in sixty-five volumes; "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," forty-five volumes; the new edition of Ducange's "Glossary" and of Stephens's "Greek Thesaurus," and others, are more like public than private undertakings, from their magnitude and the expense involved in their production. The house, however, which numbers among its late and present members several persons of the family distinguished in literature, conducts, itself, every branch of industry connected with the manufacture of a book, including paper-making, type-founding, printing, and bookselling, and has become celebrated by its achievements in each department. It has been established more than an hundred years, and offers a specimen of intelligence, enterprise, and capital engaged in "building up" a hereditary business that can take the lead in literary projects of public utility rather than of immediate profit, and with higher aims than those of merely making a fortune, such as the commercial experience of our country has hardly yet seen. M. A. F. Didot, the head of the firm, is a distinguished book collector, and the owner of what is now considered to be the most valuable and costly private library in France. He has shown that he knows how to make use of his books by two small works on the early history of printing and wood engraving that are the best *résumés* of the subjects ever written, and by the valuable memoirs of the early typographers contributed by him to the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" published by his house.

—Among the few "large-paper" books produced during the present fantastic passion for copies of that description that are likely to maintain their original price, must be named the large-paper impression of the "Works of Charles Dickens" printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge. The typographical beauty of the edition is recognized to exceed in a high degree anything that his native country has yielded in honor of its most popular living author; and the illustrations by Darley and Gilbert are of undoubted merit. Still, however, to readers of Dickens who remember how much their ideal conception of Mr. Pickwick, Squeers, Micawber, etc., was assisted by the graphic sketches accompanying the original issue, something seemed wanting, and the refinements of good drawing and steel engraving scarcely replaced the rougher etchings that were associated with the stories in their earliest form. In the large-paper copies above mentioned this want is amply met, for in addition to proof impressions of the plates executed for the edition, they contain a full set of the English etchings by "Phiz," Seymour, Cruikshank, etc., exhibiting the "old familiar faces" of the illustrious Pickwick and his companions, and the long list of characters whose personal acquaintance we owe to the magic of the novelist. The number of these copies is limited to one hundred, at the subscription price of five dollars per volume. It is this edition of Dickens that figured in the law courts of New York last week, owing to an application by Messrs. Sheldon & Co. for redress in a question of literary property connected therewith. It was commenced by Mr. Houghton, of the Riverside Press, on his own account, with other parties whose interests have since merged in his; and not being then engaged in bookselling, a contract was made with Messrs. Sheldon & Co. of Broadway for the sale of the work. When the publishing firm of Hurd & Houghton was formed it became desirable for the original undertakers to resume the control of the work, and on the expiration of the agreement notice was given to Messrs. Sheldon that its provisions would cease. They, however, resist the action of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, and claim that the agreement was of such a nature that it conferred on them an equitable interest in the publication, in return for the labor, capital, etc., expended in making it known and extending its circulation, and now, as part owners, they ask for a receiver to be appointed and the property to be held subject to their claim for a half share of the profits of the work, which they estimate at thirty thousand dollars. These representations are not admitted by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, who assert their right to the entire ownership of the series of volumes.

—The edition of Miss Martineau's recent "History of England" undertaken by Messrs. Walker, Fuller & Co., of Boston, will be completed in a few weeks by the publication of Volumes III. and IV. The period covered by them—the last thirty years, 1826–1854—is virtually without a record in any of the standard works prepared for our libraries, and is the portion of history that the best-informed persons will usually be found most deficient in the

knowledge of. The latter portion is entirely original, being prepared by Miss Martineau expressly for this edition, and forming a continuation of the main work first published, in connection with Charles Knight, as "The History of the Thirty Years' Peace." In a letter to the publishers, Miss Martineau states positively that this will be her last literary work, as owing to advanced age and failing health she will not engage in any other undertaking. She expresses herself highly gratified with the sympathy her labors have excited in this country, and earnestly desires to see the completion of this history in print while yet she is able to enjoy its appearance. The other historical work published by Messrs. Walker, Fuller & Co., Henri Martin's "History of France," translated by Miss Booth, is also proceeding favorably—two new volumes will speedily be issued of it.

—The Historical Society of Long Island, an institution of recent formation, but already firmly planted, and munificently endowed by the liberality of its members, has in view, besides the collection of a library and museum which already rank among the first collections in the State, the preparation of a History of Long Island, on a scale commensurate with the importance of the district and the richness of materials, arising from its early occupation by European settlers. It is remarkable that every book heretofore published relating to the civil, ecclesiastical, political, or natural history of the island, amounting, probably, to more than one hundred distinct publications, is "out of print," and few of them can be procured at any price. Some of the rarest tracts of the kind are being reproduced—in limited numbers—in elegant style, by a private printing association—"The Furman Club"—so named from the late Gabriel Furman, whose "Notes on Brooklyn" was one of the earliest topographical essays connected with the island. A sub-section of the Historical Publishing Committee is charged with the natural history of the region, and great progress has been made in the preparations of monographs on each division, as zoology, botany, and geology, by gentlemen each most competent by previous study to do justice to their special departments. The contemplated complete exhibition of the fauna and flora, mineral productions, etc., of the island, will form a branch of the museum such as few or no States can boast of. It testifies to the increased interest in the study of nature that advancing cultivation and refinement are exciting in all parts of the United States.

—Undeterred by the alarming increase in the cost of manufacture and the pressure of taxation, our publishers find the rewards of business generally proportioned to the outlay expended, and thus oftentimes large and expensive works, requiring a series of years and the employment of various collaborateurs for their completion, are beginning to be found more remunerative than the same amount employed in works of a more ephemeral character. A generous confidence in the public is very apt to meet a due return, particularly in a community like this, where the performance of the coming year is almost certain to exceed the promise of the past and present ones. Messrs. Harper Brothers have long had in preparation a work that must be based upon some such considerations, as more than fifty thousand dollars will be laid out on it before any return is realized. It is an Encyclopædia of Biblical Knowledge, Theology, Ecclesiastical History, and Biography, and the kindred sciences, included under one alphabetical arrangement, wider in its scope than any previous work, and equally thorough in its treatment. The whole of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," or at least such parts as are regarded as not susceptible of improvement, will be incorporated in it. This work, indeed, and Kitto's "Biblical Cyclopædia," as improved in the recent edition by Dr. Lindsay Alexander, will form the basis of the Biblical portion of the work. In the division of ecclesiastical history, antiquities, biography, etc., there is no work in the English language that affords similar help to those just mentioned, and a greater degree of originality is required. The work is proceeding under the joint co-operation of two editors, Dr. Strong and Dr. J. M'Clintock, both of the Methodist Church, who have devoted many years to the execution of the plan. It was originally intended to be comprised in one volume, but such is the natural growth of a subject proportioned to the attention bestowed upon it, that probably four large and closely printed imperial octavos will be found necessary. A considerable portion of the work is stereotyped, and the remainder is rapidly proceeding to completion.

—American history owes much to the labors of the late Col. W. L. Stone, whose "Life of Brant," "Biography of Sir William Johnson" (completed and published by his son), etc., first showed our State how rich a mine of historical materials lay at its doors. His "Life of Red Jacket," being printed originally in only a small edition, has become very scarce. Proposals for the republication of a limited edition have been issued by J. Munsell, of Albany, who will issue it in superior style, with a fine portrait of the author after Page. Twenty-five copies will be printed in 4to.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.*

If Mademoiselle de Guérin, transcribing from the fulness of her affection and her piety her daily record of one of the quietest lives that ever was led by one who had not formally renounced the world, could have foreseen that within a few years after her death, her love, her piety, her character, her daily habits, her household cares, her inmost and freest thoughts, were to be weighed and measured by half the literary critics of Europe and America, she would, doubtless, have found in this fact a miracle more wonderful than any of those to which, in the lives of her favorite saints, she accorded so gracious a belief. The history of a man or woman of genius prolongs itself after death; and one of the most pleasing facts with regard to that of Mlle. de Guérin is that it was her fate to know nothing of her fame. One of the most unselfish of women, she was spared the experience of that publicity which was the inevitable result of her talents. Genius is not a private fact; sooner or later, in the nature of things, it becomes common property. Mlle. de Guérin pays from her present eminence the penalty of her admirable faculties. If there be in the seclusion, the modesty, the cheerful obscurity and humility of her life, an essential incongruity with the broad light of actual criticism, we may console ourselves with the reflection that, in so far as it might, fortune has dealt with her in her own spirit. It has respected her noble unconsciousness. Her life and her fame stand apart. Between her own enjoyment of the work and the world's enjoyment of it intervenes that fact of her death which completes the one and excuses the other.

Our own excuse for speaking of Mlle. de Guérin at this somewhat late day lies in the recent issue of an English translation of her journal. This translation is apparently as good as it was likely to be. In the matter of style, it is our opinion that Mlle. de Guérin loses as much by translation as her great countrywoman, Mme. de Sévigné; and as it is for her style especially that we personally value Mlle. de Guérin, we cannot but think that an English version of her feelings would fail, in a very important particular, to represent her—her journal being, indeed, nothing more than a tissue of feelings, woven as simply, as easily, as closely, as rapidly, with the same interrupted continuity, as a piece of fireside knitting-work. It is probable, nevertheless, that the book will prove acceptable from its character of piety; and for those who are not acquainted with the original, it may even, through the translator's faithful sympathy, possess a certain literary charm.

Mlle. de Guérin's journal begins in 1834, when she was twenty-nine years of age, and ceases in 1840. It was strictly a series of daily letters addressed to her brother Maurice, and consigned to a number of blank-books, which he read when each was filled. It may be divided into two parts: the first, covering less than five years, extending to the death of Maurice de Guérin; and the second, covering a year and a half, extending from this event to what we may almost call the real death of Mlle. de Guérin herself—that is, the cessation of that practice of daily communion with her brother which had so long absorbed her most lively energies. She actually survived her brother nine years, a period of which she has left us only that beginning of a record formed by those few pages of her journal which she has inscribed to his departed soul. Her admirers will hardly regret the absence of a more extended chronicle of these weary years. Mlle. de Guérin's thoughts had always been half for heaven and half for Maurice. When Maurice died they reverted, by a pious compromise, to heaven alone, and assumed an almost painful monotony.

The chief figure in Mlle. de Guérin's life, accordingly, is not her own, but that of her brother. He, too, has become famous; he, too, had his genius. The sisterly devotion expressed and implied in every line of Mlle. de Guérin's writing needs, indeed, no such fact as this to explain it. She was nothing of a critic; and for the readers of the journal alone, the simple presumption that Maurice de Guérin was a lovable man is sufficient to account for his supremacy in the life of a woman who lived exclusively in her natural affections. For her, then, he was simply the dearest of her brothers; for us, if we had the space, he would be a most interesting object of study. But we can spare him but a few words. He was by several years Eugénie's junior. Sent to school at a distance at an early age, and compelled subsequently to earn his living in Paris by teaching and writing, his life was passed in comparative solitude, and his relations with his family maintained by letters. His first plan had been to enter the church, and with this view he had attached himself to a small community of theological students organized and governed by Lamennais. The dispersion of this community, however, arrested and diverted his ecclesiastical aspirations; and if he never thoroughly abandoned himself to the world as it stands opposed to the church, his habitual seclusion and temperance are marked by a strictly sec-

* "The Journal of Eugénie de Guérin." By G. S. Trébutien. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1865.

ular tone. After several years of Paris drudgery, he contracted a marriage with a young girl of some fortune. He died at the age of twenty-eight. To ourselves, Maurice de Guérin is a more interesting person than his sister. We cannot, indeed, help regarding the collection recently made of his letters and literary remains as a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the human mind. What he would have accomplished if time had been more generous towards him, it is difficult to say; but as it is, little can be claimed for him on the ground of his positive achievements. To say that he is chiefly interesting as a *phenomenon* seems but a cold way of looking at one who, in all that we know of his character, inspires us with the most tender affection; and yet so it is that we are tempted to speak of Maurice de Guérin. So it is that we are led to look at every man who is deficient in *will*. This was the case with Guérin. His letters, his diary, his verses, are one long record of moral impotency. He was one of the saddest of men. That he had genius, we think his little prose-poem, entitled "The Centaur," conclusively proves; not a splendid, a far-reaching genius, but nevertheless a source of inspiration which was all his own. His sensibility, his perceptions, were of the deepest. He put imagination into everything that he said or wrote. He has left descriptions of nature which have probably never been excelled, because, probably, nature has never been more delicately perceived. And yet we may be sure that for posterity he will live rather in his sister than in himself. For he is essentially an *imperfect* figure; and what the present asks of the past is before all things completeness. A man is only remembered beyond his own generation by his *results;* and the most that Guérin has left us is a heritage of processes. If he had lived and grown great, we should assuredly be delighted to peruse the record of his moral and religious *tâtonnements*. But as his whole life was but a fragment, his fragmentary efforts lack that character of unity which is essential to whomsoever, in morals or in letters, is destined to become anything of a classic. Maurice de Guérin's only unity is in his sister.

The singular unity of her own genius, indeed, is such as almost to qualify her for this distinction. As her brother was all complexity, she was all simplicity. As he was all doubt, she was all faith. It seems to us that we shall place Mlle. de Guérin on her proper footing, and obviate much possible misconception, if we say that hers was an essentially *finite* nature. We just now mentioned Mme. de Sévigné. The great charm of Mme. de Sévigné's style is her perfect ability to say whatever she pleases. But as she was chiefly an observer of fashionable society, she was not often tempted to utter very composite truths. Now, Mlle. de Guérin, perpetually engaged in the contemplation of the Divine goodness, finds the right word and the right phrase with the same delightful ease as her great predecessor. With her, as with Mme. de Sévigné, style was a natural gift. Many of the causes of this perfection are doubtless identical in both cases. Both Mme. de Sévigné and Mlle. de Guérin were women of taste and of tact, who, under these conditions, wrote from the heart. They wrote freely and familiarly, without any pre-occupation whatever. They were both women of birth, both *ladies*, as we say now-a-days. To both of them there clings an air of purely natural distinction, of implicit subordination to the fact of race, a silent sense of responsibility to the past, which goes far to explain the positive character of their style. When we add to this that in both of them the imaginative faculty was singularly limited, we shall have indicated those features which they possessed in common, and shall have helped to confirm our assertion of the finite quality of Mlle. de Guérin's mind. It was not that she was without imagination; on the contrary, she unmistakably possessed it; but she possessed it in very small measure. Religion without imagination is piety; and such is Mlle. de Guérin's religion. Her journal, taken as a whole, seems to us to express a profound contentment. She was, indeed, in a certain sense, impatient of life, but with no stronger impatience than such as the church was able to allay. She had, of course, her moments of discouragement; but, on the whole, she found it easy to believe, and she was too implicit a believer to be unhappy. Her peculiar merit is that, without exaltation, enthusiasm, or ecstacy, quietly, steadily, and naturally, she entertained the idea of the Divine goodness. The truth is that she was strong. She was a woman of character. Thoroughly dependent on the church, she was independent of everything else.

THE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.*

No book has been more eagerly anticipated, during the last two years, by that large public which has digested his sermons and been quickened and inspired by his teaching, than the "Life and Letters of Robertson." There is always an intense desire, not a morbid curiosity, but the thirst of sympathy, to know the very pith and marrow of the lives of those who have been leaders in any department of thought, and Robertson's position as a representative man in the English Church is such that this desire to know if the reality of his life corresponded with the ideal he has raised in our own minds has only burned more intensely as the sermons made us better acquainted with the man. It can be said with entire truth, that the book confirms this ideal; it even exalts it; for Robertson's very weaknesses do not impair our reverence for the man. The biography at once takes rank with Stanley's Life of Arnold (whom Robertson resembled in many points, in his daring, his religious experience and position, his power of analysis, his intuitive grasp), as perhaps the best exposition of the inward and outward life of one in whom all the complex religious and social questions which vex this age were matters of personal experiences which has yet been given to the world; and could Robertson himself now read the wonderfully lucid sketch which Mr. Brooke has given, we believe he would not be displeased, since it contains those very elements which he so much admired in the life of Arnold. The biographer's labors are happily lightened, as in the case of Arnold, by the abundant materials which Robertson left, but these have been so carefully used, that the light and shade of every period of his life are always given, and we can recall no page which contains anything which the most ardent friend of Robertson could wish unsaid. Mr. Brooke magnifies his subject with the hand of a master, by faithfully and accurately setting it before you; while he admires Robertson, he can see his faults, and he only obtrudes his own comments when they are indispensably necessary to the order of the narrative.

What gives special and fascinating interest to these volumes is their intimate relation to the most vital religious and social questions of the day. Robertson, with his singular gifts of a sensitive imagination and brilliant, incisive reason, would have been a marked man in any age; such men always flash sunshine; but it was given to him, in common with Sterling and Tennyson and Kingsley and Carlyle, to work his own way through the questions of modern doubt; and because he did this, and came out into the clear, bold sunshine of an intelligent faith, which gave him power to interpret every subject from the point of view he had won, he found himself specially *en rapport* with the younger minds of his day, and his writings have constantly exercised a healing influence since his death. Here his position is representative; here is the strength of his rapidly growing power. It is not too much to say that in this country he has moulded the young divines of this generation. His sermons have opened new veins of thought and feeling; his method has been widely adopted; and the fresh intellectual inspiration of his extemporaneous efforts in Trinity Chapel, Brighton, has flowed into the hearts of thousands. His individuality, which was a gradual development, has turned all eyes to him. As Mr. Brooke remarks (Vol. II., p. 249): "He has shown that a well-marked individuality is possible in the English Church." And this individuality, the longing for which Mr. Brooke aptly calls "one of the strongest impulses which have given rise to the present theological struggle," Robertson used with just that wise conservatism and truthfulness to self which make his example so beautifully attractive and stimulating. Seeing, as we d now, into the very core of his opinions, and how they were shaped by outward events, his independence and loneliness amid struggle and his silent victory in death are thrilling beyond expression. He was among the first of the English clergy to apply boldly his Christianity to the social and religious condition of England's working-men; and, though his schemes ultimately failed, he may be called the parent of those movements which are now so numerous in England and in this country to bring the living forces and traditions of the Episcopal Church into vital sympathy with the masses. In the twenty years since he identified himself—first at Oxford, and next and last at Brighton—with social questions, no body of Christians has so rapidly applied Christianity to their solution and the regeneration of society; and we know from our own observation that his lectures and addresses have done much to inspire this movement here.

His other work was theological; and this may be best presented by such a slight sketch as we can give of his life. He was born in London, February 3, 1816. He owed much in his earlier years to the careful education and watchfulness of his parents, but, being much above his growth, was silent and imaginative. In boyhood, he describes himself as "iron in strength, broad and stout." He excelled in athletic games, but had great fondness for reading. He was never known to tell a lie, and was sensitively alive to propriety. He early displayed a practical turn of mind, which preserved him from the vices of a too excitable imagination, and his earliest passion was to engage at a suitable age in the profession of his father, a military life. This was opposed to the wishes of his parents, who desired to have him prepare for holy orders. To this he reluctantly yielded in 1837,

* "Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke." In two volumes 12mo, pp. 352, 359. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

and was matriculated at Brazenose College, Oxford. He entered the university holding strongly what were then called Evangelical views, but at a time when the Tractarian party was rising rapidly into notice. He at once felt deeply the influence of Dr. Newman, and the story of his struggle to escape from the vortex of Puseyism is as fascinating as Newman's "Apologia." This he did escape, but his strong interest in the varieties of religious opinion centred there, and the many-sided activity of his imagination drew him beyond the proper studies of the place. His mind was vexed with religious questions, and his discipline, save as gained in conquering doubt, was largely thrown away. Plato fascinated him, and Shelley and Coleridge first, and later, Wordsworth, captivated his imagination. In these studies and thoughts he passed, like De Quincey, a silent, self-contained, progressive life. Of himself he wrote, in 1846, when a great change passed over him, as "a man who had read theological and philosophical controversy, long before, with painful interest; a man who, at different times, has lived in the atmosphere of thought in which Jonathan Edwards, Plato, Lucretius, Thomas Brown, Carlyle, Emerson, and Fichte lived; who has steeped his soul and memory in Byron's strong feelings; who has walked with Newman years ago to the brink of an awful precipice, and chosen rather to look upon it calmly, and know the worst of the secrets of the darkness, than recoil, with Newman, in fear and tenderness, back to the infallibility of Rome."

This passage is the key to his life at this period, but in this very gestation of religious opinion were forged the weapons of his success in dealing with the perplexed doubts peculiar to our time. He first explored the whole ground in the stillness of his own mind and heart. But when first ordained, he concealed this hot-bed of religious feeling beneath the evangelical views in which he had been brought up; and these views bound him so closely that little of his later individuality was then seen. He was, however, a marked man in the pulpit from the first. A weakly religious sentimentalism now possessed him, and his letters abound in the hollow echoes of pietism. He tried to live after the rule of Thomas à Kempis. He was harassed by the idea that his sermons were not intelligible to the educated. He was oppressed by his ideal of excellence, as set forth in the success of his friends, and his morbid piety added to the keenness of his pain. But his reading was rapidly carrying him clear of this state. "I have gained good and energy from that book," he says, in speaking of Carlyle's "Past and Present." Tennyson was at this time constantly in his hands, and Dante he read daily. He now began the plan of reading carefully on the questions of the day, and this was his constant practice ever after; and at this stage in his development his thoughts were turned, as always indeed, but now specially, to methods for relieving the poor. In 1843 he wrote, "I stand nearly alone, a theological Ishmael. The Tractarians despise me, and the Evangelicals somewhat loudly express their doubts of me." In intervals he was now reading German metaphysics. His mind was growing rapidly. He was nearing the turning-point of his life. That individuality which was the spring of his genius demanded recognition. "An outward blow"—says his biographer—"the sudden ruin of a friendship which he had wrought, as he imagined, for ever, into his being—a blow from which he never afterwards wholly recovered—accelerated the inward crisis, and the result was a period of spiritual agony so awful that it not only shook his health to its centre, but smote his spirit down into so profound a darkness that of all his early faiths but one remained: 'It must be right to do right.'"

From this experience dated his new birth of religious thought and feeling. Out of this came ultimately the principles which he taught, best given in his own words: "First, the establishment of positive truth, instead of the negative destruction of error. Secondly, that truth is made up of two opposite proportions, and not found in a *via media* between the two. Thirdly, that spiritual truth is discerned by the spirit, instead of intellectually in propositions; and, therefore, truth should be taught suggestively, not dogmatically. Fourthly, that belief in the human character of Christ's humanity must be antecedent to belief in his divine origin. Fifthly, that Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not *vice versa*. Sixthly, the soul of goodness in things evil." In addition to this, as he worked out his problems for himself, and hence they are very valuable, his opinions on baptism, the atonement, inspiration, and the Sabbath were somewhat peculiar. Though we have no space here to examine these, we think the violence of his reaction from the Evangelical school, and the stout opposition which he received in Brighton, led him into statements which a more equable experience would have cancelled. These opinions have led many already, who cannot see or feel the sensitive spirit beneath the letter of a thought or opinion, to turn aside from him. This revelation of his life, showing how he fought his way through the deepest scepticism into truth, and his most rapturous and vivid embodiment of the great truth of the incarnation in all his teaching, must do much towards reconciling his opinions to the narrowest class of theologians; while the very earnestness with which he grasped at truth, and fought for it in his long incumbency at Brighton, and died for it there, will inspire and thrill and guide thousands who have got, in this age of the changes in received opinion, to walk through fire and blood and death to the light. As a guide to these, as the interpreter of the true way to these, Robertson's teachings, however much we may differ as to the bearing of his theology, have incomparable value. They convince the reason; they guide the heart. Some of the brightest minds of the present day, not only among the clergy, but outside their ranks in every walk in life, will find their own secret experience here mirrored in thoughts that breathe and words that burn. The clear teaching of the sermons can now be interpreted by the struggles, and these were often morbid under preying disease, which wrung Robertson's heart.

Robertson first began to develop himself in a small curacy in Oxford, where he at once attracted the undergraduates of the university, and thence he was transferred to Brighton, where, till the end, his heart and his brain were in unceasing activity. His religion, his sermons, were first lived in his own experience, and then he taught; and he had the inspiration of an apostle, because he knew and felt. Touching, in these volumes, is his isolation from sympathy, his vivid life of high spiritual aspiration and thought, his humility in labors among the poor, his contempt for the world, his lonely walking with the Great Teacher. We know not where to find the memoir of any clergyman which shows such purity and power and love. Robert Sinckling was no more devoted as a parish priest; Robert Vaughan was not more brilliant or successful in carrying on literary cultivation with constant preaching; George Herbert showed no sweeter or gentler resignation. To us, though we write with the glow of fresh and strong impressions, no biography since the publication of Stanley's "Life of Arnold" has been issued from the press so well adapted to sink into the thoughful minds of younger men, and mould their opinions, and to raise the tone of the Christian ministry to a higher standard, as the "Life and Letters of Robertson."

Considered simply as literary productions, with the author's name unknown, these letters would attract attention as the productions of a singularly gifted mind. As the revelation of the inward workings of Robertson's mind, even when they are morbid, as many are in the second volume, and as connected with the highest subjects of human thought, whether literary, social, or theological, they are veined with the results of a mind which threw light upon every topic within its grasp. He *names* ideas; he interprets thought; and, even in his hurried letters, he is always logical and accurate. These letters, even more than Arnold's, are a treasury of the chief ideas of our time. They are to be digested as Robertson himself read, and advised others to read, only a few pages at a time; and so read, we know not where to find their equal for suggestive power. Dying in the early prime of his development, at thirty-seven, his writings have the dew of youth upon them, combined with the ripeness of age. There is little that is immature; but all is fresh. And yet, while no reader can carefully study these volumes with his sermons (and only prolonged attention can unfold completely their very great merits), the total impression of the work is sad—not morbid, but sad. This is partly owing to the incessant struggle which the biography reveals, partly to the undertone of Robertson's own life, partly to the solemn and deep utterances with which its pages are filled. But not the sadness of despair, rather the sadness which weds itself mysteriously with all highest life.

The portrait of Robertson given in the first volume, a face so lighted with thought, so finely and clearly cut, so expressive of tenderness and insight, and said to be hardly adequate too, because the play of emotion and thought is gone, will attract every one. It has the highest beauty. It comes up to our ideal.

We regret to say that these volumes, so appreciatively edited, and prefaced with excellent tables of contents, have no *index*. They need one more than any book we have ever read, because they are so full of ideas and opinions to which every reader will often wish to refer; and for this reason, too, the index should be very careful and minute.

ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY BOOKS.

TENNYSON, with illustrations, is abundantly furnished to an appreciative public this winter. For last Christmas there were, new, only the two editions of "Enoch Arden." One of those, our readers will remember, if they have not forgotten things so ephemeral as last year's gift-books, was published by Ticknor & Fields, with variorum illustrations; the other, with pictures by Hammatt Billings, was, unhandsomely and in violation of a good and well-established custom, issued by Messrs. Tilton & Co. There has

recently been issued, with the imprint of the same publishing house, what purports to be and seems to be "Tennyson's Poems," complete in one volume, also illustrated by Mr. Billings. We know of no reason this year, and after a second objectionable action on the part of Messrs. Tilton & Co., for reversing the verdict of book-publishers and the book-loving public last year on the publication of "Enoch Arden." Criticism of the book is, however, quite independent of the propriety of making the book at all. We find a good and convenient edition of Tennyson, presenting the poems in the order, or nearly in the order, of their original publication, clearly and well printed, and compressed into a single volume, not too large, of 648 pages. We think this by far the best one-volume edition of Tennyson we have seen, sincerely as we regret its appearance and its existence, and heartily as we wish ill success to the enterprise.

Good as the volume is, however, it might have been made more compact by the omission of the pictures. We are of opinion that, considered as an edition of Tennyson, it would have been better without them, and that the world could have borne the deprivation of one gift-book. In wishing the illustrations away we make no charge of unusual worthlessness. There are very few of the poems which our publishers decorate with pictures which are not "obscured," as Lowell has said, by their "illustrations." When a book shall appear with illustrations worthy of the name, if we can, we shall give it due honor, but under the head of *Fine Arts*. Most of the pictures in this year's books would be too favorably "noticed" for just discrimination by being put under *Fine Arts* at all.

There is something in the printing of wood-cuts that puzzles our workmen. The Riverside Press of H. O. Houghton & Co. stands next, we presume, to the unrivalled University Press of Welch, Bigelow & Co., and their book-work is well done in this case as it always is, all but the wood-cuts. These are unequal; some are printed tolerably well, in the copy before us, but others execrably. But we see other wood-cuts as badly printed as these, where better designs are injured by the imperfect work.

Comparing Mr. Billings with himself, we find two or three of his designs which are better than the run, less mannered than most of his work, and looking more as if he wished to work out a thought and less as if he wished to make a little picture which would "do." Such an one, we think—though many will be surprised at our saying so, the picture is so unpleasing—is the illustration to the "Palace of Art," on p. 65,

> "Or the maid-mother by a crucifix," etc.

Such, also, are "The Letters," on page 432, and "Geraint and Enid," on page 475. Mr. Billings has also discovered some very little-known facts in relation to mediæval costume: his knights carry shields large enough to protect them, and support these on their left arms in nearly the actual way, and his ladies are not all restricted to the close-bodied gowns in which he and other artists have usually clad their "ideal" women.

Messrs. Ticknor & Co. give us three new illustrated Tennyson books: "Idyls of the King," "Gems from Tennyson," and the illustrated Farringford edition of the complete poems. The pictures in the "Idyls" are exceedingly bad. It is hard to find one spark of meaning or life among all the thirty-one. But perhaps there is a little flash of reality in the tail-piece to "Enid," where the travellers on their way to Devon are being ferried across a broad river in flat-boats, and we have all seen worse landscape in wood engraving than that on page 164. These two are Mr. Colman's designs; but nearly all the pictures in the book are designed by Mr. Eytinge, and, looking carefully through these to find the best of them, we think it is the head-piece of "Elaine," Elaine herself reading the shield; and the only other piece of Mr. Eytinge's work here that we care ever to see again is the single figure of the garrulous little novice in the head-piece of "Guinevere."

The "Gems" are selected poems with pictures, but both poems and pictures are all (we think) contained in the illustrated Farringford edition, to which we turn for an opportunity to judge a large number of designs together, since there are, the title-page says, sixty-four illustrations in these or this two-volumes-in-one.

The Farringford edition, as published last summer in two volumes, was handy and of convenient size, finely printed, and marred only by the disarrangement of the poems—"Enoch Arden" being put after the "Princess" to fill out the first volume. We have now a reprint from the same plates on larger paper, and with the sixty-four full-page illustrations bound in. It makes a very clumsy volume, and affords another instance of illustrations which are much in the way and an annoyance. They are not beautiful. Many of them are very badly printed, unless it is all the wood-cutters' fault, and they have left their blocks "lowered," as the phrase is, in the wrong way for the style of printing that was afterwards adopted. The books were made up so hastily that nearly all the cuts have printed off sharp and distinct impressions of themselves on the tissue paper; at least all the copies of the book that we have seen are so disfigured; and the copy from which we describe, which was the best among a dozen, is spoiled as a seemly book by this carelessness.

As regards the merits of the designs, before specifying any we must classify them. This the book does not help us to do, for there is no list of illustrations at all—a most extraordinary omission, betraying the publishers' conviction that every buyer or recipient of one of these volumes will have all the pictures in other previously published books, and will know all about them. But we have taken the pains to make out a *catalogue raisonnée* of the whole, and with the following result: Fourteen plates are taken from the quarto edition of "Tennyson's Poems," published by Moxon, in 1859, probably the best of these "gift-books" that has ever been published. Two or three of those that we have always thought the best in that book are omitted, and there is only one of the splendid designs by Rossetti given; but we have the two wretchedly theatrical illustrations by Maclise, of "Morte d'Arthur." All are *fac-similed* out of their delicacy and sharpness; they were inadequate enough in workmanship in the first instance, and now the second-hand rendering is worse and uglier. Next, of the illustrations to "Enoch Arden," which were noticed at length in THE NATION, No. 5, eight are given with that poem in this book. Then there are those, or a part of those, which we have already noticed as illustrating "The Idyls of the King;" and, finally, a large number that we can only call miscellaneous, of which some are of, to us, unknown authorship; and of all, known or unknown, but few are of any importance.

Mr. Hennessy gives us four illustrations to "Locksley Hall," one of which, at least, is of real interest, and one to "The Princess,"

> "In looking on the happy autumn fields
> And thinking of the days that are no more;"

which last is not, indeed, much of an illustration of the text, but is a pretty picture, and seems to be a good portrait of a lady. We find no Hennessy in the second volume; but there is a picture of "The Charge of the Six Hundred," by Mr. Homer, spirited enough but very inadequate, and suggesting the question, Did the Light Brigade charge in such loose order? There is also a landscape by William Hart (or so we translate W. H.), which we think the best landscape-cut in the book; and the last cut is the illustration to "The Grandmother's Apology," reduced from the drawing by Millais in the first volume of "Once a Week," and spoiled. There is little else to say except to notice the ugly and meaningless little figures on the reverse of each of the many title-pages, of which that one is the worst which is on the back of the title-page to "Maud," representing, with a grace and good taste which, we hope, is peculiar to the designer, a purse (in a grocer's scales) poised against and weighing down a *smoking* heart. This disgusting incident is the last we care to notice in reviewing one of the most unsatisfactory books of the year.

Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," with illustrations by John Gilbert, is better than any of the books we have mentioned, because containing only a few cuts, and these few (all but one) of a certain order of merit. It would be well if American designers would learn how to treat American subjects by seeing how this Englishman has managed "Paul Revere's Ride." There are a plenty of better designs by Gilbert than these, but he rarely touches anything without giving it interest, and these, in common with all his work, are executed in a manly, broad-shouldered sort of way, which has our sympathy, and, when it is not *too* mannered, our admiration.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields publish, also (probably "by arrangement with the English publishers"), "The Recreations of a Country Parson," with illustrations by Robert T. Pritchett. It is a curious book to choose for pictorial illustration, because one would hardly have thought it very suggestive of artistic design, or very stimulating to an artist's mind. But, on the other hand, how very much it needs whatever help an artist can give it! It is a dreary book, and Mr. Pritchett is to be pitied. Think of having to read it all through, looking for passages suggestive of pictures! Well, it is, perhaps, the best illustrated book of the year. The pictures seem to grow naturally out of the text, and really help it. And then Mr. Pritchett has known where to stop, and has stopped there—at least, in many of the cuts. It is a pleasure to get little landscapes, given as far as the essential lines—firm and black—can give them, and the sky left white, not constructed in a mechanical way by straight horizontal lines ruled close together. The first cut in the book—the little one at the tail of the table of contents—is a good example. The church and manse are both tumbling over, and we do not endorse that sort of search after gracefulness, but otherwise it is a good little picture of a bit of a Scotch village. When we are not ready to put forth our whole strength, make the best design we can, and the most minute and careful draw-

ing, and then see it engraved perfectly; when we are not prepared to go to work in that thorough way, let us make simple sketches in a few positive lines, which careless wood-engravers cannot spoil. Mr. Pritchett's designs are very unequal in merit, and very different from one another in style. The picture of Abbotsford, on page 329, is nearly as poor as an illustration can be; the next one, "Sketching," on page 343, is very inadequate, and, indeed, wretchedly drawn; and the figure of Miss Limejuice, on page 396, a flat imitation of *Punch*, though the background is pleasant. But then "Arundel," on page 184, is an uncommonly good landscape for a modern wood-cut in a book; there are grains of truth in the Swiss houses in "Alpine Snow," page 151, which none but sketchers in Switzerland would detect; "Putting the Stone" is a very happy illustration of the commonplace lecture it follows; the counsellor's head, on page 51, has a great deal of character in it. In short, we would say to our reader, Do n't buy the prose Tupper's dull volume at all; but if you must, then get this edition of it, and the pictures will help you along. We offer no further criticism on the artistic merit of these slight scribbles, but we shall look at any work of Mr. Pritchett's we shall meet with hereafter, in hopes of finding something in it.

Messrs. Bunce & Huntington publish "Festival of Song; a Series of Evenings with the Poets," prepared by the author of "Salad for the Solitary," and illustrated by seventy-three pictures by members of the National Academy of Design. This is a book of a class that could not exist but for the custom of giving Christmas presents. Imagine *buying* a book which treats of one hundred and seventy-eight poets, gives something about some of their lives, criticism (generally laudatory) of their works, and copious quotations, and all within the compass of a moderate-sized quarto! It seems to us, indeed, almost an assumption of one's intellectual inferiority to give one such a book as a present. Miss Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life," Chas. Knight's "Half Hours with the Best Authors," and Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," are classical works of profound intellectuality in comparison with this. Not that Mr. Saunders (if that is indeed the name, as the papers say, of the author of "Salad for the Solitary" and compiler of this book) betrays any inferiority in his work. He seems to be familiar with English literature, and his selections are good; but he has put himself to poor work.

The Academicians have, on the whole, done their work well. Too much of it has been entrusted to one of the weakest of their body, Mr. Alfred Fredericks, A., who has furnished fourteen of the designs. From this artist's work as exhibited on the Academy walls we have not learned to expect much, and his illustrations in this book give us no new idea of his power. Mr. S. Colman, whose conventional castles, studied from Windsor, are to be found in the edition of the "Idyls of the King" of which we have spoken, has some more of the same quality in this. Four pictures are signed by him, all of which seem to us very uninteresting and without individual character. Mr. J. A. Hows, whose work is often met with in the wood-cuts adorning gift-books, has three wood-cuts here, none of them, to our thinking, of any value. But Mr. James Hart supplies three landscapes, Mr. Kensett one, Mr. Suydam one, Mr. Church one, Mr. Brevoort one; all of which we deem better than most of the landscape wood-cuts of the same character in English books, even of considerable pretension. Mr. Homer has a brave sketch; Mr. Hennessy has three drawings, one of them admirable, that on page 297; and Mr. H. P. Gray supplies a little figure, "Joyousness," which compares favorably, to say the least, with his pictures usually exhibited. We could wish for many improvements—could welcome a franker use of the medium of wood-cutting, and less effort to give the look of plate engraving—could enjoy fewer lines, and all to the purpose; but, having expected no such results in a gift-book illustrated by popular artists and in New York, are not disagreeably disappointed in this.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton publish (in connection with the London publishers, Sampson Low, Son & Marston), "Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay," a collection of nearly an hundred full-page wood-cuts from the volumes of "London Society," an illustrated and ultra popular English monthly. The book is, of course, wholly English, and is not among the best of English illustrated books, because containing too large a proportion of feeble, fashion-plate-looking pictures *de société*.

"Songs of Seven," by Jean Ingelow, comes from Roberts Brothers. It is half an English book, like the last; half an American book, like others which Mr. Hammatt Billings has illustrated. In either capacity it requires no especial mention.

We have very little space left in which to treat of the new "illuminated" books, published by several leading houses. This is not matter of especial regret, because none of those that we have seen are of even the least artistic value; and all are so unattractive that people who look inside of books with any care, before buying, will be pretty sure to leave these unbought. We have tried to see and examine all the books of this class that have been published in America this year, and we find a family likeness among them. The designs are in all cases very poor, with just enough of the flavor of mediæval illumination about them to be a parody of it, and annoy those who love it. And the execution, though showing a certain effort on the part of our lithographers to do color work as well as they can, is very unsatisfactory. We shall be glad to speak at length of any work that may show signs of any improvement in these respects.

LEIGH HUNT'S SEER.*

This very handsome and convenient American reprint of Leigh Hunt's "Seer" is a new evidence of the permanent favor this species of writing finds among general readers. Some periodical analogous in character, however diverse in execution, to the "Spectator," has almost constantly appeared in Great Britain since that pleasant and prosperous experiment established the familiar essay as a phase of our domestic literature. A vein of curious and refined speculation on some of the details of human experience and minor phenomena of life, studies of character, graces of local description, and acute comments on manners and letters, are, indeed, prevalent traits of modern Continental writing—though oftener in an episodical form than as direct, complete, and brief treatises; but that peculiar blending of geniality in the tone with intelligence, humor, and rectitude, more or less vivified by individuality, quaintness, or picturesque style, which has made this department of authorship at once so prolific and so attractive in our vernacular, are eminently Anglo-Saxon qualities. They spring as much from the domestic as the literary habitudes of the race; they presuppose a certain rational taste as to pastime, and an average culture which renders such "household words" acceptable to young and old. People who live in the senses and out-of-doors would scarcely brood with such relish over the minutiæ of experience, or take such obvious pleasure in familiar censorship; neither would the zest of intellectual appetite make palatable such thoughtful and often subtle criticism and consciousness as the choicest of the essayists, such as Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt, evolve and illustrate. Home life, with habits of reading and intellectual talk, foster the taste and talent for this kind of writing quite as much as private study and personal observation; and, in the last analysis, climate, social life, and family culture, such as obtain in Britain and America, will be found to encourage and confirm the love of and skill in essay writing.

The most popular novelist of the day finds it desirable to contribute "all the year round" to this familiar and pleasant stream of taste and teaching; the "Indicator" and "Seer" of Leigh Hunt are excellent specimens of the kind of colloquial speculation, narrative, and criticism which the mass of English readers enjoy and improve by. Without the subtle insight of Hazlitt, the comprehensive knowledge of De Quincey, or the rich and delicate humor of Lamb, Hunt had that love of beauty, sense of enjoyment, and sympathy with the pleasant, the plaintive, and the imaginative, which enables one to translate the minor philosophy of life to the common mind. His temperament was far more sensitive and vivacious than that of the average Englishman, because of a tropical element in his blood; he was a poet in feeling, and instinctively cultivated a cheerful view of things and a complacent theory of life. He believed, too much perhaps, *à la* Skimpole, yet with its justifiable side, in the available and familiar sources of comfort and pleasure as thoroughly as Jean Paul; he delighted in ransacking old poets for dainty conceits, old book-stalls for neglected authors of genius, the fields for early flowers, the world for charming companions, and his own fancy for images of love or suggestions of wisdom; he loved "to repose on his own sensations"—to vindicate the benign possibilities and celebrate the latent and common resources of existence. Without the aspiration of the reformer, the passion of the advocate, or the egotism of the dogmatist—with little earnestness, but much candor and kindliness, he sought to open vistas, not of sublime truth, but of homely wisdom, to the multitude; to cheer, to charm, to harmonize, and to humanize by means of gentle, genial suggestion, fanciful and friendly talk about men and things: not a very lofty ideal, it may be said—not a very grand purpose, it may be—yet still a graceful and worthy one, and perhaps more effective and requisite than many of more ambitious aspect, when we consider how prone we are to forget that "*a man's best things are nearest him*," and that it is the aggregate of small and continuous, rather than the advent of great, pleasures that makes up that innocent gratification of mind, heart, and senses which we call happiness. Well does Leigh Hunt call his "Seer," as a second title, "*Commonplaces Refreshed*;" for the effect of his agreeable chat is of a dewy kind, brightening the prospect and the mood; as the traveller sees the old

* "The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed. By Leigh Hunt." In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers, Boston.

mosaic floor of some dusty temple grow vivid when sprinkled, and give out its pristine design and color, so as we look on familiar but somewhat obscured life-pictures, with such a genial philosopher beside us, insensibly somewhat of the original grace and glow returns, and we recognize a compensatory idea, a fresh hue, or a hopeful purpose, and so go on our way more calm, charitable, or gay. The very subjects of the "Seer" give token of this auspicious interpretation—of a pleasant and suggestive, as well as observant and cheerful, *cicerone:* "Pebbles" and "Flowers" alternate, in the second, with thoughts on "Early Rising" and "Breakfast;" now we are offered a most inspiring "Pinch of Snuff," and now a choice bit out of Chaucer; here we thrid a "Crowd" in reflective mood, and there we watch and meditate over "A Cat by the Fire;" here is a kindly diagnosis of the functions and fortunes of "Washerwomen," and there a homily on the true way "To Make Presents;" the associations of and relations to the weather in "Spring" on a rainy and dusty day blend with speculations on the "Coach," as a social economy, and a "Piano," as a domestic resource; and these, with like familiar themes, are interspersed with charming stories and unpedantic yet appreciative critiques—altogether a kind of melodious running commentary on the by-ways of life, its inklings of romance and its grateful phases of reality.

LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN.

THE simplest classification of the books for children which the approach of the holidays has brought to our none too ample shelves, is into those of which the illustrations are the main feature, and those in which they are subordinate to the text. The first class, then, will consist of the series published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of this city, after designs by H. L. Stephens. "Old Mother Hubbard" and "The House that Jack Built" are embellished with tinted lithographs, in each case occupying the entire page above the verse illustrated. Those which accompany the latter story are the better of the two, and exhibit more originality, more accurate drawing, and more real humor than any of this artist's productions which we have hitherto seen. This arises partly from the fact that his caricature involves the delineation of brute animals, whom he seems to have studied to much greater profit than he has his own species. He has a mannerism, and, it must be added, a vulgar mannerism, in drawing the human face and figure which always betrays his pencil. This appears very strikingly in the colored prints of his "Puss in Boots," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Cinderella," where the humor and the sentiment alike are injured by the coarseness of the draughtsman. "Cinderella," however, is least at fault.

Occupying a middle place between this division and the following are "The Fly," by Theodore Tilton (Sheldon & Co.), and "Hymns in Prose for Children," by Mrs. Barbauld. "The Fly" is a model of infant poetry, and needs no illustrations. Mr. Stephens, however, has furnished some, not meant to be elaborate, and so not fairly under criticism. In attempting to represent a baby's roundness he has exaggerated it to corpulency, and made the race with the fly an unequal one.—Mrs. Barbauld's "Hymns" are designed by easy stages to indoctrinate the youthful mind with religious ideas, chiefly of the existence and attributes of God. These are all drawn from a contemplation of nature, and are generally couched in simple phraseology. There are some exceptions; as when the children promise "on every hill and in every green field" to "offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise;" or the startling question, "Child of reason, whence comest thou? what has thine eye observed, and whither has thy foot been wandering?" or the statement, "The memory, the judgment, the invention, the feeling of right and wrong, are all in the mind of a child; of a little infant just born; but they are not expanded, you cannot perceive them." The engravings of this handsome volume (of English origin) are truly admirable, abounding on every page, and a hymn in themselves.

We owe to the late war such stories as "The Gunboat Series," by H. C. Castlemon (R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati), containing the career of Frank Nelson, as a young naturalist and hunter, on a gunboat and before Vicksburg. The incidents are varied and well-told, and the tone of the narrative free from objection. The style is adapted to children of ten or twelve and upwards. In mechanical execution, these four volumes are highly creditable to their Western publishers.—Roberts Brothers, Boston, republish Capt. Marryatt's "Privateersman," a highly seasoned tale of adventure and violence "by sea and land, in civil and savage life," and, on the whole, of doubtful tendency. There is not much to amuse, much less refine and elevate, in the following tit-bit from p. 292:

"An old woman who had been menacing and grinning at me for some time, and who was the most hideous animal that I ever beheld in the shape of a woman, thrust a straw into my eye, giving me most excruciating agony. I was so carried away by rage and pain that I saluted her with a kick in the stomach, which laid her doubled up on the ground," etc.

Of the "Army and Navy Series," by Oliver Optic (Lee & Shepard, Boston), we have for the fourth volume "The Yankee Middy." Mr. Adams has written many books for boys that have deserved and obtained popularity. The present work seems fully equal to its predecessors in clearness and interest, and agrees also with them in being superior in composition to the average tales for the same class of readers.—"Paul Prescott's Charge," by Horatio Alger, Jr. (Loring, Boston), is not to be understood in a military sense. Paul was charged by his dying father to redeem a debt which rested upon the latter, and having promised to do so succeeds at last. The tale is likely to prove a favorite in spite of occasional "big words." "The sexton," it is remarked on p. 98, "did not claim to be a connoisseur, and would probably not have understood the meaning of the word." Will the readers of Mr. Alger's book understand it any better? Loring publishes also "The Adventures of a French Boy," by Alfred de Bréhat; but Hurd & Houghton have a better edition with pictures. The book was suggested by and written in imitation of "The Swiss Family Robinson."—We cannot quite determine the age of "my young readers" to whom Miss Harriet Myrtle introduces "The Water Lily" (Hurd & Houghton), saying that "the times we [in England] live in are destined to be chronicled hereafter as fraught with important events in the world's history." The heroine, to be sure, is fifteen, unless one accepts "Phiz's" sharp-visaged, slender portraits of her, and concludes she may be thirty-five.—We are met by a similar difficulty in the opening chapter of "Countess Kate," by the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" (Loring), where one little girl "between ten and eleven years old" rebukes a contemporary for profaning Hamlet; and a little further on tells her adopted father that he is her "tutor and governor, and spiritual pastor and master." This advanced young person becomes a countess very much against her grain, and is simple enough to have scruples about using the fashionable excuses of "a previous engagement" and "not at home," till her spiritual pastor assures her that these white lies proceed from motives of courtesy.—"The Little Gentleman in Green," by Una Savin (Loring), purports to be a fairy tale. It is a very improbable invention, and of inferior merit.—"David Woodburn," "The Scottish Minister," and "Ellen Vincent" (Henry Hoyt, Boston), like all the issues of this publisher, are religious stories of which the motive is respectable, the execution mediocre, and the need questionable.—"Sydney de Grey," by Lawrence Lancewood (Graves & Young, Boston), belongs in the same category in so far as the hero is made a very immaculate and gentlemanly youth, whose peace of mind is easily disturbed by a bit of boyish slang.—Pointedly moral tales are also "Jolly and Katy in the Country," by Alice Gray (Robert Carter & Bros., New York), and "On the Ferry-Boat," by Jennie Harrison (Hurd & Houghton).—Mr. Horace Scudder's fantastic "Dream Children" (Sever & Francis, Cambridge) re-appears this year in its beautiful attire, which quite places it at the head of the class of books we are reviewing. The stories are of a mixed character, and are only partially adapted for young ears. The author has an ingenious fancy, which finds a graceful and poetical expression.—The "Little Prudy Series," by Sophie May (Lee & Shepard, Boston), and "Good Little Hearts," by Aunt Fanny (Hurd & Houghton), are, of all the books named herein, addressed to the youngest readers. We are inclined to agree with the authoress that the former "are rather too old for Prudy," though there is some good infantile conversation in them. Aunt Fanny talks to her auditory very skilfully, taking incidents only into account; and her "Stories in the Wood," "Bird Nest Stories," "Nelly Rivers," and "Metropolitan Fair," are well adapted to delight the little ones. Once in a while she errs in the choice of a word, as in using "partitioned off," "quartette tables," etc.; but she may fairly pretend to have "got the hang" of the nursery.

"Our Young Folks" is not beyond criticism—especially in the illustrations, which the publishers certainly overrate—but far surpasses every other child's magazine. "The Little Corporal" (Alfred L. Sewell, Chicago) is a monthly newspaper in quarto form, and is conducted with a great deal of tact, taste, and care. Either of these two publications—and we should find it hard to choose between them—would prove a welcome Christmas or New Year's gift.

Glimpses of History, by George M. Towle. (Boston: William V. Spencer.)—This is a reprint of a number of magazine and newspaper essays on such subjects as "Memorable Assassinations," "John Bright," "The Opening Scenes of the Rebellion," "Count Cavour." Mr. Towle's preface is a very modest one, and we should hardly venture to find fault with him for having written his "sketches," as he calls them, if he had not thought proper to collect and republish them in a book form. This attempt to save them from the oblivion which usually overtakes contributions to the periodical press, however, we cannot help calling a waste of money. They are essentially commonplace. The facts which they contain may be all found in school

histories, Macaulay's essays, or old volumes of the English reviews, or newspaper correspondence, and the style, if not a good example of the "forcible-feeble," is not far from it. The whole volume is marred by "fine writing" of a very poor quality. Some of the lapses from accuracy into which Mr. Towle's rhetorical fervor betrays him are curious, as when he makes Chatham die "on the spot where the cowardly and despotic John had been compelled by the barons of England to affirm the Magna Charta of their liberties," and in the hall where "Shaftesbury, Hampden, and Russell" had pleaded "in behalf of the rights of man."

The Trip of the Steamer "Oceanus" to Fort Sumter and Charleston, S. C. (Brooklyn.)—This is the record of one of the most romantic and delightful voyages belonging to any age, and covering a period fraught with the gravest events in American history. The party of privileged civilians who made the excursion here narrated, witnessed the symbolic act of restoring the national flag to its lawful position on re-taken Sumter; walked amid the retributive ruins of Charleston; were exalted by the tidings of Lee's surrender; and depressed, in a terrible transition, by learning, as they neared home, of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Such an experience was worthy to be printed, if only, as is the case, to strengthen the recollection of the excursionists, and not to satisfy a public demand. A handsome volume is the result; but it seems to us that more time might have been allowed for its preparation, and we regret that instead of photographs themselves, we have merely ordinary wood-cuts from photographs.

Humorous Poems. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.)—This is another of the series, "Companion Poets for the People," already commended by us for its shapeliness and typographical excellence. The artist's pencil is quite incompetent to illustrate the author's humor in the present instance, and his drawings would scarcely provoke a smile if separated from the text.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT. By Augusta Moore. New Edition.—RICHARD COBDEN, THE APOSTLE OF FREE TRADE. By John McGilchrist.—MISS CAREW. By Amelia B. Edwards. Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE FREEDMEN'S BOOK. By L. Maria Child.—WAR LYRICS AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Howard Brownell. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

MARIAN ROOKE; OR, THE QUEST FOR FORTUNE. By Henry D. Sedley. Sheldon & Company, New York.

ALLWORTH ABBEY. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

SOMETHING NEW FOR MY LITTLE FRIENDS. Original Stories in Verse. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

CHASTELARD. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.—OTTALIE'S STORIES FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS. Translated from the German of Madame Ottalie Wildermuth, by Anna B. Cooke.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS AT CEDAR GROVE. By Mary Alice Seymour.—CUSHIONS AND CORNERS; OR, HOLIDAYS AT OLD ORCHARD. By Mrs. R. J. Greene. E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston; Hurd & Houghton, New York.

CHRISTIAN COMPANIONSHIP FOR RETIRED HOURS. Alexander Strahan, London and New York.

HOME LIFE: WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT NEEDS. By John F. W. Ware. Wm. V. Spencer, Boston.

THE PATRIOTISM OF ILLINOIS. By T. M. Eddy, D.D. Two vols. Clarke & Co., Chicago.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan.—DREAM CHILDREN. By the author of "Seven Little People and their Friends." Sever & Francis, Cambridge.

AN ADDRESS ON THE LIMITS OF EDUCATION. Read before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, by Jacob Bigelow, M.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston.

Fine Arts.

MUSIC.

"L'AFRICAINE.

II.

"L'AFRICAINE" was given four times during the last week, and each time better and with greater appreciation on the part of the audience. A great work like this requires to be studied and to be heard frequently before it can be rightly understood. The performers themselves feel more what their parts require; they are always led on to this by a sympathizing audience; and consequently they have sung and acted more intelligently than they did at first. Zucchi is dressed in a costume which is about as nondescript as the place of the story, but which is sufficiently barbaric in type, and is becoming to her—in the fourth act quite gorgeous. We are very glad that her artistic sense led her to stain her skin and put on that essentially savage but very ugly wig. She acts always passionately and well; her singing is generally the best she is capable of, though sometimes, as in the duo in the fourth act, she errs by being too forcible and straining her voice too much. Bellini is equally the savage. His acting in the scene in the first act is especially to be commended, as also in the prison scene. His rendering of the consent to declare the marriage of *Vasco* and *Selika*, in the fourth act, struck us as being rather exaggerated. He should calm himself a little and not gasp quite so much. Ortolani is stiff and somewhat unnatural. She gives the romance in the first act quite well, at times, but lacks fine perception. She should pay a little more attention to her costume as well as her acting, as it seems absurd for her to wear the same grey satin dress from Lisbon to the South Sea, without a single change.

Mazzoleni acts well in the first act, and goes through his recitative with good spirit and feeling. In the second he accomplishes the difficult feat of going to sleep bolt upright, which is all the more strange as he could easily recline on the couch on which he sits. His part is nearly all cut out of the third act. He is best in "O Paradiso," and both sings and acts well in the duo. Antonucci lacks animation, and does not catch the exact shade of *Don Pedro's* character, at least he does not display a proper perception of it. The minor characters are not well sustained. These are all strongly marked musically. But the persons who take them destroy their individuality by singing them indifferently, and in much the same way that they are accustomed to sing parts in other operas which are really null. Lorini does not make half out of the *High Priest* that he ought to, and Müller does not do what he is able to do with the *Grand Inquisitor*. As for *Don Alvan* or *Don Diego*, they might as well not sing at all, as far as regards any force of expression they may have. One can lie back in his box and close his eyes and pay attention to the beautiful instrumentation alone with very great enjoyment and profit, so well do the orchestra play. At times they seem to us to play with an erroneous idea of the expression, but we are quite ready to defer to Mr. Bergmann's judgment, and hear even the unison passage without severe criticism.

Great care has evidently been bestowed on the *mise-en-scène* of this opera. The scenery of the third, fourth, and fifth acts is all new, and though not equal to the scenery of our first-class theatres, is an advance on what is usually displayed at the Academy. The ship does very well with the exception of the wheel, and of the mast, which should rise above the sail. The high poop and the carved work of the deck are quite in accordance with the vessels of the period. The fourth act presents us with a scene which is really Indian in appearance, though we must object to the Egyptian doorway in the temple. The scene of the upas-tree is not botanically correct—cacti, for instance, do not grow in India—but it is tropical in character and very effective. The chorus has been enlarged and improved; and in the fourth act was dressed with more than usual propriety, though its members all needed to darken their faces in order to be in character. The brown skin of *Nelusco* and *Selika* is in singular contrast to the pale-faced Brahmins and the black troops, who are armed with most fearful-looking weapons. The Bayaderes, too, were quite too modern in appearance. As they are an established institution in the East, they ought to be very easily represented. The ballet was danced with much grace and skill. We can't help wondering how *Vasco's* armor keeps so bright and polished through his long sea voyage and shipwreck. The savages who attack the ship afterwards come in in the grand procession, and are dressed in the full costume of North American Indians, feathers, paint, tomahawks, and even buckskin That might be tolerated in Europe; but it is hardly fair to treat us as though we were quite so ignorant of geography and ethnology as to imagine that our aborigines are Hindoos.

It is a subject of wonder how Meyerbeer, who was one of the most cautious writers, providing against all possible difficulties, and rewriting and remodelling all his works till the very night of production, came to choose a libretto which was so faulty dramatically. Weber once said, "A musician is responsible for the subject he treats, and it is not to be supposed that a libretto is put into the hand of a composer as an apple into that of a child." Meyerbeer, in his reading, always had the opera in mind, and was continually reflecting on how this and that subject could be treated; all other music he seemed to regard as preludial or episodical, and every story he considered as material for music. He refused "Faust," saying that the poem of Goethe carried its music in itself, and that none could be added to it; but he would have been very glad to put the story of Lazarus on the stage, thinking of the great effect that he could give to the words, "Lazarus, arise!" In "Robert" he had treated of the Middle Ages and of the supernatural in the style of the romantic school. In "Les Huguenots" he had shown himself under the influence of the religious controversies of the age, added to an historical spirit. He made "Le Prophète" with his mind on the Socialist discussions of the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. He had turned to the comic opera in "L'Etoile du Nord," and he had drawn a picture of pastoral life in "Dinorah." Now his eyes turned toward the tropics. He wished to display an entirely new side of life and passion. With this view he had Scribe prepare the original libretto to which we alluded in our last, with a fresh impulse to pictures of history, which was changed, and we have the present one. Scribe, with all his faults of versification and his degradation of a high ideal, is by many considered the true author of the modern opera. At all events, he has a good share in the success of many. With all his faults, he has not that of being uninteresting. If his work lacks unity of purpose and style,

and is badly constructed in plot, it has many situations of the highest dramatic interest. That was what Meyerbeer especially wanted; for all of his operas consist chiefly of a succession of scenes of great power, on which he has used all the wealth of his art. Many of the faults of the present work would probably have been obviated had both authors lived to produce it, for constant and even radical changes were always made during the rehearsals, in the work as well as the music.

What relation "L'Africaine" bears to the rest ot Meyerbeer's works, is a difficult question to answer; but if we consider them in the order of their composition, "Robert," "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," and "Le Prophète," we shall have a pretty correct idea of their respective merits. Those who have never liked Meyerbeer's operas, cannot be expected to admire this, as it has the same beauties or faults as the rest, but there are many who remember with what enthusiasm they heard "Les Huguenots" twenty years ago, and finding that the same feelings are not awakened now, declaim against the decline of the composer's powers, and talk of the work of an old man just as others do of Beethoven's ninth symphony. They should remember that they themselves have grown older, that their nature is not as impressible, and the present effects should not be compared with an exaggerated remembrance, but rather the effect of "L'Africaine" should be compared with the effect of "Les Huguenots," or "Le Prophète," on an emotional nature to whom both are new.

To say that "L'Africaine" is one of the masterpieces of Meyerbeer, is to say that it is one of the great works in music. Meyerbeer, by that sudden leap from the Italian style of his "Emma di Resburgo" and his "Crociato" to the true dramatic fervor of "Robert," stood at once in the front rank of operatic composers. He is a worthy representative of the doctrines of Gluck, though they are very different in character. Gluck tends to the austerest simplicity; Meyerbeer's insatiable ambition brings us the utmost complexity of style. Both passed through nearly the same experience; German by birth, they both studied in Italy, and wrote opera after opera with the success of a day only; both suddenly changed their whole style and manner of writing from conviction, came to Paris, and produced works true, natural, and living.

It is said that Meyerbeer was a man of great talent, but not a genius, because he is not calm, or simple, and because his operas are not struck out at once, but are worked over, and retouched, and carefully studied. But are all geniuses cast in the same mould? Is it necessary for them all to be simple? Michael Angelo was not. Or calm? was Beethoven? Or spontaneous? were Shakespeare's plays written so? If "Le Prophète" or "Les Huguenots" do not show genius, no work of music does. The duo between *Valentine* and *Raoul*, and the finale of the first act of "L'Africaine," or the monologue of *Selika* in the fifth, are as surely specimens of true musical beauty as the air of *Sarartro* in the "Magic Flute," or the sonata in C sharp minor.

We ought to allude to the great art which Meyerbeer has shown in all his operas, but especially in this, as a musical colorist. His nice perception of contrasts and his excellent skill in using them have culminated here. We remember the viola of love in "Les Huguenots," and the bassoon accompaniment to the introduction of the trio in the fifth act; but where shall we find anything so consummate as the accompaniments to the "Slumber Song" of *Selika*, or to the "O Paradiso" of *Vasco*, or the unison passage in the fifth act? But all this perfection, some assert, shows that the opera is in its decadence when resort is had to means outside of those legitimately to be employed, and everything is exhausted and nothing further possible. But decadence does not begin till all means have been used, and it is hard to suppose that in a hundred years the resources of music are entirely at an end and nothing is left to the future. Wagner would tell us the contrary. When the last height is reached we shall have to return to the original simplicity; but vistas open yet.

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But however much might be said here, it would still require to be left to "THE ARGOSY" itself to make friends or to lose them. The public will, therefore, be pleased to consider themselves introduced to this new literary adventure, and then all is done that a prospectus can do.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Monday Morning, Dec. 11, 1865.

THE Secretary of the Treasury laid his annual report before Congress on the 5th inst. It contains the following returns and estimates:

FOR 1864–5.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Balance in Treasury	$96,739,905	War Department	$1,031,323,360
Receipts from Customs	84,928,260	Navy	122,567,776
" Direct Tax	1,200,573	Interest on Public Debt	77,397,712
" Internal Revenue	209,464,215	Civil Service	44,765,558
" Lands	996,553	Pensions, etc	14,258,575
" Miscellaneous	32,978,284	Balance in Treasury	858,309
Deficit	864,863,500		
	$1,291,171,290		$1,291,171,290

FOR 1865–6.

Balance in Treasury	$858,309	War Department	$473,157,987
Receipts from Customs	147,009,583	Navy	51,520,669
" Internal Revenue	271,618,885	Interest on Debt	132,987,349
" Direct Tax	31,111	Civil Service	43,565,512
" Lands	632,890	Pensions, etc	18,281,031
" Miscellaneous	48,393,729		
Deficit	250,968,041		
	$719,512,548		$719,512,548

FOR 1866–7.

Receipts from Customs	$100,000,000	War Department	$39,017,416
" Internal Revenue	275,000,000	Navy	43,982,457
" Lands	1,000,000	Interest on Debt	141,542,068
" Miscellaneous	20,000,000	Civil Service	42,165,599
		Pensions, etc	17,609,640
		Surplus	111,682,818
	$396,000,000		$396,000,000

The deficit of 1864–5 was supplied by loans; of that of 1865–6, $138,773,097 have already been supplied in the same way, leaving $112,194,944 yet to be borrowed. With regard to the disposal of the surplus of 1866–7, the Secretary suggests that the entire debt should be funded into one general stock,

bearing interest at the rate of 5 or 5½ per cent., and that a sum of $200,000,000 be annually set apart for the payment of the interest and the reduction of the principal; he shows that this method would pay off the entire debt in about thirty-two years, if it were funded at 5½ per cent., and in twenty-eight years if it were funded at 5 per cent. He strongly urges a specific appropriation of this amount of money, and recommends the repeal of the dead-letter statute ordering a Sinking Fund. With regard to the currency, the Secretary advises Congress to institute a policy of contraction, by declaring the compound-interest notes no longer a legal tender after their maturity, and by authorizing the Secretary to sell six per cent. bonds from time to time for United States notes, and to cancel the latter as fast as received. He replies to the popular arguments against contraction; contends that the public revenues will not be thereby diminished; that being gradual, it need not involve a commercial crisis; that it may embarrass the national banks, but it is "better to embarrass them now than bankrupt them two years hence;" that, without it, the country is rushing headlong to ruin; that labor is diminishing and speculation taking its place; that contraction would impart stability to industry and safety to trade. He assumes that the compound legal tenders being out of the way, a reduction of $200,000,000 of United States notes would cause gold to fall to par. He appears to believe that the Department could negotiate this amount of 6 per cent. bonds within the next three years, and at the same time take care of the $1,200,000,000 of short notes and bonds which mature in 1866, 1867, and 1868. He does not recommend an increase of national bank currency, but suggests that his policy of contraction will compel such a curtailment of national bank issues at the North as will leave for the South an adequate share of the $300,000,000 already authorized. With regard to taxes, he recommends a simplification of the internal revenue laws, by modifying some of the leading taxes, and removing a number of minor imposts which produce much vexation and little revenue. He does not appear to contemplate a larger revenue from internal taxes than $275,000,000. He recommends no changes in the tariff.

Such are the leading points in Mr. McCulloch's report. It is very favorably viewed in Wall Street, though grave doubts are entertained with regard to the possibility of contracting the currency by the negotiation of long loans —at least until the short-date liabilities of Government have been got out of the way. Foreign bankers intimate that the exhibit of our financial position and prospects will exercise a favorable influence upon the European markets for our securities, and that the receipt of the report will probably revive the European demand for 5-20 bonds. At present prices there is a profit on their importation from England.

Some regret is expressed in certain quarters that the Secretary did not hint at the propriety of a revision of the tariff, with a view to the reduction of duties which were imposed for mere protective purposes, and which neither yield revenue to the Government nor conduce to the benefit of the people. In view, however, of the composition of the Congressional Committee of Ways and Means, there is but little ground for hoping that such a recommendation, had it been made, would have met with favorable consideration.

In national bank circles the report is naturally viewed with disfavor, These institutions have been doing a lucrative business on the basis of Government deposits, and a pretty broad license to issue irredeemable paper; the policy of the Secretary, if carried out, would involve a general bank contraction, a liberal withdrawal of currency from circulation, and, consequently, a material reduction in bank dividends. It is understood that influential parties interested in national banks have gone to Washington to plead the case of the national institutions before the commitees of Congress; some weeks must elapse before a trustworthy opinion can be formed with regard to the prospects of their success or failure.

The following table will show the course of prices in the stock, gold exchange, and money markets during the week:

	Dec. 2.	Dec. 9.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881	106⅜	107⅛	1	....
5-20 Bonds, old	101⅛	102⅜	1¼	....
5-20 Bonds of 1865	99⅛	99⅝	⅛	....
10-40 Bonds	90⅜	91¼	⅞	....
7-30 Notes, second series	96⅜	96⅞	⅜	....
New York Central	97⅛	96¾	....	¾
Erie Railway	92	92⅛	⅛	....
Hudson River	108¾	108¼	....	½
Reading Railroad	115⅜	117¼	1⅞	....
Michigan Southern	75¾	74⅜	....	1⅜
Cleveland and Pittsburg	92¾	93¼	½	....
Chicago and North-Western	36	35¼	....	¾
" " " Preferred	64¼	63¼	....	1⅛
Chicago and Rock Island	107	105¾	....	1¼
P., Fort Wayne and Chicago	105¼	105⅛	....	⅛
Canton	46	45⅝	....	⅜
Cumberland	43¾	43⅛	....	⅝
Mariposa	16	14¾	....	1¼
American Gold	148¾	144¾	....	3⅛
Bankers' Bills on London	109	109⅛	⅛	....
Call Loans	7	7	....	....

The feature of the week has been a general advance in Governments, based mainly on the favorable light in which the President's message has been viewed. Before its publication, it had been generally reported that it would take strong ground both on the Mexican question and on the *Alabama* dispute; and many holders were sellers on this expectation. Disappointed by the calm and statesmanlike utterances of the Executive on these questions, these parties have since become buyers, and prices have consequently advanced from ½ to 1¼ per cent. The general course of miscellaneous shares has been downward, with a few exceptions. Reading advanced on Saturday to 117¼, on a rumor that the directors had agreed upon a dividend of 10 per cent. in money and 5 per cent. in scrip. As they do not meet till to-day, the rumor was of course premature, though it is not unlikely that Mr. Moses Taylor and his friends may carry their point and insist upon a larger dividend than 10 per cent. Pittsburg and Erie continue to fluctuate actively; both, at the close on Saturday, were a fraction higher than they were a week ago. A small parcel of Erie arrived last week from London. Most of the railway shares declined on the general theory that the tendency of the policy of Government is towards contraction and lower prices. The heaviest decline was in Southern Michigan, which is being severely hammered by parties supposed to represent managing directors; in Rock Island, of which a large block is being distributed; in Mariposa, which seems to be gradually sinking back to old figures; and in North-West Preferred, on which a dividend was expected ere this. The volume of business done in the Street was small. Both bulls and bears seem confident in their position, though neither at present evince a disposition to demonstrate against the enemy.

Gold advanced last Monday to 148¾ on the report that the President would recommend to Congress a policy toward France which was likely to provoke an angry controversy, if not actual hostilities. On the receipt of the message, the speculators who had been buyers on the false report appeared in the market as sellers, and the Government brokers offering considerable parcels at the same time, the price declined steadily to 144½, closing Saturday at 144¾. Exchange remained pretty steady at 109 to 109⅛ for bankers' bills. The importations last week were lighter than usual, falling considerably below the corresponding week of the two last years. As the holidays approach, general business relapses into quiet; but if no change takes place in the money market, importers and jobbers feel confident that we shall have a handsome spring trade.

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The Profits for 22 years amount to the sum of	$19,691,020
Of which there has been redeemed by Cash	12,653,730

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Viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$4,974,700
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise	2,187,950
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable, Real Estate, Bond and Mortgages, and other securities	3,140,530
United States Gold Coin	541,890
Cash in Bank	288,430
	$11,135,500

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 25. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1865. { SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM / SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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The Week.

ON Friday a protracted meeting was held in this city, at the Chamber of Commerce, of delegates from the American Freedmen's Aid Commission and the American Union Commission, which resulted in the adoption of a plan of union between the two bodies represented. A constitution has yet to be drafted, but the basis of the union is already agreed upon: No school or supply-depot will receive the support of the Freedmen's Aid and Union Association—the proposed style of the new organization—which makes any distinction of color among its beneficiaries. The consolidation of these two great charities in its most obvious aspect is a subject for general congratulation. There is a sufficiently common ground of sympathy for the victims of slavery both white and black, and a sufficient community of interest between the poor whites and the freedmen in striving each for their own elevation, to render it desirable to combine the benevolent efforts of the especial friends of each. The great charge that rests upon the whole people of repairing the waste of the system they tolerated so long, is now brought home in the simplest and most forcible manner. There is an end of distracting appeals for pecuniary aid, and of anxious enquiries concerning the most trustworthy channels through which to respond to them. Nor is this all. The real significance of the movement out of which the association arises consists in its educational purposes, which, though confined to the South in their practical direction, have a truly national bearing, and illustrate the growing conviction that intelligence must be the basis of democratic self-government. This is one of the valuable lessons of the war, and if it shall pass into a fundamental feature of our Constitution, the credit will be largely due to the spirit which has hitherto animated the various freedmen's associations, and which now finds it highest expression and widest scope in the union to which we have alluded.

THE manners of the bench and bar are rapidly improving. In the Strong divorce case the counsel wrangle like fishwomen, in language that would be considered foul in a bar-room, and the judge sits and listens in helpless degradation. One lawyer actually asked him to rule on a certain exception as a "husband and father," which is tantamount to asking him to be corrupt. In Washington, the other day, a lawyer in the Circuit Court called the judge a "liar and scoundrel," and when taken into custody for contempt, threatened to "thrash him." Now, if anybody wants to know the explanation of the tolerance for trials by courts-martial displayed by the public during the last four years, he may find it, we are satisfied, in the growing want of confidence in the courts civil. The popular doubts of the efficiency and integrity of our tribunals are, unquestionably, on the increase, and are now so strong that people are easily reconciled to seeing justice done in any way that is swift and sure, however summary or extra-legal. The great question is now—how long are we to let this feeling grow? That it will grow, and will seriously shake our whole political system unless we can discover some means of making our judges more self-respecting and respected, there is no question.

THE NATION has, since it came into existence, received a good deal of abuse from other journals, which has often been amusing, and almost always harmless, and we consequently do not mind it. But the practice of copying from our columns articles which have been prepared with care, and paid for highly, and publishing them without any indication of the source from which they come, in which many of our contemporaries have been indulging of late, is not simply a dishonest practice, but one very injurious to us, and we therefore respectfully request all journals that are conscious of being addicted to it to mend their ways. We are sorry to notice, too, that some of the worst offenders in this respect are those that were loudest in their complaints of the "heaviness" of THE NATION. Those who find its contents too heavy to read, ought at least to support their theory by not stealing them. We have borne this in silence for some time, and have comforted ourselves by general reflections on the aid we were rendering to human progress in the country districts, but patience has ceased to be a virtue. We shall, therefore, commence our remonstrances by requesting the *Missouri Democrat* to mention in its columns that the poem by Mr. Whittier, which it recently extracted from THE NATION without any acknowledgment, was a special contribution to this journal, and, being paid for by us, was our property. We shall also thank the *Cincinnati Daily Gazette*, from which we expected better morals, to explain in its next issue that the "Interesting Historical Episode," to which it devoted a solid column and a half on Friday last, is a carefully prepared review of Mr. Frederick Kapp's book on the "Hessians of the Revolution," which appeared in THE NATION two weeks ago, which the *Gazette* has "prigged" bodily, without saying where it found it; and has added insult to injury by falsely pretending to have "condensed" the article.

MR. HECKER is evidently in a bad humor over his defeat, and has administered his supporters a severe rebuke, and is apparently preparing a pamphlet in which he will more fully give vent to his feelings. At least, we presume that what he calls "his considerations of partizan and official corruption, and the vitiation of the exercise of the elective franchise, and destroying the life of our political institutions," would, if put into good English, mean a pamphlet.

THE *Tribune* made a display of enterprise last week, which we hardly know whether to praise or condemn, in publishing an obituary of Mr. Corwin before he was dead. It is customary in these cases to wait until a man is not only deemed past recovery, but is actually deceased—a usage which, aside from all sentiment, has a substantial basis in the large number of recoveries which have been known to take place after the doctors have given up hope. The energy of the *Tribune*, however, leads one to question the propriety of the rule. Why not write a "notice" of a man's performances whenever he falls dangerously ill? If he chooses to recover, the critique on his perform-

ances may not be pleasant reading; but then who is to blame for his recovery but himself?

THE *Evangelist* calls our attention to its long review—three solid columns—of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" as a proof that the religious weeklies are not open to the charge of carelessness in criticism which we recently brought against them. As far as we can judge, the critique in question seems to be a very able one, written by a man who understands his subject; but we put it to the *Evangelist*—Is it not a little "heavy"? Is it not an article which, according to the theory which the *Evangelist* recently propounded in the friendly advice which it offered THE NATION as to the propriety of being "lighter," ought only to have appeared in the "North American Review?" When its subscribers come home on Saturday night, with brows aching from the labors of the week, does it really expect them to sit down and read through such a mass of ponderous lore? In our opinion, in a weekly newspaper intended for popular circulation, even a "Dictionary of the Bible" ought to be noticed briefly, and with a light and delicate touch, and in "a genial spirit," and with enough wit to keep the reader, if not in a roar, at least beaming with smiles over the writer's happy, etc., etc.

COLONEL O'MAHONY, the head of the Union Square branch of the Fenian Brotherhood, has published a "financial statement," from which it appears that he received about $100,000 for the month ending Oct. 10. What comes of this money he does not state, but probably most of it goes in payment for secret service. This revenue amounts to little over a million a year, if kept up every month, and would not quite keep one regiment on a war footing. The Brotherhood must really be more liberal, if they mean business.

THE *World* enumerates as the President's means of resistance to Congress, the command-in-chief of the army, the pardoning power, the veto, and the appointing power, all of which it seems to assume that he will exercise, if Congress should persist in keeping the South in its present limbo, and "if his will should prove equal to his authority." "If" is a very valuable word. The President might, also, if his will was equal to his authority, release all pirates, coiners, forgers of United States currency, and every other species of offender against United States laws. Everybody knows the extent of his power; it is about the bent of his will that the *World* would do well to furnish information.

GENERAL BUTLER is said to be preparing a reply to so much of General Grant's report as relates to him. We have little doubt that, no matter how completely Grant may beat him on the facts, he will beat Grant fearfully in letter-writing.

THE Committee of Congress appointed to make arrangements for commemorating the death of Mr. Lincoln have determined on celebrating his birthday, in February next, by an oration from Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton has every qualification for the task but one, and that is that he is a poor orator. He can be forcible enough, but when he attempts eloquence, and, above all, the eloquence of grace, or delicacy, he is certain to prove a failure. No man who is not, in the best sense of the word, silver-tongued, can do Mr. Lincoln's memory justice, and no man who has not great skill in marking shades of feeling and of thought can make even a tolerable sketch of his character. But this certainly is not Mr. Stanton's *forte*, to say the least. Still, he probably was in closer intercourse with Mr. Lincoln during the most trying periods of his career than anybody else, and this is something.

CAPTAIN CORBETT, of the *Shenandoah*, has been tried in Cork "for illegal enlistments." Most wonderful to relate, there was no proof against him, so he was acquitted. Upon the theory of what constitutes proof in these cases which has been developed by English lawyers and journalists, it is quite certain that no human means will ever prevent private persons in that country from carrying on war on their own account if they please. Mr. Laird might, in fact, as far as the courts and police are concerned, rig out and maintain a fleet of buccaneers.

THE Mayor of Washington has graciously consented that there shall be a special election in that city to decide the question of "colored suffrage." His Honor's course reminds us of the ingenious pleasantry of the Philadelphia horse-car corporations, when they appointed a day on which those who rode in their conveyances might vote whether those who were excluded should come in. The world, of course, gets on, always has got on, and always will get on, in just this fashion, by taking the sense of abuses and prejudices, and burying them only when they return a unanimous suffrage in favor of their own dissolution. Perhaps Mayor Wallach's election will not find grace at the Capitol.

THE correspondent of the London *Times* has been in the Shenandoah Valley, and the natives availed themselves of the opportunity to pour into his unsuspecting ear stories of Confederate exploits in that region which have had no parallels in military history. The only place we know of in which anything like them can be found is in the "Lives of the Saints."

THE President has encouraged the Georgians to have a Governor elect if they please, and has even intimated that if the election of a Senator would be any comfort to them, they may elect one. South Carolina, in the meantime, haggles over the repudiation of the State debt; and all are clearly determined to find out in some way what the exact point is to which they may push their pretensions.

THE President has set aside the new law of the Mississippi Legislature prohibiting freedmen from owning or leasing lands. This, we presume, was part of the code intended to keep "the negro down." A few more acts of this sort, if enforced, and enforced they would be, would certainly "keep them down" with a vengeance. If white men were deprived of the right of owning lands, of entering any profession, or acquiring any political rights, they, too, would rapidly come "down." It is said that this action of the President again raises the question—Where is Mississippi, in or out of the Union? That question, however, is clearly a metaphysical one. For all practical purposes Mississippi, and every other State which is not represented in Congress, is *out* of the Union, no matter what theory of their position may be held by anybody.

WHILE Virginia is arguing her continuous existence as a State throughout the rebellion, from the fact that she gave her indispensable consent to the partition of the western portion, her legislators amuse themselves with recalling that consent. This is another proof of the absurdity of confounding the Virginia of Gov. Peirpoint with the Virginia of Gen. Lee. The effort to recover the lost territory will be about as successful as that to replace a chicken in its shell.

WE do not know the precise age of a Kentucky conservative, and therefore will not be disrespectful to the Mr. Young who got resolutions printed last week in the Kentucky House, approving the action of the previous General Assembly in regard to the Constitutional Amendment. We cannot, however, accept his doctrine that this action was a finality, and that neither the present Assembly nor any subsequent one can so much as consider the subject again. States as well as men have the consolation that it is never too late to mend; and Mr. Young will find that his opinion will not deter New Jersey from backing out of her very disreputable association with the community which he represents.

JUDGE BUSTEED has come out second best in his controversy with Gen. Wood in the United States Circuit Court at Mobile. To his surprise, the President failed to support him in asserting the restored subordination of the military to the civil authority in Alabama. The magistrate was wise enough to decline contending with the Government, although protesting against what he chose to consider "an encroach-

ment of the Executive department of the Government upon one of its co-ordinate branches." No grand or petit jury will be empannelled during the present term of the court.

A GALVESTON paper, anticipating the State Convention, indulges in an etymological disquisition on the right word to be used in undoing the secession ordinance. It would not have "abolish" applied to an act which is still savory in the nostrils of many. "Repeal" is too suggestive of eating one's words to suit the unyielding spirit of chivalric Texans. On the whole, "annul" is freest from objection; for it implies a once existing reality, which alone can be reduced to nought, and so avoids the disagreeable acknowledgment that the ordinance was *ab initio* of no effect.

OREGON ratified the Constitutional Amendment on Monday, the 11th.

THE excitement in England about the Jamaica affair continues to increase, and has been aggravated by Governor Eyre's attack on the Baptist missionaries. There can hardly be any doubt that he will be recalled; if so, legal proceedings will probably be instituted against him for the murder of Gordon, for such it undoubtedly was. The affair is one of the most atrocious in English annals, and especially atrocious after the canting appeals for mercy for Davis, Forrest, & Co., with which the English press has been filled for the last six months.

M. DE LAMARTINE has lately written a surprising essay on the Mexican question, of which he declares that he alone understands the magnitude and sublimity. He approves the invasion because America belongs not to herself, but to Europe, and preferably to the Latin races of Europe; because it will be very profitable for France to have Mexico, and because it will prevent the United States from possessing her riches. He thinks us disqualified for destroying weak governments and civilizing helpless peoples at the point of the bayonet (the great offices of France), because we are very disagreeable people, speak monotonously, chew tobacco, put our feet on chimney-jambs, are proud, and have regular features. He suppresses, however, the real cause of our disqualification, which is to be found in our failure to subscribe for the support of a mendicant literary Frenchman long past poetry and usefulness.

A "LIFE OF JESUS," by the Abbé Michon, in reply to the books of Renan and Strauss, is announced in Paris. A valuable feature of the work will be a translation of the Evangelists, made directly from the Greek of the oldest and most authentic manuscripts.

M. BENJAMIN GUSTINEAU is about to publish a history of the subscription for striking a medal in honor of Abraham Lincoln. His book will be called "The Medal of Liberty," and will contain letters from Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc.

NOT men and cattle only seem to suffer from epidemics in these days. A pestilence has attacked even the poultry in France, and the hen-coops are (to use the strong language of the French journals) decimated by a disorder for which there is no apparent cause, and no cure known—except to eat the victims.

RECENTLY a sale of effects took place in the chateau of the Marquis de Villette, near Pont-Sainte-Maxence, where Voltaire lived so long. Some personal relics of the philosopher brought immense prices; the crown of gilt paper with which he was honored at the Théâtre Français sold for 440 francs; his satin waistcoat for 490; his dressing-gown for 990; his arm-chair for 2,000; his portrait, by Largillière, for 6,200.

THE speech of Victor Emanuel at the opening of the Italian Parliament was not of great significance. He congratulated the Houses on the almost universal recognition which the kingdom of Italy had received, and on the French evacuation of Rome; reminded them that they would have to deliberate upon the question of separating church and state, and abolishing the religious corporations; and roused them to applause when, predicting a profound change in European affairs, he expressed the faith that if Italy must sustain new trials, her sons would rally around him to her succor.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.

THE session of this week, though shortened by two days, permitted the exhibition of a great deal of legislative activity, as may be seen by referring to the diary below. The most important measures were the resolutions touching Mexico and the Monroe Doctrine, offered on Monday, in the Senate by Mr. Wade, in the House by Mr. Schenck; the admission, on Tuesday, on motion of Mr. Stevens, of the Tennessee delegation to seats upon the floor of the House, against the inclination and votes of such staunch Republicans as Boutwell and Washburne, of Massachusetts, Farnsworth, of Illinois, Schenck, of Ohio, and Wilson, of Iowa; the adoption of Mr. Farnsworth's resolution declaring that the colored soldier ought to vote, by the House, on Wednesday; Mr. Donnelly's excellent suggestion concerning a national bureau of education, on Thursday, and, on the same day, Mr. Wilson's successful restoration of that clause in Mr. Stevens's resolution on reconstruction which proved obnoxious to the Senate. Besides these salient acts and propositions, there was a great variety of projects for reaching the common aim of loyal men, through amendments to the Constitution, etc., etc. The material prosperity of the country was consulted by Mr. Wentworth's bill against the importation of cattle, by the resolution concerning the Pacific Railroad, the bill directed against railroad monopoly, and that which related to the Hudson River bridge at Albany. There was a vigorous contest over the usual motion to adjourn during the holidays, but the majority were undismayed by the prospect of summer heat and the cholera.

DIARY.

Monday, Dec. 11.—In the Senate, Mr. Sumner offered a bill to warrant and confirm the land titles of grantees under the field-orders of General Sherman, at Savannah, in 1865 (being the assignment to the freedmen of all the islands from Charleston south, and the abandoned rice-fields for thirty miles inland). Referred. Also, a bill to provide for payment of claims on account of French spoliations. Referred. Mr. Brown offered a bill granting lands to aid in constructing a railroad and telegraph line to the Pacific, by the southern route. Referred. Mr. Stewart offered a bill to establish a mining bureau. Referred. Mr. Willey, a bill giving consent of Congress to the annexation of Berkeley and Jefferson counties, formerly of Virginia, to West Virginia. Referred. Mr. Wade offered a joint resolution that the attempt to establish a monarchy in Mexico by a foreign power is opposed to the declared policy of the United States Government, and offensive to our people, and that the President be requested to vindicate our policy and protect the honor and interests of our Government. Referred.

In the House, bills were offered for the reimbursement to loyal States of sums expended and debts contracted in aid of the war; to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy; giving bounty lands and money to United States soldiers; to facilitate postal and commercial communication between the States (*i. e.*, to destroy New Jersey monopolies); to repeal that portion of the Confiscation Act which limits forfeiture of real estate to the lifetime of the offender; all of which were referred. A bill was passed prohibiting the future importation of cattle into the United States, with a view to prevent the spread of foreign diseases. Resolutions were offered and referred, proposing legislation for the protection and safety of travellers on railroads in the United States; declaring that the United States, as conquerors in war, now have the political power of the States late in rebellion; that said States have no title to take part in the general Government until Congress prescribes the terms, and that it is an indispensable condition of their recognition that their constitutions secure to all their inhabitants, of whatever color, equal rights before the law. Four propositions to amend the Constitution were offered and referred, as follows: that all male citizens of the United States of the age of twenty-one years, who can read, shall have the right to vote for officers of the federal Government; that all soldiers shall have the said right, and no person who cannot read the Constitution shall enjoy the right of suffrage; that it shall be the duty of each State to promote education, and secure life, liberty, and property to all its inhabitants without distinction; and that all national and State laws shall apply equally to every citizen.

Dec. 12.—In the Senate, Mr. Davis offered a resolution that the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, by the operation of the Constitution, now stands rightfully restored in Kentucky, and throughout the whole of the United States. Referred. The Senate passed (ayes 33, nays 11) the resolution of the House, constituting a joint committee of fifteen to report upon the condition of the lately rebel States, and whether any of them are entitled to representation in Congress, after striking out the last clause, which declares that no member shall be received into either House, and no credentials received or debated, until the report of said committee. In the course of the debate, Senator Howard, of Michigan, held that the late Confederate States are simply conquered communities, having in them no rightful political power but that of the United States; that their people are not loyal, and neither branch of Congress can recognize them as entitled to representation in that body. Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, argued that the resolution, as passed by the House, infringed the prerogative of the Senate to judge of the qualifications of its own members, limited the right of debate, was disrespectful to the President and his declared policy, and, if passed, was a resolution to

dissolve the Union by act of Congress.—A resolution was adopted, calling on the President for information of the state of that part of the Union lately in rebellion, including the reports of John Covode and Carl Schurz.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Raymond, a resolution was passed, ayes 126, nays 42, referring the credentials of the representatives elected from Tennessee to the joint committee of fifteen. A resolution passed, ayes 132, nays 35, inviting the Tennessee representatives to occupy seats on the floor of the House, without participating in its proceedings.

Dec. 13.—In the Senate, Mr. Stewart submitted a joint resolution to amend the Constitution with two articles affirming the Union to be indissoluble, and allegiance to it to be beyond the power of any State to absolve, and prohibiting State or national assumption of any debt incurred to impair or resist the national authority. Referred. Mr. Brown introduced a bill to reimburse Missouri for war expenditures. Referred. Mr. Guthrie presented a remonstrance from the Executive of Louisiana against the election of Messrs. Hahn and Cutler as senators from that State. Laid on the table. Mr. Foot offered a resolution providing for paying to the widow of the late Senator Collamer the amount due him at the time of his decease. Mr. Sherman reported from the committee on agriculture the House bill passed on Monday to prohibit the importation of cattle. Passed. Mr. Sumner called up the resolution asking for information concerning the employment of persons in the Treasury Department who have not taken the oath of allegiance. Passed, after amendment. Mr. Wilson called up the bill to maintain the freedom of the inhabitants of the States declared to be in insurrection and rebellion by the proclamation of July 1, 1862. It abrogates all laws enforcing an inequality of civil rights and immunities on account of race or color. The bill was opposed by Mr. Johnson, and objected to as premature by Senators Sherman and Trumbull. Pending the debate the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Schenck reported a joint resolution requesting the President to suspend the order mustering out the officers of the Veteran Reserve. Passed (ayes 111, nays 50). A joint resolution was also offered authorizing the entry for consumption of goods in bond, on payment of the respective rates of duty. Referred. Bills were introduced and referred providing for the subdivision and sale of the mining lands of the United States; and to extend the benefit of the Bounty Land Act of March 3, 1865, to all soldiers, sailors, and seamen who served during the war. On motion of Mr. Niblack, the committee on the judiciary was instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the adoption of the "eight-hour system" in all matters and places under Congressional jurisdiction. The committee in charge of the Pacific Railroad was instructed to enquire if any action is needed on the part of Congress to expedite the work. Mr. Stevens called up, and the House concurred in, the resolution providing for a joint committee on the condition of the so-called Confederate States, as amended by the Senate. Mr. Farnsworth's resolutions denying that to be a just government which deprives a large portion of its citizens, who bear its civil and military burdens, of a share in the government, and affirming that good faith and impartial justice demand that the colored soldiers of the Union obtain the equal rights of citizenship, while their exclusion and the readmission of rebels and traitors would be criminal, were referred, after an unsuccessful attempt (ayes 43, nays 113) to lay them on the table. On motion of Mr. Boutwell, the committee on the judiciary was instructed to consider and report whether compensation is due any of the inhabitants of the insurrectionary States for losses sustained during the war; and also the expediency of amending the Constitution so that no State shall make any distinction in the suffrage on account of race or color.

Dec. 14.—In the Senate, Mr. Brown offered a resolution on the adoption for Government employees of the "eight-hour system." Laid over. On motion of Mr. Harris, it was ordered that when the Senate adjourn it be till Monday, the 18th. The remainder of the session was occupied in eulogies on the late Senator Collamer, of Vermont.

The House (ayes 90, nays 67) voted to adjourn, the Senate concurring, from the 20th of December to the 9th of January. A bill was reported and passed appropriating $30,000, or what should be necessary, to repair the President's House; also, one appropriating $15,440,000 for the payment of invalid and other pensions. Bills were reported and referred making appropriations for the West Point Academy up to June 30, 1867; making the bridge now constructing across the Hudson at Albany a highway and postal route; authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase a suitable site for a custom-house and warehouse in Jersey City; equalizing the bounty of soldiers. Mr. Henderson's resolution was unanimously adopted, that treason against the United States Government is a crime and ought to be punished. The joint committee on reconstruction was instructed to enquire into the expediency of establishing a national bureau of education, to enforce education without regard to race or color upon any population that falls below a certain standard. The committee on the judiciary was instructed to consider if the retrocession to Virginia of the District of Columbia south of the Potomac was not void and unconstitutional. Mr. Wilson offered as a resolution that part of Mr. Stevens's which the Senate had rejected—that all papers relating to the representation of the so-called Confederate States be laid on the table without debate, and no members be admitted till their title has been acknowledged by Congress. Passed (yeas 107, nays 56). The House adjourned after eulogies upon Senator Collamer.

THE FREEDMEN.

Gen. Howard's report has been approved by the Secretary of War, and handed by him to the President; but up to the present writing its contents have been kept strictly private.

The constant reduction of hospitals for freedmen having been brought to the attention of Gen. Howard, he has ordered it to be stopped, and a sufficient number to be kept open at different points to provide for the large number of sick that will, probably, have to be cared for by the Bureau.

Gen. Fisk has been diligently at work in Tennessee and Kentucky to obtain homes for the freed people for the winter, and has been successful to a great extent. Nearly all those who were dependants at the time of his appointment as Assistant Commissioner have been placed by him in good homes with fair wages. The exodus from the cities and towns has been large, and the general has been able, without neglecting to care for the aged, sick, and orphans, to break up nearly all of his "camps" and "homes." He states that the freed people in his district are becoming better advised as to their new relations, and that he has the greatest faith in their ability to "paddle their own canoe."

Gen. Swayne reports that he met the committee on finance of the Alabama Senate by appointment:

"They expressed a willingness to set on foot a legalized system of care for the poor blacks, and a degree of favor towards the cause of education among them which was gratifying to me, and which I hope to see reduced to a law within a week or two. . . . A good deal of spite and pandering to low public sentiment will have to find vent in the Legislature before there is much beneficial action; yet I am hopeful of the ultimate result."

Col. Osborne, of Florida, has been making a tour of the State, to his great satisfaction. He found the freed people mostly at work and generally fairly paid. A considerable portion of Florida has been under Federal rule for so long a time that blacks and whites have begun to understand their relative positions pretty well.

The restoration of the Sea Islands is still delayed. Wm. Whaley, of South Carolina, has been in Washington for some time endeavoring to hasten the work, but thus far without effect. The condition "mutually satisfactory" seems to be the chief impediment to any arrangement, and almost insuperable, since the freed people will be satisfied with nothing less than the land itself. This they have been accustomed to regard as their own ever since Gen. Sherman's order setting apart the islands for their use.

Col. Brown, of Virginia, reports about 11,500 colored pupils receiving instruction in that State from 195 teachers. Instances, he says, of personal violence are becoming rare on the part of the whites towards the blacks. The supply of laborers there is in excess of the demand, and would sustain an emigration of at least fifty thousand freedmen. Many are seeking homes and places that promise to be permanent. During the month of September an average of 9,196 rations was issued daily. There are eight freedmen's hospitals in the State, and fifteen medical officers.

Col. John Eaton, who has been Assistant Commissioner for the District of Columbia since the organization of the Bureau, has resigned his position in the army in order to become editor of a newspaper in Memphis. His official career has gratefully recommended him to the Government and the freed people.

Minor Topics.

A thrill of the rapture which great cities, like children, feel at the approach of holidays may be supposed to communicate itself even to journalism; and if a newspaper babble of Christmas at a time like this, shall it be blamed because Christmas has been coming once a year, now, for above eighteen centuries? Consider, friends, what a life a newspaper's is: how it is for ever hearing or telling some new thing; how it has to do continually with affairs of to-day; how it must speak only of recent events, new people, new plays, new operas, new books; how weary it must get of the latest intelligence; and then forbid it, if you have the heart, to gossip a little about that of which it is utterly impossible for the newspaper to speak with its habitual freshness and originality. For, supposing that the newspaper should talk of Christmas in that fine, poetic strain characteristic of the best moods of journalism, would it not appear to trench upon feeling already occupied by Milton, and Tennyson, and the rest? Or if it should endeavor to present Christmas in the light of all that is plum-pudding, charity, roast-beef, holly, punch, and brotherly kindness in human nature, would it not presently be confronted with Charles Dickens? And as for the religious sentiment of Christmas, are there not innumerable pulpits which have long possessed the exclusive expression of that? We imagine that a man who had a new idea about Christmas would die of it—that the newspaper in which he printed it would be returned by all the subscribers. For what would a new idea of Christmas be like? We were on the point of telling.

But no new ideas for us, if you please. Indeed, we conceive that the very pleasure of Christmas time is in its likeness to all other Christmas times. There should be nothing novel about it; all should be familiar; and the past should come back in the repetition of old thoughts, words, and acts. Everything like change should be banished from association with it. Some gentle readers, no doubt, remember with what a pang they suffered the illusion of Santa Claus (or St. Nicholas, or Kriskringle, or however you may choose to call that first of the saints) to pass from them; and none would consent that fresh light should be thrown upon Christmas lest some other essential charm should be taken from it. Therefore, as we say, no new idea for us. Let us honor Christmas with world-old feelings of kindliness and jollity, and let us say nothing which has not been said a thousand times before in much better language.

In those ancient lands beyond the sea how jealously they guard the observance of their Christmas from all strangeness; the English, with their plum-pudding and their holly; the Germans, with their Christmas-trees and papered candies and gilded nuts; the Italians, with their masses and odd presents of sweetened mustard and honey-sweetmeats! Their Christmas from year to year, and from cycle to cycle, knows no mutation. Yes, the instinct of this festive time is, everywhere, to hold fast by that which is old.

Even here, in this New World, where the Christmas festivity is itself a sort of novelty to more than half the land, how fondly we cling to the idea of its antiquity! We go up and down the streets, and look at the alluring windows of the shops, and are proud of such honor to the good old holiday, which we are every year learning to love more and more. We are quite willing to take our Christmas bodily from the Old World, and have a kindness both for the holly and the Christmas-tree. We buy Christmas presents, and give them about with a lavish hand; we like to see pictures of ideal Christmas in the illustrated papers; and we are fond of gaily dressed, expensive literature for the Christmas holidays. It all serves to make us believe that we have Christmas in our hearts, as, indeed, such of us as were born West or South really have. In the regions remoter from the influences of New England, Christmas has always had joyous observance among us, the common happiness formerly seeking too often a rude expression in fire-crackers and turkey-raffles, but certainly being always a genuine feeling of jubilance, full of hospitable and genial impulses, and tending to great content and indigestion.

There was so little for any but sentimentalists to admire in Southern life, that one is loth to confess that Virginia had a social advantage of New England in honoring Christmas, but the fact is so. It is notable, moreover, that the children of the Pilgrims, who have departed from ancestral customs and beliefs in so many points, take kindly to Christmas as they find it away from home, though the grim Puritan traditions seem still to forbid them its enjoyments in New England.

Well, patience! Christmas shall be after awhile, perhaps, in the hearts of all. The Puritan spirit which abolished the jollity of this season shall for ever give tone to our national thought and morals, let us hope; but it cannot shape the national emotion in the present time or the future. The whole land has accepted Thanksgiving Day as a goodly and pleasant usage, but the elder festival is dear to us also, and both are not too many for our laborious year. We would have both holidays as "differently beautiful" in our calendar, and should be grieved to lose the younger of the twain, even to make the gain of Christmas. Thanksgiving may serve to express joyfully the sentiments of our more immediately American devotion, and in Christmas we may take delight as citizens of Christendom. We can then best recognize our kinship with all the world, and pass the bounds of nationality to embrace mankind, in the name of One born that holy day to bless the whole race. No sect, nor tongue, nor blood limits the spirit of the first Christmas time; but wherever men were good-willing on earth, it brought peace to them:

"Be united, O ye millions!"

utters the merry season to us now; and we would that we might accept its gospel in full and perfect love of Christmas.

The troubles of the Fenian Brotherhood are only less mysterious than its purposes, as the Fenian Brotherhood explains them. This explanation varies, of course, from the generally received idea of Fenian troubles and purposes. To the mind of a public vitiated by the habit of considering causes and effects, as they develop themselves in facts, the cause of Ireland has seemed to be comprehended in the collection of large sums of money from many industrious Irish people, and the effect in the maintenance of a few lazy Irish people in a luxurious brown-stone house on Union Square. Generally speaking, no one has consented to accept a very large green flag, with a large golden harp on it, as evidence that the liberation of Ireland was taking place under the roof over which it floated; nor has a completely organized republican government in the brown-stone house, nor the parade of a troop of small boys in green-baize jackets before the door of this house, led the public to any other conclusion than that a hollow, greedy, and pompous humbug dwelt within. Indeed, the public would hardly have been more surprised to know that there was actually something going on there besides ostentatious swindling, than they have been at the folly of those who could not enjoy in quietness the spoils of purely abstract office-holding, but must needs quarrel over them, and at last break up and impeach and depose one another. Generally speaking, again, nobody believes that the secession of the ten Fenian Senators, and the election of a new Fenian President, with a vast deal of elegant writing in the newspapers, means anything in the world but the suspicion of some of the Fenians that the others were getting more of the money of the cooks and chambermaids than they ought to have according to the operation of a principle with which we are familiar in the form of adage.

Of course, these are not the explanations of the case which the Fenian Brotherhood offers, but the public is forced to accept them, because it cannot understand the Brotherhood's reasons. The Brotherhood's reasons are too abstruse and, at the same time, too abundant, and fill too many columns of fine print, and altogether would take a great deal of time to read which could be much more profitably given to a thorough acquaintance with the Strong Divorce Case. All that plainly appears is that the Fenian Brotherhood throughout the country is pretty equally divided into believers in O'Mahony and believers in Roberts, and that everybody has disappeared as soon as trusted with Fenian money, as if Fenian money were an agent of sorcery which instantly rendered its possessor invisible. There is a pathetic story of one who went to Ireland with a draft in his boots, and lost it in pulling them off; John Mitchel has passed into oblivion with $75,000 on his person, with which he was authorized to corrupt the Emperor of the French; another ambassador to the Tuileries is said to have wisely deposited his money in Paris, so as to impress the tradesmen with whom he had dealings as a merchant that he had boundless resources. Finally, B. Doran Killian, the type of valor and the ornament of epistolary composition, having shown symptoms of a pecuniary retention suspicious in a Treasurer of the Irish Republic, has been deposed by the ten seceding senators from his office, as far as they could depose him. Naturally, Mr. B. Doran Killian does not acknowledge any dismissal from office in his case, and supports President O'Mahony with all the eloquence of his ardent pen.

The latter gentleman is naturally the object of exceeding bitterness and of glowing eulogy, according as the head centres approve or disapprove his attitude, and varies in his private and public qualities all the way from Jefferson Davis up to General Washington. All that is certainly known about him is that he defends his presidency against the world, and that he continues to direct the destinies of the mutilated remains of the Irish Republic of Union Square, while President Roberts presides over the missing fragments somewhere on Broadway.

In this pleasant state of things the head directress of the Fenian Sisterhood has the sublime courage to address a fresh appeal for funds to the verdant branches of the Fenian Sisterhood, in which she tells them that the call has gone forth, and that Ireland is to be freed in a very few days, if the branches will sell their jewelry for the cause, and dress plainly. This is a reasonable request, and ought to receive a favorable response.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

A WORD WITH SENSIBLE SOUTHERNERS.

MR. DE BOW, and a great number of other Southerners of education and intelligence, particularly the ex-officers of the Confederate army, profess to be, and we are bound to believe are, now sincerely anxious to restore material prosperity at the South. They say frankly that they do not like the new order of things—that they wish it were different, and have done their best to make it so, but they accept accomplished facts, and are now about to go to work and try to make the new South, if not as happy or satisfactory as the old one, at least as rich. Numbers of these men have gone to work on their farms; many more have gone into business; and large numbers are now on here at the North trying to secure the aid of Northern capitalists in developing the resources of their soil and building up their broken fortunes. They may be met with in all our Northern cities, trying either to borrow money or to induce Northern men who have money to go into partnership with them. As to Mr. De Bow, the great apostle of slaveholding economy, he has abandoned the "eternal truths" he used to preach in the *Review* with the most praiseworthy versatility, and proposes now to do for free labor all, and more than all, he used to do for slave labor.

This is all as it should be. Nobody who admires manliness and good sense can help admiring it. There is little doubt that the regeneration of the South, whenever it comes, must come from the exertions of these men—from their full perception of the truths, moral, social, and political, which the North has been so long preaching and practising. But they ought to be told, and we trust everybody who comes in contact with them does tell them, frankly, that neither Northern capital nor labor can ever be had at the South in sufficient quantity to contribute much to the development of its resources, until they can induce their people in some way or other to pay more respect to the life and property of Northern settlers and of negroes than they now show. We are not now talking about the moral aspect of the case. We will grant, for the sake of argument, that it may be a natural and even excusable thing to hang, shoot, and harry the negroes in the way described by our correspondent in this week's paper, or to threaten or drive out Yankee visitors and settlers in the style practised the other day upon the able correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* in Albany, Georgia. But the great question for sensible and influential Southerners is, Will it pay? Is it expedient? Do they seriously suppose that, after all that has happened, Northern men will invest capital in sufficient quantities to be of much use in a country in which mobs, composed of the "most prominent citizens," are in the habit of assembling, as in the case of the correspondent of the *Advertiser*, to murder a man in his hotel on *suspicion* of sympathizing with negroes, to set the law at defiance, and to make the night hideous in a quiet town with drunken railings? Do they seriously imagine that Northern men will go down to enter into partnerships, and carry with them their families and their hard earnings, and establish their homes in a place in which they will hold their lives and their property at the mercy of the more evil disposed of their neighbors, and be forced to watch every word they utter on the social and political problems of the day, lest some careless expression should be distorted into an excuse for murdering or pillaging them, or hunting them out of the country?

Now we tell these gentlemen plainly, until they can, either by their influence or example, put an end to this state of things at the South—until they can induce their friends and neighbors, we will not say to like the Yankees, but to treat them civilly and to tolerate their ideas and the expression of them, and to support the law in protecting their lives and property, they might as well bay the moon as come on here to raise money or organize emigration. A few adventurous spirits, or men who share Southern prejudices or are ready to pretend that they share them, or a few speculators who will run any risks for the chance of high profits, may accept their invitations to emigrate or invest; but the prudent, careful, industrious men of the North, the only ones whose support in commercial undertakings is worth having, will have nothing to do with them. Some of the Southerners who have come North have probably found this out by this time; we can assure those who have not yet tried the experiment that they will find it out also in time.

And all this applies to the want of protection for the blacks as well as for the white men. There are very few people who have been bred in the sober, orderly communities of the North who will want to live where whipping, shooting, and assaulting are going on around them, whether they themselves are exposed to them or not, or where a permanent and bitter antagonism is fostered between two races. There is in all such states of society a constant feeling of insecurity and discomfort. There are few Northern men who can avoid sympathizing with the victims of cruelty or injustice; and there are no conscientious or brave men who can feel that sympathy and long conceal it. Yet, in most districts of the South, any display of such sympathy at this moment would, if half what we hear be true, lead, to use the terse and expressive language of one of our correspondents, to a man's being "shot in the back" the first time he left his house. As long as this state of things lasts, we must tell the intelligent men of the South that no considerable body of emigrants can be tempted away from the fertile plains and settled and peaceful social organization of the North-west. Young and adventurous and single men may like to go to bed every night anticipating a visit from a Champ Ferguson or a Quantrell before morning, but they soon lose their taste for it, and middle-aged and married men will not face it on any terms.

The *Evening Post*, which, since the war came to an end, has shown an extraordinary tendency to take the loftiest philosophical views of human society both North and South, not long ago read a severe lecture to one of its correspondents for complaining of the railing against the Union and the North which he constantly heard in the South, and the abuse and insolence to which Northern men were exposed. It told him that he must let Southerners rail and call names, and asked him sarcastically what harm could it do him. Now we submit with great deference, that although abuse and hard names either in the Southern States or anywhere else are, *per se*, perfectly harmless, yet whenever they indicate, as they unquestionably do at the South, that something worse is coming, they are calculated to make people of ordinary nerves highly uncomfortable. If one's neighbors at the North blackguard him a little, he knows perfectly well that in nine cases out of ten they will stop when they get tired, or that if they keep it up too long, he can call in the assistance of the police. But it is one of the peculiarities of Southern society, that when a person becomes obnoxious to others, and especially to a whole neighborhood, for any reason whatever, and they give vent to their feelings in scolding or vituperation, they are apt to appear on the scene soon after with rifles, or shot-guns, or a rail, a bag of feathers, and a pot of tar, and give him still more substantial proofs of their displeasure. It is this which makes Southern scolding so exceedingly disagreeable to people brought up in more cold-blooded communities, and which gives Northern men who travel in the South the right to treat Southern language as an important and alarming symptom of the social and political condition of the country.

ONE BRANCH OF NATIVE INDUSTRY THAT NEEDS PROTECTION.

IN all schemes and appeals for the protection of native industry that we have ever seen, the claims of one section of national workers, the authors and artists, have been entirely overlooked, although we have no hesitation in saying that the work they do, or would do if they got fair play, is just as important, in the highest sense of the word, to the community at large as that of any branch of trade or manufacture. No other traders or manufacturers—and for the purpose of this argument we may consider their calling a manufacture—are treated with the gross injustice of which they are the victims. The most ardent free-trader has never wished to have foreign products placed on a better footing in the home markets than the native ones. If the latter are the subject of an excise tax, he is willing that an import duty of a similar weight should be clapt on the former. And what the protectionist seeks is that the native manufacture shall be protected against the competition of the foreign one. But at this moment we have so arranged matters

with regard to literary and artistic products, that the publisher, or, in other words, the importer, shall be able to import them duty free, and reproduce them to any extent he pleases, leaving the poor author or artist without even that amount of protection which, under a system of absolute free trade, is derived from the importer having at least to pay the foreign producer for his labor.

It is not an uncommon supposition that the absence of copyright treaties with foreign countries, although it may tend to some doubtful results in point of honesty, at least inflicts no material injury on anybody but the foreign author. But this is a gross fallacy, and one which we wish to dispel. The native author and artist suffer far more, and the country suffers to an extent, too, of which few who have not given the matter much consideration have any idea. This subject is brought very forcibly to our mind just now by the holiday books which lie on our table. A very large proportion of them—we will not say what proportion, lest we should be deemed guilty of exaggeration—are reproductions either in whole or in part of English books; of the designs, it is safe to say that two-thirds are those of English artists. This is true of the lighter literature. It is true in a still greater degree of the heavy. Almost all the weighty books, requiring protracted thought or research for their production—dictionaries, political, religious, or philosophic or economic speculation, which have appeared in the American market for several years, have been of foreign origin. Even the department of political philosophy, in which we once shone, seems to have passed out of our hands. Mill, Buckle, Lecky, Göschen, De Tocqueville, Laboulaye, have of late years done nearly all our deep thinking and protracted investigating for us, though all these men have been laboring in fields in which we, with our greater freedom from the obscuring influence of tradition, ought, unquestionably, to be more at home than they.

Our dependence on European art is not so apparent. Of late years we have been making great progress in its higher branches, but in the higher branches of art our artists do enjoy complete protection. Paintings and statues cannot be multiplied except at a cost in labor and money little short of that of the original. But designs can be reproduced *ad infinitum*, and we accordingly find that our designing power is infinitesimally small. The designs on our carpets and cottons, so far as we can be said to have any, are imported from Europe; those in our illustrated books come mostly from the same source. Our illustrated papers appropriate everything from foreign journals that will possibly admit of adaptation to local circumstances, with the most admirable *sang froid*. Great progress has been made during the war, owing to the necessity of the case, in descriptive drawing, but when there is any call for creative power, as in the case of *Mrs. Grundy* and other defunct comic journals, the lack of it is made deplorably manifest, and mainly, in our opinion, because the facility with which publishers are allowed to help themselves abroad has prevented its cultivation at home.

It may as well be understood, once for all, that but very few men will devote themselves with all their souls to literary or artistic pursuits without any hope of material advantage. The most ardent worshipper of the sublime or beautiful wants in our day to be paid for his work, and paid well; and unless he is paid well he will not stick to it. This is particularly true in this country, where so many roads to pecuniary independence are open to every man of ordinary industry and energy. There are not many men who love art or letters well enough to turn aside from "business" in order to write or draw, unless these pursuits too are sufficiently like business to pay them for their time. But we may rely upon it we shall not only never witness the formation of a good and large literary class here, or get our best men to do their best in writing and designing, until the command of the American market is secured to them. How can any review, for instance, afford to offer writers sufficient inducements to use all their powers in its service, when every quarterly and almost every monthly in England is cribbed wholesale and hawked about the country for a small profit on poor paper and worse typography? And how can we expect our best artists to use their highest powers in that most important branch of art, the designing of wood-cuts for popular publications, when publishers are able to appropriate everything they can lay hands on abroad, and multiply it here to any extent they please? With such a book-buying public as we have, artists ought every Christmas to reap a golden harvest from the preparation of drawings for holiday books. As it is, they derive hardly any benefit from the enormous sales of this species of literature which take place every year. Very few of them are called on to contribute; those who are, find the price of their work fixed by the cost of copying English designs; and what is almost worse is, the scurvy execution of the copies prevents native designers being compelled to do their best in competition. Any of them can, with very little exertion, produce work that will compare well enough with the poor copies of English prints by which so many of our holiday books are disfigured.

It is no doubt true that knowledge is diffused and society benefited by the fact that the works of foreign authors are, through the wonderful freedom of trade enjoyed by our publishers, to be had very cheap. We dare say we know more than we should know if there were not so many cheap reprints of foreign books. But we certainly *think* much less, and there is nothing more certain than that we shall as a nation, no matter what wonderful results we may achieve in beef, pork, and flour, and machinery and inventions, never realize our own ideal, unless more of our thinking is done in America; unless the American mind is applied with greater intensity and thoroughness than at present to the study of the great social and moral and political problems of our time. This will, however, never be until our thinkers get a fair chance in the market of their own country. Philosophers need bread and butter and beef-steaks as well as other people, so do writers of all kinds who undertake to do their work thoroughly, and at present it is hardly worth the while, in a material sense, for any American writer to do anything thoroughly. Our slowness in forming a large literary class, or even a large class possessed of a keen critical judgment, may, we think, be partly accounted for in the same way. At present the only authors below those of genius who have really "made a good thing" out of literature are "historians" like J. S. C. Abbott, and "biographers" like P. C. and J. T. Headley, and "moralists" like our friend A. Muzzey, who play about the same part in supplying the public with intellectual food that the great stump-tail establishments do in supplying it with milk.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT.

The advocates of the eight-hour movement are making an effort to have the working-day restricted to eight hours in all Government yards and workshops, which is a very good idea if Government can afford it, as it cannot until it has paid its debts. Nor has it an right to pay any of its employees more than the market price for a fair day's labor as long as the rest of the community is working to the utmost extent of its powers, in order to meet the heavy burden of taxation under which we are now laboring. The day when it will be established as a precedent that the Government is authorized to pay men full wages for a short day's labor will witness the unsealing of a great fountain of corruption. There are not many steps from this to the establishment of Louis Blanc's "national workshops."

It is hoped, we are told, that the example of the Government will exercise a "moral influence" on other employers, and lead them to do likewise. If the question were simply a moral one, this might be a legitimate way of pricking the consciences of hardened capitalists. But the doctrine that men have to work ten hours a day owing simply to the greed or hardheartedness of capitalists is an unfair assumption. In democratic countries, people are supposed to work for what length of time they please. The argument that American workmen have to submit to the demands of capitalists in order to save their families from starving, means simply that they are, as regards this, in pretty much the same fix as nine-tenths of the human race, though in many other respects better off. We are all, who have not inherited wealth, or accumulated it by past industry, working to keep ourselves and others dependent on us from starvation, and if we work to the full extent of our powers, it simply proves that society requires it of us, and that the world has not acquired sufficient wealth to allow of the human race maintaining itself on half time.

There is only one way in which these demands can be rendered less injurious, and that is by reducing the community to a condition of contentment like that of the natives of the tropics, for whom a few

mangoes a day and a cotton rag twice a year fill the cup of bliss to the brim. Capitalists, when they get all the labor they can for their money without injuring the powers of those who work for them, fulfil the only condition on which capital can be either preserved or increased, and it is their first duty to increase it ; and in our opinion, in a free country like this, where every man has the unbridled use of his faculties, Providence has so arranged it that in doing this they shall serve the best interests of those around them.

But the eight-hour men have not, after all, faced the real question, and that is—How do you propose to enable capitalists who are reached by your law to compete with those who are not; and how do you propose to prevent those who own capital from transferring it to other places as soon as your law begins to diminish their profits?

THE PROGRESS OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

The report of the commissioners concerning the cattle plague in England was made at the close of October, when the rate of mortality from pest and pole-axe together did not seem to justify their recommendation of a general suspension of transportation and a very free slaughtering of infected beasts. But the returns of the four succeeding weeks have indicated a truly alarming increase of the ravages, and equal the total loss for as many months since the disease broke out. From the original centre of infection it is now estimated that there have been developed by contagion four thousand separate centres, embracing nearly the whole of Great Britain. Estimating the horned stock of the island at 7,000,000 head, the weekly mortality up to the 21st October was 700; a month later it was four times that number, with an upward tendency. Add to these uncomfortable statistics that by certain Orders in Council inspectors of neat cattle have been appointed, through the justices of the peace, with almost unlimited power to destroy or cause to be destroyed, not only the infected, but even the remaining healthy, portion of any herd.

When it is remembered that the *Rinderpest* which afflicted England in the middle of the last century lasted more than a dozen years and died out rather than was expelled, while as yet science is unable to explain its nature or to provide a remedy, it is natural for all classes of the population to be despondent before the present prospect. There is, indeed, a temporary gleam of hope from a despised quarter. The application of the homœopathic treatment has begun, in spite of much opposition from the regular practitioners, and has commended itself to some of the richest and largest stock-owners, who, for the rest, are not universally believers in it. No positive result has yet been reached. A Mr. Moore is said to have been successful in the county of Norfolk; but his cures are disparaged by assertions that he selects the mildest type of the disease. This, however, is better than nothing. In Yorkshire on certain farms fifty per cent. of the cattle attacked have been saved, it is asserted, by homœopathists. On the other hand, the *Times* mentions an experiment in Leeds where seventeen cattle were housed with great regard to temperature and subjected to the same treatment. Of these eleven died and the others were not expected to live. "Arsenicum" appears to be the drug chiefly relied on, and is even administered as a prophylactic. A report on this treatment is eagerly awaited from the Dutch Government, for it is stated that seventy-three per cent. of the cattle attacked in Holland are indebted for their preservation to the disciples of Hahnemann.

Philosophers are not wanting to turn the calamity of the plague to account, and to see in it the cause of permanent advantages. The price of meat having risen inordinately in London and the great towns, a growing resort to distant butchers is noticed, with the promise of lowering prices in the city and enhancing them in the country; in other words, of equalizing them throughout the kingdom. Those who do not patronize Devonshire or other counties send to Holland and Denmark as easily and cheaply for sides and quarters, and meat is now imported in this fashion at 6d. or less per pound. Liebig's extract of meat, once considered a costly article of diet, has been outstripped by the rise in beef, and is coming into fashion. American beef and mutton are also in the market at moderate rates, and the importation is likely to increase. Then it is hoped that Parliament will take measures to establish a system of agricultural statistics, for want of which there is now great ignorance of the proportion between the wealth of the farming districts and the losses entailed upon them by the plague. The British secretaries of legation on the Continent are instructed to obtain such statistics from the respective countries in which they reside, but it would be impossible for them to give in return an account of acres, crops, and domestic animals in their own. The ignorance of the farmers, who fear an exposure of their private affairs, has been and still is the chief obstacle to the proposed system. The land-owners favor it.

The bill which Mr. Wentworth carried through the House on Monday week, and was reported in the Senate on Thursday, prohibits henceforth the importation of cattle to this country until thirty days after the President shall have proclaimed the danger of contagion to be past. The measure is prudent and timely.

Correspondence.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES.

IV.

THE STATES UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

Before proceeding to discuss the relations between the individual States and the United States—relations which must be considered in the light of a pending, practical, vital question, not of a mere historical problem—I desire to protest against the imputation that I am covertly arguing in favor of federal centralization or of any increase of executive or legislative federal powers. I would sooner reduce than augment those powers. I would greatly retrench the federal patronage, which is one of the executive powers most dangerous to the liberties of the citizen, and, at the same time, to him who wields it, for in unskilful hands it is apt to prove suicidal; and I would not enlarge the sphere to which the law-making power of Congress extends. But, at the same time, I think some of the questions which the framers of the Constitution did not dare to touch, or which have been unsettled by State legislation, or by the weakness, the partiality, or the partizanship of judicial tribunals, should now be determined for ever by constitutional amendment. For the first time since the Constitution went into operation, the true friends of its fundamental principles, the real democracy, have the power of supplying its deficiencies, explaining its few equivocal provisions, and correcting its fundamental error—the toleration of an aristocratic class. Politically speaking, the enemies of the Union "have no rights which" its friends "are bound to respect." Let us generously use the power which the sword, not the revival of patriotic sentiment among a traitorous faction, has given us, for purposes of undeserved mercy; and let us confer on the rebellious South, in spite of herself, those equal institutions the value of which she is incompetent to appreciate, and which she certainly has not yet shown that she merits.

Independently of all considerations of justice and humanity to the negro as such, the rights and franchises of citizenship ought to be determined by explanatory amendments to the federal Constitution, because the plain intent and meaning of its provisions have been perverted and set at naught both by State legislation and by a sectionally inspired judiciary.

By the second section of the fourth article it is declared that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." The legislation of the South has nullified this provision by denying to citizens of Northern States the rights guaranteed to them by the clause in question; and to sustain this monstrous violation of constitutional law, the Supreme Court, in defiance of every principle of American jurisprudence and of the notorious fact that many, if not most, of even the slaveholding States had extended the elective franchise to free colored persons, solemnly adjudged that such persons could not be citizens—could not be men—under our boasted frame of free government. This shameful decision cannot, indeed, be expunged from our judicial records. It must remain for ever as emphatically the "damned spot" of the parricidal hand, the ineffaceable stain on the scutcheon of the federal judiciary. We cannot recall to life the millions who have fallen, the oceans of treasure that have been wasted in the struggle which found its occasion, if not its chief cause, in that ill-omened judgment; but we can, at least, repudiate the perverted interpretation of the Constitution, and remove one cause of future conflict of local jurisdictions, by providing a common test of citizenship, a common rule of civic qualification, for all who by birth or naturalization are entitled to the privileges of American nationality.

A further necessity for regulating the qualifications of citizenship by constitutional provision has arisen from the action of different States in regard to residents of foreign birth. The seventh section of the first article of the Constitution confers upon Congress the power "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization," and the Supreme Court has decided that this authority is lodged exclusively in Congress. Some of the States, however, have practically overruled this decision and the constitutional provision to which it refers, by conferring the elective franchise on foreigners not naturalized, without requiring any other qualification than a short residence. It is contended in some parts of the Union that, in spite of this decision, every State has the right to fix the qualifications of voters for the local legislature. By the second section of the first article of the Constitution it is provided that the electors of members of Congress shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State legislature. Accordingly, a foreigner who is permitted to vote for a representative in such legislature, votes also for members of Congress. While, therefore, a native-born freeman who owns a large estate, pays taxes in proportion, and perhaps serves in the army, is in one State denied a voice in the government of his country, a transient foreigner, here to-day and gone again back to Europe, perhaps, to-morrow, who pays no taxes, who is ignorant even of the English language, and who does not so much as know that we have a Constitution, has, in another State, or even in the same, as great weight in the election of members of Congress as Andrew Johnson or Ulysses S. Grant. Nay, the inequality does not stop here; for in some States qualifications are required in native-born white freemen which are not required elsewhere in foreigners who have given no other pledge of their intention to become American citizens than a year's residence. Such discrepancies in the exercise of the most sacred of political rights ought not to exist in a free and enlightened commonwealth. They cannot be harmonized by concert between the States. Congress has no jurisdiction of the question; and it is evident that the evil can be remedied only by constitutional amendment.

The claims to the rights of secession and of nullification ought also to be for ever silenced by declaratory provision. But, these various points being regulated by proper changes in our organic law, and the amendment abolishing slavery being adopted, I would leave the States unshorn of every prerogative, and in the full enjoyment of every power and privilege which they have hitherto possessed.

I have said that the point under discussion, the sovereignty of the States, was a pending, practical, vital question, and it seems to me that, unless the view I am taking of the subject is sound, neither the emancipation proclamation nor any other of the leading measures of the last Administration, nor even the plan of reconstruction now in progress under President Johnson, can be sustained as having any legal force or validity. Every one of the measures in question involves the exercise of powers by the national Executive and Congress which are utterly inconsistent with the notion of a substantial sovereignty in the States. Sovereignties are either co-equal or, with reference to each other, they are non-existent; for "a sovereignty subordinate to another sovereignty" is a contradiction in terms, and the true relation of the inferior to the superior can never be expressed by a proposition which shall ascribe that attribute to both, with whatever qualifications it may be guarded. We may indeed say, loosely, of the United States and the several States, that they are sovereign each in their respective spheres. But we may, with equal truth and comprehensiveness of meaning, say the same thing of the United States and any chartered corporation—Dartmouth College, for instance. The word sovereign signifies just as much in one case as in the other, and it is an abuse of language to employ it in either. The application of the predicate "sovereign"—a definite and well understood technical term of the vocabulary of political science—to the States of the American Union, is precisely one of those cases where, as Coleridge observes, "by familiarizing the mind to equivocal expressions—that is, such as may be taken in two or more different meanings—we introduce confusion of thought and furnish the sophist with his best and handiest tools. For the juggle of sophistry consists, for the most part, in using a word in one sense in the premises and in another sense in the conclusion." In the minds of the framers of the confederation, "sovereign," as applied to the several States, conveyed a totally different idea from that expressed by the same word as applied to the United States, or to other independent powers, as France or Great Britain; and this double use of the word, this "juggle" of Southern sophistry, has proved the "best and handiest tool" of the State-right disorganizers.

It must strike persons familiar with our political history as a singular fact, that the pretensions of the several States to the rights of sovereignty have risen just in proportion as more and more the real attributes of sovereignty have been denied to them by the successive forms of organic law under which we have lived. The colonies, with far larger governmental prerogatives than the States have ever enjoyed, claimed no sovereignty at all. The States, under their original organization by authority of Congress, made no such claim. It was not advanced in the Declaration of Independence, which in no way attempted to define or limit State powers, nor was it heard of until the confederation, in which instrument a feeble plea was set up in its behalf. In the species of interregnum which elapsed between the confederation and the Constitution, no definite pretension or recognition of State sovereignty was put forward or conceded, and it was only after the Constitution had declared the States destitute of every shadow of truly sovereign power which the confederation had left them, that the crazy doctrine of a supremacy within, and at the same time absolutely independent of, another supremacy, the most consummate *reductio ad absurdum* ever arrived at by political theorists, appeared in its full-blown mock majesty. It is to modern South Carolina that we are indebted for the fullest development of these doctrines, for it is her publicists who have proclaimed the States to be superior over Congress, over the federal judiciary, over the people of the Union. But the pupils have outrun the master; for Calhoun, though he advocated nullification, or the right of a State to decide for itself upon the constitutionality of a law of Congress, admitted that the right of secession did not exist.

In following the steps of this history, we are continually brought back to the question: How did the Anglo-American colonies individually acquire this attribute of sovereignty?

Not by royal grant, assuredly.

Not by successful revolt and conquest of independence. For it was not the colonial governments which revolted. On the contrary, the *people* revolted *against* those governments as the instruments of British despotism, overthrew them, and erected in their place new governments organized under the authority of Congress.

Nor did any colony conquer its own independence.

All fought for all; all achieved together the independence of the people of the United States. The sovereignty won by American arms could only lodge in the power which conquered it—the people, namely, whose only common visible organ was the Congress, and in whom it still remains, except just so far as that people has conceded it, for local purposes, to the States. Congress being once organized, the exercise of the popular sovereignty was vested in it, and the people looked to this instrument of their own creation as the *deus ex machina* who was to intervene because a *dignus vindice nodus*, a conjuncture demanding the putting forth of powers which no Colonial Governments could, either singly or jointly, exercise, had arisen. It has always been admitted that, in a revolution which aims at emancipation from allegiance to an existing dynasty, of whatever form or name, the revolutionary government, to which the nation entrusts its physical force for the achievement of its deliverance, is necessarily supreme. The inefficiency of Congress was not in its want of power, but in the want of organs for the employment of its powers, and when, at a critical moment in the autumn of 1776, the national Government bestowed upon Washington the unlimited authority of a military dictator, no State complained that Congress had gone beyond its limits by conferring what it did not itself possess. There was, then, at this period, no sovereign but the American people; for sovereignty could not lodge in subordinate jurisdiction; in colonies which had no governments but those acknowledging the supremacy of Congress and existing only by its authorization; in colonies which had no known, no ascertainable, in fact no possible, boundaries, and, of course, not even a geographical individuality. And in connection with this last point, it is important to notice that the consciousness of this fact, namely, the impossibility of knowing the territorial limits, the extent of jurisdiction of the several colonies, had a vast influence in opening the eyes of sectional politicians to the true status of those corporations, and was an argument of great weight in inducing the adoption of a national frame of government, invested with power to administer, for the common benefit, the immense empire of unappropriated lands to which there were so many conflicting claims.

Nor has State sovereignty been conceded by grant from the people of the United States. We have shown that neither by the Declaration of Independence nor by the Confederation was this attribute conferred upon the several States. It remains to enquire whether the federal Constitution so enlarged the prerogatives of those bodies as to entitle them to claim the rank of sovereign and independent peoples, which will be the object of my next and final communication on this subject.

G. P. M.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Nov. 30.

OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg leave to avail myself of your columns to call attention to the proceedings of the Early English Text Society of London, an association formed for the purpose of publishing, at cheap rates, and in a form satisfactory to critical scholarship, that portion of old English literature which has not yet been made generally accessible to students of our mother tongue. It is well known that the public and private libraries of England contain a large number of manuscripts of early English writers which have never been printed, and that many valuable works belonging to the primitive age of English literature, though printed, cannot be said to have been published, because the editions have not been brought into the market, and have consisted only of a sufficient number to supply the members of small literary clubs, and hence they are practically almost as much out of the reach of ordinary scholars as if they still existed only in manuscript. It is said that more than half of the early printed literature of England—including the romances relating to King Arthur, who, after having been almost forgotten for five centuries, has, though perhaps but a mythical creation, been evoked from the dead and made an ever-living memory by the genius of Tennyson—is in this inaccessible condition, while the yet unprinted song and story of British national infancy would form a body of mediæval literature very considerable in extent, in philological interest, and in intrinsic worth.

In 1864 the society published a volume of alliterative poetry of the fourteenth century; a new text of the story of Arthur; "Lauder on the Office and Dewtie of Kyngis;" and "Syr Gawayne and the Green Knight." The publications for 1865 make seven volumes, comprising texts from four unique manuscripts now edited for the first time, besides three works of which small editions had previously been printed; and it is intended to increase the number of yearly issues as fast as due care in preparation and execution permit, and the amount of subscription justifies.

The volumes are of the octavo size; the texts conform with scrupulous accuracy to the best manuscripts; they are provided with learned historical and critical introductions, various readings, explanatory notes and glossarial indexes, and, as reproductions of most valuable and fast decaying literary and philological material, they satisfy every reasonable demand, while in mechanical execution they leave nothing to be desired.

The annual subscription is but twenty-one shillings sterling, or five dollars and eight cents, which is scarcely half what the volumes would cost if brought out in the usual way of publication.

The labor of editing works of this character and of carrying them through the press is immense. The eminent philologists who are performing this task must be very inadequately compensated, if, indeed, they receive any pecuniary recompense; and it would be hard to name a literary enterprise of the present day which better merits a generous encouragement among the nations that use the English tongue.

If the society is sustained as it deserves, its operations will, in a few years, place the American scholar who avails himself of its labors on a level with the favored few who have access to the vast repositories of manuscript lore in England, and we shall be able to prosecute original researches into the structure, composition, and history of our noble speech, instead of adopting, without independent enquiry, as we have been hitherto too often obliged to do, the conclusions of foreign investigators.

When, a few years ago, the London Philological Society asked the aid of American scholarship in the collection and preparation of the material for the great English thesaurus which it had undertaken, the appeal scarcely met with a response, a large proportion of the letters addressed to literary men, and especially to the professors in American colleges, on this subject, not having even been answered. It reflects little credit on the zeal of our literati for the elucidation of their native tongue that one of the most magnificent lexicographical enterprises ever undertaken—an enterprise, too, in which our real interest is every whit as great as that of the people of England—should have been treated with this cold neglect; and I am sorry to be obliged to add that, though the proposals of the Early English Text Society have been brought to the notice of a large number of American literary men, they have been received with equal indifference.

The publications of this society will undoubtedly form the most important series of works illustrative of old English philology ever offered to the public. No literary institution possessing a permanent library, no student who makes the English language a specialty, can dispense with this collection. No better—and, if I must again refer to the economical argument, no *cheaper*—helps can be found for the study of old English literature, and yet, though our colleges and ardent philologists are counted by hundreds, not ten subscriptions for these volumes have been received from the United States!

I do not know that the society has any authorized agent in New York, but subscriptions can be remitted, and the volumes received, through any bookseller who imports from London. The subscription of one pound one shilling is payable annually before the first of January, and remittances, with directions for the consignment of the books, should be sent to the Honorary Secretary, H. R. Wheatley, Esq., 53 Berners Street, London, W.

G. P. M.

Florence, November 20, 1865.

A CHEAP AND EASY WAY TO FAME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

A late British periodical has briefly noticed a bookselling speculation which deserves a mention in the columns of The Nation, both as one of the curiosities of contemporary literature and because it offers to the illustrious obscure of our own and other countries a means of securing present fame and future immortality at rates which, considering the price men are willing to pay for even vulgar notoriety, must be allowed to be dog-cheap. With this view I give you the history of a case where the privilege of blowing his own trumpet was offered to an American residing in Europe in an official capacity. Operations were commenced by a letter from the directorship of the Temple of Renown at Geneva, or, as it modestly styles itself, the "Histoire Générale des Services, des Œuvres et des Fonctions dans chaque Nation," informing the person addressed that his name was to form the subject of a "historical article" or of a "mention" in that work, and requesting him to communicate to the director such information as he should think expedient. The "Histoire Générale" was described as an historical and biographical dictionary on the plan of Moreri, and designed as a continuation of that work. It was to be published in both octavo and folio, and it was stated that it counted among its subscribers twenty-six sovereign princes of the blood and other chiefs of states, three hundred and sixty heads of princely houses and other great families, one hundred and eighty ministers of state, ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, field-marshals, admirals, other great dignitaries, cardinals and other ecclesiastics, generals, men of science, besides a miscellaneous multitude of persons in "different social positions."

In spite of the temptation of seeing himself in such choice company, the gentleman in question took no notice of the invitation, and it was followed by a second letter, earnestly pressing the request for such facts of his personal history as would suffice for "the few lines of which a *simple mention* was composed." He then sent the director a statement of the facts and dates of his official and public life, and was soon after favored with a third communication, acknowledging the receipt of the information, which was pronounced to be full enough for an "article assez complet," instead of a simple mention. The candidate for fame, present and posthumous, being now regarded as having fairly nibbled at the bait, he was informed that, in consideration of the great expense of bringing out so voluminous a publication, of running cars for posterity—a terminus so distant that trains would start "only once in an age or a generation"—he must make a "subscription," take a first, second, or third class ticket, according to his ambition and his purse. The price of the first class, articles of six or seven large folio pages, was a thousand francs; of the second, three or four pages, five hundred; of the third, one or two full pages, two hundred; and any additional amount of celebrity could be had at one hundred and fifty francs per page, payment in advance in all cases. "Well," said the gentleman on reading this communication, "if I can't go down to posterity on cheaper terms than these, I'll stay here!" and he returned no reply to the director. A further attempt was made to secure his patronage, by an offer of twenty-five per cent. deduction from the regular prices, as a compensation for the authorship of his own biography, but, this not being accepted, the correspondence was dropped, and large as is the space he fills in his own eye, future generations must be content with such knowledge of him, his words, and his works as they can gather from a "simple mention" of his name in the "Histoire Générale des Services, des Œuvres et des Fonctions dans chaque Nation."

"He that is great wants to be rich; he that is rich wants to be great," says the French proverb. Our war is reported to have made many great men rich. Let our rich who long to be great address themselves—of course, with remittance post-paid—to the illustrious Goncet, à la Direction de l'Histoire Générale, à Genève, and glory shall be dealt out to them in proportion to their tin.

Viator.

Rome, November 20, 1865.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXI.

CHARLESTON, S. C., November 27, 1865.

THE various new influences and agencies recently brought to bear upon the freed people of South Carolina are all under the direction and control of officers whose headquarters are in this city. The courtesy of these gentlemen has enabled me, during my stay in Charleston, to gather some information, not easily to be obtained elsewhere, on two or three interesting subjects, such as the negro schools, the Freedmen's Savings Bank, one of the most useful of Gen. Saxton's institutions, the working of the Freedmen's Bureau throughout the State, and the reports made by its subordinate officers to the Assistant Commissioner.

The task of instructing the negroes was begun at Port Royal, under the auspices of the Northern Freedmen's Aid Commissions, so long ago as the spring of 1862, and the schools then founded have since been constantly giving instruction to many hundred persons, and are still in successful operation. As soon as Charleston was surrendered, these same charitable societies sent out their teachers and a supply of books; and in March last, under the general supervision of Mr. Redpath, of Massachusetts, several large schools were formed, which were kept open till July. In the autumn, by a happy appointment, Mr. Reuben Tomlinson was made State Superintendent of Education. He at once proceeded to grade the schools in the city, to provide them with suitable rooms, and so far as possible to extend the school system over all the State. To a considerable extent this has been effected. The Freedmen's Bureau is poor, and before the school buildings could be fitted for the reception of pupils it became necessary for the superintendent to expend something like a thousand dollars of his private means in making needful repairs. The houses had suffered from Gillmore's bombardment.

By the middle of October about eighteen hundred scholars were collected into three schools, separated into many classes, and put in charge of forty competent teachers. The largest school, held in the old Normal School building, contains nearly eight hundred pupils. The head-master is a colored man, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and the various classes are taught by about twenty persons, of whom some are Northern women and some Southern, and of the latter some are white and some are colored. In the other large school the principal is a Massachusetts man, and among his sixteen subordinates are included women from New England, women who were once slaves, and women belonging to Charleston families once wealthy, but made poor by the war. Among the pupils there were no white children, or rather, none of unmixed Caucasian blood; there were many whom most people would have taken for white, and more than a fourth of the children were brown or yellow. I visited many of the rooms, finding the scholars studious and very orderly, and at all stages of advancement. In a room of the Normal School building three hundred children together were taking an object lesson; in another room a class of boys, whose parents, I was told, intended them for professional life, were transposing, analyzing, and parsing a passage from Milton's "L'Allegro," and recitations in reading and arithmetic were going on with more or less success before the other teachers.

A majority of the pupils in these schools were ignorant of the alphabet a year ago, but nearly half of them had received some instruction. The first assistant in the Normal School building, a free colored girl, has kept a private school in Charleston during the past four years, and among her present pupils are many of her old ones. Having been herself educated by her father, she began just before the war to teach a class of forty or fifty free colored girls in her own house. Under the law prohibiting the teaching of negroes she was twice arrested, but by the interposition of her mother's guardian, Major King, a license was granted her by Mayor McBeth to keep a school for free colored persons, on condition that no slaves should be admitted to it, and that a white person should be always in the room during school hours. She complied with these conditions, hiring a white woman to sit in the school-room with her sewing, and kept the school open till the capture of the city.

I am told that the free negroes, as distinguished from the freed people, still cultivate a feeling of exclusiveness, and, among other modes of displaying it, still send their children to private schools. Whether or not their action in that particular is justified by any superiority of the private over the public schools, I cannot say.

All the teachers in Charleston, as well as in the State at large, are paid by the New York National Relief Association, or by the New England Freedmen's Aid Commission. The buildings now occupied by the schools belong to the State, and as these may soon be taken away from the Bureau, the Superintendent of Education proposes soon to solicit contributions from Northern men in order that he may build a house for the exclusive use of the freedmen.

In the whole State there are now forty-eight schools in operation, attended by six thousand pupils, and taught by one hundred and eight teachers, of whom eighty are from the North and twenty-eight are Southerners. In Columbia, Greenville, Orangeburg, Summerville, Georgetown, and on the coast islands schools are already established; they are in process of organization at Camden, Florence, Darlington, Sumter, and Cheraw, and it is confidently hoped that before the spring at least one teacher will be at work in each county town. The superintendent, after an extended tour through the State, reports the white people as not only indifferent but entirely opposed to the educating of the negroes, and is of opinion that outside of Charleston no colored school could be maintained a month after the Federal troops are withdrawn.

The South Carolina Freedmen's Savings Bank was founded at Beaufort in August, 1864. The colored soldiers then in the Department of the South were receiving large bounties and good pay, and many of them being unused to the possession of money were in the habit of spending it wastefully and improvidently. For example, after a regiment had been paid off it was not unusual to see a soldier wearing two watches and two chains, and some one of the little jewelry shops at Beaufort or Hilton Head would sell as many as seventy, more or less, worthless watches in one day. It was not uncommon for the officers of colored regiments to borrow their men's money and embark it in some land scheme or other profitable business. If the creditors of these officers chanced to die, they very likely left no heirs, for many of them were refugees from hostile States and without families. It was proved that the captain of one company, after the paymaster had made his rounds, sent his orderly sergeant on a borrowing mission to every man in his command. It was in the interest of the soldiers, therefore, that General Saxton established his bank. Two gentlemen of his staff, who served without salary, were designated as managers of the business, with orders to receive deposits of five cents and upwards. Interest at the rate of 5 *per cent.* was to be paid on all sums exceeding $25, and when dividends should be declared the profits that had accrued were to be divided among persons who had deposited $25 and upwards. All investments were to be made in United States securities. General Saxton issued a circular explaining the objects of the institution, telling the freedmen, "You will thus have a secure place of deposit for your money, where it will yield you a fair rate of interest, and will at the same time indirectly aid in sustaining the Government which is doing so much for you." Deposits at once came in rapidly, and the enterprise seems to have been very successful. A circular issued on the 16th ult., when the bank was a little more than a year old, makes these statements: "On this day the actual deposits in the bank amounted to $250,734 74, of which there had been paid out to depositors $73,690 71. After paying all expenses, the total assets, consisting of United States securities and cash on hand, amount to $179,066 20, showing a profit to the bank of about $2,000 over and above all liabilities and expenditures."

The funds remaining in the bank on the 16th of October have been turned over to the National Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company, and I believe the sum thus entrusted to that corporation forms by far the larger part of its capital.

The depositors in the bank at Beaufort were nearly all soldiers. The laborers there deposited very little; for, while they had less money than the men serving in the army, their expenses were very much greater, and less pains was taken to inform them of the nature of the institution. Their small savings were usually concealed in their cabins.

The Freedmen's Bureau was organized in this State by the appointment of General Saxton as Assistant Commissioner. General Ely, at Columbia, is an acting Assistant Commissioner, and is subject to General Saxton's orders. Subordinate to these officers, there are officials of two classes thinly scattered up and down over the State; in several of the districts there are civilians, called agents of the Bureau, who have no other duty than to attend to the government and protection of the negroes. The limited fund at the disposal of the Commissioner has kept the number of such agents very small. The great bulk of the colored population where it can be reached by the Bureau at all is in the charge of sub-assistant commissioners. These are military officers who, in addition to their strictly military functions as commanders of garrisons and the like, are expected to carry into effect the orders of the Assistant Commissioner. For this additional duty, as may be supposed, they have little liking and little fitness of any sort. At headquarters it is said of them that a majority of the sub-assistants cannot be trusted to do justice between the laborers and the planters; they invariably range themselves on the side of the latter.

It is beyond a doubt that during the past year many of these officials

have permitted the planters to tie their laborers up by the thumbs, to throw them into confinement, and to ill-use and oppress them in many ways. I hear of plantations where negroes have been compelled to work throughout the season under a contract which gave them as wages only one-sixth of the crop. It is to be remembered that all planting this year was done late, and that there has been almost no attempt to raise anything more than a limited quantity of breadstuffs. As a consequence, therefore, of the mistaken policy pursued in many districts, there are large numbers of negroes, of whom some are newly discharged from their places, who have only four or five bushels of corn for the support of their families through the winter. Many of them have even less than that. An agent of the Bureau in Beaufort district says in his report for the month of November: "The pressure upon this office for assistance for those who have spent the summer far up in the State, laboring for Mr. Inscot, Robert Barnwell, and others, who have now sent them here without any pay for the summer's work or provisions for the winter, is immense."

Doubtless, an officer of the greatest ability and activity, with the best intentions, would find it almost impossible, with the means now in his control, to protect all the negroes in one of these wide-extending districts.

Every agent of the Bureau is required to make a monthly report of affairs in his district to the Assistant Commissioner, and he, in turn, at the end of each month sends a concise abstract of the reports to the office of the Commissioner at Washington. The brief for October I have been permitted to see, and I make some extracts from it as perhaps showing more fully than it could be done in any other way some features of the present condition of the freedmen in this State. Reports had been received from eleven districts only, and those for the most part situated on the coast and along the Georgia line. "In the interior of the State," says the report, in conclusion, "where military force cannot readily reach the plantations, affairs are in general worse. It is difficult to reach the murderers of colored people, as they hide themselves and are screened by their neighbors."

Of Edgefield district it is said: "Several affidavits have been received of cruelties practised here. One freedman with two males and one female children were stripped naked, tied up, and whipped severely, threats of murder being made if complaint was made to the military. Another man was whipped severely with a stick and cut over the eye with a knife, and, as he ran away to escape from their cruelty, was shot at. A woman was severely whipped and carried off to jail, and, as she has disappeared, fears are entertained that she has been murdered. Two children were severely whipped and their mother driven off the plantation without any pay for work done."

In Georgetown district "it is reported that the planters, with assistance of the military, compel the freedmen to do work not called for under their contracts. On one plantation a freedman was twice beaten over the head with a stick and was refused rations."

In Beaufort district, "the officer at Beach Branch is reported as assisting the planters in acts of injustice and cruelty to the freedmen. In one case, a woman and her children were brutally whipped and driven off the place after the crop was harvested. Two men were tied up four feet from the ground and left in that condition more than two hours."

In Anderson district, "one man was shot and killed in presence of his wife, who begged for his life, Two other men were tied up, cruelly flogged, then shot (and, it is believed, killed, as the men have disappeared), while the wife of one of the men received fifty lashes."

The report, in speaking of the Barnwell district, after detailing six cases of negro whipping, and several other outrages that took place during October, goes on to say, that "two freedmen were whipped by their master, who took them to the commanding officer at Barnwell, who told him to whip them again, as they had not had half enough. This officer is reported to pay no attention to the complaints of freedmen. With such an officer in power it is hardly possible to protect them from abuse. Lawlessness on the part of the freedmen must be looked for under such circumstances. It is reported that a band of sixty of them are organized for the purpose of robbery. The leader of it and three men had been captured, and one escaping was shot, and afterwards died of the wound."

Of this district it is also stated that "a regular pass and patrol system (such as was in vogue at the time of slavery) is said to exist."

In Darlington, Williamsburg, and Marion districts, "the reports show in general a better state of affairs than elsewhere. The freedmen are self-supporting, and there is little or no conflict between the two races, though there are individual cases of injustice and dissatisfaction. Many of the planters are not making contracts for the ensuing year, as they are waiting to see what legislation may be made in regard to labor."

Most of these statements are based on affidavits made by the injured parties, and by witnesses of the occurrences. When the report of a case calling for the arrest and trial of any man reaches the office of the Assistant Commissioner, it is necessarily referred to the military commander of the department. It has been usual in this State for the general in command to refer it back to the commander of the district named in the report. Then it is referred by him to the subordinate officer stationed nearest to the place where the outrage is alleged to have occurred. Hitherto it has been found that when this stage was reached the matter ended. Without the co-operation of the military the Commissioner is quite powerless to bring any criminal to justice or to carry the orders of the Bureau into effect.

Just at the cessation of hostilities, in May last, several negroes living on a plantation in Clarendon district refused to work any longer under the old system. They were full of uncertainty as to the future, and they were very much dissatisfied with their overseer, a man by the name of White. Six of them, therefore, left home one morning in a body. White and several of his neighbors pursued them with dogs, and captured them all. One was shot in attempting to escape; the other five were at once hung by the roadside. For a month after this event the people on the plantation remained at home, but some of them at last made their way to Charleston and Kingstree. Affidavits were taken, and complaint was formally made, but the crime has not yet been punished. Perhaps an offense of so great magnitude, and so easily susceptible of complete proof, could nowhere in the State pass unquestioned at the present time; yet this I think by no means quite certain.

It is probable that during the coming winter there will be a good deal of suffering among the freedmen for want of food and clothing. Even more distress is to be apprehended in the Gulf States than in South Carolina. At present, however, less food is given away by the Government than at any time since Johnston's surrender. The money value of the rations delivered to destitute freedmen in Georgia and South Carolina during the month of October was $29,672 09, which is less than half the value of those issued in those two States in the month of September, and in September the value was not so great as in the preceding months. Throughout the four years of war very few masters gave their people the customary supply of clothing, and the destitution in this particular is, therefore, not wholly of recent growth.

But little, I should say, is to be hoped for from State action in these matters. The negro code has been framed, and if that fails to be applied it seems unlikely that anything else will be attempted. I observe a marked change in the feeling and language of the people; they seem much less confident than they were three or four weeks ago that the management of their affairs is to be at once entrusted to their own legislation. These apprehensions affect their actions as well as their words. Mr. Wm. Whaley, a candidate for Congress in the Second district, was beaten at the polls by Mr. Aiken and by General Stephen Eliot, "The hero of Fort Sumter," as he was styled in the electioneering placards. About one half of the voters took no part in the election. In Barnwell district, a very large county, Mr. Whaley says that the polls were not opened. Since the day of election his friends, he says, have come to him by scores and excused themselves for voting for his opponent: "The delegation was not going to be admitted, and they thought it just as well to let Gov. Aiken stand in the lobby as to let him." In Orangeburg and other districts there was the same indifference, and from the newspapers I might quote many expressions of the despondency that has recently stolen over the community.

ENGLAND.

London, Nov. 25, 1865.

The Ministry still remains incomplete. Of the reasons why the process of completion has proceeded so tardily, the outer public knows little or nothing. Indeed, the aristocratic aspect of our mixed government has never been more apparent to me than in the secresy with which the negotiations for the reconstruction of the Palmerston administration have been conducted. Of course, if the nation happened to be eager for information on the subject, that information would be forthcoming. Such changes as there are, are undoubtedly in a liberal direction. In the first place Sir Robert Peel leaves the post of Under-Secretary of Ireland. Seldom, I think, was there ever a more completely *manquée* career than that of the member for Tamworth. Owning a name dear to Englishmen, the possessor of a large fortune, gifted with considerable talents and with keen ambition, he might have risen to the highest posts in the political world. But somehow he had a fatal faculty for getting into scrapes, from which his friends had to extricate him, with much difficulty to themselves and with some damage to his own repute. Sir Robert was always embracing the side of one or other of the rival factions in the sister kingdom with excessive ardor, and then deserting their cause with excessive promptitude. His last exploit was to get

into a personal altercation with a Dublin banker about the right to a seat in a railway car, which all but led to legal proceedings. He would have been thrown out by his colleagues long ago had it not been for the championship of Lord Palmerston. The late premier always prophesied that some day or other Sir Robert would make his mark. But hitherto this hope has not been realized; and I suspect, before long, he will join the Conservatives, and finally be the leader of a Palmerstonian secession from the ministerial ranks. His successor, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, is a pleasant, sensible Irish gentleman, whose chief distinction, perhaps, is, that he was married *en quatrièmes noces* by Lady Waldegrave, the daughter of Braham, the great English singer. Mr. Kutt also retires from the post of Under-Secretary of the Board of Trade, and is replaced by Mr. Göschen, one of the members for the city. The new secretary is a man of very different calibre from the ordinary run of honorable members. The son of a German merchant, of Hebraic extraction, domiciled in England, he was brought up at Rugby and at Oxford, where he gained high honors and a great academical reputation. On leaving the university he did what is rare with English university men—he went into business. And, what is rarer still with men of that class, he succeeded brilliantly in trade, and acquired not only a large fortune, as a loan-monger, but a very high reputation as a man of high character and honesty. I happen to know that, at the time the Confederate loan was brought out, he was offered the privilege of introducing it on very favorable terms for himself. Though the transaction would, I believe, have been attended with very little if any risk, as far as his part was concerned, and would have put a great many thousands in his pocket, he declined, avowedly because he thought it was not an operation with which a high-minded man should be mixed up. His reputation stood him in good stead when he contested the city some two or three years ago. Though a very young and untried man, he won the seat, and during his short parliamentary career he made several speeches which earned him the attention of the public. At the last city election he was returned at the head of the poll, and his nomination to office was taken almost for granted. In politics, I should think he was a decided Liberal, with fewer prejudices than beset most English politicians; but his chief attention is devoted to finance, and I doubt his taking any very active part in purely political questions.

The most important, however, of the new appointments is that of Mr. William Forster to the Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies. If there is a man in the House who is a Radical, without being a democrat, it is the member for Bradford. A man of shrewd, hard common sense and generous instincts, he has far more influence with the House than Mr. Bright, with whom he agrees in politics. Far inferior to his leader in oratorical, probably also in mental, ability, he has a power of sympathizing with English tastes and feelings in which the member for Birmingham is strangely wanting. If you want to get a man to walk with you, there is no good in beginning your request by treading on his corns; and this is a truth of which Mr. Bright is never mindful and Mr. Forster is always. In the debates about America, the keen, logical arguments of the latter had more weight than the impassioned appeals of the former. Both of them did true service to the cause of freedom. Mr. Forster's father, a member of the Society of Friends, died many years ago while on an anti-slavery mission in Tennessee, and the son has always remained faithful to the anti-slavery creed. There are few men I am acquainted with whose desertion in office of the principles they had professed in opposition, would disappoint me more than if such should prove to be the case with the member for Bradford. I have reason to know he would not have accepted office unless he had believed the Ministry were prepared to deal with the question of reform. On the very eve of his appointment he delivered the most decided pro-reform speech to his constituents which has yet been made since the election of the new Parliament. I have no doubt that Earl Russell intends to introduce some kind of reform bill next session. But there are three points on which I entertain very strong doubts. First, whether the measure will be large enough to effect any real re-distribution of political power; secondly, whether it will be cordially supported by the Ministry; and thirdly, whether, even if so supported, it has any chance of being carried. No valid extension of the franchise is possible unless the country is excited about the matter; and, as yet, I can discover no sign of popular excitement.

My own conviction is that the idea of purely political reform has, to a great extent, lost its hold on the English masses. What is needed to move popular enthusiasm is some proposal of social reform; and, as yet, that is not forthcoming. The real curse of England is the poverty of the agricultural population and of the lower class of working-men, not their exclusion from the right of voting. It is possible the admission of the working-classes to the franchise would bring about the reforms needed to improve heti condition. I believe myself this would be the case, and, therefore, I desire reform. But I say candidly that if I thought the working-classes would remain what they are after being enfranchised, I should oppose any reduction of the suffrage. A case has occurred recently illustrating one of the darkest aspects of English life. A laborer called John Cross was tried before the magistrates of Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, for stealing a hurdle valued at sixpence. For this offence he was sentenced to a fortnight's hard labor in goal. In the course of the evidence it came out that this man, who had worked for one master for four-and-twenty years, and was reckoned a superior laborer, only earned eight shillings a week, on which he had to house, support, clothe, and shelter a sick wife and seven helpless children. It was in order to keep his children from starving of cold that he stole the hurdle in order to light a fire. One of the London papers took the matter up, and forthwith subscriptions came in on every side in shillings and pennies till a sum was raised in a couple of days which will place John Cross in a position to emigrate with his children to some of our colonies, where labor is not a drug in the market. Unfortunately, John Cross is only a type of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-countrymen.

DECEMBER 2.

Our papers will tell you what there is to be said about Jamaica. The subject is a very painful one for an Englishman to write upon at all. I have no sympathy with the habit of mind which causes some persons to assume, invariably, that their own country is in the wrong; and I would feign hope against hope that there is more justification for the bloody vengeance we have inflicted upon the black population in Jamaica than would appear at first sight. As yet not one word of evidence has been forwarded to prove the existence of any conspiracy at all; and, strange to say, Governor Eyre and his colleagues appear to be totally unaware of the necessity for communicating such evidence at all. I am glad to say that the last intelligence from Jamaica has created a most painful impression throughout England, and the attacks in the Governor's speech against the Baptist missionaries have excited the indignation of the "religious" world to an unprecedented degree. My own impression is that, quite apart from any other considerations, the political pressure which the Dissenting communities can bring to bear upon all borough members of Parliament will ensure decisive action on the part of the Government. Governor Eyre will probably be recalled, and a commission of enquiry sent out to Jamaica. Such reparation, God knows, is slight enough. I wish I felt sure it would be granted. In spite of the experience of the last five years, I never realized till now how strongly our educated classes were imbued with a sort of sneaking pro-slavery sympathy. Mr. Carlyle has much to answer for; his influence as a teacher, I am thankful to say, is dying out; he has outlived his literary reputation; and the public has grown weary of his tricks of writing, his constant repetitions, and his stilted style. But the influence of his servile worship of brute force, his brutal contempt for the weak, and his preposterous deification of the one duty of work, has survived his fame. His twaddle about Black Quashee, the "eternal veracities," and the rest of the dreary jargon in which slavery was really held up to honor and abolitionism to contempt, have left an evil leaven in the minds of the present generation of our governing classes. Possibly I write too strongly, but then I feel strongly on this matter. If you could see, as I have seen for years, how deep the sophistries to which Carlyle gave utterance have worked their way into the minds of educated Englishmen, you would, I think, share my feelings. In my judgment, the author of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" has done as much to pervert the moral sense of his countrymen as he has to degrade their language. More than that I cannot say. To any man endowed with the faculty of reasoning logically, there is something inexpressibly irritating at the sort of arguments which are put forward at the present moment to justify the massacre of the blacks in Jamaica, and which were put forward to defend the cause of the Confederacy. Mr. Henry Kingsley, for instance, writes to the newspapers as the champion of muscular Christianity, to say that the wholesale slaughter of the negroes must be right, because it was sanctioned by Governor Eyre; and because Governor Eyre distinguished himself as an Australian explorer. You may possibly have read the singularly vivid and picturesque account of Eyre's explorations in the Australian deserts, which appeared lately in "Macmillan's Magazine." There is no question, if the account is true, that Eyre is a brave man personally; there is still less question that he is as obstinate as a mule. But to say that a brave, wrong-headed, obstinate man cannot be guilty of gross cruelty, is a statement so absurd that it could not be safely made out of the columns of an English newspaper. Yet this is what Mr. Kingsley and the papers which espouse the pro-slavery side in this discussion call on us to believe. Just in the same way we were lectured by the same authorities, and assured that secession must be right, because Lee was a gentleman, and Stonewall Jackson a man after Carlyle's own heart.

So much for a subject about which I hardly know how to write fairly and calmly. In home matters the political news of the week is small, though important. After many hesitations the Gladstone-Russell Ministry has finally resolved to stand or fall on the question of reform. A bill is to be introduced for the extension of the franchise, and this bill will be made a cabinet measure. Very little is known as yet as to the details of this measure, probably because very little is determined. The common impression is that the Government will recommend a six-pound franchise for the boroughs, and a ten-pound one for the counties. Mr. Bright has taken occasion, at a reform meeting in Blackburn, to express his confidence in the Ministry, and in the sincerity of their political professions. From this fact, and from Mr. Forster's acceptance of office, it is evident that the ministerial programme has met with the approval of the Manchester party. Their support almost involves the secession of the aristocratic Whigs from the ministerial ranks; and it may be doubted whether, in a parliamentary point of view, Earl Russell has not purchased the alliance of the Radicals at too dear a price. As I think I have said before, it will prove impossible even to get the House of Lords, not to mention the House of Commons, to consent to any important reduction of the franchise, except under the pressure of great popular excitement. It is quite possible the voters may grow excited about reform between this time and next February. All I can say is that, so far, there are no symptoms of any widespread agitation on the question of reform.

The proposal of a reform bill will, it is understood, be announced by the Queen herself. For the first time since the death of the Prince Consort Her Majesty will open Parliament in person. And this first state appearance in public is understood to be the signal for the resumption of the ordinary court life which has been so long suspended. It may be difficult for you to understand what practical difference it makes whether the Queen performs her state duties in person or by deputy. As a matter of fact, the difference is considerable; and the news of the Queen's return to public life has been very gladly received by the country. Possibly our enthusiasm would have been greater, if it had not been intimated that the first act of the Queen on her re-appearance would be to request a grant from Parliament for the dowry of her third daughter. It is now officially announced that the Princess Helena is shortly to be married to Prince Christian of Augustenburg, the younger brother of the unlucky prince who still calls himself Frederick VII. of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The bridegroom elect is an officer in the Prussian service, and is the poorest of German princelets. His poverty, however, is his chief recommendation in the eyes of the English court. The Queen, it is said, is extremely anxious to keep her favorite daughter at home, and has therefore married her to the poorest of the princes whose name appears in the "Almanach de Gotha," in the hope that, having neither fortune nor position nor prospects, he may take up his abode in England. It is an odd fact that the three parties to the endless Schleswig-Holstein difficulty have each a representative amongst the members of our royal family. Denmark is represented by the Princess of Wales, Prussia by the Princess Royal, and the duchies by the Princess Helena. It is to be hoped the family may prove a happy one in spite of this state of discord. Rumor, however, says that the chief motive of the Queen's re-appearance before the public is dissatisfaction, whether well or ill founded, with the manner in which her place has been supplied by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

In social topics our chief interest has been centered in the great "bread-and-butter" controversy. A number of the students at Christ Church College, Oxford, have made the notable discovery that they are charged thirty per cent. above the market price for their bread and butter, which is supplied to them by the college authorities, and have written indignant letters to the *Times* to protest against the over-charge. The papers, being devoid of home news, have taken the question up, and we are, in consequence, presented with an active controversy as to whether bread can be had at Oxford and Cambridge for twopence or twopence farthing. To my mind there is something *infiniment petit* about the whole controversy. Unless undergraduates are altered very much from what they were in my time, a saving of a penny a day on their bread and butter would make no appreciable difference in the amount of their expenditure. As long as the collegiate system is maintained, the cost of living for students must always be high; and I have very little sympathy for reformers who refuse to recognize patent facts, and hope to unite economy with the advantages incident to a high rate of expenditure. At present both Oxford and Cambridge are admirable training schools for young men belonging to the upper classes. The tuition imparted there is not great, but the genuine advantages of the society to be found there are very considerable. The universities are not national academies, nor are they intended to be so either by the tutors or by the undergraduates. If it is thought expedient to throw open the universities to men without money, the method of so doing is as simple as possible. Let students be allowed to live as they like and how they like, and, making allowance for the difference of prices in England and Germany, living may be made as cheap at Oxford as it is at Heidelberg or Bonn. But, then, the system of college life and discipline must be abandoned; and this is exactly what our university reformers have no idea of doing.

The other night we had, what is an unusual thing with us, a regular row at a public dinner. The occasion was the anniversary banquet of the London Scottish Hospital, an occasion when all the Scotch in London gather together. Dr. Norman Macleod, the editor of "Good Words," and one of the Queen's chaplains, was in the chair, and in his speech made some allusion to the part he has taken in protesting against extreme Sabbatarianism north of the Tweed. Forthwith some of the guests interrupted the chairman's speech with hisses and groans. Sabbatarians and anti-Sabbatarians engaged in personal conflict; and the whole dinner ended in a row which I should have called Irish had not all the combatants been canny Scotch.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

PARIS, December 1.

THERE is hardly a cause in Europe which deserves as much sympathy and moral support as the cause of Italy. The Italian war has been the best card played by the Second Empire. It could not fail to throw momentarily on its side the liberal forces of France and Europe. The first great war of Napoleon III., the Crimean war, had only had for its object to break the old alliance of the great powers of Europe against France which had been signed at Vienna after the fall of Napoleon I. It had more of a dynastic than of a national character. France had no real interest in destroying or diminishing the power of Russia; but the new ruler of France had great interest in gaining the alliance of England, in obliging Queen Victoria to visit him and to receive his visits. The Crimean war gave him a sort of respectability which had first been refused to the conspirator of the 2d December. This was distinctly understood by M. de Tocqueville, who wrote, the 20th of January, 1856, to his friend Odilon Barrot, these remarkable lines:

"Russia will come out of this war humbled, but about as strong as she was at the beginning. She will keep her position in the Black Sea and in Asia. Nicolaiew will take the place of Sebastopol. Russia will be, all the same, the hope of the Sclavish and Greek races. She will, all the same, penetrate the heart of civilized Europe by Poland. And the day is perhaps near when, the union formed against her being dissolved, she will be found as threatening as before."

These prophetic words have been fully illustrated by the attitude taken by Russia against England and France during the last Polish rebellion.

If the Crimean war was evidently (and the proofs of it may be found in Kinglake's history, so remarkable in the diplomatic point of view, so weak and unjust in the military point of view) a dynastic enterprise rather than a national one, the same could not be said of the Italian war, at least at its beginning. The alliance of France was offered to a country fighting for its liberty against a foreign tyranny. But the price of the alliance of a despot is always too high. When Cavour struck his bargain with the French Emperor at Plombières, he thought that he would be quits with his ally after abandoning to him the province of Savoy, the cradle of the illustrious house of his own master, and by giving to the cousin of the Emperor, Prince Napoleon, the hand of a daughter of Victor Emanuel. He fully expected that Italy would in return be made free from the Alps to the Adriatic. He was more anxious to deliver Venice and to chase the Austrians from Italy than to annex to the northern kingdom the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Above all, he did not mean to give a new master to Italy in place of the old ones, to make his own sovereign a vassal and a dependent of France, to bind the new establishment he was about to create in Italy to the uncertain and precarious fate of the second French Empire.

But it is not always easy to foresee the distant consequences of an act. Cavour did not anticipate that after having called all the Italians to the deliverance of Italia from the Alps to the Adriatic, in his famous proclamation of Milan, the Emperor would stop before the quadrilateral of Mantua and leave Venetia in the hands of Austria. The peace of Villafranca has left Italy in a most dangerous and abnormal position. Cavour tried to regain in the south of Italy what he could not gain in the north. The expedition of Garibaldi in the Two Sicilies was the consequence of the disappointment which the Italian cause had suffered in the valley of the Po. Instead of the old war-cry of Italian patriotism, which had been so long "war to Austria," a new one was adopted, which is "Italian unity." But the realization of Italian unity was not possible without the tolerance of Napoleon III., and he became, in consequence, the ruler of Italy and of its destinies. He left the door of Italy open to Austria, and his diplomacy only helped the

unitarian scheme in proportion to the subservience he found in the Italian ministers and statesmen. Cavour alone could have successfully resisted this perpetual, slow, and almost irresistible pressure. He would have found the means of putting obstacles in the path of his formidable ally; but, after he died, nobody was found capable of preserving at the same time the French alliance and the dignity of Italy. The spirit of servility and of hypocrisy which has pervaded the political world in France, found a new province in Italy. The Venetian question, which is the most vital question for Italy, was thrown into the background, and the forces of Italy were spent on the reorganization of the Two Sicilies and on the difficulties of the Roman question. The dangerous position kept by Austria in Venetia obliged the newly formed kingdom to make enormous armaments, quite out of proportion with its means. This necessity was also imposed upon it by the hope of winning new favors from the French Emperor, by offering to him a large auxiliary army in case of a war between France and some other power. I have no doubt that if the French Emperor chose to ask to-morrow Victor Emanuel to lend him regiments for the Mexican war, they would be given to him without a moment's hesitation. At the time of the Polish rebellion the Italians were all ready to become our auxiliaries. Thus a feverish state is kept up in the nation by the perpetual prospect of a war out of the Italian boundaries as well as of a new war with Austria. The old Piedmontese army is being transformed into an Italian army, but the new recruits from Sicily and the Neapolitan provinces cannot be compared yet to the soldiers who fought at San Martino. Increased in numbers, the army has lost somewhat in *morale*, in homogeneity, in solidity. The work of consolidation of the new kingdom has entirely deranged the equilibrium of the Italian budget, owing to the great armaments made, to the creation of a navy, to the necessity of giving schools, roads, railways to the annexed provinces of Central and Southern Italy. Last year the deficit of the budget was equal to 400 millions of francs. This year the minister of finance, Sella, announces that it will equal 300 millions; and he sees no other way of meeting the dangers of the future than by re-establishing unpopular taxes, equally condemned by political economy and by the aversion of the people.

Is it to be wondered if, under the circumstances, the Italian ministry has been obliged to give up the idea of making Rome the capital of Italy? From Turin the capital has been transferred to Florence, and it was hoped Florence would only be an *étape* on the way to Rome. But the French Emperor did not intend to allow this consummation of Italian unity. By the convention of the 15th September, 1864, he obliged Victor Emanuel to promise not to invade the provinces left to the Pope. To be sure, he bound himself to evacuate the Papal territory in the course of two years, and this promise was interpreted by many Italians as an abandonment of the temporal power of the Papacy; but I doubt if this interpretation is correct. M. Drouyn de Lhuys has assured all the diplomatic agents of the Emperor, in an official note, that the Emperor does not intend to give up the Papal territory to Victor Emanuel; and in the French House, M. Rouher, in answer to M. Thiers, has repeated the same declaration. The Italian ministers were obliged to declare before the Italian Parliament that they did not mean to invade the territory left to Pio Nono, and that they would be faithful to every prescription of the convention of the 15th September. It is on account of this declaration, which betrayed too great a servility to the French Empire, that I attribute the character of the recent elections of Italy; out of four hundred members of the old Parliament only half have been returned, and the places of the defeated members, mostly professed friends of the administration, have been taken by new men, who have no ties with the ministry.

I do not wish to draw too gloomy a picture of Italy; but, if you have followed my reasoning, you must acknowledge that the financial and political difficulties of Victor Emanuel's government are almost overwhelming. They can be traced to three sources: to the presence of Austria in Italy, to the finances, and to the Roman question; but above all these, I do not hesitate to place the difficulties which arise from a forced and close alliance with an unscrupulous, selfish, and hypocritical despotism. Every cause must have its effect; it is impossible that Italy should reap the benefit of such an alliance without feeling any of its dangers; the very morality of history is involved in the attempt of the people which has thought it possible to win liberty with the aid of a tyrant. Nobody can deplore more than I do the dangers which threaten Italian unity and independence; but, at the same time, I am not so blind that I cannot see that these dangers could have been foreseen long ago, and are not without a reason. I am of those who think that a free France ought to give its unconditional support to young Italy; but all men are not impassioned, and I must acknowledge that, by winning the French Emperor to their cause, the Italians have alienated many Frenchmen. The fall of the French Empire would, perhaps, involve the fall of the new order of things in Italy; at any rate, the French liberals would find great difficulty in enlisting the services of a new government in favor of a government which has been, and is, a mere instrument in the hands of Napoleon III.

A. L.

PRESENTS.

"GIFTS" is a better English word. But we beg leave to use the Latinist word, because we believe that gifts and presents are different things, and because it is of presents that we propose to treat. Are there any two words in the English language which are wholly synonymous? Probably not, at least in common everyday use. But presents are very everyday matters indeed, especially about this season of the year; and we use both the words in the sense in which conversation employs them. Gifts, then, are things given for the purpose (real or ostensible) of benefiting the recipient. Presents are supposed to act both ways, and benefit the giver as well. They are gifts which a father gives his son to support him or help him in business; and they are gifts which we give to beggars, and they are gifts which God gives us. Do any of the poets talk of nature's presents to man? no, but of her gifts. "Heaven's last, best gift" is better as an address to one's wife and certainly more Miltonic than "heaven's last, best *present*" would have been. But those are presents and not gifts that we give each other at Christmas time, even those which parents give children, for the giving is mutual. A gift may disguise itself as a present, but disproves no rule by doing so. If a young lady's papa gives her a cheque, she gives him a pair of slippers; it is an interchange of *presents*, after all. When we are soliciting or expecting favors—when we go a-courting, for instance—we make presents. When we would express gratitude we send a present. Society does not recognize wedding *gifts*. Even if the young lady's papa comes on the carpet again and gives her a house, it is a wedding *present* still. Wait till he marries again and see if it is n't. In all these cases—Christmas presents, wedding presents, presents of gratitude, presents in the way of business, presents in acknowledgment of other presents—the giver has himself in view, confessedly. It is done, as he tacitly acknowledges, not to help the person he gives to so much as to express his own feelings. You sent that young lady friend of your sister a big *bonbonnière* that Maillard charged you twenty-five dollars for—eh? well, that was done, probably, not because you thought that the young lady's constitution required French bonbons, but because you wanted her to feel, while you were n't ready to say, how warm a regard you felt for your sister's friend. It was to "put yourself on record" that you put those greenbacks into an eatable and tempting form. Possibly you may send some more, and some bouquets and gloves, in the same direction; but, if so, it will be because you have favors to ask, or think you may have, and wish to accumulate items on the credit side of your account.

Now, it has often been remarked that Americans are extremely fond of giving presents. The American Christmas is principally an occasion for giving them. The American wedding is an institution of American devising, with its array of presents to the bride. The donation parties of New England parishes are, perhaps, of the nature of gifts (gift-enterprises would be a name expressive of the amount of respect we feel for them), but the numerous tokens of respect and regard which our clergymen receive at odd times, and the immense number of friendly remembrancers which business-men exchange, are presents all. This last matter of presents passing among business men, continually and not very favorably surprises business men from other lands.

But, in truth, it is inevitable and necessary that we should give presents. We are, of all people, the most disposed to "put ourselves on record." We talk much, not for the purpose of convincing the opponent, but for the purpose of stating our own views. Our stump-speaker cares principally to address people of his own way of thinking, that they may see how thorough a partizan he is. We cultivate newspaper literature, not the persuasive, but the aggressive, caring and hoping for no success in convincing the other party, but aiming to stand right with our own. So the giving of presents, as a pleasant and easy way of expressing one's feelings, is naturally popular with the people who are so unreserved in that expression. A reserved Englishman buys of you and sells to you for years, and is very desirous that you should get no idea from anything in his actions or manner whether he likes you personally or not. But an American cannot have dealings long with a man without longing to speak his mind and express his personal feelings, and so, if his feelings are friendly, he sends in a present on some favorable occasion to speak for him.

And as it is natural that the Americans should give presents frequently,

so it is natural that they should give handsome and carefully selected presents, and make a great ado about the choice and presentation. That they *do* these things there can be no denial in anybody's mind—at Christmas time. We have intimated our view that these presents are not wholly unselfish. But the custom has our hearty sympathy, for all. It does n't pretend to be wholly unselfish. It is a delightful custom, this of mutual expressions of regard, and deserves encouragement. Presents, generally, are delightful to receive, and the giving them is an unmingled pleasure and a noble one, because capable of infinite refinement. All the delicacy of feeling and refinement of fancy and tact and shrewdness and close observation that one is capable of can be used to good purpose in the giving of presents. We know nothing more enjoyable, among minor social matters, than the right choosing of presents, small or great, and the fitting them to those for whom they are intended.

There is one phenomenon attending the yearly or occasional transfer of presents which has often caused remark. Every one has noticed the extraordinary worthlessness of the "articles suitable for presents" which every returning holiday season offers in new abundance. There are many little things which do not pretend to be useful, and which the world is at last finding out are not ornamental, which would have no market but for the annual fever which sets in about the first of December. There is a large class of books, of no intrinsic value whatever, but which take precedence of all other books when Christmas time draws near, and which ought to be called not "gift books," but present books. As we write, the best-lighted tables in our great bookstores are stripped of their seemly covering of books of fair average value, and are crowded with folios and quartos in costly bindings, and containing the least amount of actual worth that will do to bind up and ask money for.

This disposition to give presents of no value seems at first sight a ridiculous tendency enough, and would give us a fine chance to abuse our day and generation if we were so minded. But, absurd as some of its manifestations are, the original feeling is a proper one enough. The present is, indeed, to have no practical use, for it is not to add to the physical wealth of the recipient that it is meant; but presents are always intended to be beautiful. Their main idea is that they shall bear witness to thought and care on the part of the donor. The expression of the donor's admiration or gratitude is complete or not according to the thought and taste manifested in his selection. If one receives a present that is commonplace and inappropriate, bought at a shop where he knows there were thousands like it, and not especially suited to his taste or position, he does not feel that he has been very highly honored. All presents, then, are meant to be beautiful; if they fail in being so it is because the donor failed to find anything beautiful, or could not recognize it when found. And all presents are meant to be, in some way, unusual and rare.

Flowers, for instance, are always in place as a present—the most universally applicable of all. Emerson (*vivat ille qui ante nos nostra dixit!*) has shown why they are so; because they are an acknowledgment that a grain of beauty weighs down all the utilities in the world. In cities, moreover, and generally when out of season, they argue care and a willingness to take trouble on the part of the giver of the present; for which reason the tight bouquets that the florists sell are certainly less worthy presents than the basket one has arranged in person.

In fact, the *individual* look about a present—the look as if the giver, and he alone of all men, could have given it—is the best look a present can have. It should be so evidently an emanation from the actual donor that his name need not, for practical purposes, be attached. Here we find Emerson before us again, and are told that presents should be a part of one's self. We agree heartily with this dictum in the sense in which it was meant. Thus it is not a picture only that an artist can give which will be a part of himself; he can have a book bound after a design of his own; he can use his trained judgment to pick the only beautiful bronze of a lot; he can buy cheap brown or buff earthen candlesticks and paint them with his own hands till they are more beautiful than the costliest porcelain. As for the business man, in this as in many other walks of life, he must use the money that he has instead of the leisure and skill that he has not; but he can use it well. There will be one thing only in the great city exactly appropriate to go from him to such a friend; it is his business to find it and get it at whatever cost; advertise for it, if necessary. A person who really enjoys giving presents will watch and wait; will keep a memorandum-book for the purpose of recording wishes hinted at or freely spoken; will draw inferences from what he sees and hears of pursuits and tastes and fancies; and will lay in his Christmas presents at any time during the year when he can best get what he wants.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW weekly journal will be commenced with the first week of the new year by the house of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. These gentlemen already wield the destinies of one quarterly and two monthly journals, so that they bid fair to become as conspicuous in the periodical world as in the department of *belles lettres* publishing. Their new venture is entitled *Every Saturday: a Journal of Choice Reading.* Its contents will be mainly selected from the best English and Continental magazines, not entirely excluding, however, original matter from American sources. It will be under the charge of a gentlemen well known in the poetical literature of the day, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, who leaves New York for Boston in order to undertake the duties of the editorial post. The general appearance of *Every Saturday* will be modelled on the well-known *Chambers's Journal.* It will contain thirty-two large octavo pages, and be furnished to subscribers for five dollars per annum.

—The Early English Text Society, recently mentioned in a late number, has appointed as its agents in America Messrs. G. P. Philes & Co., of Nassau Street, who will receive subscriptions and furnish the publications of the society. The society look for aid and sympathy from this country, and unless the prevailing taste for old English literature is merely an affectation and a fleeting fashion, it must obtain both, as never before were the means of acquiring books of the kind it offers put at so easy a rate. A new "Dictionary Series" will be commenced next year with a reprint of the excessively rare work, the first rhyming dictionary known—"Manipulus Vocabularium: A Dictionarie of English and Latin Words, necessary for Scholars that want Variety of Words, and for such as Use to Write in English Metre. By Peter Levens. London, 1570." One or two a year of these rare old *word-books* or *vocabularies* of the *language* will be given, till all are printed. They are all excessively scarce, as they were, no doubt, actually used up in each generation, and copies were rarely thought worthy of preservation in contemporary libraries, although now their value in testifying to the ancient colloquial usages and progressive advance of the language can hardly be overrated. This series will not interrupt the other issues of the society, consisting of hitherto unpublished poems, romances, etc.

—The remarkable success of Mr. Lecky's "History of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe" has naturally led to enquiries as to his literary antecedents, his history having no marks of a first work, but rather exhibiting the facility and freedom of a long-practised writer. No information, however, has been made public yet beyond what we derive from the author himself when he states that he had endeavored to trace the causes of the deplorable condition of Ireland in a book called "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland." He omits to give any information respecting the publication of this book. It does not appear in the "British Catalogue," so is probably yet unprinted. One of the similarities between the "History of Rationalism" and Buckle's "History of Civilization" that cannot fail to strike every one, is the wide extent of reading laid under contribution to furnish material for either work. Mr. Lecky appears to have read to more advantage, though perhaps he may be familiar with a smaller number of books, than Mr. Buckle, who seems to have devoured everything, down to the trash of circulating libraries, for the purpose of piling up quotations and so-called authorities to confirm things that no one ever doubted. Mr. Lecky's style possesses, to a degree unusual among English writers, the point and finish that characterize the best school of modern French authorship. It is not mentioned in a sense of disparagement that much of the learning and research we admire in his pages is drawn less from an acquaintance with the original springs of information than from a judicious use of the secondary sources made accessible by the scholars of France. With more than German industry, and a precision and vivacity all their own, they have scarcely left a character, an author, or an incident of the mediæval period without an "Essai" or an "Etude" that gives us in an attractive form the highest results of learning and literary application. When a writer speaks of "St. *Denis* the Areopagite" (instead of St. Dionysius), or refers to "*Belgium*" in the twelfth century (and a critical examination would detect many little peculiarities of the kind in the book), it shows the writer makes use of the labor of others who have preceded him and smoothed his path. With every exception, however, Mr. Lecky's work manifests a power of assimilating the results of study—his own or that of others—that gives it a very high place among English books of the present decade.

—A new phase of the famous English copyright law has appeared, according to accounts just received of a recent decision lately made in the suit commenced by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. in vindication of their

right of property in a work by the American authoress, Miss Cummins. The authentic report of the decision has not yet reached us, but, according to a newspaper correspondent, it is declared that a copyright is personal property which an alien has as good a right to as any one else. There is no doubt that the tendency of the judges' rulings on the side issues that have come before them of late relating to the copyright question have been in this direction. It is a fact honorable to the breadth of view and liberality that should always distinguish the legal mind. If the doctrine stated above is allowed to prevail, the consequences will be in the highest degree favorable to American authors. Should the rage for their work still prevail in Europe, we must look for our millionaires among the "Orpheus C. Kerrs," "Artemus Wards," and "Petroleum V. Nasbys," who have hit on a style of composition that finds so hearty a response in John Bull's sturdy sense of the humorous. We shall soon have a detailed account of the proceedings that will give occasion for a return to the subject.

—Some weeks since an account was given of the preparations made to do honor to Professor Bopp, the founder of the science of comparative philology, on the anniversary of the fiftieth year since the appearance of the great work—the "Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages"—by which the scope of the science was determined and the rules for its cultivation and future progress defined with the hand of a master. One of the objects of the friends of Professor Bopp, it may be remembered, was, in addition to the testimonial presented to the professor, the collection of a fund to be named after him, and to be applied to the encouragement and furtherance of philological studies. A second circular issued by the committee shows that the proposal has met with a general and hearty response from the several European capitals, and that there is hardly a country in the world where some one is not engaged in forwarding the contributions of scholars for this end. We are happy to learn that America is not behindhand. At the recent meeting of the American Oriental Society, held at New Haven, one hundred dollars were subscribed to the Bopp Fund by the members present, and the corresponding secretary of the society, Prof. Whitney, is authorized to receive and forward any miscellaneous contributions that may be made for the same object.

—The new edition of the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," by E. A. & G. L. Duyckinck, places in the market a book that has been long out of print, and has been in demand proportioned by the growing interest and importance of the subject it illustrates. The new matter that has been rendered necessary by the lapse of ten or twelve years since the original issue of the book has been incorporated into a supplement by the senior editor. A fine steel portrait of Mr. Geo. L. Duyckinck, his fellow-laborer, deceased since the first edition, is given in this supplement, with an appropriate tribute to his acquirements and character. Much skill in compression has been shown in the arrangement of the new matter, and though it would be impossible in any reasonable limits to do justice to the rapidly increasing "mob of gentlemen who write with ease," few literary celebrities of real importance are omitted. The publishers, C. Scribner & Co., take subscriptions for a limited edition, on large paper, that will form a magnificent book for the purposes of illustration, now so popular.

LECKY'S RATIONALISM.*

Mr. Lecky's book came to us so loudly heralded that, on taking it up and reading about midway into the first volume, we were sensible of a feeling of disappointment. We were prepared to find it a work of great philosophical pretension. This it is not. Mr. Leckey is not a profound *savant*. He is not surpassingly eminent as a thinker on fundamental principles of ethics, metaphysics, or social science. But he is something which, in our speculative and theorizing times, is quite as good; he is an exceedingly intelligent, cultivated, and accomplished man, of quick and true perception, of boundless and well-digested reading, of swift and vigorous reasoning power, of singular liberality and candor. He is intellectual, and, at the same time, enthusiastic; broad without being shallow, and rapid without noise. A man of earnest convictions, he is entirely free from bigotry; a man whose mind is possessed by one controlling thought, there is about him no savor of the theorist or the doctrinaire. If he is not wonderful as a philosopher, as a historian he is almost faultless, and as a critic he is without peer. Mr. Lecky pays a brilliant tribute to Mr. Buckle as "a great writer, whose untimely death has been one of the most serious misfortunes that have ever befallen English literature, and whose splendid genius, matured by the most varied and extensive scholarship, has cast a flood of light upon many of the subjects he is endeavoring to elucidate." But his own purpose in writing is so different from Buckle's that the habit of mentioning them together is wholly unwarranted. Buckle wrote with the deliberate intention to state and maintain a doctrine respecting the social progress of mankind. He had a theory of human development to promulgate, and in the portion of the general introduction to his great work which the public was permitted to see, he occupied himself mainly with laying down his fundamental dogma, that human affairs were rigidly controlled by law, and that the track of law ran undeviatingly along the line of practical knowledge. The influence of the moral sentiments on the movement of human affairs he reduced to the lowest point; the freedom of the human will he denied; and he sternly remanded to the sphere of effects most of the phenomena which have generally ranked among causes. He began, therefore, where Mr. Lecky ends; or, to speak more exactly, he assumed as established results what Mr. Lecky presents as the distant goal towards which modern speculation is obviously tending. The latter is a historian rather than a philosopher of history. The very feeble attempt to touch the problem of free will, in the preface, is almost the only interruption to the stream of narrative that bears us rapidly and charmingly over the whole field of European thought and life.

Not that the book before us is devoid of ideas. It is animated throughout by a vital idea which gave it birth, and which quickens every paragraph to the end; but the idea is too large and luminous to have the character or the effect of a dogma. It is in brief this: that the intellectual and social movements of mankind, as shown in history, are controlled by "certain tendencies or predispositions resulting from causes that are deeply imbedded in the civilization of the age, which create the movement, direct the stream of opinions with irresistible force in a given direction, and, if we consider only great bodies of men and long periods of time, exercise an almost absolute authority." Rationalism, by his definition, is a subtle spirit of thought, an unconscious mental bias, tendency, or principle, an undercurrent of reason, setting with general steadiness in one course, silently sapping the foundations of institutions, systems, laws, creeds, practices, which seemed to be firmly planted in the conviction and reverence of men, and powerfully but quietly compelling them to substitute natural for supernatural causes in explaining the occurrences of history, reason for authority in religion, and the natural conscience for arbitrary systems of ethics in social life.

How this intellectual movement is started we are not told, nor is it of consequence that we should be; the innate curiosity of the mind explaining it sufficiently. Mr. Lecky strikes the current while it is flowing, and describes the way in which it is swollen and accelerated. In this description he exhibits his breadth of view. He allows to every contribution its full value. Knowledge, thought, impulse, feeling, passion, genius, conscience, will, are accepted as agencies in creating and shaping the controlling spirit. The action of special circumstances and of individual characters is indicated. The cunning predispositions of the reason take up all the faculties of the mind, however crossing and recrossing, however colliding and clashing, and turn them with steady pressure towards the point whither it tends itself. The propelling cause lies beneath human consciousness, and the changes it effects by its unseen hand are often so hidden as to seem unaccountable. Vast alterations are wrought, in the face of all expectation and of all probability. One age finds it impossible to believe what another age found it impossible to disbelieve, and it can assign no reason for its scepticism save its presence and power. Arguments follow the causes they appear to lead, and are a part of the conquest that they seem to achieve. The reformer is a feature of his own reformation. The discoverer marches behind his discovery, and the victor does not so much gain his victory as announce it. This is Mr. Lecky's truth; not a new one, but a very vital and suggestive one, and one that is fairly unfolded and illustrated now for the first time. Of the extraordinary intellectual wealth of the book the volumes themselves can alone convey the least idea. We can only suggest the scope of the argument and the character of the illustrations.

In order, we presume, to exhibit his doctrine by the strongest light, Mr. Lecky applies it first to two subjects which once were sustained by authority and belief, which now are almost abandoned by authority and belief, and in regard to which the change from plenary assent to almost plenary dissent is to be explained only by the altered attitude which the human mind has unconsciously assumed under the influence of impressions not immediately connected with the subjects themselves. These are witchcraft and miracles, both treated under the general title, "The declining sense of the miraculous." Two happier illustrations of his idea could not have been chosen; for the material is copious, the facts are abundant and striking, the literature is marked, and the opposite poles of thought are abruptly brought into a surprising conflict. Mr. Lecky presents with great power the force

* "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe. By W. E. H. Lecky, M.A." D. Appleton & Co. Two vols.

and character of the popular belief in witchcraft; traces it to its sources; follows it in the turns of its history; lays bare its deep, strong roots in the prevailing religious credence, in the spiritual philosophy of centuries, in the Bible; shows how widely spread and how vital it was in the convictions of all men; how implicated it was in the radical faiths of Christendom. He details the arguments by which it was supported, and exhibits in masses the enormous accumulations of evidence that had gathered about it. The wisest men in Europe shared it; the ablest defended it; the best were zealous foes of all who assailed it. To disbelieve it seemed to be impossible. No man of any account disbelieved it for hundreds of years. Lord Bacon could not divest himself of it. Shakespeare accepted it, as did nearly all his most enlightened and gifted contemporaries. Sir Thomas Browne declared that those who denied the existence of witchcraft were not only infidels, but also, by implication, atheists. There were noble protests against the superstition, but they had no effect. Reginald Scott's "Discovery of Witchcraft," published in 1684, was bold, exhaustive, masterly, and popular; but in effect it was powerless. On a sudden the belief declined all over Europe, all over the world of mind. It was not argued down. There stood the piles of testimony unexamined; there were the trains of reasoning unexploded; there were the Bible texts unexplained; there were the parent dogmas far enough from being extirpated. To the expressed beliefs of the mightiest intellects no opinions of anything like equal weight were opposed. Demonstration was still mainly on one side; but people who could give no reasons for their incredulity were stubbornly incredulous. There existed the same reasons for earnestness of faith; but the earnestness could not be excited. Interest in the subject was dead.

The same fate awaited the promiscuous belief in miracles. For ages universal and inevitable, it has become limited and difficult. Once compelling the mind's assent, it now is retained only by the mind's compulsion. The miracles recorded as performed by the saints of the Romish Church were countless in number—the Bollandist collection containing about 25,000 lives, and each life is a tale of miracle from beginning to end—miracles attested and accredited by solemn oaths of witnesses. Even Edward Gibbon was staggered by the array of proof in their favor. "The implicit, undiscriminating acquiescence with which such narratives were once received has long since been replaced by a derisive incredulity. The very few modern miracles which are related are everywhere regarded as a scandal, a stumbling-block, and a difficulty." Why? Is scrutiny more keen than it was? It is far less keen. Is the evidence less? It is equal, to say the least. Have the books written against miracles surpassed in ability the books written in their defence? On the contrary, they have been fewer and feebler, written with less vigor, less learning, less definiteness of philosophical theory, less intensity of moral conviction. They have nearly all perished; but their cause is gained. It was virtually gained before they were produced, and their production was merely a sign that the human intelligence had silently moved on to another ground, where the natural and not the supernatural held sway.

Having in these crowded and terrible chapters exhibited the revolutionizing powers of rationalism, Mr. Lecky proceeds, in the third chapter, to illustrate the delicacy of its play in some departments of art, science, observance, and social usage. The matters touched on are numerous and infinitely varied; the movement of thought is too rapid to be followed here, and the changes are too sudden to be so much as indicated in so brief a notice; but they are neither too sudden nor too rapid to disturb the continuity of the writer's mental process. The impelling causes are noted with fine discernment. Each ripple of the movement flashes its particular gleam of light, and the closest student of the mediæval mind will get new material for thought from these rich pages. The influence on art of the revival of learning and the unveiling of classic models is especially worthy of attention as here described, cropping out in unexpected places.

From these attractive fields the argument passes to the history of persecution. The philosophy of persecution is given with admirable fidelity. The power of it is conceded. It is explained why in the great conflicts between argument and persecution the latter has been continually triumphant; and it is explained why, in defiance of authority, persecution has been disarmed of its power, and, by common consent, abandoned by the Catholic and the Protestant world. This is all interesting and instructive, but more instructive and interesting still are chapters fifth and sixth, which recount the triumphs of rationalism in the departments of politics and industry. Here the author, with careful step and keen observation, traverses the field which Buckle surveyed, but did not live to explore. The process by which theological interests were worked out of the ruling policies, and a secular principle was substituted for a theological one as the basis of authority, is laid open with fine analytical skill. Some of the brief episodes particularly that at the theatre, are exceedingly curious. The influence of classical literature in encouraging the study of Roman law, in altering the type of heroism; the effect of increasing capital, of growing knowledge; the changes resulting from the invention of gunpowder and the bayonet; the rise and potency of political economy, are mentioned as among the secretly conspiring causes that overturned the old order and supplanted the ancient world for the modern. A few pages show how momentous was the change of opinion respecting usury; a few more describe the origin of the commercial spirit and the consequent revolution of society; a noble tribute to the Jews for service rendered in this department sheds an entirely new lustre on this portion of the story of progress, but before we have fairly accustomed ourselves to the unexpected attitude in which men and affairs are placed, the writer sweeps us on into considerations on the economical effect of luxury, the growth of diplomacy, the drama, the secularization of music, and twenty things beside, all fascinating as well as instructive.

A man could not write a book like this unless he cordially believed in the spirit whose operations he set himself to describe. Mr. Lecky is no doubt a rationalist in his own sense of the term; but we know it only from the atmosphere of sympathy with the movement he describes which pervades the volumes. He does not argue in favor of rationalism—he is its historian, not its advocate; and he does more than justice to the powers that oppose it. A liberal we should judge in religion, he touches the weak side of Voltaire and Rousseau, and brings out the strongest side of the Jesuits. Insisting on the regenerating influence upon the secularization of politics of the great heathen writers, he surpasses Guizot in his testimony to the splendid benefits conferred on mankind by the Church of Rome. Naturally inclined to attribute the progress of society to material and social agencies, he concedes more than any writer of his class to the transforming efficacy of the early Christian religion, especially in regard to the abolition of slavery, that much disputed point.

He is a liberal in politics, of course; but he has a good word for Louis Napoleon; and he has actually succeeded in finding an amiable trait in Nero. He has faith enough to be magnanimous towards his opponents, old and new.

Yet Mr. Lecky is no fanatic, nor even an enthusiast. He sees the dangers that are incidental to rationalism. He deplores eloquently the prevalence of the utilitarian spirit; the depreciation of the moral and religious faculty—"the noblest thing we possess; the celestial spark that is within us; the impress of the divine image; the principle of every heroism." He bewails the departure of enthusiasm, the decline of self-sacrifice, for which no material acquisitions are a fair compensation, and "looking back to the cheerful alacrity with which, in some former ages, they sacrificed all their material and intellectual interests to what they believed to be right," he finds it impossible to deny that we have lost something in our progress.

His book will no doubt be extensively read. The wealth of its contents and the singular grace of its style, always flowing, often picturesque, sometimes burning with suppressed eloquence, will ensure a multitude of admirers. We hope they will. Even they who dread the tendency of the speculations it encourages, must acknowledge the candor with which they are advanced, and must rejoice in the charity with which they are associated. Since the spirit of rationalism is everywhere, and the speculations it excites besiege all minds, it must be a cause of congratulation that the writer who sets them forth most ably also sets them forth most modestly, and, while commending the principles which disorganize church and state, does it in a way to confirm every vital bond of social life.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.*

"Our Mutual Friend" is, to our perception, the poorest of Mr. Dickens's works. And it is poor with the poverty not of momentary embarrassment, but of permanent exhaustion. It is wanting in inspiration. For the last ten years it has seemed to us that Mr. Dickens has been unmistakably forcing himself. "Bleak House" was forced; "Little Dorritt" was labored; the present work is dug out as with a spade and pickaxe. Of course—to anticipate the usual argument—who but Dickens could have written it? Who, indeed? Who else would have established a lady in business in a novel on the admirably solid basis of her always putting on gloves and tieing a handkerchief round her head in moments of grief, and of her habitually addressing her family with "Peace! hold!" It is needless to say that Mrs. Reginald Wilfer is first and last the occasion of considerable true humor. When, after conducting her daughter to Mrs. Boffin's carriage, in sight of all the envious neighbors, she is described as enjoying her triumph during the

* "Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens." New York: Harper Brothers. 1865.

next quarter of an hour by airing herself on the door-step "in a kind of splendidly serene trance," we laugh with as uncritical a laugh as could be desired of us. We pay the same tribute to her assertions, as she narrates the glories of the society she enjoyed at her father's table, that she has known as many as three copper-plate engravers exchanging the most exquisite sallies and retorts there at one time. But when to these we have added a dozen more happy examples of the humor which was exhaled from every line of Mr. Dickens's earlier writings, we shall have closed the list of the merits of the work before us. To say that the conduct of the story, with all its complications, betrays a long-practised hand, is to pay no compliment worthy the author. If this were, indeed, a compliment, we should be inclined to carry it further, and congratulate him on his success in what we should call the manufacture of fiction; for in so doing we should express a feeling that has attended us throughout the book. Seldom, we reflected, had we read a book so intensely *written*, so little seen, known, or felt.

In all Mr. Dickens's works the fantastic has been his great resource; and while his fancy was lively and vigorous it accomplished great things. But the fantastic, when the fancy is dead, is a very poor business. The movement of Mr. Dickens's fancy in Mrs. Wilfer and Mr. Boffin and Lady Tippins, and the Lammles and Miss Wren, and even in Eugene Wrayburn, is, to our mind, a movement lifeless, forced, mechanical. It is the letter of his old humor without the spirit. It is hardly too much to say that every character here put before us is a mere bundle of eccentricities, animated by no principle of nature whatever. In former days there reigned in Mr. Dickens's extravagances a comparative consistency; they were exaggerated statements of types that really existed. We had, perhaps, never known a Newman Noggs, nor a Pecksniff, nor a Micawber; but we had known persons of whom these figures were but the strictly logical consummation. But among the grotesque creatures who occupy the pages before us, there is not one whom we can refer to as an existing type. In all Mr. Dickens's stories, indeed, the reader has been called upon, and has willingly consented, to accept a certain number of figures or creatures of pure fancy, for this was the author's poetry. He was, moreover, always repaid for his concession by a peculiar beauty or power in these exceptional characters. But he is now expected to make the same concession with a very inadequate reward. What do we get in return for accepting Miss Jenny Wren as a possible person? This young lady is the type of a certain class of characters of which Mr. Dickens has made a specialty, and with which he has been accustomed to draw alternate smiles and tears, according as he pressed one spring or another. But this is very cheap merriment and very cheap pathos. Miss Jenny Wren is a poor little dwarf, afflicted, as she constantly reiterates, with a "bad back" and "queer legs," who makes doll's dresses, and is for ever pricking at those with whom she converses, in the air, with her needle, and assuring them that she knows their "tricks and their manners." Like all Mr. Dickens's pathetic characters, she is a little monster; she is deformed, unhealthy, unnatural; she belongs to the troop of hunchbacks, imbeciles, and precocious children who have carried on the sentimental business in all Mr. Dickens's novels; the little Nells, the Smikes, the Paul Dombeys.

Mr. Dickens goes as far out of the way for his wicked people as he does for his good ones. Rogue Riderhood, indeed, in the present story, is villanous with a sufficiently natural villany; he belongs to that quarter of society in which the author is most at his ease. But was there ever such wickedness as that of the Lammles and Mr. Fledgeby? Not that people have not been as mischievous as they; but was any one ever mischievous in that singular fashion? Did a couple of elegant swindlers ever take such particular pains to be aggressively inhuman?—for we can find no other word for the gratuitous distortions to which they are subjected. The word *humanity* strikes us as strangely discordant, in the midst of these pages; for, let us boldly declare it, there is no humanity here. Humanity is nearer home than the Boffins, and the Lammles, and the Wilfers, and the Veneerings. It is in what men have in common with each other, and not in what they have in distinction. The people just named have nothing in common with each other, except the fact that they have nothing in common with mankind at large. What a world were this world if the world of "Our Mutual Friend" were an honest reflection of it! But a community of eccentrics is impossible. Rules alone are consistent with each other; exceptions are inconsistent. Society is maintained by natural sense and natural feeling. We cannot conceive a society in which these principles are not in some manner represented. Where in these pages are the depositaries of that intelligence without which the movement of life would cease? Who represents nature? Accepting half of Mr. Dickens's persons as intentionally grotesque, where are those exemplars of sound humanity who should afford us the proper measure of their companions' variations? We ought not, in justice to the author, to seek them among his weaker—that is, his mere conventional—characters; in John Harmon, Lizzie Hexam, or Mortimer Lightwood; but we assuredly cannot find them among his stronger—that is, his artificial creations. Suppose we take Eugene Wrayburn and Bradley Headstone. They occupy a half-way position between the habitual probable of nature and the habitual impossible of Mr. Dickens. A large portion of the story rests upon the enmity borne by Headstone to Wrayburn, both being in love with the same woman. Wrayburn is a gentleman, and Headstone is one of the people. Wrayburn is well-bred, careless, elegant, sceptical, and idle: Headstone is a high-tempered, hard-working, ambitious young schoolmaster. There lay in the opposition of these two characters a very good story. But the prime requisite was that they should *be* characters: Mr. Dickens, according to his usual plan, has made them simply figures, and between them the story that was to be, the story that should have been, has evaporated. Wrayburn lounges about with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar, and talking nonsense. Headstone strides about, clenching his fists and biting his lips and grasping his stick. There is one scene in which Wrayburn chaffs the schoolmaster with easy insolence, while the latter writhes impotently under his well-bred sarcasm. This scene is very clever, but it is very insufficient. If the majority of readers were not so very timid in the use of words we should call it vulgar. By this we do not mean to indicate the conventional impropriety of two gentlemen exchanging lively personalities; we mean to emphasize the essentially small character of these personalities. In other words, the moment, dramatically, is great, while the author's conception is weak. The friction of two *men*, of two characters, of two passions, produces stronger sparks than Wrayburn's boyish repartees and Headstone's melodramatic commonplaces. Such scenes as this are useful in fixing the limits of Mr. Dickens's insight. Insight is, perhaps, too strong a word; for we are convinced that it is one of the chief conditions of his genius not to see beneath the surface of things. If we might hazard a definition of his literary character, we should, accordingly, call him the greatest of superficial novelists. We are aware that this definition confines him to an inferior rank in the department of letters which he adorns; but we accept this consequence of our proposition. It were, in our opinion, an offence against humanity to place Mr. Dickens among the greatest novelists. For, to repeat what we have already intimated, he has created nothing but figure. He has added nothing to our understanding of human character. He is master of but two alternatives: he reconciles us to what is commonplace, and he reconciles us to what is odd. The value of the former service is questionable; and the manner in which Mr. Dickens performs it sometimes conveys a certain impression of charlatanism. The value of the latter service is incontestable, and here Mr. Dickens is an honest, an admirable artist. But what is the condition of the truly great novelist? For him there are no alternatives, for him there are no oddities, for him there is nothing outside of humanity. He cannot shirk it; it imposes itself upon him. For him alone, therefore, there is a true and a false; for him alone it is possible to be right, because it is possible to be wrong. Mr. Dickens is a great observer and a great humorist, but he is nothing of a philosopher. Some people may hereupon say, so much the better; we say, so much the worse. For a novelist very soon has need of a little philosophy. In treating of Micawber, and Boffin, and Pickwick, *et hoc genus omne*, he can, indeed, dispense with it, for this—we say it with all deference—is not serious writing. But when he comes to tell the story of a passion, a story like that of Headstone and Wrayburn, he becomes a moralist as well as an artist. He must know *man* as well as *men*, and to know man is to be a philosopher. The writer who knows men alone, if he have Mr. Dickens's humor and fancy, will give us figures and pictures for which we cannot be too grateful, for he will enlarge our knowledge of the world. But when he introduces men and women whose interest is preconceived to lie not in the poverty, the weakness, the drollery of their natures, but in their complete and unconscious subjection to ordinary and healthy human emotions, all his humor, all his fancy, will avail him nothing if, out of the fulness of his sympathy, he is unable to prosecute those generalizations in which alone consists the real greatness of a work of art. This may sound like very subtle talk about a very simple matter; it is rather very simple talk about a very subtle matter. A story based upon those elementary passions in which alone we seek the true and final manifestation of character must be told in a spirit of intellectual superiority to those passions. That is, the author must understand what he is talking about. The perusal of a story so told is one of the most elevating experiences within the reach of the human mind. The perusal of a story which is not so told is infinitely depressing and unprofitable.

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIOGRAPHY.*

THE new edition of this work opens with an "Advertisement"—in lieu of a preface—claiming for it "compactness," "comprehensiveness," and a "combination of accuracy and brevity," and expressing the belief "that the volume, as now published, embodies nearly all that will be looked for" in a manual of this description. A critical glance over it convinces us that these claims are not well-founded.

As regards the first and last of these qualities, our limited space not allowing us to quote largely, we must refer our reader to such articles as "Bayard," "Bayle," "Burger," "Godwin, Wm.," or "Rabelais," consuming full columns, written in a style not sufficiently compact for a cyclopædia in ten volumes, and in their whole tenor strikingly contrasting with such other productions as the following, which we give in full:

"Catullus, Caius Valerius, an elegant but licentious Roman poet. D. 40 B.C."

"Herodotus, called by Cicero the 'Father of History,' was b. at Halicarnassus, in Caria, 484 B.C., and is the most ancient of the Greek historians whose works are extant."

"Richard I., King of England, surnamed Cœur de Lion, was b. in 1157, and ascended the throne on the death of his father, Henry II., in 1189. D. 1199."

"Romulus, the founder of Rome, and brother of Remus, was the son of Rhea Sylvia, daughter of Numitor, King of Alba. D. 715 B.C." Who would suppose, on reading this last paragraph, that it was a fable exploded by Niebuhr?

These few biographies, so eminently distinguished by "brevity," will also convey to our reader a slight idea of what we have to understand by "comprehensiveness." On this point, however, we can give more exact information without wasting too much space. Our cyclopædia is comprehensive enough to give the lives of such men of genius as Aromatri, Arpino, Arriazzi, Arrighetti, Arrighetto, Arrighetti, Arsilla, and Artalis, and of such monarchs as Augustulus, Charles the Simple, Dagobert, Galerius, Gratian, Juba, and Numerian. On the other hand, it is too compact and brief to mention Troy, the Iliad, or the Odyssey, in "Homer;" the wars against the Greeks, the Scythians, and Babylon, in "Darius;" the Peloponnesian war, in "Thucydides;" tyranny or cruelty in "Dionysius;" the Thirty Years' War in "Ferdinand II.;" the wars against Napoleon in "Frederic William III.," or in "Schwartzenberg;" the deposition and banishment of Gustavus IV. in the life of this king; or Brescia or Italy, in "Haynau." It intentionally and consistently omits all the biblical names, but with them also all the post-biblical Jewish Abrahams, Davids, Samuels, and Solomons, not excepting the greatest mediæval philosophers, poets, or scholars of that nation. Of monarchs, it gives all the Artaxerxeses, but no Xerxes; all the German Conrads, but none of the Othos, Maximilians, or Leopolds; all the English Henries, but neither William the Conqueror nor William of Orange; all the French Charleses, but none of the Philips, not excepting Philip Augustus; a number of Spanish Alphonsos, but no Philip, not even the Second; all the Turkish Achmets, but no Mohammed (Sultan), Solyman, or Selim; no Attalus, Herod, Ptolemy, or Seleucus; no Stephen, Ladislas, Vladimir, Ivan, Waldemar, Matthias, or Pedro; nor Attilla, Genseric, Theodoric, Rurik, Piast, or Arpad. It has only one Darius, one Demosthenes, and one Pompey; no Timoleon, no Metellus, no Masaniello, no Savonarola, no Sixtus, and but one Clement; no Hunniades, no Zrinyi, no Aureng-Zebe, no Tippoo-Saib, no Chlopicki, no Niemcewicz, no Pushkin, no Petöfi. The whole letter X, though including Xavier, Xenocrates, Xenophon, and Ximenes, fills only half a page, owing, in part, to what is styled "compactness," and in part to the omission of Xanthippus, Xerxes, etc. Less space is devoted to Robespierre than to Rob Roy; to John Huss than to Giles Hussey; to Kant than to Kean; to Spinoza than to Spontini; to Alexander Hamilton than to Aaron Burr; to George Washington than to Benedict Arnold.

Now for "accuracy." Frederic the Great is given as one of the Frederic Williams. The Pole Jablonowski receives the German title *von*. We find a Charles VIII. Emperor of Germany. Prince Poniatowski, who was drowned at the close of the battle of Leipzic, is made to participate in the campaign of the following year, 1814. King Sobieski is called the Great. The French Las Cases is entered as Las Casas; Thomas Münzer as Muncer; Malachowski as Malackowski; Priessnitz as Pressnitz; De Kalb, Pulaski, Guyon, and Radetzky without Christian names. Hufeland is designated as "a Prussian counsellor of state, who was *also* an eminent physician." Field-marshal Schwarzenberg is entered in the main work under "Schwartzenberg;" Prince Felix, in the supplement, once under "Schwartzenberg," receiving a biography of upward of twenty lines, and again under "Von Schwartzenberg," where he is finished in seven, but receives the unmerited honor of a succession, as prime minister, to Prince Metternich. Two other Germans appear in the supplement under "Von," which is quite novel, and the most renowned of Polish poets, Mickiewicz, is introduced, in the same, in this fine English form, Mitzkievitch; which is like giving "Matztzeenee" for "Mazzini," and "Koshshoot" for "Kossuth." But let us return to the main part: The few lines on Maimonides offer us a fine specimen of accuracy: "1131," instead of "1135," is given as the year of his birth; his "Mishneh Torah" is called "Mischna Terah; his "Shemonah Perakim," "Peruschim," and his great philosophical work "Moreh" is designated as "an explanation of obscure places in Scripture." "Blucher, Gebaral Lebrecht, Prince von," stands for "Blücher, Gebhardt Leberecht, Prince of Wahlstadt." George Washington is stated to have been born in Fairfax instead of Westmoreland county, Va. Similar mistakes abound in the greatest possible profusion. Misprints are equally numerous.

The way foreign names are treated throughout is highly amusing. Bürger, Göttingen, and Krüdener are given without, Modlin and Gruber with, marks above the vowels. The Russian final syllable *vitch*, precisely corresponding to our *son* in Robertson, Johnson, etc., appears correctly in the surname of Nicholas, as *vitsch* in that of Peter, as *witz* in that of Lomonosoff, and as *witsch* in Paskiewitch, and again and again in all these forms. (Suppose a foreigner should spell our names thus: Jeffer*sohn*, Madi*sonn*, Jack*sonne*, John*soan!*) The Frenchman Mailly's Christian name is John Baptist; Say's, Jean Baptiste; Colbert's, John Baptist; Rousseau's, Jean Baptiste; the Spaniard Munoz's, John Baptist; the Italian Casanova's, Jean Baptiste. Henry and Henri, Ferdinand and Fernando, and twenty other names, alternate in the same way. Some Germans offer a peculiarly interesting mixture of English and Teutonic Christian names, thus: Schadow, Johann Geoffroy; Schiller, John Christopher Frederic; Schlegel, August Wilhelm; Schleiermacher, Frederic Ernest Daniel; Schopenhauer, Johanna; Schubert, Francis; Schumacher, Heinrich Christian. So also in the supplement: Schlosser, Friedrich Christoph, and next to him, Schneider, John Christian Frederick.

No references are given. Marcus Aurelius can be found only under "Antoninus," and he who looks for Hasdrubal, or Hamilcar, must know that our book has these names without an H, though it knows only the form Hannibal.

Living persons are excluded—except Agassiz!

All we can say in praise of the book is that it is neatly printed and bound.

* "The Cyclopædia of Biography; A Record of the Lives of Eminent Men. By Parke Godwin." New Edition. With a Supplement, brought down to the Present Time. By George Sheppard. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

A SUMMER IN SKYE.*

WE do not think that our hopes of entertainment in opening this book were unreasonable, and we are obliged to summon all the well-known sweetness of the critical temperament to qualify the indignation which the inhospitable disappointment of our hopes has roused. Many years ago we sat down at a florid feast of verse provided by Mr. Smith, and though we have since suspected that the poetic refreshment offered was something like the fare of those

> ——"great hotels
> Where they shift plates and let ye live on smells,"

still we had a lingering belief that there was some veritable relish of poetry in all that glitter of table service; and it was with this conviction in our mind that we turned willingly to a volume of prose by the same author. But summer days are long, in Skye, and they are tedious in the book which Mr. Smith has made about them. In fact, the book is very curiously dull. As you lapse from depth to depth along its drowsy pages, you wake suddenly at times to a sense of the text, and, as in listening to a heavy sermon, remain vexed with a harrowing doubt whether you have or have not been asleep; and again you are brought to grief at times by some passage putting a commonplace severely at you, as when the bore to whom you have been listening long in a pleasant unconsciousness appalls you by asking a question which has to be answered yes or no. Mr. Smith's prose style is that of the editorials in the second-rate English journals, and is all the feebler for a certain air of hysterical jauntiness: it is awkwardly tautological and not always grammatical. With him, those who sell bad gin are "venders of deleterious alcohol;" persons indifferent to foul smells are "gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve;" a boy who jeers the magistrates "gives vent to an irreverent observation;" all which seems to us poor fooling, and of but a stale flavor.

Mr. Smith's manner, especially in treating of historical personages and places, is the light and elegant manner of Thackeray, as it may be learned

* "A Summer in Skye. By Alexander Smith." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865

from Mr. George Augustus Sala. He thus comes to wear the fascinating appearance of knowing familiarly everything about everything he mentions, and of keeping back vast stores of detail, while he produces picturesque bits of knowledge; he has the grace of one who has studied the bearing of a gentleman as it is found reflected in a gent. One likes to know that Pope saw Dryden sitting in the easy chair, near the fire, at Will's Coffee-house, and that Scott met Burns at Adam Ferguson's. It is pleasant to know that Dr. Johnson and Flora Macdonald met, with other familiar talk about Bozzy, and Prince Charles, and history in general. Do we not know this genteel air? Many a page of Mr. Smith's book is like a page in "Henry Esmond" or "The Four Georges," seen through the "Temple Bar" on the cover of Mr. Sala's magazine. Our author is very much better when purely and simply Mr. Smith, though he is bad enough then, and we think has hardly his equal for destroying all raciness and character in anecdote, for taking the life out of a landscape, for putting the sea out of countenance, and the hills to confusion. We are not ready to say just how he accomplishes this, but it seems to us that it comes about through too much metaphor, and again through too much violence of epigram, with which, perhaps, the author seeks to correct his symbolic language. Indeed, Mr. Smith seems to have passed most of his summer in guessing nature's conundrums, and to have put down the shrewd result of his guesses, in order that everybody may hereafter know what everything is like in the heavens and on the earth. His whole book may thus be resolved into its elements of questions and answers. What is a bee, with his head stuck into a rose, and fidgeting with its leaves, like? A tailor tired of sitting still. There is no end to quickness of this sort, relieved, certainly, by occasional passages of laborious humor, inspired by such incidents as travelling all day with an idle old horse:

"At parting I waved the animal, sullen and unbeloved, my last farewell; and wished that no green paddock should receive him in his old age, but that his ill-natured flesh should be devoured by the hounds, that leather should be made of his becudgelled hide, and hoped that, considering its toughness, of it should the boots and shoes of a poor man's children be manufactured."

We can imagine a man's saying something like this in careless talk, and being rather ashamed of it afterwards; but is it not somewhat desolating to find such drollery in print? On the whole, we believe we like the conundrums the best, though they keep us from knowing much of Skye or its people.

The book opens with one of its poorest chapters, which concerns Edinburgh and her renown for beauty, literature, and law; and then it takes you through Stirling and Oban to Skye. There is some anecdote of second-sight, which is agreeable, and there is talk about Ossian which one always likes to read. Mr. Smith believes in the genuineness of the Gaelic MSS. of Macpherson, but thinks that Macpherson's translation fails of justice to the original, and gives some rhythmic versions which are rather harder reading than even Macpherson's. On one occasion our author "drops into poetry" of his own, and makes at least a fine ballad of an old story of remote local feud and fray, which he calls "Danschiach." But where he has to do with people and scenes of this generation, his touch is commonly so feeble and imperfect that the concluding chapters, which are good and strong, seem almost the work of another hand. About the best thing in the whole book is the account of bargaining and fighting at an Irish sheep mart; and in the chapter entitled "The Smoking Parliament" there is very pleasant and excellent discourse upon certain points of Scottish character. Concerning Skye itself, and the peculiar traits of its wild inhabitants and wild scenery, the author tries hard to tell us something in vain. Little remains to his reader after all but a sense that it has been very rainy, and that there were red-haired, bare-legged girls, turf huts, shaggy ponies, prodigious hills, whiskey and sea everywhere. Of course, this happens in spite of considerable information actually set down in the book. But he has so viciously subjectivized the whole matter of his book that it comes to be at last not Mr. Smith's "Summer in Skye"' but a Skye Summer in Mr. Smith.

THE WELSH IN THE UNITED STATES.*

Rev. Samuel Roberts has attracted considerable attention among the Welsh people for the last forty years. Some years ago he bought a large tract of land in Tennessee, with the intention of founding a Welsh settlement there; but the intense antipathy of his countrymen to slavery has rendered the enterprise thus far a total failure. He was violently attacked in the Welsh publications for seeking to induce his countrymen to settle in a slave State; and, as he had written much in his native land against slavery, he was charged with being recreant to the cause of human liberty. About the beginning of the late war he published several articles in the newspapers, condemning the spirit of the North, while not justifying the action of the South. These raised a further storm of indignation against him, and he capped the climax by publishing in the present volume a long essay on the rebellion, reiterating his former opinions, and making himself the "best-abused" Welshman of the present generation.

Mr. Roberts is emphatically a man of "one idea," and that is *peace*. In his view everything is made subordinate to this. He has a perfect horror of war, and believes there is no evil so great as to justify a resort to arms for its correction. Remembering this, his conduct becomes intelligible; otherwise it is full of absurdities and inconsistencies. Though he has much to say in this volume, as well as in all his other writings, about gentleness and meekness and Christian love, as the correctives that are to reform the world, we fail to discover much of that spirit in his own writings. On the contrary, he is one of the most bitter and vindictive controversialists we have ever read. He is anything but meek in his treatment of those who attack him.

We did not take up his book with the intention of reviewing it, but of saying a few words about the state of Welsh literature in the United States.

Welsh-American publications are neither large in number nor varied in character. But this, perhaps, should not be wondered at, considering that the people themselves are not very numerous. There is at present but one weekly newspaper published in the language, and but three monthlies—all of the latter being denominational. Indeed, all Welsh publications, with but few exceptions, are of a religious character. You will in vain look among this people for sceptical works, though they have not escaped the controversies arising out of the modern discoveries of geology. This is true of Welsh books in the mother country as well as here. We notice, also, the almost total absence of works of fiction. There have been a few novels published, but the Welsh atmosphere does not seem suited for their production, and especially not for their circulation, as the people generally have a decided aversion to books of that class, regarding them as having an immoral tendency.

Attempts have been made at various times to establish the more solid serials, but they have all proved failures thus far. The one that came nearest being a success was a quarterly called "Y Fraethodydd" ("The Essayist"), which was a reprint, with the addition of an American department. Though a publication of acknowledged ability, it failed for want of patronage.

Quite a number of really valuable books have been issued at different times, but they have been mostly reprints. Among these may be mentioned Gurnal's "Christian in full Armor," Hughes's "Commentary on the New Testament," and Charles's "Scripture Dictionary," a large and learned work. The list of original Welsh-American books is so meagre as to be hardly worth mentioning. The most notable, perhaps, of original works, is a volume published by the Rev. W. Rowlands, D.D., of Utica, N. Y., on the "Parable of the Prodigal Son." Ostensibly a commentary on that beautiful parable of our Lord, it is really a body of Calvinistic divinity; and the career of that wayward young man is made use of to expound the whole round of theological dogmas, from original sin to eternal salvation. This is, we think, the ablest Welsh-American book yet issued, and will compare favorably with English books of the same class. We understand that Dr. Rowlands is soon to issue another volume, but have not heard upon what subject.

Any mention of Welsh literature would be incomplete without saying something about poetry. We presume a large majority of the Welsh people believe their poetry excels that of every other nation. While this opinion arises from a species of national vanity, it is, nevertheless, true that the language contains much good poetry, though but little of it is of Welsh-American origin. It is frequently objected to the quality of Welsh poetry, by those unfamiliar with the language, that if it were really good there would be more of it translated into English. In fact, however, this objection has no force, as any one understanding the peculiar character of Welsh metres will readily admit. Most of their good poetry has been written in what are called "Mesuran Caethion," and is, therefore, untranslatable. The adherence to these old metres has done incalculable mischief in fettering the free expression of thought; but we are glad to see of late years a disposition to break through these restraints, and hope, before long, to see Welsh poetry thoroughly emancipated. A few have ventured to write in blank verse, but it will take some time to bring the generality of Welsh people to look with favor upon it, so entirely different is it from what they have been accustomed to read.

Welsh-Americans possess some very striking peculiarities, and those peculiarities furnish us with an explanation why there are so few original

* "Pregethan a Darlithian (Sermons and Essays). By Samuel Roberts."

works produced among them in this country. They are intensely *Welsh*. While there is no class of adopted citizens more thoroughly patriotic and American in their feelings, there are none more wedded to the traditions and customs of their native land. This feeling, however, does not include any love of a foreign *government*. The British Government is not *their* government, and they have no attachment for it. Hence, there is nothing to interfere with the most earnest loyalty on their part to the Government of the United States. But in literary, religious, and social matters it is quite different. They have these in their own right in their native land, and consider them as national properties to be loved and cherished wherever they may go. Added to these is their love for their language. The reverence which they feel for the old "Gymraeg" is something akin to worship; and they are actively engaged in the hopeless task of making the dear old tongue perpetual upon the American Continent.

Of course, this is all wrong; and the sooner the attempt is given up, the better it will be for themselves, as well as for their adopted country. Those coming here to live should adapt themselves to the customs and institutions and language of the country. That the contrary conduct is not prompted by any hostility to our people does not make the matter practically any better. We trust that our Welsh fellow-citizens will see the folly of attempting to plant transatlantic ideas and customs on this side of the water.

The Freedmen's Book. By L. Maria Child. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.)—We know of no one so well qualified as Mrs. Child to address the freed people intelligibly and to their profit. Her whole life has been devoted to their redemption; her sympathy with their past sufferings, her understanding of their present condition, is complete; and her style is as simple, unaffected, and perspicuous as she is by nature frank and democratic, and gifted with uncommon common sense. In carrying out her novel idea, she has prepared a volume to which she herself has contributed chiefly biographical sketches of distinguished colored men and women, such as Banneker, Toussaint L'Ouverture, Douglass, and Phillis Wheatley. The humane poetry of Cowper, Montgomery, Whittier, and Pierpont is interspersed with that of colored authors; and there is a great variety of selections from the writings and sayings of well-known abolitionists. Short paragraphs containing noble sentiments or valuable information fill the interstices of the longer articles. The whole is intended to be read by the more intelligent freedmen to their brethren, in the hope that they all "will derive fresh strength and courage from this true record of what colored men have accomplished under great disadvantages." Mrs. Child receives no compensation for her part in this enterprise, and the book is accordingly sold at its bare cost. It will be circulated as widely as possible, and the surplus receipts, if any, will be turned over to the freedmen's aid associations.

Christian Companionship for Retired Hours. (Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 1865.)—Possibly, if one should take up this book and notice how neat and pretty and well printed it is, and then put it down again without reading a word, it would be better than if he should attempt to read it carefully. For any person with an imaginative turn of mind might, it would seem, conclude from the outside of the volume that the contents were something better than they are. And if the writer, who, for the sake of modesty no doubt, withholds his name, had known in what fine clothes he was to go before the world, it is very possible he would have made himself more worthy of esteem. The book is thin and unsubstantial to the last degree. And, what is worse, its chapters are dilutions or perversions of the text of Scripture, in comparison with which they seem even more feeble than they really are. There are few persons who could not better spend their "retired hours" in solitude than in such "companionship" as this.

Mitchell's New Reference Atlas. For the use of Colleges, Libraries, Families, and Counting-Houses. (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.)—We have here, printed on thick paper, one map to each leaf, and bound substantially, a combination of the two well-known school atlases of Mr. S. Augustus Mitchell, ancient and modern. The plates are identical in this and in the hitherto separate editions. They are characterized by simplicity and distinctness, in accordance with the scale on which they are drawn and the requirements of the pupils in our public schools. Hence there is an absence of detail, especially in representing the physical features of the several portions of the globe, and an index to names of places, etc., is rendered superfluous. For all ordinary purposes this atlas will be found convenient and trustworthy, and the classical addition will be welcome to many. There are the usual statistical tables at the end.

Meditations. By Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury. (Alexander Strahan, London and New York. 1865.)—What has been attempted in this book the writer tells us in his preface: "I have taken some of the great familiar truths of our religious belief or life, and, stripping them of accidents and conventionalities, have endeavored to lay them forth in their reality, face to face with our ordinary thoughts and habits." But he seems to have chosen truths which are familiar rather to the lips than the life of men, and it is not strange that, as he says, "the first result of this procedure naturally has been that the two appear incompatible with each other." And the final result, namely, the application of these truths to everyday affairs, seems far-fetched and unnatural. Would it not be better to choose themes not quite so remote from our experience as "Advent" and "Creation," and then to reconcile the two would be less difficult? But the Dean mistakes if he imagines that these sermons will be popular in any sense, even the best. They have too little blood in them for that. They are as cold as ice. They are very chaste and elegant productions, and somewhat florid withal; but "the flowers seem like made flowers" and the elegance is at the expense of freshness and originality. Still the writer rises with his subject, and the sermons on "Providence," with which the volume closes, are much better than the rest. They teach in quite a simple way that God is always present when our hearts are open to receive him; that we need not wait for great events, for "special providences," to reveal him. The book is printed very handsomely.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Young Man's Friend. By Daniel C. Eddy, D.D. Graves & Young, Boston.

The Earl's Secret. By Miss Pardoe. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.

Sun-Rays from Fair and Cloudy Skies. By Cousin Carrie. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Life and Times of Joseph Warren. By Richard Frothingham. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Little Foxes. By Christopher Crowfield.—Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures. By Edmund Kirke. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Work and Win. By Oliver Optic. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The Letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. (1769-1791.) Translated from the Collection of Ludwig Nohl, by Lady Wallace. Two volumes. Hurd & Houghton, New York.

Melodies and Madrigals. Mostly from the Old English Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

Record of the Federal Dead. Buried from Libby, Belle Isle, Danville, and Camp Lawton Prisons, and at City Point, and in the Field before Petersburg and Richmond. Philadelphia: by the United States Christian Commission.

Memoir of the Life and Character of Prof. Valentine Mott, *Facile Princeps*. By Dr. Samuel W. Francis. Second Edition. W. J. Widdleton, New York.

The Political History of the United States of America during the Great Rebellion. By Edward McPherson. Philp & Solomons, Washington, D. C.

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MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

The opera has closed after a very successful season. Nineteen operas have been performed, and fifty-six representations have been given in New York, besides twelve in Brooklyn. Two new operas were brought out, and had a very good run. The regrettable death of Rovere, just at the end of the season, has thrown a little shadow over the success. His death, and the defection of Marra will render it almost impossible to perform "Crispino" again, so that in the spring season we shall have some other piece as a substitute for it.

During the last two weeks several fine orchestral concerts have been given, which demand some consideration from us.

First in order is the Second Symphonie-Soirée of Theodore Thomas, which took place at Irving Hall on December 2. The programme included the symphony of Schumann, No. 1, B flat major, Op. 38, the concerto for piano by Liszt, No. 1, E flat, the Leonora overture, No. 3, of Beethoven, two Italian vocal pieces, and the scherzo in B minor, Op. 20, of Chopin.

The orchestral works were all very finely presented. The orchestra was smaller than Mr. Thomas had expected to have, as it had to be made of such musicians as are honorable enough to stand to their engagements, and are not involved in the strike of the Musicians' Protective Union. What was wanting in numbers was made up in carefulness of execution. The leading players are the best in the city, and to our mind Mr. Thomas is the most admirable conductor we have. His perception of musical form and color is very exact, and, being gifted with a fine feeling, he infuses a spirit into his whole orchestra which makes it bend under his baton as though it were one multiple instrument on which he played. The symphony performed was the first attempt of Schumann in that direction. He had previously devoted himself almost exclusively to the piano, which is not always the best school for an orchestral composer. Great, then, was the astonishment of his critics, who had some reasons for predicting failure, when he gave out a work so broad in conception, and so carefully designed in detail. Though the first, it is better and more beautiful than the last, which was played a short time ago both in New York and Brooklyn. We notice that all of Schumann's symphonies appear better when considered in detached movements than when regarded as complete works. In this very one the subjects of the andante, the larghetto, and the allegro are all well treated individually, while the work as a whole is unequal and in some way deficient. Had Schumann written his symphonies as he did the compositions for the piano with which he began his career as a composer, and had he not felt forced to restrict himself to the traditional form of separate movements, he

would, we think, have given us works greater by far than these symphonies.

We can hardly use too strong terms to express our admiration of the manner in which Mr. Mills played Liszt's concerto. He has improved very greatly in the last year, both in execution and perception, and is now beyond comparison the most finished and perfect performer that we have in this country. The concerto is one of Liszt's earlier pieces, and was written twelve or thirteen years ago for his son-in-law, Hans von Bülow. In form it is a unit; the treatment varies according to the subject, and quick and slow movements are contrasted throughout, but it is not broken up into parts, and the story is carried through from beginning to end, rising into a final climax, without unnatural breaks. The germs of the present manner of Liszt can be detected in it, but in the treatment of melody it would plainly show that it belonged to his early period, even though we were ignorant of the date of its composition. It is highly dramatic and powerful. We do not wonder that it has never been performed here before, as it is enough to frighten the boldest pianist, so full is it of technical difficulty. The brilliancy of Mr. Mills's rendering gained him a shower of well-deserved plaudits.

Madame Fleury-Urbain is an agreeable singer, with a good and flexible voice, though she has some faults of execution. In spite of the unusual attractions of the opera, the attendance on this occasion was larger than at the first soirée. We hope that it will be still larger next time, for Mr. Thomas deserves to be encouraged in his undertaking to give us the best orchestral concerts of the winter, both in selection of pieces and in performance.

The second concert of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening, Dec. 9, on a stormy evening, but before a crowded house. The orchestral pieces performed were the fourth symphony in D minor of Schumann, the *overture caractéristique*, "Columbus," by George F. Bristow, and the "Tannhäuser" overture of Wagner. The vocalists were Misses Phillips and Bosisio and Mr. Massimiliani. The symphony of Schumann was played tolerably well, but the overture to "Tannhäuser" was much better given. The manner in which Wagner's orchestral compositions are always received here, leads us to hope that some impressario will some time give us Wagner's operas, which, if well put on the stage, will not fail to show that American audiences are sufficiently educated to appreciate really good music, in spite of the influence of critics and musicians of the traditional school.

The marked feature of the evening was the performance of Mr. Bristow's overture; not so much on account of any very great excellence in the music as that the Philharmonic Society has at last recognized the fact that our own composers ought to be allowed an opportunity to show of what stuff they are made. Mr. Bristow is one of our most respectable composers, and "Columbus" is one of his best efforts, though not a work of eminent beauty or excellence. We should like to hear Albert's symphony on the same subject in contrast to it.

A concert was given on Thursday last for the Wallace Memorial Fund. It commenced with the funeral march from the "Sinfonia Eroica;" but, with this exception, all the pieces were by Wallace. Misses Kellogg and Phillips and Messrs. Castle and Campbell were all in excellent voice, and their songs were a great part of the performance. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, also played admirably. It is to be hoped that the amount realized from the concert will be enough to be a suitable offering from the city where Wallace once lived.

On Saturday night the New York Philharmonic Society gave their second concert with an entirely instrumental programme. The eighth symphony of Beethoven, Barziel's overture to "Prometheus," and Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" were the orchestral pieces. Mr .Jehin Prume, a nephew, we believe, of the great Prume, recently arrived from Europe, played one of Mendelssohn's concertos and a fantasia. His tones are good, but his manner of playing is very nervous and disagreeable.

On the same evening Mr. Alfred H. Pease gave his first orchestral concert, and on Sunday both the Arion and the Liederkranz societies gave concerts, with a very fine selection of pieces.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Monday Morning, Dec. 18, 1865.

THE importations of foreign goods at this port last week were again over six million dollars in gold—so far in excess of the exports of produce and merchandize that the specie export advanced to nearly $1,500,000. Exchange advanced ¼ per cent., and, though bankers' bills are still quoted from ¼ to ⅜ per cent. below the figure at which importers can remit specie in payment of their liabilities, it is obvious that a few more weeks of steadiness in the gold market will lead European manufacturers to press for settlements, and in that event a marked advance in exchange and a liberal export of bullion would be sure to follow. A large class among the importers believe in the ability of the Treasury Department to reduce the premium on gold, and are using their credits instead of paying their debts to the other side. As soon as these parties become convinced that no material decline in the price of specie is to be expected, they will enter the market as buyers, and it may be expected that exchange will rule at 109¾ to 110, and that specie will go out at the rate of over two millions per week.

Money is abundant at the financial centres, the rates being 6 to 7 per cent. for call loans. Mercantile paper is not easy of sale. Bankers and financial men are generally unwilling to let their money pass out of their control until Congress has determined the policy of Government. Fair paper is selling at 15 per cent. per annum. At the West, the announcement of the Secretary of the Treasury to the effect that contraction is to be his policy has already begun to bear fruit; three heavy failures at Chicago and one at St. Louis were announced last week. Private letters announce that further failures will ensue during the winter if money should become scarcer than it is. The grain speculators of the West have undertaken an enterprise which the entire banking capital of the United States would hardly suffice to carry to a successful issue; with the limited resources of the Western banks alone to rely upon, they can hardly hope to escape failure. They will succeed in making bread dear for the people of the seaboard States throughout this winter. But when the spring comes, let them look to themselves. Produce paper is already selling at 20 per cent. in Wall Street. The pork crop promises to be both large and excellent in quality; a little increased activity in money would operate severely on the price.

The following table will show the course of prices during the week in the stock, money, gold, and exchange markets:

	Dec. 9.	Dec. 16.	Advance.	Decline.
United States Sixes of 1881	107⅜	107⅞	⅜	....
5-20 Bonds, old	102⅜	103⅞	1½	....
5-20 Bonds of 1865	99⅝	100	⅜	....
10-40 Bonds	91¼	91⅞	⅝	....
7-30 Notes, second series	96⅞	97¾	⅞	....
New York Central	96¾	96⅜	....	⅜
Erie Railway	92½	93¾	1¼	....
Hudson River	108¾	109½	1¼	....
Reading Railroad	117¼	107ex d.	....	....
Michigan Southern	74⅜	75⅝	1¼	....
Cleveland and Pittsburg	93¼	92⅝ex d.	3⅛	....
Chicago and North-Western	35¼	36½	1¼	....
" " " Preferred	63¼	62⅝	....	⅝
Chicago and Rock Island	105¾	108	2¼	....
P., Fort Wayne and Chicago	105⅛	105¾	⅝	....
Canton	45⅛	45⅛	....	....
Cumberland	43⅛	44¾	1¼	....
Mariposa	14¼	15⅜	1⅛	....
American Gold	144¾	145⅞	1⅛	....
Bankers' Bills on London	109⅛	109⅜	¼	....
Call Loans	7	7	....	....

The course of prices was uniformly upward last week, the only exceptions being New York Central, which was unfavorably influenced by the report elsewhere mentioned, and which sold down at one time to 95¾; and North-west Preferred, which was depressed to 91½ by the official announcement of the passage of the fall dividend. Governments of all classes were in active demand. Five-Twenties, old, sold as high as 104, and 92 was at one time paid for Ten-Forties. Speculators in Governments affect to discredit altogether the Treasury Department scheme of contraction, and predict that, under the influence of the steadily expanding volume of national currency, Seven-Thirties will command a premium within sixty days. The issue of national bank paper last week was over $4,000,000, swelling the aggregate issue to $230,000,000. The largest advance among the railway shares was in Pittsburg, which is being manipulated with a view to corner the "shorts;" it sold on the closing of the books at 88, dividend off; rose rapidly to 93, and closed on Saturday at 92⅝. As a 4 per cent. stock it is, of course, not worth any such price; but if the short interest be large enough, it may be forced ten or even twenty per cent. higher. Erie rose last week to 94, in spite of some receipts from abroad. This stock is also in good demand among the bears; it is generally lent "flat." Rock Island has been taken in hand by a new bull clique, and has been handled with considerable vigor; sales were made on Saturday at 108¼. The earnings of the road, as of most Western lines, show a decline as compared with those of last year. Among practical railway men a general decline in prices is looked for, on the ground that receipts are likely to fall off, and expenses to advance, or, at least, to remain stationary. It is commonly asserted that for four or five years to come the leading lines will not do as well for their shareholders as they did in 1864. But, on the other hand, the current of Wall Street speculation is unmistakably set toward higher prices, and all experience teaches that when speculation sets in a given direction, considerations of intrinsic value seldom avail to resist the tendency. In the first two months of 1858 a rampant bull speculation was witnessed in Wall Street, though the earnings of the railways were steadily declining, and many of the leading roads were gravitating toward bankruptcy.

Four railway dividends were announced last week: the Reading 10 per cent. in cash or stock, at the option of the stockholder; the Michigan Central and Illinois Central, 5 per cent. each; and the Fort Wayne, the usual quarterly dividend of 2½ per cent. Litigation can hardly fail to ensue from the terms of the Reading dividend. No limit of time is fixed by the company to the option granted to stockholders. The latter in part enjoy a perpetual "call" on the company for stock at par. In April, 1864, Reading sold at 160. It may sell at that figure again. Under the circumstances, stockholders who can afford to wait will probably decline to exercise their option, and will hold it over the head of the company for an indefinite period. An attempt is being made by the two Boards of Brokers to compel buyers of Reading on options to make their election, when they receive their due-bills, whether they will take their dividend in stock or cash. But it is clear that no man can be compelled to part with a valuable privilege against his will, and this pretension of the brokers will be overset the moment it appears in the courts. The Michigan Central dividend is 1 per cent. less than usual.

The annual report of the New York Central Railroad has been pub-

lished. It shows the capital stock and debt to stand as follows, as compared with the corresponding period of last year:

	Oct., 1864.	Oct., 1865.	Increase.
Capital Stock	$24,386,000	$24,591,000	$205,000
Debt	13,211,341	14,627,442	1,416,101

The cost of the property has thus been increased $1,621,101 during the year. The earnings, gross and net, compare as follows for the past two years:

	1864.	1865.	Increase.	Decrease.
Gross Earnings	$12,997,889	$13,975,524	$977,635	....
Expenses	9,346,184	10,882,358	1,536,174	....
Net Earnings	3,651,705	3,063,166	....	$558,539

The report has discouraged many holders of the stock. In some quarters it is alleged that the figures have been "cooked," with a view to further applications to the Legislature for a removal of existing restrictions on passenger fares. But the advance in the cost of labor and materials within the past two years is so notorious that the request, unfavorable as it is, may still be quite honest. Everything has increased in price in this country except railway travelling; no wonder that the railways begin to show Flemish accounts.

Attention is directed to the extraordinary decline in Nevada—or Washoe—gold mining stocks. These stocks are, for the most part, held in the Atlantic States. During the war, when they paid their dividends in gold, many capitalists in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia put money in them as a hedge against the currency. According to the best information which could then be obtained, the mines were in a reliable productive condition, and no material diminution of their monthly dividends was to be apprehended. At that time Gould & Curry was about $2,000 per foot in gold—it had sold at $7,000 per foot—Yellow Jacket $2,400, and so on. Three months ago the mines suspended dividends, and a decline began, which has gone on until Gould & Curry has been quoted at $650, Yellow Jacket at $250 per foot, and so forth with the other stocks. Considerable irritation is felt among holders in the Atlantic States, and the conduct of the California managers of the mines has been the subject of severe comment. A meeting of parties concerned in Washoe stocks will probably be called at an early day, with a view to the appointment of a commission to visit the property, and report whether or no the mines are a total swindle.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD

STATE AID BONDS.

Interest at the rate of

SEVEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM IN GOLD,

Payable Semi-Annually.

GUARANTEED AND PAID BY THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

The Bonds are secured by a mortgage on 160 miles of road, from Sacramento to the California State Line, forming part of the great Pacific Railroad Route, adopted and aided by the United States Government. They are further secured by a *Sinking Fund* of $50,000 in gold per annum, reserved from the earnings of the road, and pledged for their redemption. They are a first-class security in every respect, and a limited amount will be offered upon terms which render them a very attractive and desirable investment.

For further particulars inquire at our Office, No. 5 NASSAU ST.

FISK & HATCH, BANKERS.

THE

MORRIS FIRE AND INLAND INSURANCE COMPANY

COLUMBIAN BUILDING, 1 NASSAU STREET.

JUNE 1, 1865.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

CASH CAPITAL, PAID IN, AND SURPLUS, $885,040 57.

POLICIES OF INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE
Issued on the most Favorable Terms.

WM. M. WHITNEY, Secretary. B. C. MORRIS, President.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S.

The interchange of presents among friends is the very surest cement of friendship. To confer a gift proves forethought, a desire to please, to serve, to be useful to a friend. Every one desires to be thought of by his or her friends when absent. To provide a present for a friend who is at a distance, is the most certain proof that you are thinking of that person.

If to think of our friends' present tastes, when at a distance from them, is to show a sincere concern for them, how much more strongly would this concern be manifested if we showed that our interest in them extended away into the future, and provided not for their mere personal gratification, but for their permanent welfare.

No better time could be chosen for advancing the generous principle of Life Insurance as applied to a provision for a wife or family.

If you stand in the relation of parent, can you manifest your affection for a married son or daughter better than by presenting him or her, as a gift, with the means of effecting a Life policy, for the protection of the young family?

If you stand in the relation of a wealthy brother or friend, can you not find an opportunity of making such a gift in a manner that will render it an acceptable compliment and an enduring benefit?

THE UNION MUTUAL

is one of those well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Companies which distinguish this nation for enlightened benevolence, practical wisdom, and disinterested philanthropy. It offers superior advantages to the life-insuring public. It is based upon fundamental principles of soundness, and gives abundant security in large accumulated funds. Through the admirable economy of its management large dividends are secured to policy-holders. It is prompt in payment of losses, and accommodates the assured in the settlement of their premiums in life policies, by receiving a note for one-half, when the premium amounts to over $30.

THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

This is one of the oldest wholly *Mutual* Life Insurance Companies in the United States, and has been uniformly successful, having always made large returns in Cash dividends to all the policy-holders.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.
J. W. & H. JUDD, GENERAL AGENTS.

HOME
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE, 135 BROADWAY.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - -	**$2,000,000 00**
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - -	**3,765,503 42**
Liabilities, - - - - - - - -	**77,901 52**

FIRE, MARINE, and INLAND
INSURANCE.

Agencies at all important points throughout the United States.

CHAS. J. MARTIN, PRESIDENT.
A. F. WILMARTH, VICE-PRESIDENT.
JOHN McGEE, Secretary.
J. H. WASHBURN, Assistant Secretary.
W. C. NICOLL, Superintendent Marine Department.

Marine and Fire Insurance.

METROPOLITAN INSURANCE COMPANY,
108 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, - - - - - - - - - - - -	$1,000,000
Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - - -	400,000

This Company ensures at customary rates of premium against ALL MARINE AND INLAND NAVIGATION RISKS on CARGO or FREIGHT; also, against LOSS or DAMAGE by FIRE.

IF PREMIUMS ARE PAID IN GOLD, LOSSES WILL BE PAID IN GOLD.

The Assured receive 75 per cent. of the net profits without incurring any liability, or in lieu thereof, at their option, a liberal discount upon the premium.

All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

SCRIP DIVIDEND, declared Jan. 10, 1865, FIFTY per cent.

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ROBERT M. C. GRAHAM, Vice-President.
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, JR., 2d Vice-President.
HENRY H. PORTER, Secretary.

Where I Can Ensure,

WHAT I CAN ENSURE AGAINST,

AND

WHAT IT WILL COST ME.

I CAN ENSURE IN THE

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243 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

OPPOSITE CITY HALL PARK,

Authorized Capital, - - - Half a Million,

AGAINST EVERY DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENTS that can happen to me on Sea or Land.

I can ensure my life on the purely Mutual Plan, either by an Endowment, or a Life Policy, or a Ten-year Non-forfeiture Policy.

$25 secures a General Accident Policy for $5,000, with a Weekly Compensation of $25.

$10 secures a Marine Policy for $10,000 for a voyage to any European port, covering loss of life at sea from accident.

$167 35 per annum secures an Endowment Policy for $5,000, with profits payable at the age of 50, or at death to a person 25 years of age.

$96 90 per annum secures a Life Policy for $5,000, with profits, to a person 25 years of age. A Loan of one-third of the Premium, or Life, or Endowment Policy will be given, if required, without note.

POLICIES ISSUED AT ONCE.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED for General Accident Policies.

FIRST CLASS FIRE INSURANCE

ON THE PARTICIPATION PLAN.

MARKET FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

37 WALL STREET, CORNER OF JAUNCEY COURT.

CONDITION OF THE COMPANY.

ABSTRACT OF THE ANNUAL REPORT OF DEC. 31, 1864.

TOTAL ASSETS	$414,729 18
Viz.—Bonds and Mortgages	$134,672 00
Temporary Loans	92,630 00
Real Estate	10,000 00
100 Shares Mer. Ex. Bank	5,000 00
Government Sec., value	144,514 00
Cash on hand	18,042 34
Interest due	3,085 58
Premiums due	6,785 26
PRESENT LIABILITIES	$15,995 92
NET SURPLUS	198,733 26

This Company will continue, as heretofore, to insure respectable parties against DISASTER BY FIRE

At fair and remunerating rates; extending, according to the terms on its Policies, the advantage of the

PARTICIPATION PLAN OF THE COMPANY,

pursued by it for several years past, with such great success and popularity, and profit to its customers: whereby

(75) SEVENTY-FIVE PER CENT. (75)

of the Profits, instead of being withdrawn from the Company in Dividends to Stockholders, is invested as a "SCRIP FUND," and held for greater protection of its Policyholders; and Scrip, bearing interest, is issued to Customers therefor: thus, IN THIS COMPANY, those who furnish the business, AND PAY THE PREMIUMS, derive the largest share of advantages; and when the accumulations of the SCRIP FUND shall exceed

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

the excess will be applied to PAY OFF the Scrip IN CASH in the order of its issue.

☞ The liberal and prompt adjustment of Claims for Loss, WHEN FAIR AND SQUARE, is a specialty with this Company.

NOTE.—This Company does not insure on the hazards of RIVER, LAKE, or INLAND NAVIGATION; confining itself strictly to a legitimate FIRE INSURANCE BUSINESS.

ASHER TAYLOR, President.

H. P. FREEMAN, Secretary.

BROWN, BROTHERS & CO.,

56 WALL STREET,

Issue, in New York, Circular Credits for Travellers, available in any part of the world

NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO	$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865,	275,253

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary. JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

OFFICES, 1 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

" 139 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL	$1,000,000 00
ASSETS	1,500,000 00

Insurance against Loss by Fire, Marine, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President. EDGAR W. CROWELL, Vice-President

PHILANDER SHAW, Secretary.

Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,

BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

E. W CLARK & CO.,

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DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS AND TREASURY NOTES, CERTIFICATES OF INDEBTEDNESS, QUARTERMASTERS' VOUCHERS, COMPOUND INTEREST NOTES.

STOCKS and BONDS of all kinds BOUGHT and SOLD on COMMISSION.

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Has for sale U. S. 7 3-10 Notes, all sizes; also, One Year Certificates and all other Government Loans.

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"They are truly marvellous and apparently inexhaustible."—*London Times.*

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THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST.

Always clean, and flowing freely from the pen, these inks are rapidly taking the place of all others, and merit the special attention of the penman.

On trial they will be found superior in every respect to the imported inks now in use.

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GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS.

These instruments have been for thirty years before the public, in competition with other instruments of first-class makers. They have, throughout that long period, maintained their reputation among the profession and the public as being unsurpassed in every quality found in a first-class Piano.

650 BROADWAY,

AND

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SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL.

(*From Watson's Weekly Art Journal.*)

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"They are an exceedingly good substitute for an Organ, and I can speak of them in the highest terms."
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"I have found them to be the *finest Instruments of the class I ever saw.*" GEO. F. BRISTOW.

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"*The tone is incomparable*, and they are *far in advance* of any other instrument of a similar kind."
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THE PARLOR ORGAN,

with the recent improvements of Mr. J. Carhart, is, without exception, *far superior* in QUALITY, POWER, SWEETNESS, VARIETY and EXPRESSION OF TONE, DURABILITY OF CONSTRUCTION, ELEGANCE OF CASE—POSSESSING IMPROVEMENTS APPLIED BY US ONLY.

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RAVEN & BACON'S PIANO-FORTES.

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HEATING STOVES, GUARANTEED TO HEAT ROOMS PERFECTLY.

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KEROSENE OIL COOKING STOVES,

The best in market, have regular SIDE OVENS, and guaranteed to BAKE PERFECTLY, and not to Smoke or Smell.

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At the Great Mechanics' Fair, held in Boston in October, 1865, Messrs. CHICKERING & SONS were awarded

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For the *BEST GRAND PIANOS.*

The *FIRST SILVER MEDAL*
For the *BEST SQUARE PIANOS.*

The *FIRST SILVER MEDAL*
For the *BEST UPRIGHT PIANOS.*

This Fair called forth an UNUSUAL COMPETITION—35 Pianos being represented. The report of the judges is very thorough and very decided on the merits of the CHICKERING PIANO.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR, of 1865, awards Chickering & Sons THREE FIRST PRIZES.

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FOURTEEN FIRST-CLASS GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS IN THE MONTHS OF SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER, 1865.

Making a total of FIFTY-FIVE PRIZE MEDALS awarded to CHICKERING & SONS, as

FIRST PREMIUMS OVER ALL COMPETITION for the SUPERIORITY OF THEIR PIANOS.

OPINIONS OF EMINENT ARTISTS.

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"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos, beyond comparison, the best I have ever seen in America."

GOTTSCHALK.

"I consider Chickering & Sons' Pianos superior to any in the world."

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"I believe that, in every particular, your Pianos are superior to any I have ever seen in this country or in Europe."

SATTER.

"For volume and fine quality of tone, with nicety of articulation, the Chickering Pianos are unequalled."

BASSINI.

"I always use and always recommend your Pianos to my pupils and friends."

MUZIO.

"I consider your Pianos the finest I have ever played upon."

Watson's Art Journal, of November 11, in its criticism of Mme. Abel's concert, says: "Madame Abel performed on the new Chickering Grand, which took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, held at Boston last month.

"IT IS THE NOBLEST INSTRUMENT WE EVER HEARD IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

"Grand in power, without noise; capable of sustaining any amount of forcing, without losing the rich purity of its tones; clear, bright, and beautiful throughout the entire range, every tone is a pearl of sound, sympathetic and vocal as the finest human voice cultivated to the highest point of perfection."

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Pianos with or without the Agraffe Bridge, which we have constantly used for the past twelve years.

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652 BROADWAY, N. Y.
246 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
914 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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WERE AWARDED THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS
At the State Fairs of

New York,	Illinois,	Virginia,
New Jersey,	Michigan,	N. Carolina,
Vermont,	Wisconsin,	Tennessee,
Pennsylvania,	Iowa,	Alabama,
Ohio,	Kentucky,	Oregon,
Indiana,	Missouri,	California,

And at numerous Institute and County Fairs, including all the Fairs at which they were exhibited the past three years.

The GROVER & BAKER ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE is superior to all others, for the following reasons:

1. The seam is stronger and more elastic than any other.
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3. It is capable of doing all the varieties of sewing done by other machines, and, in addition, executes beautiful embroidery and ornamental work.

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THE BEST SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD.

THE WEED MACHINES,

With all their valuable improvements, entirely overcome all imperfections. They are superior to all others for family and manufacturing purposes, simple in construction, durable in all their parts, and readily understood. They have certainty of stitch on all kinds of fabrics, and are adapted to a wide range of work without change or adjustment, using all kinds of thread. Will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, tuck, quilt, cord, and, in fact, do all kinds of work required by families or manufacturers. We invite all persons in search of an instrument to execute any kind of sewing now done by machinery to inspect them, and recommend all parties engaging in the sale of sewing-machines to make sure they secure the best by examining the WEED before purchasing. They make the shuttle-stitch, which cannot be excelled for firmness, elasticity, durability, and elegance of finish. They have received the highest premiums in every instance where they have been exhibited in competition with other standard machines. The company being duly licensed, the machines are protected against infringements or litigation.

Reliable agents wanted, to whom we offer great inducements. Every explanation will be cheerfully given to all, whether they wish to purchase or not. Descriptive circulars, together with specimens of their work, will be furnished to all who desire them by mail or otherwise.

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THE BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

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"The Poughkeepsie College Military School paid a visit to this city yesterday (April 3). The pupils were uniformed in blue military style, and numbered between fifty and sixty in line. It was a beautiful affair, witnessed by thousands, many of whom are of the opinion that the cadets are under better discipline, and, in the military exercise, far superior to the celebrated Chicago Zouaves who visited our city some years ago."—*Albany Express.*

"Yesterday afternoon (April 3) the College Hill Cadets, of Poughkeepsie, visited our city on a pleasure excursion, and for the purpose of paying their respects to the Governor. After the review the Governor briefly addressed them. He said he was glad of the opportunity to welcome the company to the Capital of the State, and thank them for their visit. He was glad of this evidence of the success of the teachers, and the proficiency of the taught."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

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The Nation.

VOL. I.—NO. 26. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1865. { SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM / SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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The Week.

SENATOR WILSON has introduced a most important bill for the enforcement of the second clause of the Constitutional Amendment, providing for the protection of all inhabitants of every State without distinction of race or color. If this should be passed, and made operative as regards Chinese and Indians in California and other frontier States, not only would a great deal of outrageous cruelty be prevented, but one most potent promoter of barbarism in new communities, the presence of a large body of outlaws, on whom robbery and murder may be perpetrated not only without punishment, but without even public reprobation, would be removed.

MR. THADDEUS STEVENS made an elaborate speech last Monday in favor of treating the States lately in revolt as Territories, until such time as the rest of the country shall consider it safe to re-admit them to the Union; in favor of which plan Mr. Stevens said much, and said it well. But then his rhetoric is often rather strong meat for babes, as when he compares the Southern States to "the conquered cities of Latium." Upon the sentence at the close, in which he expressed his belief that the late Chief-Justice Taney was condemned for the Dred Scott decision "to everlasting fire," we can hardly trust ourselves to comment. Many people will be ready to believe that a person who uses such language in a debate is hardly in a fit state of mind to legislate either for "the conquered cities of Latium" or of any other state or territory.

MR. SUMNER made last week an attack on the President, which was to say the least in very bad taste. We have commented on it at some length elsewhere. Mr. Sumner, when facing the "lords of the lash," in the Senate, did not like being disposed of by epithets and abuse. Has he lost that love of the propriety of debate for which he was then so great a stickler?

THE announcement of the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment was most important as an official proclamation to the world that slavery had *de jure* as well as *de facto* ceased to exist in the United States. But it would have been very much more welcome to a large portion of the public if it had not contained an acknowledgment of the legal standing in the Union of the States lately in revolt. No harm would have been done by waiting till Congress had fairly passed on this question before issuing the proclamation, for Congress has certainly something to say about it.

MR. WASHBURNE'S bill to create a new military grade for the benefit of Gen. Grant, suggests many objections that might be urged against it. It is an unnecessary compliment or reward to one who is already *facile princeps*. It involves the promotion of some subordinate who may neither by merit nor popularity deserve to be made Lieutenant-General. It is opposed to public economy, inasmuch as it provides, without sufficient cause, for a salary quite equal to that of the Commander-in-chief. And, lastly, it offers a perpetual temptation to merge the two offices, if only out of parsimony, and convert the General into a President. Without abating one jot of the gratitude or admiration which the great captain has fairly won, we cannot persuade ourselves that the republic has failed to honor him sufficiently in both respects.

MR. DOOLITTLE has introduced a most sensible bill with regard to the qualifications of jurors in the United States courts, abolishing the absurd rule which makes an intelligent and honest man incompetent to try a prisoner if he has, in this age of newspapers, heard of his crime, or expressed any opinion about his guilt.

THOMAS CORWIN died on the 18th. He was one of the best and brightest of that wonderful race of big-brained men whom the West is now contributing to the national politics, and who may be fairly said to constitute a new and most potent agent in shaping the national destinies. They are the first real apostles of democracy the world has seen.

THE *Tribune*, though usually a sober-minded paper, and remarkable for plain, vigorous, and unadorned English, seems to have been completely upset by the news of the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, and allowed some wild scribe, in an article on the "End of Slavery," to call Christmas "the great anniversary of the human soul," to make slavery "fetters on the commerce and industry of the South," which first "corroded her religion" and then "ate out *her* manhood like a canker." "Fetters" like these are not often met with. "Slavery," according to the same authority, has "died violently of its own venom"—one of the oddest deaths we ever heard of; and what makes the occurrence all the stranger is, that we are told in the same sentence that "the garment" of the defunct "is pollution." The condition of the South, as described by the writer, is, we confess, to us inexplicable, for he says, "The past is a wall to her *and* a Golgotha; the future is illimitable and full of life, unless she strives against her own soul to lead a life of oppression *in the suicide of virtue*." The behavior of "the past" to her in being both "a wall and a Golgotha" is certainly very embarrassing; but there is clearly much for her to look forward to in the future if she avoids that singular "life in the suicide of virtue." Under all the circumstances, however, we confess we hardly know what to advise.

THE Postmaster-General has addressed a circular to the railroad managers, calling their attention to delays which occur on the various lines, owing to the practice of loading passenger and mail trains with freight. We doubt if it will make much impression. Railroad managers are used to mere remonstrances. If the Postmaster-General could and would impose a penalty for all avoidable delays in mail trains, some good might be accomplished; but what chance is there of this?

A REIGN of terror appears to have begun in West Tennessee; at least notices to quit have been served on ex-officers of the Union army, threatening horrors dire in case of refusal. The recipients have called Governor Brownlow's attention to the matter. If anything of this kind

is attempted, there could not be a more effectual remedy than to quarter troops in the district in which the outrage is committed, at the expense of the inhabitants. The incident suggests some dismal forebodings as to the future position of Northern men in the "reconstructed South."

RECONCILIATION of the Emperor of the French and his cousin, the Prince Napoleon, is one of the early probabilities. The prince has written a very friendly letter to M. Rouher about general politics, and saying nothing of that unhappy speech at Ajaccio, in Corsica, which caused all the trouble; and an interchange of affectionate letters has taken place between the Empress and the Princess Clotilde.

A CONVENTION representing France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy has met in Paris, to promote a monetary unity between those countries. In all the franc is already the standard piece, but it is now proposed to coin in the different countries francs of the same intrinsic value; and it is said that France will make overtures to other countries to establish the franc as the universal standard. With the United States little difficulty is apprehended, the dollar being already so nearly a piece of five francs; and the adhesion of America once obtained, that of England and other countries of Europe would soon follow, it is expected.

Two French engineers are about to leave Paris for Judea, where they are about to direct the construction of a railway already commenced there. Think of a railway in the Holy Land, says the *Indépendance Belge;* of Bethlehem station, and the Golgotha refreshment rooms!

VERDI is in Paris, and is said to be writing a new opera for the story of the drama, "Marion Delorme." Now it is declared that Madame Ristori has not consented to come to America, as reported, but has, decidedly, refused the most tempting inducements.

THE publication of the second volume of Napoleon's life of Cæsar will probably be delayed until April, the author desiring to make some important modifications according to fresh documents.

THE party in Spain most favorable to the war against Chili is that of absolutist and clerical principles. The complaints of this party (according to the *Journal des Débats*) against the republics of South America are much the same as Lamartine's against the United States. The Chilians are "proud, brutal, demagogic, and, worse than all, ungrateful to Spain, who has taught them to know the true God, and the benefits of civilization."

PRUSSIA continues to bully the smaller German States. Having failed to secure the co-operation of Austria in her purpose of restricting the right of meeting in the free city of Frankfort, it is now declared that she will proceed alone to carry it out, and will act without respect to the Federal Diet.

THE *Gazette of Bavaria* makes official announcement of the early recognition of the kingdom of Italy by the Bavarian Government. Bavaria is moved to this step by the fact that nearly all the European powers, except Austria, have already taken it, and by the wish to protect and foster the numerous commercial and industrial relations of the Bavarian and Italian peoples. It is said that a treaty of commerce between Italy and the Zollverein will soon be concluded.

AUSTRIA seems to enjoy a momentary tranquillity in the possession of Venice, if we may judge from the fact that she is reducing her army in Venetia. This, however, was to be expected as soon as Austria began to feel secure in Hungary.

IT is rumored that, after the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, he will nominate his brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, as Palatine.

WHILE the Federal Council of Switzerland is considering important changes of constitution, the Swedish Diet is discussing projects of reform, which tend to modify the whole internal polity of the realm. The Diet is now composed of four orders, representing the nobility, inheriting their places; the clergy, hereditary legislators in part and in part elective; the burgesses, elective; and the peasants, elective. It is proposed to abolish this system of representation, and reduce the number of houses in the Diet one half. The burgesses and peasants favor the change; the nobles are nearly divided; the clergy is flatly opposed, because the right to clerical representation will be denied by it.

ON the 10th of January, the Swiss people will vote for or against the changes proposed in the federal constitution. At Bâle a public meeting of those opposed to the amendment has been held, and has passed a *Bundesverfassungsverwerfungsvolksversammlungsbeschluss*, or resolution of the people's assembly rejecting the revision of the federal constitution.

ONE of the questions of public interest which will come before the Hungarian Diet is the emancipation of the Jews in Hungary from the political disabilities under which they now labor. They are nearly a million in number, monopolize the important commerce, and have always been noted for their patriotism and fidelity to the cause of Hungarian nationality.

ACCORDING to the *Nazione*, of Florence, the chief features of the clerical reform in Italy will be the sale of all ecclesiastical property, and the conversion of the proceeds into rents, from which the archbishops, bishops, canons, and priests will receive fixed incomes. The colleges, dioceses, and parishes will be diminished.

A MASONIC lodge in Palermo has excommunicated the Pope! This action was taken in retaliation for the fulminations against freemasonry launched from the Vatican. The brothers of the Palermo lodge declare that "a man named Mastai Ferretti once received the Masonic baptism, and swore love and fraternity to the Masons, and that afterwards this man was created pope and king under the title of Pius IX."

IT is rumored, upon fair authority, that Prince Humbert, heir-apparent to the Italian throne, will espouse Maria, Princess of Russia.

THE Turkish Government has responded favorably to the French proposition for assembling a congress at Constantinople to consult as to the best means of preventing the inroads of the cholera hereafter. It is probable, however, that the Dervishes, and the more fanatical of the population, will oppose any sanitary measure which shall interfere with the annual pilgrimage to Mecca.

CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23, 1865.

THE third week of Congress closes with little actual legislation accomplished, but with much light thrown upon the temper and principles of the legislators. It is already apparent that there is a clear and reliable majority of both Houses who will resist any re-admission of the late rebel States to representation in Congress until firm security for the rights of the freedmen is obtained. Much has been said and predicted of the "conservative" temper of the Senate, as a check upon the more pronounced "radicalism" of the House. But there are not so many as ten out of the thirty-eight Union Senators who manifest any tendency to accept anything short of absolute certainty on this point. Enough votes have already been taken to be decisive of this.

Two most important measures have already passed the House. One was the bill of the Committee on Commerce guaranteeing to all railway companies equal rights to carry freight and passengers from one State to another, thus ensuring freedom of transit and destroying such odious monopolies as the Camden and Amboy tax upon through travel. This owes its speedy passage partly to a happy suggestion in the President's message, and partly to the fact that one-half the present

House are new members, upon whom the powerful lobby influence has as yet had no effect. The same measure, now carried by a majority of 42, passed the House last session by the narrow majority of six, and was lost in the Senate by postponement. It will go through this time, however. The other decisive vote had in the House was that adopting a proposed Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the United States, *or any State*, from paying any debt incurred in aid of rebellion. Although this strikes a hard blow at the State-rights heresy, it passed by a vote of 150 to 11, the majority of Democratic members manifesting, by voting aye, either a hopeful sign of political regeneracy, or else a hopeful respect for the force of public opinion.

Besides these formal acts of legislation, several declaratory resolutions of great significance have passed the House. One of these reaffirms the validity of the test oath and pronounces against its being dispensed with. It passed by the heavy majority of 93. Another, declaring it to be the duty of Congress to "realize and secure the largest attainable liberty to the whole people of the Republic, irrespective of color or race," was adopted by 71 majority. A third, declaring against the power of Congress to extend the elective franchise, was voted down by 65 majority.

The speeches of Messrs. Stevens and Raymond upon reconstruction were neither so comprehensive nor so able as was expected from the previous reputation of the speakers. It is manifest that neither gentleman can claim to be decisively the leader of any considerable portion of the House.

Mr. Sumner's exposé of the outrages perpetrated upon the freedmen and the disloyal spirit that prevails so widely in the South, was chiefly documentary, and, for that reason, the more effective. But the unskilfulness of his exordium, dealing so liberally in hackneyed epithets and slang phrases, was fairly amenable to criticism. The gauntlet is now thrown down between the champions of the "reconstructed" South and those who believe that regeneration should go before reconstruction. To the dictum of the President, "We must trust the South," the firm answer is returned by Mr. Sumner and many others, "The South cannot yet be trusted."

Some of the more advanced in opinion among Congressmen express themselves warmly against the President's action in withdrawing provisional governments and restoring complete civil power into the hands of recently elected rebel officials in several States. That this is done by the President and his Secretary of State pending a solemn official investigation by Congress, through its joint committee of fifteen, into the whole question of the condition and rights of the Southern States, is complained of as a close approach to usurpation. Some members say that Congress might just as well adjourn *sine die* and go home, if this policy is to be the order of the day.

The passage of the bill conferring suffrage upon the colored men in this District is regarded as certain. The "election," yesterday, to take the sense of the white people of the District upon it, resulted in the polling of 6,603 votes, out of a population of 100,000. As the friends of equal suffrage did not vote at all, the result was a foregone conclusion, and will, of course, have no influence upon Congress.

DIARY.

Monday, Dec. 18, 1865.—In the House, Mr. Baker's resolution declaring that, in restoring the States lately in rebellion, the largest attainable liberty should be secured to the whole people, irrespective of color, was referred to the Joint Committee on reconstruction, the House having previously refused to lay it on the table by 35 ayes to 106 nays. Mr. Washburne offered a bill to repeal the fishing bounties. Referred. A resolution declaring against any extension of the elective franchise by act of the President or of Congress was laid on the table—ayes 111, nays 46. A resolution that the test-oath of July 2, 1862, is of binding force and should in no case be dispensed with, was adopted, the House previously refusing to table it by a vote of 32 to 125. The House passed the Senate resolution to devote the 12th of February to a commemoration of Abraham Lincoln, an address to be delivered before both Houses by E. M. Stanton. Also passed a bill to pay Mrs. Mary Lincoln the sum of $25,000, previously rejecting an amendment for $100,000. The Judiciary Committee reported bill extending the right of suffrage in the District of Columbia; made a special order for January 10. A resolution pledging the House to the contraction of the currency and resumption of specie payments as soon as the business interests of the country will permit, was passed—yeas 144, nays 6. A bill to enable loyal citizens in late rebel States to form a constitution and State government preparatory to admission to the Union, was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

In the Senate, a bill appropriating half a million dollars for the relief of destitute Indians was passed. House bill, appropriating $30,000 for refitting the President's house, was passed. A resolution was passed looking to protection of manufactures in cases where the internal revenue tax exceeds the duty, exchange, and expense of importation on the foreign article.

Dec. 19.—In the Senate a message from the President was read, giving a highly favorable account of the attitude of the late rebel States toward the general Government, and enclosing reports from Carl Schurz and Lieutenant-General Grant of their own observations in the South. Mr. Sumner compared the message to that of President Pierce "whitewashing" the enormities in Kansas, in 1856, whereupon Senators Dixon and Doolittle warmly defended the President from the charge of "whitewashing" the South. The President also submitted the report of Major-General Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau.

In the House Mr. Banks offered a resolution as to the expediency of establishing military and naval schools in every State. Referred. The House passed a bill authorizing all railroad companies in the United States to convey freight, passengers, etc., on their way from any State to another State, thus virtually repealing all monopoly of transit granted by existing State laws. The vote was ayes 93, nays 51. A resolution submitting to the States a constitutional amendment, prohibiting the payment, either by the United States or by any one of the States, of debts incurred in aid of rebellion against the United States, was passed, ayes 150, nays 11.

Dec. 20.—In Senate, House bill appropriating $25,000 for Mrs. Mary Lincoln was passed. Mr. Wilson's bill to maintain the freedom of the inhabitants of the States lately in rebellion was taken up, when Mr. Sumner spoke at length in its favor, declaring the necessity of protection to the freedmen, speedy and effective, at the hands of the federal Government. He quoted numerous testimonies from travellers, etc., in the South to prove that great outrages and abuses exist. Mr. Cowan replied, asserting that Mr. Sumner's authorities were *ex parte* and prejudiced, as well as isolated instances, while the testimony of General Grant and of the President was on the other side. The bill was laid over.

In the House a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint Assistant Assessors of Internal Revenue was passed. Mr. Jenckes offered a bill establishing a Civil Service Commission, whose duty it shall be to examine and judge of the qualifications of candidates for office under the federal Government. Referred. Mr. Banks offered a resolution that the reporters of the official proceedings of the House in the *Congressional Globe* be declared officers of the House, to be appointed or removed only with the Speaker's approval. The House refused to order the previous question on the resolution, ayes 53, nays 74. Credentials of G. H. Kyle, a representative from Arkansas, were referred to the Joint Committee on Reconstruction. Mr. Stevens offered a bill doubling pensions of sufferers by the war, and to pay them, as well as damages done to loyal men, out of the confiscated property of the enemy. Referred. Mr. Stevens presented credentials of H. C. Warmuth, as delegate from the "Territory" of Louisiana, backed by 19,000 voters. Referred to Joint Committee on Reconstruction. The Senate bill for relief of destitute Indians was passed. The Senate concurrent resolution looking to reduction of internal revenue tax on manufactures whenever such tax exceeds the duty, exchange, and freight upon similar articles imported, was adopted. Mr. Stevens's resolution was adopted directing the Superintendent of the Freedmen's Bureau to report whether lands confiscated and allotted to freedmen have been restored to rebel owners, and by what authority; also, under what authority traitors' property vested in the United States under the confiscation act was taken from the United States and bestowed on conquered enemies. The decease of O. Kellogg, representative from New York, was announced, and eulogies pronounced.

Dec. 21.—In the Senate, the following were appointed as members, on the part of the Senate, of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction: Messrs. Fessenden, Grimes, Harris, Howard, Johnson, and Williams. Mr. Sumner presented a petition from 280,000 colored citizens of Tennessee against the admission of Senators and Representatives from that State as now organized. Also, a petition from colored citizens of the District of Columbia, in presenting which Mr. Sumner said, "The whites of the District of Columbia, in respect to the colored people, are no better than squatters, and it is our duty to dispossess them." Mr. Howard presented a petition of 3,740 colored men of South Carolina, asking for the elective franchise. All these petitions were referred to the Joint Committee. Mr. Wilson offered a bill to carry out the second clause of the Constitutional Amendment. It declares void all laws maintaining inequality of civil rights, and entitles all inhabitants of every State, without distinction of color, to make and enforce contracts, sue and give evidence in courts, hold property, and be secured in person and estate. Referred to Judiciary Committee. Mr. Howard's resolution, asking the President to inform the Senate upon what charges Jefferson Davis is imprisoned, and why he is not put upon his trial, was adopted. Mr. Wilson made a speech in defence of his bill annulling the cruel and oppressive laws of late rebel States regarding freedmen. He declared that the President had acted differently from his own views, but had done nothing which should prevent Congress from going straight on, securing the results of the war, and putting their feet on all reaction and conservatism. Adjourned until January 5.

In the House, Mr. Alley offered a resolution looking to the establishment of a national system of telegraphing, to be, like the mails, under exclusive control of the Post-Office Department. Referred. Mr. Voorhees (Dem.) offered resolutions approving the President's message and policy. Postponed to January 9. Mr. Raymond spoke at length in reply to Mr. Stevens's views on reconstruction. He said the late rebel States are and always have been in the Union, and did not forfeit their State existence by rebellion; that the conquest we have achieved is a conquest over the rebellion, and not over the States concerned in it; that he would exact from them all needful guarantees for future loyalty and protection of the freedmen, but would not visit confiscation or other penalties upon them.

Adjourned until Jan. 5.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. HOWARD'S report falls naturally into the four main divisions of the Bureau, and treats of lands, records, finance, and medicine. The number of acres, cultivated and uncultivated, now in possession of the Bureau is 768,590, while the number restored to the original owners after pardon or on proof of loyalty is 88,170. Out of the 1,596 pieces

of town property held at one time, 1,177 have been likewise restored. Only about one five-hundredth of the entire amount of land in the insurrectionary districts has ever been controlled by the Bureau, and if it had been partitioned as was proposed among the freedmen, less than an acre would have been the share of each family. The Commissioner's special visit to the Sea Islands, by order of the President, was unproductive of results, except constituting boards of supervisors, each representing the Government, the planter, and the freedman, for the adjustment of contracts and cases of difficulty. In his report of Nov. 24, Gen. Howard recommended the purchase of the lands embraced in Sherman's S. F. O., No. 16, with a view to their rental and subsequent sale to the freedmen; and in that of Sept. 4 he had suggested that the pardon of rebels worth more than $20,000 should be on express condition of their giving in fee-simple to each head of family among their former slaves a homestead of from five to ten acres, to be secured against alienation during the lifetime of the grantee.

Under the title of "records" the report narrates what has been done by the Bureau towards encouraging and regulating free labor at the South; describes its own schools and those of the various benevolent associations of the North; and accounts for quartermasters' supplies, transportation, etc. The receipts of the Bureau, from various sources, have amounted to $907,396, and the expenditures to $478,363. The available balance on hand on the 1st of November was $313,796. The estimates for the ensuing year, should the Bureau be continued, are $11,745,050, of which the largest items are commissary stores, sites for school-houses and asylums, transportation, and clothing.

In discussing the steps which have been taken by the Bureau to secure justice to the freedmen, either by separate courts under its special supervision, or by making the civil courts also freedmen's courts, with the consent of the judges, Gen. Howard favors some provision of law extending United States jurisdiction to the freedmen, while they remain wards of the Government. His course has been, without meddling much with subjects like marriage, pauperism, apprenticeships, etc., to apply the State laws for the whites, as far as practicable, to the blacks. "In fact," he adds, "it is the easiest and best way possible to solve every troublesome problem proposed relating to negroes by the time-honored rules established by wise legislation for other people."

Gen. Howard's résumé of his conclusions is as follows:

He believes in the ultimate success of free labor, but urges that every effort be made by the officers of Government and all others concerned to establish confidence between property-holders and the freedmen, or to restore it where it has been impaired. The prejudices of the former, and their want of acquaintance with any other system of labor than that under which they were brought up, have caused quite as much disturbance as the ignorance and suspicion of the laborer. Equality before the law, time, and education, will remove the present obstacles.

The Bureau, or a similar organization, will have to be continued in order—

First, to settle its land business, and keep the national pledges to lessees and contractors.

Secondly, to make the freedom of the blacks an undisputed fact:

"Some guarantee beyond any existing ordinance in any State I visited is essential to secure the actual and continuous protection of life and property to the freedmen. Where legislation is constrained, as it now is in the Southern States, for the most part, from several causes, *there is danger of the statute law being in advance of public sentiment,* so that where there is the most liberality, ill consequences would be likely to result, if Government protection should be immediately withdrawn."

Thirdly, to promote mutual confidence between planters and laborers, as has already been extensively done through the agency of the Bureau.

Fourthly, to ensure the education of the negroes, to which the majority of the white people are utterly opposed.

Fifthly, to prevent a panic among the freedmen, likely to arise in case the Bureau is discontinued.

Sixthly, to care for the orphan, the aged, and the infirm and sick.

Seventhly, to effect a re-distribution of the colored population, now unnaturally collected in certain localities.

Eighthly, to aid the white refugees through the winter.

Ninthly, to keep Congress and the Executive accurately and constantly informed of the condition of the South.

Tenthly, to encourage immigration thither, and to sustain the Northern men already there who stand in fear of their safety.

The Commissioner is content with the present organization of the Bureau, except in the matter of civil courts and the employment of civil agencies. Some legislation will be needed to provide for the helpless, who no longer have any claim on the support of their masters, and whose natural protectors it would be difficult to determine, owing to the exceeding looseness of the marriage relation. Education for whites and blacks should be placed on a firmer basis than it now is, by using the funds raised during the war, under the Treasury laws, for the benefit of the freedmen to purchase school-sites and buildings, until the people shall be able to re-purchase them. Joint companies ought to be approved which seek to aid the blacks and poor whites in the rental, purchase, and settlement of land. "The rights of the freedmen to rent and purchase real property should be guaranteed to them beyond question." In case the Bureau is continued, its powers and domain ought to be explicitly defined, and the law by which its existence is now limited to one year after the close of the war be thoroughly remodelled.

—Gen. Fullerton's report of his administration of freedmen's affairs in Louisiana will attract much attention. It is in the nature of a defence against the charges of unfriendly, not to say unfeeling and hostile action, which were laid at his door by many at the North. Premising that he found there had been gross mismanagement in the department to which he had been ordered, in consequence of an undue partiality for the freedmen, the general states that the key of his entire conduct is his resolve to obliterate distinctions of color, and to bring both white and black, as far as possible, under the same laws and civil regulations. He found the negroes refusing to work at a critical season, when there was great demand for their labor, under the delusion that land was to be given them by the Government. Mr. Conway's circular to the contrary had little effect, and the general followed it up with one plainer spoken, which was respected. The vagrant law of the State was directed to be enforced in New Orleans against colored idlers, but its application was revoked when it appeared to have been abused. Several colonies which were badly governed and dependent were concentrated in one with the necessary reforms. A *pseudo* orphan asylum was constrained to dissolve itself. The special freedmen's courts were abolished, because, by State law, all free persons may testify in the State courts. The provost-marshal and other agents of the Bureau were to attend the trial of freedmen, and protect their rights as witnesses. Gen. Fullerton thinks that the freedmen of Louisiana are in a better condition than those of any other State. No able-bodied person need be unemployed, and the disposition of the whites toward them is rapidly improving. Violence is not nearly so frequent as has been represented.

Minor Topics.

THE objective tendencies of our age and country now and then receive amusing illustrations from popular criticism. The last of these has been educed by the re-publication of Swinburne's "Atalanta," and is neither more nor less than an attempt to bring poetry to the practical standard of science, or generalship, or public life. Several discriminating critiques assume that Mr. S. must "get rid of his old classical rubbish" before he can do justice to himself or his readers; and one, on the appearance of "Chastelard," congratulates him upon having taken a step nearer to the present day, as if the treatment of his subjects must grow better in proportion as the subjects themselves grow more modern.

In one sense this is natural enough, for the poet was evidently not speaking to the sagacious in the case of his critics. Yet it is singular, too, that they could talk so with the immense evidence before their eyes how utterly incompetent proximity (even when combined with grandeur) of subject is to furnish poetic inspiration. To say that our recent war, whether considered in its military, its moral, or its political aspect, was one of the grandest series of events the world ever wit-

nessed, is but the merest truism. How much of the "numerous verse" called forth by the occasion has even a remote chance of surviving?

Abroad we find a similar result—or want of result. What lyre did the Crimean war awaken? Of France nothing need be said, for her only real poet is in exile, and her verses, like her pictures, are made to order for the glory of the Emperor and his myrmidons; but England had Tennyson. And Tennyson produced the "Charge of the Six Hundred," one of his least satisfactory efforts. Such parts of "Maud" as had reference to the war were notoriously the worst, while the beauties of that unequal poem celebrate the common accidents of humanity, the joy of meeting a living love, the grief of missing a dead love. But do not contemporary circumstances call forth the poet's genius into activity? Certainly, and it is well worth noting how commonplace, ordinary, trivial—yea, low—these circumstances sometimes are. Burns, riding home from market, stops at an inn and amuses himself with the bar-maid. Multitudes of men riding home have stopped at inns to flirt with bar-maids; probably not a few had flirted with that identical one. Burns quits his Anna to write a delicious love-song. Shelley goes out into the fields and hears a bird sing. How many hundreds and thousands of Englishmen had walked in the fields and heard birds sing! Shelley goes home and composes the most magnificent lyric in the language.

To blame Swinburne for writing about old Greeks is as wise as to blame Shelley for writing about a small bird. Poetry is eminently subjective. The poet looks into his heart and writes. It is because he *is* a poet, a man with a creative imagination, that small things appear large to him and distant things near, and common things take uncommon aspects. Any other appreciation or explanation of him must end in infinite rubbish. Why did not Goethe write patriotic poems like Körner, instead of laying himself out on all manner of paganism? Because he was Goethe and not Körner; and we may well suspect that, had he undertaken Körner's work instead of his own, he would not have made so much of it. Why does not Swinburne write about Garibaldi and Florence Nightingale instead of Atalanta and Meleager? Because the bent of his genius did not go that way. Why did not our own Longfellow compose war-songs like the Lelands, instead of dipping into the dry bones of Scandinavia? We must still give the same answer; we cannot get behind it; it is like asking *quare opium facit dormire*, or why John is John and not Peter.

Of course this holds good of true poets only, not of mere versifiers. Probably every man with a fair education, and a certain amount of taste, can hammer out very passable verses; indeed, we may almost say that verse-making is a part of liberal education, like speech-making for men and piano-playing for women. And such a man will be moved to write verse by striking contemporary events, just as he is moved to write prose—a newspaper article, for instance. But we are speaking of real poets.

Rev. Mr. Frederick Theodore Winkelman, professor of languages in a New Jersey institution of learning, died the other day, leaving effects of which the examination accounted for the mysterious disappearance of the jewelry, watches, and best clothes of many of the pupils. Pawn-tickets for most of these things were found among the professor's papers, and proof in his own handwriting that he had purloined them. In fact, he kept a diary, in which he set down, with great minuteness, the dates and circumstances of the thefts committed, and stated what disposition he had made of his prey in each case. By means of this journal the police were able to go to the pawnbrokers' and recover part of the stolen goods.

Altogether, Prof. Winkelman seems to have been a remarkable man, not only in the constitution of mind which enabled him to commit thefts and conceal them, for that is common enough; but in the peculiar candor and freedom with which he wrote, from day to day, the story of his rascalities. No doubt there must have been a kind of terrible satisfaction to him in contemplation of the fact that such an infamous reprobate as he could so skilfully present himself to the world as never to provoke suspicion, and we can fancy the learned professor taking an almost objective interest in his rogueries, and enjoying the study of a character so anomalous as his own. The perusal of the occurrences recounted in his diary might have had for him the flavor and excitement of a Spanish picaresque novel. Indeed, is not the spectacle delicious? A Lutheran minister of the Gospel, employed to teach the humanities in a college, filches the trinkets and fine clothes of the boys and pawns them, continuing in this course unsuspected for a year, and yet keeping about him, in writing, the means of instant discovery and disgrace! There *is* a fine spirit of adventure in the thing, and, on the whole, we cannot wonder that it should have amused the reverend professor. After stealing certain waistcoats and watches, he writes in his journal: "They have sent a policeman to search for the watches; he will find them: oh yes—perhaps!" At another time he records: "Half-past nine o'clock P. M., drank a bottle of wine;" adding, with exquisite satisfaction, "stole it!" Here is all the lawless delight for the Rev. Mr. Winkleman which the minister in the "Scarlet Letter" pictured to himself when tempted to pop into the ear of the poor old dame, desiring to talk with him about heaven, some atheistic blasphemy, or when counselled by the Evil One to rap out a wild seafaring oath in the presence of the godly Puritan children. Is it not human to exult in a fine misdeed for a while?

Yet, in writing a diary, it must have required a vast degree of moral force to set down the facts which Mr. Winkelman states so simply and nakedly; for every one who has attempted to keep one of those foolish and lying records of his daily life knows how difficult it is to tell the truth in them. The wonder is that Mr. Winkelman, instead of saying, on such a night, "Drank a bottle of wine; stole it," should not have written: "Reflected, after drinking a bottle of wine, upon my life since this night last year, and regretted that but slight improvement had taken place in my character. (*Mem.*—To take some religious newspaper.) The wine which I found in the cellar was, doubtless, placed there, with a number of other bottles, for my use by the good principal of the institute. Read a chapter in the 'History of the Reformation.'" Instead of the fact concerning the watches and waistcoats as he has set it down, it is almost superhumanly strange that he did not put it: "They tell me that the police are looking for the time-pieces which the former owners evidently intended me to have regulated at the pawnbroker's. I most earnestly hope that no innocent person will be suspected of stealing these watches."

Few men, indeed, can be expected to arrive at Winkelman's terrible sincerity. We cannot suppose that a skilful financier will ever come to jot down in his note-book: "Sold Jones those worthless Honolulu oil-shares; a most shameful swindle;" or that a merchant shall record: "Got rid of those moth-eaten upholstery goods at twice their original cost. Transaction worse than a highway robbery." A capitalist will hardly write, "Grinding the faces of the poor all day;" nor a physician, "Committed a horrible piece of malpractice on Smith in setting his leg. He thinks he may be able to use it; oh, I wish him luck of it!" Suppose a young lady described what base artifices she used to wheedle her papa out of money; or that a wife should betray to her diary the awful secret of the stratagems she used to make her husband buy her a fifty-dollar bonnet! Suppose that a clergyman should confess how slightly his Sunday's sermon differed from one of Blair's; or that a journalist should keep a diary testifying to his consciousness of writing the vilest rubbish every day; or that a politician should daily record his knowledge that he was a ridiculous humbug!

Clearly, the whole thing is impossible, and we do not know that so great truthfulness as the Professor Winkelman's is even desirable. Society is held together by illusions which men cannot safely dispel. A certain amount of self-deception and deception of others seems to be the normal condition. Besides, it is not by any means certain that all of us could have the fortitude to contemplate such witness to our daily meanness and wickedness as Professor Winkelman kept about him. An unwritten conscience is bad enough, heaven knows, and we want no staring black and white one, lest some weak brother be maddened by the history of his iniquity and go about seeking to assuage his pain by the accusation of others. We shudder to think, for example, of Robinson collaring Brown on Broadway, and yelling at him: "Brown, you scoundrel, I am the vilest thief and liar on the face of the earth, and so are you, sir, and so are all these miserable swindlers and backbiters and slanderers about us!"

Consider the effect of such a proclamation in such a place! We should all fall upon Brown and tear him to pieces.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

IS THE PRESIDENT MISTAKEN?

THE President, in his message of Tuesday week, assured the nation that in nearly all of the lately rebel States "measures have been adopted, or are now pending, to confer upon the freedmen the privileges which are essential to their comfort, protection, and security." He also testified to the gradual development of systems "under which the freedman will receive the protection to which he is justly entitled, and by means of his labor make himself a useful and independent member of the community in which he has his home." General Howard, on the contrary, informs the Secretary of War that "some guarantee, beyond any existing ordinance in any State he has visited, is essential to secure the actual and continuous protection of life and property to the freedmen."

This rose-colored view from the White House has been applauded and defended by all newspapers and politicians whose business it is to sneeze when the President takes snuff. They have reminded his critics, with a show of indignation, that he knows all the facts, and entertains presumptively the only correct opinion about the condition of the South. Of course, having seconded his plan of reconstruction, they are bound to see nothing but the most admirable results achieved by it. Of course they partake of the confidence with which civil government has been completely restored to Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina. But men who are not interested in the success of a personal experiment, nor concerned to apologize for every act of the Administration, and are able to balance testimony which is not wholly confined to official channels, will fail to agree with Mr. Johnson in what they will readily admit to be his sincere conviction. The point at issue is not whether progress has not been made in the re-adjustment of society at the South—whether things in that quarter are not better than they were at Johnston's surrender—but whether there exists that laudable desire to be loyal and law-abiding which the President discerns, to a degree which makes it safe for white and black to withdraw the military protectorate from the States; whether "disorders" there are "occasional" and "local," and due to "the demoralizing effects of the war," or whether they belong to the spirit of slavery and rebellion not yet exorcised amongst any considerable part of the population. Though the President is, in theory, the best-informed man in the country, the public, in deciding this question, will attach greater weight to the conclusions of Generals Howard and Grant, who concur in remonstrating against the proposed withdrawal of troops, if only for the sake of the Southerners themselves. The public will even trust its own intelligence, derived from ten thousand private, yet not therefore despicable sources, and will prefer it inevitably to the asseverations of the score or two of pilgrims to Washington in whom the President may be supposed to confide. Gov. Perry's word, for example, in what relates to the present feeling of his fellow-citizens, will be held, deservedly, inferior to that of a commercial travelling agent. Newspaper correspondence excepted, the public are far more likely than the President to receive information that is not "cooked;" and, if they have not all the facts, it is safe to say that they have enough to arrive at a tolerably correct judgment in the premises.

We have only to look at a few of the codes for the freedmen adopted or proposed at the South—codes in themselves odious, because perpetuating an iniquitous civil and social distinction—to differ very materially from the President in his judgment of them. In North Carolina, the Legislature has just adjourned without so much as a bill having been presented for the modification of the State code in favor of the freedmen; and on the same day we were informed by telegraph that two negroes were sentenced to be sold into servitude for larceny, for a period not exceeding seven years! "This sentence," it is naïvely added, "is agreeable to the laws of the State in relation to freedmen before the war." But it is far from agreeable to the Constitutional Amendment which the State had already ratified, and which was certain to become law in a period abundantly short of seven years. With this instance may be fitly collated two similar cases disposed of in the mayor's court at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 12th of October; and, still more recently, the selling of two colored girls in Maryland for two years within the State, and a colored woman for six months out of it.

South Carolina has furnished some of the most atrocious cruelties to the list of those perpetrated upon the freedmen. Her Legislature passed a code for this class by which, when employed, they are to be styled "servants," and their employers "masters." A master "may moderately correct a servant under eighteen years of age;" but if older, the judge may order the sheriff to perform the whipping. Strict regulations for the daily conduct, polite behavior, and locomotion of servants are enacted. The system of written passes is restored. It shall be an infamous crime to hire or harbor servants without their masters' consent. No person of color shall earn his living at a trade, or keep a store, without a license from the district court. A black man or woman convicted before a justice of failing to support self or children, shall be sold to the prosecutor on terms agreed upon by the latter and the magistrate.

Similar provisions about enticing servants are contained in bills introduced in the Alabama Legislature on the 1st inst. It is also provided that, in cases where white persons lease or rent their lands to freedmen, the lessors shall be liable for taxes assessed upon the freedmen, and in all respects the former be responsible for the latter as a principal for his agent. The same body have passed a very stringent vagrant law, establishing houses of correction in every town, where chain-gangs, "reasonable correction," and solitary confinement on bread and water are in order. In case of a second offence, thirty-nine lashes may be visited by a magistrate on the offender. Vagrants may also be hired out for a month for the benefit of the county treasury. Color is not specified in this statute, but must be inferred.

It is needless to cite Mississippi, since the President himself has set aside her legislation by which, among other provisions, the freedmen were absolutely prohibited from holding real estate. She competes with South Carolina in barbarity to the emancipated blacks, and shares with every other Southern State in refusing to admit them to her courts on even terms with the whites.

Such are some of the open manifestations of the mood of "our Southern brethren" in circumstances when they would have been tempted to make a show at least of complete acquiescence in the will of their magnanimous conqueror. If the President sees in them a ripeness for democratic self-government and a social change conferring "essential privileges" upon colored natives, with "protection" to them and to white immigrants, whether capitalists or laborers, we do not. If these disgraceful statutes were more specious than they are—nay, if they both looked fairer and were of fairer intent—we should still be incredulous. There would still remain, as Gen. Howard has pointed out, the "danger of the statute law being in advance of public sentiment," and we should still insist on delay in political rehabilitation.

MR. SUMNER ON "WHITEWASHING."

No explanation that can be found in any dictionary, or offered by Mr. Sumner himself, would render the accusation of "whitewashing" which he brought against the President anything but a charge of moral turpitude. To "whitewash" anything is to cover up dark and dirty places with a thin covering of white, and anybody who does this is unquestionably guilty of a certain kind of deceit, the precise nature of which, however, is to be determined by the result. Ordinary whitewashing of walls, though it undoubtedly involves making things seem clean which are not clean in reality, still wards off disease and delights the eye. But when one "whitewashes" a man, or a cause, or a state of things, he simply endeavors by falsehood or misrepresentation to make impurity seem pure, dishonesty seem honest, violence seem peaceful. Anybody who does this does an essentially base thing, and the results of his baseness are not confined to the particular case in which it is displayed, but are felt through the whole field of morals by confusing men's notions of right and wrong. And yet this is the very thing Mr. Sumner has accused Mr. Johnson of doing. He has asserted,

in other words, that Mr. Johnson, knowing well that order was not restored at the South, that the desire for peace and tranquillity did not exist, has declared that they do; that being very well assured that there was no general desire at the South to submit to the laws, has asserted that there was; that he has sought to deceive the Senate and the Northern public upon a matter of such vital moment that it would be difficult to express in words the consequences that may possibly flow from any mistake that may be made in dealing with it.

There is certainly nothing in Mr. Johnson's antecedents to justify anything so unseemly as Mr. Sumner's outburst—for unseemly it was. If there be anything for which the President has acquired an honorable reputation, it is for his truthfulness. He owes almost all the hold he has upon public esteem to the singular frankness and candor with which he has been in the habit of speaking his mind. And what gives this virtue of his a new lustre is, that he has distinguished himself in almost as great a degree as Mr. Sumner himself by speaking his mind before hostile audiences. His career ever since 1860 has certainly not been that of a popularity-hunter. He said disagreeable things, and nothing but disagreeable things, in the Senate in 1860, and down to 1864 led a life in Tennessee which no man would think of leading to whom the expression of his honest convictions was not dearer than all else in life. The idea of a Southern hypocrite playing the loyalist in Tennessee during the first two years of the war is simply ridiculous. And Mr. Johnson's sincerity and truthfulness since his accession to the presidency have been fully as remarkable as before. There have been several things in his policy towards the South open, in our opinion, to exception, but not for any want of good faith revealed in them. In so far as we have taken the liberty of finding fault, it has not been for deceiving, but for being too readily deceived; not for moral but for mental obliquity; not for loving crooked ways, but for sometimes, through what we considered want of perception, getting off the right track. When Mr. Sumner rises in his place in the Senate, therefore, to accuse him of deceit, he is guilty of something worse than indecorum.

How men like Mr. Sumner come to make slapdash charges of this kind, and to treat everybody who differs from them as to the means of reconstruction as morally base, seems to us tolerably clear. During the anti-slavery struggle, the issues involved were almost all moral issues. It was impossible to resolve the question of the abolition or preservation of slavery into a political question simply. There was, no matter what anybody may say, moral guilt in slaveholding, and the slaveholders knew it. The doctrine of the innocence of those who, having been "brought up" to slaveholding, did not see it as Northerners saw it, would convert Thugs into pious and respectable oddities. Upon this point nobody who believes that there is a standard of right and wrong in the world can feel much doubt.

The anti-slavery men were, therefore, quite justified in considering their political opponents as deserving of moral censure, and in looking on the warfare they carried on at the polls or elsewhere as a moral warfare, and their enemies as offenders against the moral law. But when they attempt, as Mr. Sumner and others clearly do, to treat the efforts which are now being made to secure the freedmen in the enjoyment of their rights at the South as simply a continuance in all its incidents of the struggle to secure their emancipation, they are apt not only to do gross injustice to others, but to stultify themselves. The whole question of the reconstruction of society at the South is, as far at least as members of the Republican party are concerned, a question of expediency. All are agreed as to the objects in view. We doubt if there are many to be found in its ranks who do not desire peace and order at the South, and who are not anxious to see the freedman secured in the enjoyment of everything which can conduce to his happiness and moral and mental development. But as to the means of accomplishing these results there is a great variety of opinions; and we make bold to say that there is not one of them which a man may not hold, and be just as honest as Mr. Sumner or Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. A perfectly upright citizen may believe that wholesale confiscation will not subserve to the happiness of either white or colored men at the South. As pure patriots and as good Christians as ever stood upon a platform may, without any loss of purity, hold, with General Grant, that the time has come to restore civil government at the South; and others just as righteous and high-minded may be of opinion that negro suffrage will have to come from the States and not from the general Government; nay, a man may be in every way fit company for the best in the land, and not believe that negro suffrage would be a good thing at all for either blacks or whites. The attempt to make these questions moral questions will, like many other attempts of the same kind, simply injure the cause it is intended to serve, and, while damaging morals, will not help politics.

What makes Mr. Sumner's attitude all the more inexcusable is the variety and multiplicity of the ways in which Mr. Johnson's views on reconstruction may be accounted for without impeaching his honesty. He may, for instance, be as sanguine as Mr. Sumner is desponding. He may have a vast quantity of information regarding Southern temper which Mr. Sumner does not possess, and it may be of a more varied character, or, let us add, he may have much less skill in sifting it. In short, there are a score of ways of accounting for the late message without accusing the writer of dishonesty, and it seems to us that a very ordinary estimate of the force of language, and of the respect due to the personal character even of enemies, ought to be sufficient to save far humbler people than Mr. Johnson from being charged with deceit even by persons as high placed as Mr. Sumner.

THE WEST POINT MILITARY ACADEMY.

Mr. Banks has carried a resolution for a fresh enquiry into the system of education pursued at our naval and military schools, and the Committee on Military Affairs is charged with the duty as regards West Point. Before the enquiry commences, we wish once more to say an earnest word on this subject to all concerned, and to call the attention both of the committee and the public to certain defects in the school which are patent, some of which the Visitors' last report has touched upon, and all of which ought to be remedied if the school is really meant to be kept up.

Its history has been a strange one. While almost everything else in this country has changed, it has stood the one thing stable. What Colonel Thayer, its real founder, made it fifty years ago, it has since remained. Nor are its merits or defects ever the subject of honest, intelligent criticism. It is rarely spoken of without unqualified blame or unqualified praise. Fiercely and blindly assailed by some, it is as fiercely and blindly defended by others. The failure of McClellan, of Buell, and of a host of subordinates, has never been able to shake the faith of its supporters that every one it educates must necessarily be a master of the art of war. Nor, on the other hand, has all the lustre shed upon it by the successes of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan shaken the conviction of its opponents that it is a useless and expensive burden upon the national treasury. At the beginning of the rebellion, the one side was grievously distressed because some of the graduates went over to the South; the other seemed as greatly distressed because all of them did not go the same way.

It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the effect of West Point training upon the management of our military affairs; or whether the exclusive spirit nurtured by it, which has practically turned the army into a close corporation, has been productive of more good than evil. Its influence controls all the higher appointments in the service; and since this is so, it is desirable to make the best of it by making the school as perfect as possible. There now exist in it grave defects, which must be reformed altogether before it can truly accomplish the objects for which it was founded. These defects exist in the qualifications required for entrance, the system of instruction, and the method of admission.

The first great defect in the management of the Military Academy is the lowness of the standard of qualifications required for admission.

It is a common opinion that West Point is the great mathematical and engineering school of this continent. The assertion is constantly made by the graduates of the Military Academy themselves, and as constantly re-echoed by men everywhere who hardly know enough of mathematics to tell the difference between the cube and the cube root of a quantity. In extent and thoroughness of instruction it ought certainly to have no superior. Its course is longer than that of most scientific schools. It is not dependent upon pupils for support. Its

wants are freely and fully supplied by a generous people. Entrance into it is regarded as a privilege. It can and does enforce a discipline which cannot be enforced anywhere else. And in certain special branches of study it is unrivalled; for it has no competitor not laboring under insurmountable disadvantages. But in many others, equally important, the lowness of the standard of admission places it behind some of the most unpretending scientific schools of this country. No clearer idea can be given of the absurdity of the present system and the mischief springing from it, than by a comparison of the Military Academy, on this very point, with either Yale or Harvard, the two leading classical institutions of the United States.

West Point requires of its candidates for admission a knowledge of reading, writing, of the four ground rules of arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, and proportion. This standard was fixed by the Act of 1812, and has never since been changed. An examination upon such a list of studies might, perhaps, have been deemed formidable in the ninth century; in the nineteenth it bears a close resemblance to a farce. The actual number rejected each year rarely exceeds half a dozen; the wonder is how any one, not a natural born fool, can manage to be rejected at all.

Yale requires of its candidates for admission a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, which demands at the very least two years of thorough, special, and almost exclusive preparation; in addition to this, a knowledge of English grammar, geography, arithmetic, algebra as far as quadratic equations, and the first two books of geometry. A large number are thrown out every year.

At West Point the candidate must be over sixteen years of age and under twenty-one. The average age of entrance is about eighteen. At Yale the candidate must be over fourteen years of age. The average age of entrance is about seventeen.

The consequence of this low standard of preparation required for the course pursued at the Military Academy is that the first year there is taken up with learning what any industrious, intelligent school-boy knows before reaching the age of admission. The great evil is that, with the exceptions of the tactics and military discipline, those special studies which West Point was founded to teach are crowded into the latter half of the course, and, of necessity, are rapidly hurried over, if not omitted altogether. Yale and Harvard, which are, professedly, classical schools, which devote to mathematics a bare one-third of the time, nevertheless carry their students as far in it the first two years as the professedly mathematical school of West Point. This, it is to be remembered, is in the undergraduate course. But in the special post-graduate schools attached to both of those institutions, the scientific course is carried to an extent that would make a cadet just about to graduate stare and gasp. In fact, the assertion so constantly made of the superior mathematical and engineering education furnished by the Military Academy is the merest twaddle. It is sometimes made by persons who know something about other institutions and nothing about West Point; more frequently by persons who know something of West Point and nothing at all of other institutions; and more frequently still by persons who know nothing of mathematical or scientific education at all.

The Board of Visitors for this year recommend that the standard of admission be raised by the addition of English grammar, descriptive geography, and the history of the United States. The real reform demanded is to make the preparatory studies required for admission at least as high as at other scientific schools. These are, in most, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. Even to these others should be added, if an acquaintance with some modern language beside the English is not exacted.

The only defence for the present standard of admission is, that a higher one will have the tendency to shut out the children of the poor. This might be an argument, were the Military Academy an almshouse; but even then it would be a worthless one. The literary institutions of our country not only admit their pupils younger, but examine applicants in studies which require years of special preparation for their mastery. Yet there never has been any complaint that the standard of previously acquired knowledge is so high as to exclude the sons of men belonging to the lowest class in life. In fact, the majority of students in our colleges are the children of men in moderate, and many of them the children of men in indigent, circumstances. There is no young man in this country so poor, so friendless, that, if honestly desirous of gaining an education, he cannot master the studies required for entrance into any institution. Better, indeed, that he should wait one year or two years for admission than that the national military school should turn its attention from its special work to give him the elements of a common-school education. Nor even would the occasional rejection of a young man, whose poverty of preparation has arisen from his poverty of pecuniary resources, be any real objection to the reform. The Military Academy was not founded as a grand beneficiary institution for the poor of the United States, but to train first-class officers for the United States army.

The second reform demanded is a more thorough and extensive study of language in the system of instruction pursued.

In the examinations of this year the Board of Visitors remark particularly the want of distinctness and precision of expression, and the abundance of gross errors in grammar and pronunciation. They have not been the first to notice this. Censure on this point has been the one thing which has relieved the general monotonous adulation of these reports. That of 1859 dwells upon the matter with equal grief, surprise, and simplicity. "As stated by former committees," says that report, "there still remain great defects in elocution. A clear and distinct enunciation of well-chosen words, added to the knowledge the cadets now have of the subjects they study, would add more to the reputation of the institution than anything we can now suggest. Nothing is more painful than to see a young man who understands his subject well undertake to demonstrate with his lips almost sealed, and his words unfitly chosen. While the professors and instructors generally are good elocutionists, and express themselves clearly, it increases our surprise that the pupils should be so defective in this respect."

It need not have surprised the committee, had they borne in mind the fact that power of expression is the direct result of the training given by the study of language. The experience of the Military Academy only adds one more proof to the truth of the saying of Goethe, that "he who knows not other tongues, knows nothing of his own."

Unfortunately, the effects of this neglect of the study of language do not confine themselves to the cadets while at the Military Academy. The officers of our army, especially those in high positions, are obliged to write much. The productions of most of them, both before and during the late war, have added no reputation to the service or to the school at which they were educated. So long as they confine themselves to the bare statement of facts and opinions, they are usually respectable, if eminently dry and dull. But when they leave the level ground of simple narration, and venture on more ambitious movements, their failure is conspicuous. With few exceptions, their productions will scarcely stand the fire of five minutes' criticism.

French and Spanish are down in the course at West Point, but the latter is not studied until the last year. German, the language of some of the greatest masters of the art of war, has no professorship there. During the first year English is taught at; it can hardly be said to be taught. Latin and Greek are necessarily excluded from a school where general culture is not so much aimed at as excellence in special departments of knowledge. But there is no reason why the critical study of the tongues named, and more especially of English, should not be carried on so as to secure most of the advantages springing from classical education. But a parrot-like repetition of phrases is not a study in this sense of French or Spanish, nor recitations in Sargent's "Elocution" and Blair's "Rhetoric" a study of English. The whole course should be reformed altogether, for the only real education in the use of their mother tongue the officers of our army now gain at the Military Academy is in the line of profanity.

But the crowning folly, by means of which laborious mediocrity has so long been enabled to usurp the control of our army, lies in the system by which students gain admission to West Point.

By the act of March 1, 1843, the custom hitherto prevailing of appointing one cadet from each Congressional district was made a law. Whenever a vacancy occurs, the representative from the district nom-

inates the candidate for admission, and his nomination is equivalent to an appointment. No other country of Christendom, however despotic, would tolerate for a moment a system so essentially undemocratic, so admirably fitted to defeat the object for which a military establishment exists. No other country, indeed, could afford to tolerate such a system. It is the perfection of the art of "how not to do it."

The idea that the military talent of the country exists in the ratio of one man to a Congressional district merits a patent for novelty. Under the present system, even if the right person were always selected, the objection to it would be no whit removed. But this is notoriously not the case. It is a well-known fact that, nine times out of ten, the appointment is controlled by political influences solely. And were it not, were the representative honestly desirous of selecting the best man, equally in nine cases out of ten he would be unable to do it. He has not the time, the opportunity, and, too often, not the ability to make the investigation required. As it is now, a young man with a natural taste for military life and pursuits has to encounter, in order to gain a military education, a series of unnecessary difficulties, any one of which may, perhaps, be easily surmounted, but which in the aggregate are appalling. He must, in the first place, live in a district where there happens to be a vacancy. In the second place, he must be of the same political faith as the representative. In the third place, he must be a friend of the representative or the friend of his friends. In the fourth place, there must be no competitor the political influence of whose friends the representative dare not disregard. To crown all, if he surmounts these and secures his education and his position in the army, he must, under our system, wait for every imbecile above him to be removed by death or resignation before he can hope to rise in his profession. In this manner ambitious mediocrity has shaped the legislation of the country so as most effectually to shut the avenues to military distinction from men of ability, and open them to those only possessed of political influence.

It is a strange fact that while many professional soldiers admit all the evils of the present system, they declare themselves unable to see any remedy. This only shows more clearly what has been long evident to many, that, whatever reforms are made in the management of our military affairs, they will never spring from within.

The remedy is plain. Follow the example of all the literary and scientific schools of the country. Abolish the whole system of appointments. Throw open the Military Academy to every young man desirous of entering it, with such restrictions as common sense and experience dictate. Make the examination for admission so rigid as to exclude all above a certain number. A military education will then be open to every young man of military tastes without the tedious and disgusting process of currying favor with a political representative. The scientific and engineering talent of the country will be attracted to the Academy, and will not be repelled, as now, by lack of official patronage. The standard of admission can then be so raised as to keep the number of applicants within bounds. As a necessary consequence of this addition to the stock of previously acquired knowledge, a far greater amount of time can be devoted to those important special branches which are now but superficially studied.

YMIR.*

Under the brilliant Arctic morn
In clouds and mist the god was born.

Forth from his icy citadel
Swifter than fleet young Ariel—
Where, near the luminous polar fires,
Ice-cities lift their prismic spires,
Far as, with fierce Berserker wrath,
The North Wind cuts his frozen path—
Wild with mad frolic, looking back
Along his shining, silvery track,
To cot and palace just the same
With cunningest device he came.

Hearing his song about the house,
The sleepers from their dreams arouse:

"I walk the paveless roads of blue,
My art is old, yet ever new;
I revel in the Northern snows,
I ride the North Wind where he goes;
Formed by my word in Arctic skies,
The wondrous realms of Fairy rise.
The hills I robe in garments fair,
My steps I print upon the air;
I wreathe with rime the rocky dells,
Build palaces of icicles;
With feathered lace I glint the snow,
The broad fields glisten where I go,
And, kissed by me, the rainbowed trees
Mate with the gold Hesperides.

"Lonely with leisure, through long Junes
I studied Odin's mystic runes;
So, in the silent hush of night,
Upon the window-pane I write,
In cabalistic syllables,
About the giant Loki's spells;
How Thor his hammer lost and found;
Of Jotunheim's enchanted ground;
What bitter, ceaseless tears were shed
When the dark news through Asgard sped—
'Balder, the beautiful, is dead!'

"But, borrowing Nature's subtle speech,
My words far deeper meanings teach.
Chiefly I show the law that lurks
Within the form whereby she works;
How flowers and rocks divided are
Into the crystal or its star.
I tell by quaint and curious signs
The mystery of the growth of pines;
What threads of gossamer it takes
To weave the leafy ferns and brakes,
More delicate, held to the sun,
Than those which skilled Arachne spun."

Soft soughed the wind, the morning broke,
The sleepers from their dreams awoke.
They see through purple gleams of light
The marvellous magic of the night,
And trace the limner's airy thought
In syllables of silver wrought.
The icy frost-panes, dipped in gold,
Color with truth the fable old,
Where windows of a thousand dyes
Sparkled before Aladdin's eyes,
And of a night's enchantment born
Arose transfigured to the morn!

Joel Benton.

* The Scandinavian Frost God.

Correspondence.

"IRELAND'S WRONGS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

The Nation is so respectable a journal, and is so very fair and candid in its statements and arguments, that I read with some astonishment the following passage in the number for December 14 in reference to Ireland: "The wrongs which alone make English domination odious." Will you kindly specify those wrongs? I have often heard your countrymen talk of the wrongs of Ireland, and always asked them to describe these wrongs to me. I never yet found one who could point out any example of injustice of English rule. Irishmen rise to the highest positions in the state; there is no impediment to their progress at the bar or the other professions—to be sure, we do not make bishops of them often—and in all essential points they live under the same laws as everybody else in Great Britain. But, not to make any statement of my own, will you be so good as to inform me what are the "wrongs" to which you allude? Every just man would use his influence to remedy them, and I am sure English statesmen would be much obliged to you for suggestions, since the standing mystery with reference to

Ireland is, that Irishmen are always going about the world whining about their "wrongs," and yet that no one can point out in what they are aggrieved. Pray, sir, clear up this difficulty. It is to America that we all look now for "more light," and you will greatly oblige us all by casting some on the great Irish puzzle.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

BALTIMORE, 15th December.

[Our correspondent is evidently in the state of mind in which most of the "leaders" in the London *Times* on Irish questions are written. Irish grievances "bore" him. We are sorry we cannot spare the amount of space necessary to answer his questions. But we will do better, by referring him to a little book in which he will find all that any man needs to know in order to understand the condition of Ireland and what England can do to improve it. We mean Goldwin Smith's "Essay on Irish History and Irish Character." He will there read all we have to say on the subject, and much more, far better said than we could say it. In the meantime, we will mention two wrongs of the first magnitude under which Ireland has suffered for centuries, and which do contribute largely and justly to make "English domination odious." One is the pertinacity with which the English House of Commons assists Irish landlords in maintaining a system of land laws in Ireland which are utterly opposed to the traditions and habits of the people and the requirements of Irish society, and which, as administered, are barbarous and inhuman. The other is the maintenance of a state Church, which is not simply the Church of a small minority, though this would be bad enough, but the sign and memorial of conquest—a Church whose very existence as a political institution is a standing outrage to the population. And we consider the continued and bitter hostility with which the Irish Catholics still regard it as a most encouraging indication of the existence amongst them of a spirit which, in spite of Fenian folly, may yet make a healthy political life possible in Ireland.]

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES.

V.

THE STATES UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

THE first question which suggests itself is, Whether the Constitution is to be regarded as a substitute for the Articles of Confederation, abrogating them altogether, or as only an amendment to them? The former is no doubt the popular, but it is by no means clear that it is also the true legal, view of the matter. In legislation—and neither the Confederation nor the Constitution is anything but a *law*, enacted by the people instead of the national legislature—a new statute is held to rescind an old one only so far as it expressly repeals it, conflicts with it, or by implication supersedes it. The people which adopted the Constitution were the same people which had previously adopted the Articles. The *general* objects of both instruments were the same. The *specific* object of the Articles was to declare and to consolidate the perpetual unity of the nation; the *specific* object of the Constitution was to secure to the federal Government the powers which it had been found to want, in order to give it efficiency as the organ and minister of the national will. The Constitution nowhere in terms repeals the Articles, or even so much as mentions them; in very many particulars the new instrument does not conflict with the older, but rather requires reference to it as, if not supplementary to its provisions, at least explanatory of the meaning of them. For example, the Constitution is declared by the preamble to be the organic law of the "people of the United States," but it nowhere distinctly appears in the Constitution of what separate organizations the "United States" consisted; for the States are not named or enumerated in it except barely *by way of recital* in the second section of the first article apportioning representation in Congress. To know, authoritatively, who were the "people," and what was the territory of the "United States," we must refer to the Articles of Confederation, where the States are mentioned by *name*, as components of the "perpetual Union" declared by the Articles, and as assuming the style of "the United States of America." The Constitution does not give any name to the Union, or, except in the preamble and the attestation by the President, even indicate in what quarter of the globe the new republic is situated; and, of course, it impliedly refers to the Confederation for the specification and definition of its individuality. The preamble declares the purpose of the Constitution to be the formation of "a more perfect union." *More* is a comparative. "More perfect" than what? Evidently than the Union the *perpetuity* of which had already been solemnly proclaimed by the Confederation. These instances—and they might be multiplied—suffice to show that the Constitution is in the nature of an amendment to the Confederation, and, of course, that the older articles are in force, except as overruled by conflicting provisions in the newer instrument. The point is, indeed, not important with reference to the principal question we are considering, except as negativing the right of secession by the declaration of the perpetuity of the Union, which is embodied in more than one clause of the Articles. In this light it is of no small moment; for it is upon this alleged right (though disclaimed by Calhoun) that the argument for the sovereignty of the States—a Hibernian, or, in more complimentary phrase, a deductive argument, which begins with the conclusion and reasons back to the premises—has been very often grounded.

But let us proceed to the examination of the legal character of the Constitution. It is contended by very many that this instrument is a contract between the States. It is true that in the confusion of political ideas and of political language so common a few years earlier, the first written organic law describes itself as "Articles of Confederation and perpetual union between the States," which it proceeds to enumerate. But the Revolutionary period was full of political instruction, and in the ten years of fiery trial which elapsed between the two federal organizations, the nation had grown wiser; its statesmen understood better its condition and necessities, and had much clearer and more definite ideas in regard to the force of political phraseology. The framers of the Constitution felt that they were not brokers employed by opposite parties to chaffer a bargain. They knew it was their office to give shape to the utterance of the national will in a declaration of the mode by which the American people chose to govern itself and administer its common interests, and they fortunately committed the drafting of the most important secular written instrument (*next to the Declaration of Independence*) that ever proceeded from a human pen to one of the greatest masters of language who has employed the English tongue, Gouverneur Morris, a delegate from the State of New York. The Constitution, by the plainest implication, repudiates the character of a contract altogether. Contracts are necessarily between parties. The Constitution recognizes no parties, and but one sovereignty. It is not, as in the Confederation, the States who profess to stipulate, but "WE THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES" who "ORDAIN" and "ESTABLISH" a "Constitution for the United States of America." The power of the people is virtually declared to be unlimited; for though the legislative authority of Congress is in various ways restricted, yet by the fifth article, *any amendment whatever* may be made to the Constitution, except the repeal of the clause which secures to each State "its equal suffrage," its two votes in the Senate. It is important here to refer, by way of note, to a prevalent error in regard to the voice of the States in the Senate, which has been often asserted to be in the nature of a representation of the sovereignty of the States. The Senate is, *first*, a legislative chamber enjoying as such the same powers as the House of Representatives in all respects except the origination of bills for raising revenue; *secondly*, a high court of judicature for the trial of impeachments; and *thirdly*, an executive council, having power to confirm or reject appointments to office by the President, and to ratify, by a two-thirds vote, treaties negotiated by him. If the action of the Senate, in the exercise of these special jurisdictions, were of a representative character, the senators would give their voice by States; but all votes are taken and counted *per capita*, and the senators act as individual members of a national council, not as independent diplomats negotiating compacts in behalf of their respective governments. Besides this, if the Constitution had designed to secure to the States a corporate voice in the Senate, it would have conferred on them the power of recalling senators who should have disregarded the will of their constituents; but no such power exists, and the pretended right of instruction to the senators by the State Legislatures finds not a shadow of support in the Constitution.

But, however this may be, even this exception to the power of constitutional amendment—the only particular in which the people have apparently renounced its political omnipotence—might easily be rendered nugatory, for there is nothing to forbid an amendment which should abolish the Senate itself, and with it all "suffrage" in it.

Hence, by the very terms of the Constitution, the people of the States may so change that law as to take from the States every local jurisdiction, every attribute of sovereignty, every token of individuality they now possess. Is a State, which concedes to other States legal rights and prerogatives involving the power of extinguishing even its political existence, a *sovereign* State?

For our present purpose, the Constitution may be considered as dividing itself into two series of provisions: the one defining the powers of the fed

eral Government, the other limiting those of the States, and upon comparing these provisions, it will be seen that every attribute of an independent, national, as distinguished from a dependent, local, municipal, corporate sovereignty, is declared to be vested in the federal Government, and, on the other hand, is expressly denied to the individual States.

By the seventh section of the first article it is declared that Congress has power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises" for all national purposes. These taxes, of course, are collected within the territory of the States, and the payment of them is enforced by officers appointed by the federal Executive, who may be not even citizens of the State where they are employed, and by methods provided by federal legislation. To borrow money on the credit of the United States. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and "with the Indian tribes," who, in many cases, resided within the States. To establish a uniform rule of naturalization and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States. To coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States. To establish post-offices and post-roads. To grant patents for inventions and copyrights. To constitute federal tribunals within the several States. To define and punish piracy and other offences against the law of nations. To declare war. To raise and support armies and a navy. To call out the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions. To organize, arm, and discipline the militia. And, finally, to make all laws necessary for carrying into execution these large powers and all others vested in the United States Government or its officers.

So much for the powers of Congress. What are those of the federal Executive?

By the second section of the second article the President commands the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several States when called into the service of the United States. With the consent of the Senate he makes treaties, whether of peace or of commerce and navigation, with foreign powers. He appoints all officers of the United States. He sends and receives ambassadors, and calls special sessions of Congress, and by the seventh section of the first article he is invested with the power of *veto* upon laws of Congress unless re-enacted by a two-thirds vote.

By the third article the federal judiciary takes cognizance of all questions arising under the Constitution or the laws of the United States; all cases affecting ambassadors or other foreign representatives; all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; all controversies to which the United States is a party; and controversies between citizens of different States; and

The sixth article declares that "the Constitution, the laws made in pursuance thereof, and treaties made under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, *anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

By the ninth article of amendments, subsequently adopted, it was provided that "the enumeration, in the Constitution, of certain *rights*, shall not be construed to deny or disparage *others retained by the people*;" and by the tenth article of the same, that "the *powers* not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, *or to the people*," which, of course, is to be construed, *reddendo singula singulis*, municipal powers which they had always enjoyed to the States, political and sovereign powers to the people (not of the several States, which would have required a different form of expression, but) of the Union, in whom those powers had always been vested.

Looking at these provisions, a stranger to the political history of the United States would suppose it quite impossible that any territorial jurisdiction, within the limits of that commonwealth, could possibly lay claim to the attribute of political sovereignty; for, except upon the supposition that sovereignty is infinitely divisible, he would not be able to imagine any sovereign prerogative that could remain to a State after so many had been lodged exclusively in the federal Government, so much reserved to the people. But the Constitution goes even further. It expressly denies to the States every truly sovereign power which, by any possible implication, could be considered as reserved or conceded to the several States, every one of the *indicia* by which political communities are known to the world as independent, self-subsisting organizations. The tenth section of the first article declares that "no State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque or reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold or silver a legal tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; grant any title of nobility; impose any tonnage duty; keep troops or ships in time of peace; enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power; or engage in war except when actually invaded."

What one of the functions of sovereignty not more or less common to many municipal corporations could a commonwealth, destitute of these prerogatives and controlled in so many ways by a superior power, effectually discharge? How could it make its existence legally known to foreign states? How provide for the commercial interests of its people, or even for the security of their lives and property? How, in short, fulfil any one of the duties of an independent government to its people?

The practical construction of the Constitution has been uniformly irreconcilable with the notion of State sovereignty; and the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, went so far as even to deny to the States the power of defining the qualifications of their own citizenship. Not only has Congress always exercised the sovereign powers specifically vested in it by the Constitution, but the administration of the Government has always proceeded upon the admitted ground that we were one undivided people inhabiting one indivisible territory. All the vast additions to our original bounds have been acquired at the common expense of the whole Union, and the proceeds of the sales of public lands, whether situated within the limits of the States or in unadmitted territories, have been paid into the common treasury. The survey of the coast, light-houses, and harbor improvements, the removal even of obstructions to navigation in great inland rivers, have been the work of the national Government. Our maritime defences have all been planned by federal engineers, constructed at the cost of the federal treasury, manned by soldiers enrolled and paid by the federal Government, and even the fortresses which enabled the rebels so long to resist the national arms at Charleston were erected by the nation for the security, not of always factious, always unpatriotic, and now treasonable South Carolina alone, but as part of a chain designed to defend other territory also from foreign aggression.

So with regard to the admission of new States which, having been framed out of territory either uninhabited or subject to foreign powers at the time of its acquisition by us, certainly came into the Union without any existing rights of sovereignty, or *any* political rights except such as are secured to them by the Constitution when admitted as States. When and how, then, did they acquire a sovereignty paramount to that of the Union? These States have, it is admitted on all hands, precisely the same rights and powers as the old States originally organized as British colonies, and, conversely, the old States have no other rights or powers than those belonging to the new. The Southern school of politicians contends that secession is one of these rights, and, in fact, it is impossible to separate the right of secession from the right of sovereignty. Admit the latter and the former necessarily follows, just as the right of secession involves the attributes of sovereignty. But when Florida, which had been acquired at the cost of millions, and defended at the cost of tens of millions, of national treasure, was admitted as a State, would her neighbors, Georgia and Alabama and South Carolina, have allowed that she might have seceded the day after, and sold herself back to Spain? Could Texas, after receiving the vast sum we paid for the purchase of her lands, have forthwith withdrawn from the Union and joined herself once more to the fortunes of anarchical but anti-slavery Mexico? We pretended to *re*-annex Texas as territory once ours, unconstitutionally surrendered by our Government. Did that territory become *less* ours than before, when Texas had been solemnly received into the family of States?

In the present condition of affairs, the establishment of the doctrine of State sovereignty would be of no advantage to the South; for, in that case, the Southern people is now in the position of any foreign enemy reduced by conquest; and, of course, has lost all political rights; though I should not be prepared to go so far as those who contend that, by such conquest, all the private property of the inhabitants of the rebel States has become vested in the Union, and ought to be disposed of accordingly. That the Union has all the legal rights which the laws of modern warfare ascribe to the conqueror, all that belong to a power which has put down a causeless rebellion by the sword, cannot reasonably be doubted; but the necessity or expediency of enforcing those extreme rights is quite another question. The true and the safe theory is that on which the late and the present Administration seem to have thus far proceeded, and upon which alone the action of Congress and the other departments of the Government, in the recognition and admission of Western Virginia, as a State carved out of the territory of another State without the consent of the latter, can be justified—namely, that the States are not sovereign under the federal Constitution; that the act of secession adopted by the legislatures of the rebel States, and accepted by their people, is a voluntary legal surrender of their corporate rights and franchises; that, independently of this point, the rebel States

have, by actually withdrawing from the Union and rebelling against it, forfeited those rights; and that upon either ground, their municipal privileges are gone, and they are become part and parcel of the unorganized territory of the Union, and must be re-organized as they originally were at the period of the Revolution, by authority of the federal Government. It is evidently impossible for them to be legally re-constituted by any other means. The official life of every State functionary, every legislative, every judicial, every executive authority, under the former lawful government, has been determined by lapse of time or voluntary surrender, and even if we treat the old State constitutions as still in force, there is nowhere a power within the States to set the machinery in motion. They are, upon that supposition, a people without rulers, without official organs. There is no executive, no judiciary, no legislature, no officer who has authority to summon the primary assemblies for the election of a legislative body. That authority, all civil authority in short, can come from one source alone, the source from which, as I have so often said, it originally proceeded, the federal Government.

I have now completed the task I had proposed, of illustrating, by historical facts and familiar, untechnical arguments, the true relations between the Union and the great subordinate municipalities into which its territory is divided. I hope I have shown that the people of the Union acting through the federal Government is the sole sovereign of or in our commonwealth, and has the same power over the disorganized States as over the unorganized territory of the United States. It may impose such conditions upon the re-admission of those States as it shall think needful for the future security and common good of the Union. The people has entrusted this power to strong hands, firm wills, wise heads, and patriotic hearts. We need not fear that they will abuse it. G. P. M.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Nov. 30.

THE SOUTH AS IT IS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

XXI.

COLUMBIA, S. C., December 5, 1865.

THE hardships of railway travelling over the swamps and uplands of South Carolina have been often set forth of late, and have not been exaggerated. Rails worn out, shaky, creaking trestle-works, the slow, thumping motion, the frequent transfers from dirty cars to dirtier ferry-boats and stages, the lack of hotels at the stopping places, and the long delays, with a dozen other inconveniences, rob the traveller of rest and peace of body and mind. After a few hours' ride, everybody becomes fatigued and thoroughly ill-humored, and only speaks to grumble. At Florence, in the dusk of the evening, I heard a small, smoke-dried, vicious-looking boy, a poor white of thirteen or fourteen years old, giving expression to his own feelings and those of his fellow-passengers. He stood on the car-platform, leaning over the brake in an attitude of exhaustion, and accosted me as I went up the steps:

"A'n't there no sellers round yer sellin' snacks?"

"No," I told him; "there 's a hotel, though."

"Yes, hominy for a dollar. There 'd ought to be sellers. I 'm starved myself and so 's ma'am. Dog-gorn sich roads anyhow. Wear me out. By G——, I could git down an' walk a heap faster 'n these cussed kyars. Creepin' along so durned slow! I 'd like to know if they think they 're goin' to make connections."

Then he pronounced the engineer and conductor "no account," and imprecated curses on his own head if he ever was hired to run trains on that road. Going into the car he joined his mother, a person even more irascible and fierce than himself, to whom he briefly reported his ill success, and then the two slept, curled up in one seat for the sake of warmth, till we reached Sumterville. A seven or eight hours' ride, at the rate of four miles an hour, brought us, at four o'clock in the morning, to Kingsville. The village never contained more than half a dozen buildings, and, as Sherman's men have been there, only two of these remain. A bed could be had at neither, and the passengers made themselves as comfortable as might be in the cars. The air was full of a white mist, obscuring the stars; but the night was not dark, for the moon was shining, and the weather was unseasonably warm. I walked about, therefore, a little while, and went along towards some fires that were burning in the open air at a few rods' distance. Close beside the track lay a confused heap of bundles and boxes and rude furniture, evidently the household property of negroes. There were small pots and pans, bags of corn, ground nuts tied up in sheets, three-legged stools, and coops in which hens and chickens were cackling and peeping. Behind this barricade were several rude huts, made of poles or boards, with a covering of canvas or rusty sheets of iron from the ruined locomotives. In front of each shelter was a fire, with men and women round it talking and smoking. Other negroes lay among the luggage guarding it, and the whole camp seemed to contain about a hundred people. I talked first with one of the old women. She rose from her seat on the ground as I approached and made a courtesy, while her companion, still older than herself, remained cowering over the embers. Both were without shoes and very ragged.

"You 're sitting up late," I said.

"Who for watch de tings, mawssa, ef we sleep? Who for watch my leel corn and grun-nut? Tell er, mawssa, 'bleeged to sit up late, 'less dey be gone 'fore day, clean."

"You 've got a good deal of corn, have you?"

"Got not but tree peck. Dat 's my sheer when dey sheered. Dunno ef I has tree peck."

"Is that what you 've got to keep you next year?"

"Dat leel bit o' corn keep me! Can 't. Not ef I was to eat it by grains. No, can't, can't, sister," said the other old creature.

"All we gang o' nigger," they told me, "is rice nigger." Three years ago, Mr. H. B., their master, who was a rice planter on the Combahee, had moved more than a hundred of them up into Richland District out of the way of the Yankees, and, having hired land, had kept them employed in raising corn. They had now for three nights and two days been "waitin' upon de train" that was to take them back to their former place of residence, and they seemed very glad at the thought of returning. I asked if any of their people had died since they were moved up the country. "Oh, *'nough* dead," the old woman said, "*'nough*," and they called a man from the nearest hut to help them in counting. The three together recollected twenty-eight. Why had so many died? I asked. "Look yer, mawssa," said the woman, "shum? shum?" showing first one bare foot and then the other; "dat 's what do 'em. No shoe, no cloes, an' den de fros' git up into deir body, tell when de sun come down so hot, dey dies too fas'. Tight livin' what do 'em so; not'in' to eat. S' help me God, some day I trow my head back so, look up into de heaben—dear Christ, mawssa, I mos' starve to death."

The last time when blankets and clothing had been given them was the winter before the war broke out. During the season just closed they had been working for one-half the crop, and some of them had received ten bushels of corn and three or four bushels of ground-nuts. Others had received only a bushel of corn; but these were very inferior hands, such as old people who could do no field-work, but had been employed in spinning and minding the children. Their employer had also given them a monthly allowance of corn meal and molasses. I asked the man what were his plans for the coming year. He did n't know; he 'd prefer to get a piece of ground for his own, and he looked at me enquiringly. It was n't likely, I told him, that he would be able to do that. Then he 'd work for master, he reckoned, on the rice plantation. If he could n't be by himself, he and his family working land for themselves, he'd prefer to stay with his fellow-servants. Mr. B. wanted them all to go back to his place, and that was where they were going now. He 'd work for money or on shares.

One of the passengers, a mild-faced, mild-spoken little Irish gentleman, had walked down into the camp, having found it vain to hope for sleep in the uncomfortable car, and we whiled away an hour in conversation. He had been an instructor in the Catholic college or seminary at Columbia, and appeared to have taken no interest in politics or war. He talked of Kingsville as he had known it during the past four years. His home was in Sumter, and in going to visit his family he was often compelled to wait a day or two in Kingsville. The cars would be broken down, or all the cars would be needed for the transportation of soldiers or of federal prisoners going from Andersonville to Florence. It would have melted a heart of stone to look at them. Wirtz, the jailer at Andersonville, had been executed, he believed; if he was responsible for the horrible condition of those men, surely he deserved hanging. He never had gone but once to the place where they had them guarded; a second sight of them he could not have borne. All of them were shockingly filthy and hardly looked like human beings; some were nearly naked as they were born, some were starved down to skin and bone, some were begging pitifully for a drink of water, and some were in the very act of dying. He should not forget to the last moment of his life two or three that were crazed and ran about with loud cries and laughter. It seemed to him as if mercy and humanity had fled the land, and the earth had become a pandemonium. There was no pity or respect for the dead even; they were buried as you 'd bury an old horse. He pointed out the spot among the trees, on the north side of the railroad,

where he had seen these things, and declared that he desired never to put his eyes on it again.

At seven o'clock a train of empty freight cars arrived, with the engine laboring in the rear, and in the course of the next three hours we were pushed along to Hopkins's Turn-out, where the road at present terminates. Here, too, were negroes encamped beside the road, with their corn and bedding piled around them, waiting till they could be carried down to the coast. I learn from the officers of the Bureau in this city that during November they sent down about two hundred and fifty persons each week, and they give transportation to those only who are too old or too young to make the journey on foot. Through the summer and early autumn transportation was given to none; but it is estimated that in each month more than a thousand negroes passed through Columbia on their way to the low country, most of them being negroes whom their masters had removed into the interior for safe keeping. The opinion that land is to be given them by the Government is, or was, undoubtedly prevalent—how generally prevalent it would be very hard to say, but in any case the people would have made very great exertions to get back to their former homes and the country in which they were born—" their old range," as they express it.

At Hopkins's the traveller chooses some one of the several stages which in four hours and for four dollars carry passengers through the mud to Columbia. Even at this distance from the sea the country, though somewhat rolling and not entirely sandy, is still a dreary pine forest, and in the twelve miles' ride we passed but very few clearings. The road, however, is well travelled, and we met more than a hundred wagons, of which most were getting, as best they could, to the railroad with heavy loads of cotton. Four or five Government wagons also we met. " What 's them comin' ? " said our driver. " Damned Yankee wagons. I hate to give 'em the road, but I 'll have to do it, I suppose;" and he gave as little as he could, honoring each teamster as he passed with a long stare, which was duly returned. He drove carefully, however, and brought us through without an overturn, and without obliging us to alight. My companions were two gentlemen, of whom one had been and one now is a high executive official of the State. Fatigue prevented much conversation, except such as grew out of the present perils of the road, or was suggested by the inconveniences of the night before. Even the negro and the reconstruction question were hardly mentioned. " Andy Johnson," one said, and the other assented, " has done a great deal better than we could have expected." One of the party remarked that he had read in the late New York papers that General Grant was decidedly in favor of war against Maximilian. " Well," it was replied, " he certainly talked that way to me. He said if he had n't felt confident last summer that war would of course be declared, he would have thrown a corps across the Rio Grande when Sheridan first went down to Texas. He said he thought he could have got a corps of Confederate soldiers into that service."

" Well, he 's mistaken then; he could n't."

" I do n't know. I think it 's more than probable he could. There seems to be such fascination about the life of a soldier that it 's difficult for a man to settle down to work after he 's tried it. You 'd be surprised, I venture to say, going into your own district to find the numbers of men that would enter the army."

" I can speak for one man from my own district, anyhow. *I* never want to see another soldier or hear another gun fired."

" I do n't; but I do n't know that we could do anything better with these negroes."

" Oh, if you could confine it to them."

It would have been a good thing, it was thought, if the Lieutenant-General had taken a run up to Columbia, and seen the handiwork of his friend Sherman. It was agreed that if Grant had commanded the federal army in its campaign in South Carolina, the American arms and the nineteenth century would not have been disgraced by such wholesale devastation.

The city is, indeed, a melancholy sight. In Richmond and Charleston the great conflagrations spared more than they destroyed, but in Columbia one is everywhere surrounded by ruins and silent desolation. Of the former great beauty of the city only so much remains as to cause one to regret the more that the work of destruction was so complete. The wide streets seem all the emptier for their width; the trees that shaded the walks were killed by the intense heat, and are now rows of dead trunks, and the pleasant slopes and hills light up the lonely chimneys and blackened walls into plainer view. The hatred of the Northern people, which makes itself manifest more or less distinctly in nearly every Southern community, the Northern visitor is better able to bear with in Columbia than elsewhere. It needs be so, for in no other city that I have visited has hostility seemed to me so bitter.

ENGLAND.

London, Dec. 9, 1865.

I am thankful to say that throughout the country a general outcry is being raised against the savage cruelty with which the so-called Jamaica insurrection seems to have been suppressed. Public meetings have been summoned in most of our great towns to call for rigid enquiry; and even the papers which at the outset indulged in the fiercest declamations against the " nigger" and in the loudest eulogies on Governor Eyre's rigor, are beginning to change their tone. The *Saturday Review* itself is shamed into humanity, and the *Times* is now forced to admit that the case demands investigation. God knows that such tardy reparation does not, in my eyes, atone in any way for the crime which I fear has been committed. But, still, it is some satisfaction to feel that the public conscience is not yet hardened to a sense of cruelty. The old anti-slavery party—of whom Mr. Charles Buxton may be taken as a type—who, as a body, refused to express any sympathy for the North during the war, and justified their Southern leanings by asserting that the question of slavery was not involved in the contest, have been recalled to their earlier and better creed by the reputed horrors of these Jamaica massacres. The Government is in extreme perplexity how to act. The traditions of our rule, and, to some extent, the just traditions, prescribe the support of all colonial officials by the home authorities till such time as they can be proved guilty, and any infraction of this rule would expose the Government to the bitter ill-will of the ruling class, from whom our colonial officers are in the main selected. Then, too, the sympathies of the aristocratic and military caste are in favor of the attacked governor. His recall, whether just or unjust, would be regarded as a degrading concession to a popular outcry, and as a most dangerous precedent. Every officer in the army, from the commander-in-chief to the youngest ensign at the " Rag and Famish,"* would swear that the service was going to the dogs if the Government were to repudiate Governor Eyre in obedience to public clamor; and I suspect that several of Earl Russell's aristocratic colleagues would resign sooner than support him in a step so hostile to the traditions of the service. On the other hand, the Premier, whose one great merit is, I think, an appreciation of the might of the English middle-class not common amongst his order, knows well enough that if the public feeling of the nation is once roused; if, as there seems reason to expect, the Low-Church party and the Dissenting communities are in earnest in their demand for justice, no ministry can resist the pressure brought to bear upon it. And the statesman who, on the occasion of a somewhat similar outburst of feeling, took advantage of it to lead the outcry against Papal aggression, is too shrewd not to know that he had better offend every member of the peerage and every one of the governing classes, than lose the support of the religious world. It is very currently reported, on well-informed authority, that the order for the governor's recall was sent out by the mail which sailed on Friday. But, personally, I doubt the truth of the story. If the Premier had resolved on so decisive a step he would, I think, have let it be known before now, in order to allay the raging agitation throughout the country. It has been resolved to send out a commission of enquiry; but this alone will hardly satisfy the public. To add to the embarrassments of the Ministry, no despatches from Governor Eyre were, it is said, received by last mail. The idea that his conduct would be questioned at home does not seem ever to have entered his head. That this should be so is, in itself, almost overwhelming evidence of his unfitness for the post he occupies. Sir Henry Storcks, the Governor of Malta, has been summoned from that island by telegraph, and is to proceed to Jamaica, though in what capacity is not yet determined.

There seems to be little doubt that the King of the Belgians is dying. He has long been a sufferer from two complaints, stone and heart-disease of an aggravated kind. He is close on his seventy-fifth year, and there is little hope of his rallying from a severe attack of dysentery under which he is now laboring. In fact, the news of his death is hourly expected. No doubt, indeed, would be entertained about his death if he had not been expected to die so often, and suddenly recovered his strength. There is not a newspaper office in London which has not had the narrative of his life in type for ten years or more; he has already survived, to my knowledge, the authors of many of his journalistic biographies; still, it seems as if the end had come at last. A sort of Palmerston of royalty, he will hardly be missed personally when once he disappears from the stage of public life. But, as I have before written to you, I believe his death will close an era in European affairs just as Palmerston's has done in English politics. To no living person will his loss probably be greater than to our Queen. As was once said, he is the only human being left who could call her by her Christian name. He was always happier in England, where his brightest years had been passed, than in the country over which he ruled; and his visits

* Junior United Service Club.—Ed. Nation.

to Windsor were very frequent, and it is supposed very welcome. His death may possibly deter the Queen from carrying out her intention of re-entering public life; if so, it will be a real misfortune, as the country is growing impatient of the extraordinary privacy with which the court is surrounded.

As yet politics are at a discount. The excitement about Jamaica has nipped in the bud the faint indications of a reform agitation which had begun to manifest themselves, and we hear little of any meetings in favor of reform. Possibly the official ministerial announcement that the lowering of the borough franchise to six pounds is to be proposed as a Government measure may rouse up public feeling, but so far the rumor of such an intention has produced no great effect. In default of politics there is a great deal of languid discussion going on about social questions. The only controversy which appears to me likely to lead to anything is one concerning the extension of our English universities, in which our leading scholastic authorities have taken an active part. There is no doubt that Oxford and Cambridge were intended as schools of instruction for the nation; there is equally little doubt that, practically, they are now confined to the sons of the well-to-do classes who belong to the Established Church. No student can become a student of the university, very much in the same way as nobody, unless I am mistaken,* can become a citizen of the United States; he must become a member of some college, just as a settler must become a citizen of some State; and by virtue of that fact he becomes a member of the university. Now all these colleges have buildings and endowments and rules of their own, and at all of them the Episcopal religion is that to which the students are required to conform. Of late years certain modifications have been made in favor of Dissenters; but, as a matter of fact, any lad who is not a member of the Established Church finds himself in a false position at Oxford, and is debarred from gaining most of the scholarships and fellowships which form the chief pecuniary rewards of university study. Then, too, the rate of living at either Oxford or Cambridge debars students of small means from going to our universities. Whenever any complaint is made about the expenses of a college education, the tutors cite some instance of a model student who enjoyed every advantage of the university for under one hundred pounds a year. It is possible that such exceptions may be true; but, as a rule, an undergraduate, who is not extravagant, spends from two to two hundred and fifty per annum during his three and a half years of residence; and a father has not much ground for grumbling if his son costs him a thousand pounds between matriculation and the time of taking his degree. Under these circumstances Oxford or Cambridge is not the place for the sons of needy parents, and, to speak the honest truth, the university authorities do not wish it should ever become so. Perhaps I should be doing them more justice if I said that they would like to make our universities national schools, if they could do so consistently with keeping up the high tone of social breeding which does undoubtedly prevail to some degree at these academies, and which is due to the fact that the students, as a body, belong to the wealthy classes. In order to obtain these two antagonistic advantages, our Oxford and Cambridge reformers are constantly devising schemes for restoring the universities to their ancient character without losing their modern attributes. At last Dr. Temple, the head master of Rugby School, has proposed the obvious solution that students should not be obliged to live in college, but may occupy lodgings in the town. The scheme has roused bitter opposition from the dons, and seems to me not to go far enough for its purpose. The only real way to throw open the universities is to let every student come to the university without attaching himself to any college, and live how and where he likes. If you do this you destroy the collegiate system, with its manifold advantages; but, from my experience of the world, I should say that at colleges, as everywhere else, low prices involve the absence of selectness. There are advantages in having things cheap; there are advantages in having them select; and you must choose between the two. The reservation of the great national universities to a certain class, and to the members of a certain creed, is part of our aristocratic system; and before you throw open Oxford and Cambridge to the nation, you will have to effect a national revolution in our social polity.

The great Yelverton marriage case, of which you must have heard before now, has re-appeared once more before the public. Last year, Miss Longworth or Mrs. Yelverton, as you like to call her, obtained a final hearing before the House of Lords and failed to substantiate her marriage. On this the *Saturday Review*, which, for some reason or other, has always espoused the cause of Major Yelverton's present wife, writes a very savage article upon Miss Longworth's defeat. On this the unfortunate lady, who seems to have a passion for law, brought an action in the Scotch courts against the paper in question for libel. The object of the suit was to elicit an opinion favorable to the assumption of her alleged marriage. If the Scotch courts decided it was a libel to say she was not a married woman, it followed that, in their opinion, she was lawfully wedded to Major Yelverton. In Scotland, as in Ireland, the sympathy for Miss Longworth has always been extremely vivid; and it was thought she would carry her case. The judges summed up in her favor; but the jury found that no libel had been uttered. In the interest of the freedom of the press, I am glad that such a decision has been arrived at, as the article in the *Saturday Review*, though ill-natured and discreditable, did not, in my opinion, exceed the license of legal comment.

The works of "Artemus Ward" have had so much success in this country as to have given rise to a lawsuit. Two publishers have issued rival editions of his travels amongst the Mormons; and both claim to have the exclusive right of publishing. Mr. Hotten has set up a plea of copyright, on the ground, as far as I can understand, that a Mr. Kingston, an Englishman, is a joint author of the book under discussion. Some day or other, I hope we shall have an Anglo-American copyright law; till then, I am afraid "Mr. Ward" will derive very little profit from the popularity of his books in England, whatever his rival publishers may do themselves.

* He is mistaken.—Ed. Nation.

THE ENGLISH OF THE NEWSPAPERS.

There may be those who regard the corruption of the English language as of little consequence, and who enjoy their newspapers without being troubled by the solecisms, the barbarisms, and the vulgar phraseology which the readers of many public journals are fated to encounter. Those who are themselves careless in their conversation, and indifferent to the laws of elegance and propriety, will scarcely be critical in their judgment of a written style, and will be satisfied with the intelligence which they receive without quarrelling with the vehicle by which it is conveyed to them. It would be useless to point out to such persons the exquisite pleasure which mere propriety of expression, without consideration of the thought or information presented, is capable of imparting; and they might be only amused if they were told that inaccuracy of language, since it necessarily involves inaccuracy of statement, is both a departure from the standard of good taste and a serious offense against the rules of strict morality. Vulgarity of expression, it is true, does not always imply vulgarity of thought; but the coarse writer too often proves to be a coarse thinker, and he who constantly obtrudes printed slip-slop upon the public, can hardly have either the feelings or the manners of an educated gentleman. We are ready to make proper allowance for the rapidity with which newspapers must be manufactured; but it becomes their managers seriously to consider the influence, good or bad, upon the public taste which they inevitably exert, and to remember that the repetition in their columns of colloquial vulgarities, of cant phrases, and of verbal absurdities, gives to such enormities a certain respectability, and, by making them familiar, ensures their general adoption. There are newspapers in this city which constantly use the word "aldermanic." The authority given for this is "Worcester's Dictionary," and the authority of Worcester is the "Edinburgh Review." If Lord Jeffrey wittingly permitted this frightful word to be printed in his journal, he has much to answer for. There is and there can be no such termination as "manic" derived from "man." The only derivatives from this noun, of this class, are "manly," and, in a bad sense, "mannish," as applied to impudent and forward women. We have heard the word defended by the citation of "Germanic," but the termination here is purely Latin from "Germanicus," and between "aldermanic" and "Germanic" there is no analogy. One bad word breeds another, and no sooner is "aldermanic" naturalized than "councilmanic" comes fresh from the mint of the reporters—a coinage for the validity of which no argument whatever can be offered. What monstrous manufacture may follow, we do not venture to predict.

The reporters, it is well known, scorn to use any other than the longest and finest words in the language. The news from the Stock Exchange comes to us written in a jargon which may be Choctaw, but most certainly is not English. The musical critics employ words in senses which may convey some meaning to the initiated, but to the initiated only; and there is a mad style of writing about the opera which is very irritating to those who go there simply and innocently to enjoy the playing and the singing. We do not quarrel with the word "auditorium," although it is not English; but we are seriously disposed to quarrel with a writer who tells us that "the auditorium of the New York Circus has been enlarged." People go to the horse-riding to *see* and not to *hear*. The article before us informs us that at the circus "the company will appear in all manner of equestrian, gymnastic, and acrobatic feats." For what reason, then, has the *auditorium* been enlarged?—to *hear* the riders the climbers, and the jumpers? The word means literally a school—not in the sense of a hall or lecture-room,

but in that of a collection of hearers. Shade of Fabius Quintilianus! what would you say to the *auditorium* of the New York Circus?

Another dramatic critic praises a new play by declaring that "it is full of *telling* situations." What does he mean? Certainly not that the situations *tell* the story of the drama forcibly. He merely means to say that they are striking or entertaining. Then, why does he not say so? Why does he have recourse to a threadbare verbal vulgarity worthy only of the pot-house or the prize-ring?

We must be permitted, however, to declare that, after all, we prefer the Doric simplicity of phrases unmistakably rude to the Corinthian embellishments and cheap finery of more ambitious writers. Why should a gentleman who wishes to state that yesterday was fine, inform us that "it seemed like the vision of an Apician banquet to a famished wretch, or the delicious whisper of hope to a despairing soul!" Why should he speak thus of any day, however nasty?

"Tuesday was certainly one of the most disagreeable days possible, and the pluvial powers that created it must have exhausted their resources for some time to come in their pessimistic effort."

There is such a word as "pluvial," but why not say "rainy?" There is no such word as "pessimistic," we are glad to say, in the English nor in any other language with which we are acquainted. There is such a word as "pessimist," as there is also "optimist;" but if we say "pessimistic," why may we not say "optimistic?" Besides, "pessimistic," if it means anything, does not mean "very bad," as this writer probably supposed. "A pessimist" is one who habitually looks upon the dark side of things, and an adjective derived from it must have a cognate meaning, which, as here used, it does not have at all. Will our readers tolerate another specimen?

"The white clouds floated slowly and dreamily over the violet heavens, as if they were wondering at the *charmfulness* of the day, and looking their last upon a thing of beauty that soon must die."

We confess that we no more understand "the charmfulness" of this style of writing than we do the meaning of "charmfulness" itself. Again, we say that there is no such word; and here its use is wanton, for "charm" would have fully expressed what little sense the writer had to convey. It is possible that this bad word may be found in Mr. Tupper, or in Mr. Walt Whitman, or in Mr. Robert Montgomery; but none of these masters of "poetical tumor" has yet been canonized by the makers of dictionaries.

Enough of unpleasant illustration. We have offered these strictures in no spirit of captious and finical fault-finding, but because we seriously believe that the loose and irregular methods of employing words which obtain in some newspapers, and we are sorry to say not seldom in the pulpit and in Congress, are of dangerous import to the purity of our tongue. To the reader who thinks this to be a trifling matter we have nothing to say, for he has yet to learn the true significance and value of language; and whoever fully comprehends these will require from us no apology.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTES.

UNDER the prevailing influence of the holiday season, the useful in literature is superseded by the ornamental, and until the present rush for gift books is over, no publisher would think of bringing out works of a standard or studious character, as, however great their merit might be, they could scarcely meet with proper attention while the current of public taste is running strongly in another direction. The production and sale of embellished books, all prepared with a special view to the wants of purchasers at this time, forms an important branch of the commerce of literature, as well as the link that connects it with art, sometimes to the manifest advantage of both, but oftener, it must be owned, with all the characteristics of an unequal and ill-assorted union. The trade this year in illustrated books has shared in the general prosperity of the country; what with home supplies and foreign importations, the market has been well stocked with novelties, and purchasers have had no reason to complain of want of materials for selection. The chief feature to be noticed in the kind of art most in demand is the growing fondness for color, as employed in illuminated books. With this, a regard for ecclesiastical tradition and what is called Christian art has much to do, though even without these associations there is no doubt that the educated eye hungers for color in all the surroundings and accessories of life to a degree that opens a wide field for decorative artists who have knowledge and enterprise enough to cultivate it.

—The artistic honors of the year, as decided by the voice of popular favor, unquestionably belong to Gustave Doré. His great illustrated Bible, in two splendidly printed folios, and designs for Dante's "Inferno," issued in connection with Cary's English version, have just made their appearance among us in good time for Christmas, and have thus been brought within the view of hundreds, perhaps thousands, not usually accessible to influences of art. They have, in fact, produced an actual sensation, due to the powers of this great artist and his wonderful mastery over the terrible and the grand. This is not the place to analyze his merits; but it is impossible even to glance at his "Bible" and at the costly "Illustrated New Testament," published by Longmans, without being struck with the fact how much an artist gains by understanding the peculiarities and capabilities of the material he works in. While in the English book the labors of the wood-engraver are frittered away in ineffectual attempts to rival steel-plate engraving by copying paintings of the old masters that depend for their value on physiognomical character and expression, Doré dashes his pencil in "the gloom of earthquake and eclipse," and, with a tenth part of the labor for the engravers, produces, on wood, effects—brilliant, startling, and astonishing—that no other style of engraving can, for a moment, compete with.

—An interesting incident mentioned in the "Life and Letters of Rev. Frederick W. Robertson" is his friendship with Lady Byron, the widow of the poet; and the fact that he heard from her the whole history of her life. To his hands was committed the charge of publishing, after her decease, her memoirs and letters. He said of her that she was one of the noblest and purest women he had ever met. "Her calm, subdued character (he writes), warm sympathy, and manifold wisdom have been one of my greatest privileges here"—during his residence at Brighton. Though, to her great regret, the early death of Mr. Robertson frustrated Lady Byron's purpose, it may well be supposed that an intention so deliberately settled—in which justice to others as well as herself was involved—would not be left dependent on accidental circumstances for its execution, and that we may yet see the memoirs, etc., whose existence is thus ascertained.

—The second series of Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" has just been received and put to press by Charles Scribner & Co., who will issue it as speedily as possible, uniform with their edition of the first series. The unusual delay connected with the publication of this volume in England, where it has been kept back more than a year, is probably due to the author's care to avail himself of the results of the explorations, now in progress from various sources, in the Holy Land. The period of Jewish history comprised in the volume is from the days of the Prophet Samuel to the Babylonish captivity, including the whole historic existence of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Very little has hitherto been done by English writers for the elucidation of this portion of the world's history. It assumes new life and interest in Dean Stanley's book, as he combines knowledge of the localities with all the learning of the subject, and a freedom of treatment not usually applied to its discussion. The second volume of Lange's "Commentary on the New Testament," including the Gospels of Mark and Luke, will also shortly be published by the same house. Its appearance has been somewhat retarded by the absence of the editor of the series, Dr. Schaff, on a visit to Europe, from whence he has just returned. Dr. Schaff received in Germany, where most of his time was spent, the most gratifying testimonies to the absorbing attention felt among the most eminent theologians and literary men of all denominations towards the result of the struggle for freedom in America. By invitation he addressed with great success two large and influential audiences at Berlin on the nature and true relations of the contest, and in various ways affected and enlightened public sentiment in Germany on the American question with the happiest results.

—The passages from Nathaniel Hawthorne's note-books, given in the January number of the "Atlantic Monthly," are of singular literary interest. They are extracted from his note-books, comprising several volumes of closely-written memoranda, found in his study after his decease. The specimens now given are dated thirty years back, at a time when Hawthorne was unknown to the world, and had published nothing, we believe, except, perhaps, a story or two in an "annual" or "souvenir," that no one comprehended or cared for. They show how a great writer is made; by what constant care and thought the felicities of genius are wrought out and moulded into lasting shape. The notes are of various kinds—studies of the aspects of nature at the various seasons of the year, executed with a Pre-Raphaelite minuteness, which he afterwards abandoned for a freer and bolder touch in his published writings; sketches of persons and people met with, hints for stories, etc. Many of these a careful student of his writings will find brought into later use; some single lines or reflections were pregnant with the richest future produce, while others remain an unworked mine. With many authors the handling of their private notes and memoranda would be a delicate task, but about all that Hawthorne did there was a

finish and symmetry that renders his slightest jottings fit for the public eye.

—Few African explorers meet with the success uniformly the portion of Dr. Livingstone, due, no doubt, to constitutional tact and courage acting unconsciously to its very possessor. A gentleman who has claims upon American notice, M. Duchaillu, has been less fortunate in his late attempts to penetrate into the interior from Fernand Vaz in Western Equatorial Africa. After reaching a point about five hundred miles distant from the coast, a quarrel took place between his black servants and a party of the natives, in which a woman was killed. This led to a general attack on the expedition, from which M. Duchaillu barely escaped with his life, losing all his collections of natural history, but preserving his journals and astronomical observations, which will form the basis of the narrative already in preparation for the press. He has been warmly welcomed on his return in England, and will read papers at the Royal Geographical and Anthropological Societies on his travels, the physical and craniological character of the natives he came in contact with, etc. Another traveller on the eastern side of the Continent, the Baron C. von der Decken, a Hanoverian nobleman, who first made certain the existence of the snowy mountains of Kilimanjaroo, etc., in tropical Africa, has been stopped in his explorations by the loss of two steamers constructed expressly for river navigation on the bar at the mouth of the River Jubb, near the equator. The baron has, we believe, published no separate work, so that a connected account of his travels is wanting; but he communicates the results of his researches to the learned societies of Europe.

—The monument proposed by the friends of W. M. Thackeray has already been placed in Westminster Abbey, and was opened for inspection to the public two weeks since. It consists of a bust, sculptured by Baron Marochetti, placed upon a base of red serpentine, mounted on a bronze plinth, with a simple inscription of his name, and the dates of his birth and death. It is fixed against a wall column in the south transept, popularly known as "Poet's Corner," behind the statue of Joseph Addison, whose memory, in the more tardy justice of the last generation, was obliged to wait a century for a like recognition of its genius. It is to be hoped that the best monument to an author—a complete edition of his works—will not long be wanting. The copyrights of nearly all Thackeray's writings are now, by recent arrangement, the property of a single firm—Messrs. Smith & Elder, the originators of the "Cornhill Magazine"—and with whom, in the later years of his life, Thackeray was most closely connected. In this case, therefore, the difficulties that frequently prevent a complete and uniform impression of the writings of a deceased author do not exist, and the public would, unquestionably, respond liberally to any attempt, however costly (provided its execution corresponded), to present in a form worthy their merits the works of the last great writer on whom death has set the seal of classicality.

BOSH FOR BOYS.*

THE Headleys, like the misfortunes and the Abbotts, come not singly: there are in fact two of them. Mr. J. T. Headley is the Sacred Mountaineer, and the historian of Napoleon and his marshals, and a long line of *ex uno disce omnes* works of narration; while Mr. P. C. Headley has chiefly given his talents to the instruction of females and small children, if we may attribute such a purpose to books variously entitled "Josephine," "Women of the Bible," "Hero Boy," "Patriot Boy," and the rest. It would not be just to judge either of these gentlemen for the literary failings of the other, and we shall not presume to say which is the more tedious and absurd. Nor would it, again, be fair to contrast them both with Messrs. Abbott, for similar reasons, although the parallel nature of their occupations, and the like division of their labors, naturally tempt us to comparison of Mr. J. T. Headley with Mr. John S. C. Abbott, and Mr. P. C. Headley with Mr. Jacob Abbott. We merely note the resemblance, and pass to examine the lives and careers of Sheridan and Farragut.

These biographies, as prepared by the Rev. P. C. Headley, for the instruction of the young, seem to be intended to meet the wants of a class denied access to the correspondence of the newspapers during the war, for the vastly greater part of either book is made up of generous quotation from this authority. But there are two objections to Mr. Headley's theory of biography as thus developed: one, that the class of readers addressed is probably very small; and another, that it could have been made more lucidly and thoroughly instructive by a digested narrative. To this Mr. Headley may, of course, respond that his first object was to make a book of a certain number of pages, and that the purpose of instruction was secondary and incidental. His success in the chief enterprise is as undeniable as the printer's and binder's, and for the minor part of the undertaking each reader must pronounce his own sentence. The present writer, not being a young person (except in the warmth of sympathy and emotion naturally arising from a habit of criticism), has perhaps no right to speak in such a case; but he cannot help confessing that whereas before reading Mr. Headley's lives of Sheridan and Farragut he had some vague idea of their deeds and character, he has now no knowledge concerning them. We had some thought, indeed, of testing the effect of the volumes upon a really youthful mind, but at last gave up the notion of the experiment, as of something too nearly related to vivisection of animals—a thing useful to science, but repugnant to humanity.

We may speak more frankly concerning another point, and we cannot help blaming Mr. Headley for failing to name, in the greater number of instances, the sources from which he has helped himself with so much freedom. The newspaper correspondents who followed the perilous and laborious march of the armies, gathered their facts under the fire of the battles, and, before the fight was over or the toil of slaughter was done, wrote out the history of events still palpitating with danger and trembling between triumph and defeat, surely merited to be named as authority by a literary gentleman comfortably compiling their narratives in the leisure of his study. It was scarcely enough for him to indicate his indebtedness by apostrophes and inverted commas, since he meant to place the name of Rev. P. C. Headley as author on the title-page of a book nine parts quotation and one part feeble comment and slovenly introduction. Even the work of selection is not well performed, and there is no apparent attempt at arrangement. The compiler's literary honesty of purpose may be judged from the fact that he does not scruple to quote utterly irrelevant matter, if it can be made by any trick to do duty in the volume. General Sheridan goes to live at Zanesville, Ohio, in his boyhood, and we have, therefore, six pages concerning the settlement and early history of Zanesville, but no more concerning General Sheridan than the man in the moon. In like manner, when Sheridan goes to West Point, ensues the history of that academy, with a full account of the system and discipline there maintained. Because General Sheridan lived, breathed, and had his being when President Lincoln was murdered, his biographer gives at length the official statement of the assassination. In another place, Mr. Headley having transferred to his pages some officer's description of the cavalry service, quotes the description of the horse in Job, and then passes to a view of the horse in general, concluding with the noble burst of Christian morality: "How cruel and wicked in the sight of God and good men is the daily and hourly abuse of the brute, especially so of the princely horse!"

Mr. Headley's fitness to write for religious youth can scarcely be a matter of speculation with himself; but we venture to question it. In the course of his wholesale appropriations from the correspondents, he has gathered into his pages a great deal of profane language, for the newspaper people had no more hesitation in printing oaths than the soldiers in swearing them. Mr. Headley seems to be aware of some impropriety in the transfer of this profanity to his book, and *tries* to save himself by a daring homily at the end:

"General Sheridan is a member of the Roman Catholic Church; *but*, like too many of our officers, indulges in profane language in the heat of battle."

We imagine, however, that the mischief will have been done to the youthful reader before he reaches this passage, wherein he is further instructed that blasphemy is "a vice which Washington never allowed in his presence, and of which a greater than Washington has said, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!'" We must not suspect the Rev. Mr. Headley of a joke; but we leave it to his own candor if, considering the previously quoted blasphemy, his attitude in uttering this homily is not uncommonly like that of Tony Weller winking to the housekeeper while his infant grandson drains a porter-pot, and describing somebody as an awful young Turk.

* "Life and Military Career of Major-General Philip Henry Sheridan. By Rev. P. C. Headley." New York: Wm. H. Appleton. 1865.

"Life and Naval Career of Vice-Admiral David Glascoe Farragut. By Rev. P. C. Headley." New York: Wm. H. Appleton. 1865.

BROWNELL'S WAR LYRICS.*

WE who blamed Mr. Brownell for "The Rhyme of the Master's Mate," which he did not write, may be supposed to have a peculiar pleasure in praising him for these veritable war-lyrics, which he did write. Indeed, we wish to offer to their authentic power the most cordial welcome, and to say that in our mind Mr. Brownell remains as guiltless of poetic reproach as

* "War Lyrics and other Poems. By Henry Howard Brownell." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

if we had never accused him of the "Rhyme of the Master's Mate." This is saying a great deal, and we hope Mr. Brownell will appreciate the virtue of so much candor; for we want him to take it into account with whatever disapproval we must mix with our applause of his book.

It is a very unequal book, and would have been much better if it had been much smaller. Nearly all the "Early Poems" printed in the volume might have been left out with singular advantage to the poet; and perhaps the reader would consent to lose every one, with the exception of the beautiful lines which follow:

THE ADIEU.

Sweet Falsehoods, fare ye well!
That may not longer dwell
In this fond heart, dear paramours of Youth!
A cold, unloving bride
Is ever at my side—
Yet who so pure, so beautiful as Truth?

Long hath she sought my side,
And would not be denied,
Till, all perforce, she won my spirit o'er—
And though her glances be
But hard and stern to me,
At every step I love her more and more.

For the most part, however, the early poems of Mr. Brownell suffer from that poverty of original thought and feeling observable in other people's early poems, and have only the interest of promise. Such efforts are, in fact, chiefly valuable when studied as part of men's lives rather than their works, for they are not literature; and Mr. Brownell might have safely concluded that as yet the world was less concerned in his biography than in his poetry.

Of the so-called "Miscellaneous Poems," the best is, undoubtedly, that by a "Parsinger" "A bored of a Californy Male-steemer." In this there is a racy humor, and a power of leaving the "Parsinger" to develop his own character in his own way, which is masterly and altogether admirable, and does more to prove Mr. Brownell's genius than ever so many fine verses of a serious nature. In other poems of the volume the author's gift of humor appears, and in that called "Honest Abe" he gives the old story of Aristides' ostracism a new life by infusing the flavor of modern manner and meanness. Is there not a fine sense of the unvarying essence of human "cussedness"—the same in Greece as in Connecticut—in these verses?

Once, while thus with general clamor
Athens eased her factious heart—
When the smith forsook his hammer,
And the huckster left his mart—

Past the scene of noisy riot,
Clatter of shells and windy talk,
Aristides, calm and quiet,
Chanced to take a morning walk.

Musing, in his wonted fashion,
On the double care of state—
On the Demos' fickle passion,
And the cold patrician hate;

When a voter pressed beside him,
Saying, "Stranger can you spell
Aristides? Wal, jest write him,
Square and straight, on this here shell."

Smiling, cheery as a cricket,
Wrote the old Republican—
Then, as he returned the ticket,
Asked—"And what's his crime, my man?"

"Wal, not much," said Snooks, appearing
Puzzled, "only I'll be cussed
But I'm sick to death of hearing
That old critter called 'THE JUST'!"

The poem "Let us Alone," which had so great popularity in the first days of the war (because it presented in a light odious and ridiculous the rascal pretence of the rebels that they only asked to be let alone, while they attacked the Union and seized everything belonging to it), must be still acknowledged as funny; but, like Whittier's ballad of "Maud Müller," it is a poem without a country. The Old Cove of Secessia speaks in cockney dialect and cockney slang, and one is vexed with the want of harmony between the fine spirit of American sarcasm and its outlandish utterance. This, however, is but a single fault, and Mr. Brownell's humorous power is so great that but for the distrust which we have learned to feel of all literary prophecy not retrospective in its nature, we should predict for him great probabilities as a humorist. We dwell on this power of his the more because we fear that, while people recognize his graver force, there is danger that many will not see his excellence in that lighter quality which is seldom absent from genius. To our thinking his humorous poetry is vastly better than all his other lyrics, except the battle-pieces. The miscellaneous poems generally do not surprise us, and there is a lingering immaturity in their French and Latin titles which is not pleasant to the taste. Nor are the war poems of nearly equal merit; and the long, long ode on Abraham Lincoln seems to us labored in manner and very meagre in matter. Mr. Brownell is often obscure in his treatment of abstract themes, and he heightens the disagreeable effect of this fault by a profligacy of parentheses. The best of the more didactic poems (if we may so distinguish them from the lyric narrations of the book) is "Suspiria Ensis," a most lofty and noble-thoughted song, in which the poet touches the sublime truth that all the heroism and self-devotion displayed in a bad cause are but greater and more distinguished shame.

Concerning the larger number of Mr. Brownell's battle-stories, there can be but one opinion: they are magnificent. We happened to be reading, just before we picked up our poet's volume, Messer Torquato Tasso's melodious description of a most proper combat under the walls of Jerusalem, and the contrast between that elegant engagement and Mr. Brownell's wild battle-scenes was droll enough. We must confess that he impressed us as speaking more authentically of war than his elder and better. Nay, we thought he sang more sublimely of its scenes, and perhaps it would not be going too far to say that we have never read any poet who seemed to sing of them with so blunt and fierce a verity. Mr. Brownell has had the fortune, rare among poets, to assist at most of the events which he pictures. In him the bard speaks from the soldier's knowledge, and it goes well as long as the fighter remains subject and silent, but he now and then gets in a word of his prose—honest, and meant to be savagely effective, no doubt, but undoubtedly failing of the purpose. On the whole, "The Bay Fight," by which the poet is best known, is his best poem. "The River Fight" is a far less worthy effort. Of course there are faults in the poem we like most, but these we choose to attribute to the irrepressible soldier, and not to the bard. Is it not the soldier who delights in the sulphurous metaphor of hell, and succeeds in bringing it in half a dozen times, in spite of the poet?

"With breath like the fume of hell."
"Three hundred traps of hell."
"Came with a howl of hell."
"Of the roar and rage of hell."

Is there not rather more of hell here than the poet would have given us if he had kept the upper hand all the time? We suspect the soldier of some turgid and merely boisterous passages in other of Mr. Brownell's poems, and of a general delusion that hard talking is strong writing. Whereas the poet knows better, and has an original way of telling a great deal in a very few tough, bold words. All the wild tumult of the naval combat seems to enter into such lines as these:

"The storm of fight going on overhead,
Tramp and thunder to wake the dead!
The great guns jumping overhead,
And the whole ship's company cheering!"

Our poet is not wanting in pathos either, for that goes naturally with strength and humor; and one may find genuine and deep emotion in the poem "Suspiria Ensis," of which we have already spoken; and of feeling, ruder, but as manly and true, in "The Color-Bearer," who sits and muses by his flag under fire at Vicksburg.

In fine, Mr. Brownell's poetry is the best that the war has inspired. It is a great thing to have made the songs that he has made; and we perceive no good reason why a young poet, having lofty sympathies and generous beliefs; having a basis of good sense and good humor; having an excellent use of English, and no disdain of American; having won applause but not flattery, and being friends with the public—we say we perceive no reason why such a young poet as we take Mr. Brownell to be should not do even better in the future than he has done in the past.

Literature for Children.—Since our recent article on this subject other publications for the holidays have come to hand, and deserve a notice, however brief. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., Boston (Hurd & Houghton, New York), send us "Ottalie's Stories for the Little Folks" (from the German), "Christmas Holidays at Cedar Grove," and "Cushions and Corners; or, Holidays at Old Orchard." They are tales—the first two especially—with a strong moral and religious flavor. Madame Ottalie's "Stories" are not wanting in ingenuity or imagination, but they are marred by an improbable jumbling of incidents and characters, and the "little folks" to whom they are addressed are sometimes credited with years that do not belong to them. The translation is too elevated, for the most part; but we notice the slang expression "top-heavy" admitted into good company without a brand. In "Christmas Holidays" a merry family of children are instructed in the history and meaning of the Christian festival. "Cushions and Corners" is a capital delineation of childish character, and is far the best of the three books named above. The conversations are managed very naturally, and the contrast between the dispositions so well symbolized by a cushion and a sharp corner, respectively, is wrought out skilfully and in a most interesting manner.—"Something New for My Little Friends" (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) contains original stories in verse which, without much diversity in form, being confined to two or three metres, are well told and smoothly, with a proper blending of humor, sentiment, and doctrine. The

Children's Hour" (same publishers) is an amusing batch of rhymes and extravagant stories, perhaps the cleverest of any now before us. The fun is so palpable that it cannot fail to be appreciated.—Mr. Tilton's verses, "The Two Hungry Kittens" (Tibbals & Whiting, New York), complete the trio of his compositions for children this year. They are very much better than the illustrations, by Mr. H. L. Stephens, and are worth all the illuminated lettering and borders which the publishers have lavished upon them.—Oliver Optic continues his "Woodville Stories" with "Work and Win" (Lee & Shepard, Boston). The moral which is conveyed in the text is revealed by Mr. Adams in his preface, which parents may read and the boys and girls skip if they please.—"The Song without Words," by the author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family" (M. W. Dodd, New York), has an interior beauty which we fear will be quite lost on the children to whom it is dedicated. Not that an acquaintance with nature may not lead to the worship of deity, but that "nautilus," "teredo," and "medusa" are rather blind guides for the tender wit of childhood. In other words, for nature we have here natural history.—"Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures" (Ticknor & Fields, Boston) is composed of Mr. Edmund Kirke's contributions to "Our Young Folks," which have almost wholly pertained to the war and its prison experiences. Mr. Kirke knows how to interest the young as well as adults; but we wish he had not undertaken to vouch for the truth of all that he relates. We prefer to enjoy his narratives as works of the imagination—in part at least.—"Sun-Rays from Fair and Cloudy Skies" (D. Appleton & Co., New York) is an old acquaintance, with whom neither freshness nor probability abides. A hero "poor but honest," succored by a family rich but not proud, and a terminal bridal scene to which the party of the first part contributes a sister, and the party of the second part contributes a son—is it not the well-worn stock with which we have been familiar from our youth upward? If the poor read this book, they will be deluded; if the wealthy, they may be flattered, but will not be deceived, by the unreality. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston, publish the third volume of Mr. Wm. M. Thayer's "Youth's History of the Rebellion." The plan of this work consists in a conversational narrative of the events of the war by an uncle to his nephews and nieces. This excites in the youthful reader an interest that might otherwise be wanting, though of course it labors under the disadvantage of anticipating his natural reflections on the themes presented. The wood-cuts in illustration are of no value. The Gettysburg cemetery-gate is quite misrepresented. Mrs. Sarah W. Lander's series, "Spectacles for Young Eyes" (same publishers), is continued in a little volume on Rome. It tells, in the "Rollo" style, of a travelling family who have passed from Germany to Venice, and thence to the Eternal City. The proneness of the writer to pun is observable in this as in preceding volumes. For the rest there is little to be said. Some of the engravings seem to have been taken from photographs.

Melodies and Madrigals; Mostly from the Old English Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. (New York: Bunce & Huntington.)—The difficult work of selecting the best lyrics from four centuries of English song has been done with rare success by Mr. Stoddard; and we have to express a feeling of delight, in looking through the book before us, which we have not known in our acquaintance with volumes of similar character. In fact, Mr. Stoddard has had all the difficulty of the undertaking, and has not left the greater part of it to the reader, as too frequently happens in enterprises of the kind. Cordial friendship with the subject and thorough learning in the elder English poetry, together with an unerring and sensitive taste, have produced a book in which, beginning with Sir Thomas Wyatt of the fifteenth century, you are tempted from epoch to epoch,

"And sweetly on and on,"

through all the varying richness of the rarest and loveliest poesies in the language, down to the late poets of our own time. We take it in vivid proof of the excellence of Mr. Stoddard's work, that it gives you almost unfailingly any desired melody or madrigal of which you know a word or a line, while there is much in it that will be newly pleasant and precious to most lovers of our lyric poetry. Naturally, great part of the volume is given to the poets of the sixteenth century, when our verse was warm with the southern hues and sentiments caught from the study of Italian poetry, and when the lyric expression of our literature was most nearly effortless and perfect. The metaphysical feeling of the seventeenth century, when the muse often spoke to men with the beautiful seriousness, and fanciful elaboration of idea, and quaintness of imagery, which are lost arts to us now, is also well represented; and for the eighteenth century, barren in thought, and barren in feeling, and barren in language, Mr. Stoddard has done the best that any one could do.

The return, in our own cycle, to a better and more natural sentiment, and the consequent rejuvenescence of the poetic diction (people being commonly able to speak well as soon as they have something to say) find full recognition in the "Melodies and Madrigals;" and it is with surprise and delight that one observes, in looking over the familiar poems in the latter part of Mr. Stoddard's little book, how much of the finest thought of our age has sought lyrical utterance. The range of selection throughout the volume is good; not only the most notable characteristics of the lyrics of each time being developed, but that often far better expression which refuses to ally itself to any period being given. Of course, most of the "Melodies and Madrigals" are amorous praises and celebrations, but there is also a fair share of lyric utterances, of earnest and solemn speculation concerning life, and of meditation upon death. In fine, we think Mr. Stoddard has made a book unique in its excellence. Certainly it shows, among all the volumes for the holidays which we have seen, with unapproachable superiority. The manner in which it is published, with its quaint print on the fine saffron pages bordered with soft red lines, leaves nothing to be desired.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By J. G. Holland, member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. (Gurdon Bill, Springfield, Mass.)—Notwithstanding the haste with which this biography was produced by author and publisher, we esteem it the most satisfactory study of its subject that has yet appeared. Mr. Raymond's and Mr. Barrett's books were both composed for political effect, in view of an approaching Presidential election, or at least relied for their successful circulation upon the political popularity of Mr. Lincoln. The time had not come to consider his character apart from the accidents of office and the exigencies of a perilous crisis. Neither was access then to be had to the multitude of facts concerning his inner nature which his death has elicited in rendering them precious. It was chiefly, therefore, as a public man who deserved well of the people for eminent and faithful service in their behalf that Dr. Holland's predecessors were compelled to view our late Chief Magistrate. The present biographer has ventured upon the more comprehensive and analytical survey which is now possible, though only to a limited extent, as he is himself aware, because of yet undiscovered material and the closeness of the spectator to the colossal figure under contemplation. He has been little solicitous to reproduce the famous speeches and documents of Mr. Lincoln any further than they help to elucidate motives and principles of action, or reveal a reserved power not always conspicuous. With equal industry and care Dr. Holland has collected the most interesting particulars of the early life of Mr. Lincoln, illustrating those amiable and admirable traits which made the good man great, and kept the great man good. He has shown excellent discrimination in this compilation, and is never led away by excess of veneration into undue stress upon trifles. The story of Mr. Lincoln's integrity as a postmaster, which Mr. Barrett spoils by his absurd narration, here takes on its true significance, and becomes a valuable contribution to our knowledge. A large part of the anecdotes are fresh, and the reader's attention is riveted from the first chapter to the last. We anticipate the best results for the community in which this book shall obtain a wide familiarity.

The Political History of the United States of America during the Great Rebellion. By Edward McPherson. Second Edition. (Philp & Solomon, Washington.)—The "Rebellion Record," Senator Wilson's "Anti-Slavery Measures in Congress," and Mr. McPherson's "Political History," together exhaust the field of documentary research for whoever wishes to study the late rebellion in its breadth or in detail. Title and table of contents are insufficient to reveal the richness of the compilation before us. Every important fact, opinion even, speech, letter, proclamation, statute, that bears upon the development and career of treason, on the one hand, and on the striving of the federal Government to repress it, on the other, will be found in this full but compact octavo volume. The compiler's discrimination is equalled only by the labor which that word implies, and future historians will acknowledge their indebtedness to him for his extraordinary pains. The record opens with the result of the Presidential election of 1860, and the table of votes arrests attention at once, so strikingly does it exhibit the anomaly of our present electoral system. Thus: Mr. Lincoln carried 18 States, and yet had only 491,295 more suffrages than Mr. Douglas, who carried only New Jersey and Missouri; and was beaten on the popular vote by 947,289. Of what follows these singular statistics nothing, to our mind, is more instructive than the division headed "Proceedings of the Government in Relation to the Action of the Insurrectionary States." Here will be found the history of the disgraceful concessions by Congress and the "Peace Convention," in order to soften the wrath of the menacing slave power; and the wonder will grow with time that a nation which was so abject on the very brink of its attempted subjugation, rose at the first blow to vindicate the principles which it had just consented to sacrifice for "peace."

The American Angler's Book. By Thaddeus Norris. New Edition, with a Supplement. (E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.)—Mr. Norris has undertaken to supply the omissions of those writers who have preceded him in describing American fishes, and to correct certain erroneous notions about angling, which have arisen from adopting too rigidly the English rules and practices. He also furnishes very clear and minute instruction in the art of making and repairing tackle. These are the distinguishing features of his work, which, for the rest, is unpretentiously written, and free from technicalities. After some general talk about the various kinds of anglers, about the habits and propagation of fish, and about tackle, the author takes up in detail the chief families of sporting-fish, both fresh-water and salt, illustrating most of them with excellent wood-engravings. The supplement is devoted to an account of the salmon rivers of Canada, inland sea-trout, and striped-bass fishing, and pisciculture—which last topic is also treated in chapter 18. In "Dies piscatoriæ" the reader is regaled, in the Waltonian fashion, with the discursive conversations of trout-fishers, whose experience embraces such well-known localities as the Lakes, the Adirondacks, etc The story of the Megalloway, in New Hampshire, borrowed from an old number of the "Knickerbocker," could be better told to-day by any one who has lately tried that fruitful stream, or the six lakes whose waters, mingling with its own, find the ocean through the Androscoggin. A fair amount of humor is interspersed throughout the seven hundred pages which constitute the volume, and is heightened by vignettes drawn pleasantly, if not always with perfect accuracy. The publishers, in conjunction with printer and binder, have done their part very handsomely.

The Radical: A Monthly Magazine devoted to Religion. For sale by Francis, 506 Broadway.—We have in this small but very handsome periodical a remarkable sign of the times. Differ as we may from many of the conclusions found upon its pages, it is certainly a very earnest and a very able magazine. Thus far it has contained three sermons by Samuel Johnson, whom anti-slavery men well know for his untiring witness to their highest aims, and each of them has had a peculiar excellence and value. It will not do for men to answer thoughts and arguments like these with mere abuse, nor will it do to pass them by. They are the criticisms of to-day upon existing facts, and they cannot be demolished by attacking infidelity

that perished years and centuries ago. Radical as is this magazine in character as in name, it is eminently reverent and devout. It represents, ably and honestly, the thoughts of very many people in our midst. It has no concealments. It never for one moment tries to seem more orthodox than it really is. It is an interesting fact that among its principal contributors are some of the best workers in the social problems of the time. Thus, Johnson is one, John Weiss another, Wasson a third. Then we have Dr. Furness and Samuel Longfellow, O. B. Frothingham, Robert Collyer, and T. W. Higginson. These names ensure ability. It would seem that they ought also to ensure a circulation and success. Another writer is J. K. Hosmer, author of "The Color Guard," who prints in the December number a few verses that declare him a true poet, as his book declares him a true man of war.

Plymouth Pulpit. Notes from H. W. Beecher's Sermons, with a Sketch of Mr. Beecher and the Lecture Room. By Augusta Moore. (Harper & Bros., New York.)—This book is not so good as "Life Thoughts," and the introduction is not in good rhetoric or good taste; but it contains the secret of Mr. Beecher's wonderful success. It is full of nature, poetry, and common sense.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Resources of California. By John S. Hittel. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco; W. J. Widdleton, New York.

The Two Hungry Kittens. By Theodore Tilton. Tibbals & Whiting, New York.

The Seven Great Hymns of the Mediæval Church. Anson D. F. Randolph, New York.

Reconstruction in America. By a Member of the New York Bar. W. I. Pooley, New York.

The Late English Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Bunce & Huntington, New York.

Winifred Bertram and the World She Lived In. By the Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."—The Song Without Words. Leaves from a very Old Book. Dedicated to Children. By the Same. M. W. Dodd, New York.

Eva: A Goblin Romance. By John Savage. James B. Kirker, New York.

Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Second American from the Third and Revised English Edition. Henry C. Lea, Philadelphia.

Inner Rome: Political, Religious, and Social. By the Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. (Sheldon & Co., New York.)

Cotton Stealing. A Novel. John R. Walsh & Co., Chicago.

A Youth's History of the Rebellion. Vol. III. Murfreesboro' to Fort Pillow. By William M. Thayer.—Spectacles for Young Eyes. Rome. By Sarah W. Lander. Walker, Fuller & Co., Boston. (O. S. Felt, New York.)

Fine Arts.

AMERICAN PICTURES ON EXHIBITION.

There are many valuable European pictures now on exhibition in New York, and we hope to find, before long, time and space to discuss them. During this reign of the French and Belgian painters the American artists are not very demonstrative. Mr. Ward's "Indian Hunter" and his portrait bust of Dr. Dewey are still to be seen—the one at Mr. Snedecor's, the other at Mr. Schaus's gallery. There are several small pictures at "Goupil's," three by Mr. J. B. Irving, who painted "The Musical Monk," of which little picture we spoke some weeks ago. His work shows the effect of European training, and he paints with care and a certain acquired skilfulness. But there is nothing in any of his pictures which we have yet seen which demands or justifies serious criticism as of a work of art. None of his pictures are of any subject in particular or reflect the painter's interest in anything in particular. A small one now to be seen in Mr. Knoedler's gallery represents two "Wine-Tasters," gentlemen in costume of the eighteenth century, one in a blue coat and the other in a red, with the necessary accessories in the way of costume and furniture. It is skilfully painted—admitting of comparison with French and Belgian work, which the pictures of but few American painters will—and is utterly valueless and uninteresting. The picture will not be looked at; it will be glanced at, remarked upon, praised, and bought, and will find oblivion in a fashionably furnished drawing-room as a part of the fashionable furniture. There is a gleam of human interest in "What is the Matter with my Foot?" a little picture of two children. It has been removed by its purchaser. A female head, "Spring," is expressive; is probably a portrait, though not purporting to be so; is delicate and girlish, and very American, and seems to have been painted rapidly and easily, and yet effectively. Mr. Irving is certainly able to do much. His work is not "promising," only because it does not promise that he will try to do anything. The temptations in his path will be great not to try at all, or think at all, but to paint little pictures in Düsseldorf fashion, and sell them at good prices. Our hopes are not high, but it is worthy to be recorded that there is this American painter who is not unaware that the "business of a painter is—to paint."

Mr. Eugene Benson has no such knowledge or belief. A picture by him is in Mr. Knoedler's gallery, representing a young lady in the corner of a sofa, evidently the same young lady, apparently the same sofa, and nearly the same attitude as those to be seen in a picture in the Artists' Fund Exhibition, No. 134. In our notice of that exhibition we did not allude to this latter picture. Mr. Benson's contribution-picture to the Fund we mentioned as a poor landscape. These two in-door pieces are perhaps better. Perhaps Mr. Benson may yet find a subject that he can paint. As yet he has not found it. There is nothing in his painting of landscape to lead one to suppose that he has ever been in the country. There is nothing in his painting of interiors to lead one to suppose that he has ever been inside of a furnished house. His skill in drawing the figure, in rendering effects of light or in giving local color, is what would have been expected of Kaspar Häuser the day after his release from the dungeon of his childhood.

In the second room is a collection of drawings by Mr. T. C. Farrer—as a collection, and many of them singly, of unusual interest. There are twenty-two in all. Of these all are in water color but four, which are in pencil.

Water-color drawing is not a well-known or much practised art in this country. It is generally left to the more modest and painstaking students. Few of the painters who have acquired any considerable skill or any useful reputation care to practise it, and the more dashing and insolent students generally disregard it. But it is not necessary that any of the advocates of this art should plead for it. Every one knows that great things may be done in it; and successful drawings on public exhibition speak for the art better than words can.

The subjects of thirteen of the eighteen water-color drawings are small groups of fruit of the size of the reality. That sounds rather commonplace, and yet there is a certain novelty in the choice of some of the subjects. Four bananas, two yellow, one red, and one green; a great red pineapple (so red that the spectators are generally offended with it, as if red pineapples were unheard of); two hard, red apples and an immense yellow pear; a group, of which the central personage is a great, hard, knobby, run-to-seed, orange-yellow summer-squash, with red apples, butternuts, English walnuts, and one shagbark for its neighbors—all are odd enough. They are generally well chosen for the effect which the artist has sought—strength of shade and shadow and an almost deceptive projection, united with full local color. Consider, for instance, one of the most remarkable of the drawings—that one which represents an orange, a lemon, and a banana. All three fruits are in strong, full color, and all three stand out from the dark background in almost complete rotundity. There is certainly a very unusual facility shown, and the more closely one looks into the work to see how it was done, the more remarkable this skill appears. It is the result of a long course of laborious and well-directed study.

In criticizing these drawings in respect to their absolute artistic merit, we have only praise to offer. They surpass our previous experience of such things in the completeness of the success achieved. And the end which has been kept so steadily in view and so successfully reached, is not an ignoble one. It is essential, however, that we should point out this fact, that on this system of work landscapes cannot be painted, nor extensive and complicated subjects. Full color and projection are not to be had together in all pictures, but only in simple, feebly-lighted, in-door subjects. People who look at these drawings are quick to say that the manner is Rembrandtesque. So, indeed, it is, though recognizing local color more frankly than most of Rembrandt's work. Well, landscapes are not rightly to be painted in Rembrandt's manner, nor open air or daylight scenes of any kind; but best a head with plumed hat and jewelled aigret, or gleaming gold and glass.

In Mr. Farrer's drawing of an orange the whole fruit is darker than in nature, but the *proportions* of light and darkness and the *relations* of light to darkness are, doubtless, those of nature. The brightest light on a real orange will generally be inimitable with paint on paper. The artist, in the instance before us, has matched the color of the brightest part of the orange, his imitation being then, of necessity, lower in tone. Now, if he wants the orange to be round, he must make his darkest shade as much darker than the natural darkest shade as his high light is darker than the natural high light.* If the subject goes down to very dark shades, indeed, his work is lost in blackness long before nature is. This will not be so bad as long as our subject is simple and lighted by the feeble light of in-doors. But, obviously, landscape subjects defy such sort of work, and landscape pictures painted after this manner would be unduly tenebrous. In fact, something of the manner which has succeeded here has been tried in the picture of "Northampton," at the Artists' Fund Exhibition, and seems to be one of the two principal causes of the comparative failure of that picture as a work of art.

* Even then it will not project quite as much as the reality; we see the orange with two eyes and see around it, not around the painted image.

The backgrounds are happily chosen. The fruit in the drawings of the great master of this kind of subject, William Hunt, is generally laid on the ground, with a bit of moss or grass for background. There is something incongruous in the juxtaposition by a bank-side of a pear and a bunch of grapes, or an apple, three plums, and a handful of nuts. But the same group on a plate or table-cloth is comprehensible and looks real.

Probably the most admirable drawing of the collection, considering difficulty of subject, success in treating it, and beauty of result, is that of the purple and yellow plums. If any beholder should urge (as we think no one should) as a positive objection against these drawings that something is sacrificed to get projection, he will find this of the plums scarcely open to that objection. It is, moreover, very lovely in color. But some of the darkest and most lowered in tone are almost equally excellent. The round picture of two hard red apples and a yellow pear is an admirable instance of work well bestowed. Every stroke tells. The four bananas and the strawberries are faultless.

The inevitable tendency of this sort of work is shown by the little drawing of three eggs. Each egg is rounded with great subtlety of gradation into its complete form. But, in doing this, the painter has been compelled to lower the tone of the whole, and they are not white eggs that we have. That they were meant to be, the high light seems to show. But white or colored, the shaded side of an egg in daylight is not, by many degrees, as dark as the shaded side of one of these.

The drawing of the white lily plant is not wholly successful, nor free from what seem grave faults of color. The dead blue-jays are beautiful.

That is a good thought of the gilded mats or *passe-partouts* that hold the drawings of the plums, the strawberries, and the lily. Mr. Knoedler's assistant says that they do not cost as much as the *passe-partouts* of white paper. There was a *silver* mat within a gold frame, holding a drawing by Miss Siddal (now Mrs. Rossetti), in the first English Exhibition of 1858.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL TALK.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been excited lately in England by the election of a professor of music in the Edinburgh University. Endowments of this kind are rare, and few professorships have so large an income. Some thirty years ago General Reid, an amateur flute-player and an ardent lover of music, died at Edinburgh, and, by his will, left about £52,000 as an endowment for this professorship. The present income of the chair is about £1,000, and there is also provision made for an annual grand concert, the conducting of which is one of the duties of the professor. Few other chairs are so well cushioned, and the musical professors of most universities have an exceedingly scanty income, or none at all. This was one of the few prizes in the musicians' lottery, and afforded a fine, easy place for one who was willing to endure the dulness of Edinburgh, with occasional opportunities of getting away, and with plenty of leisure for the production of great works. Several good musicians offered themselves as candidates, among others Mr. Macfarren and Mr. Hullah. The blindness of the former was a disqualification, but Mr. Hullah's great services in the cause of popular music, his fine lectures on its history, and his excellence as a music director, demanded public recognition and gratitude in some way, and he was accordingly quite prominent on the list.

But only a few days before the election a new candidate came forward in the person of Mr. Herbert S. Oakeley, B.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, younger son to a baronet, cousin to a ducal family, an ardent amateur of music, a player on the organ, and a writer of intelligent musical criticisms for a weekly paper. For him the majority of the "University Court" voted, and he was consequently elected, simply because he was a "gentleman by birth and education," and not because he was a proficient in the art he now attempts to profess. No doubt it was much more pleasing to Sir David Brewster, Dr. Wood, and Dr. John Brown, and the rest, who know nothing of music, to have a gentleman as professor whom they would like to meet at dinner, than to select one on account of talent alone. But it was hardly fair to the musicians, or to the university, or to the rest of the world. The university ought to have a teacher who is more than an amateur; the musicians ought to have some claim on the few good places that are reserved for them, and the objection that they are not gentlemen should not be raised when they are applying for a professional position, when society has always insisted that their occupation was in its very nature low and degrading; and the world might demand that Edinburgh should recognize genius in the way in which great continental bodies are very glad to do. But the matter is decided, at least for the present, that the chief qualification for an Edinburgh professor is to have a "good social status," and to be "a thorough gentleman in all respects." We quote from the testimonials.

It is not claimed by any one that Mr. Oakeley is a master of his art; that he knows how to write for an orchestra, or to conduct a band, which is one of his duties. It is as though a man should be elected professor of Sanscrit because he, besides being a gentleman, liked the language and knew how to write its alphabet.

We only add that since his election the musical professor has left England for some months to resume his duties as a travelling tutor on the Continent. Comment is needless on this discreditable fact.

—From the *Journal of the Society of Arts* we obtain some information with regard to the Conservatoire Impériale de Musique et de Déclamation of Paris. Auber is the director, the secretary is Alfred de Beauchesne, the librarian Hector Berlioz, and the director of the school is Duvernoy. There are 36 professors. The pupils number about 600, all of whom are outsiders except twelve young men in the vocal class, who are lodged, clothed, and fed in the building. The same number of female pupils receive a compensation of 800 francs a year for two years, in lieu of board. The tuition is free. All the in-door pupils and *pensionnaires* are bound to appear, if required, at any of the operas or theatres receiving a subvention from the government, and no pupil in the schools is permitted to appear in public without the special authority of the direction. Candidates for admission are required to apply in person, and must be between the ages of nine and twenty-two. Foreigners may be admitted by authorization of the Minister of State.

There are five provincial schools—at Lille, Toulouse, Marseilles, Metz, and Nantes—which have the title of *succursales* of the Conservatoire. That of Toulouse exerts a very powerful influence.

The education is divided into eight sections: 1. Sol fa, scales, and oral harmony. 2. Singing. 3. Lyrical declamation. 4. Piano and harp. 5. Stringed instruments. 6. Wind instruments. 7. Thorough-bass, organ, and composition. 8. Dramatic declamation. There are also courses of popular singing for adults, superior to those in the common schools. There is a fine library of music, and of works relating to music and the drama, and this is open not only to the pupils, but also to the public. There is also a good collection of musical instruments, to which the public are admitted on certain days. The Conservatoire contains a complete theatre, a concert-room, and class rooms, besides the offices, libraries, and apartments for pupils. The annual competitions take place in July, and last about twelve days. They are nearly all public, and are held in the theatre. As the theatre holds only 900 persons, on the occasions of the competition in opera, tragedy, and comedy the demand for places is very great. The prizes are awarded by a jury of nine members, who decide on each class before the next one is heard. The prizes are either instruments, books of music, or medals, besides diplomas in all cases. The awards this year amounted to 36 first prizes, 38 second prizes, 7 third prizes, and 81 accessits, in addition to 56 medals given to the pupils in Sol fa. Two of the prize-holders were immediately engaged by the director of the opera, and lately appeared with success, Mlle. Mauduit as *Alice* in "Robert," and Mlle. Bloch as *Azucena* in "Trovatore."

The Conservatoire is not the only musical institution in France supported by the State. The communal schools in Paris all teach music, and there are, besides, the Ecole de la Musique Religieuse and several other schools.

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NATION OFFICE, Saturday Evening,
Dec. 23, 1865.

WITH the approach of the holidays, business of all kinds naturally falls off, with the single exception of those branches which are connected with the season. The importations for the week are again heavy, $6,463,000 in gold; the exports are rather larger than usual, in consequence of some liberal shipments of cotton, which, at present prices, produce a large amount of exchange. For the month of October the importations at this port were over $23,000,000, against $10,000,000 same month last year, and nearly $17,000,000 same month of 1863; the exports were also $23,000,000—which is not much over the average for the season—but the latter, it will be remembered, are counted in paper, and only pay for about $16,000,000 of imports. In importing circles a large spring business is expected, and, unless the Treasury Department succeed in compelling the banks to curtail their discounts, it will doubtless be a profitable one. All sections of the country, except parts of the South, are prepared to consume large quantities of goods at high prices, so long as the pending bank expansion lasts. During the winter season it will not be safe to look for any material increase in our exports, unless the price of cotton should advance in England; but with the spring renewed specie exports on a large scale and considerable shipments of provisions and breadstuffs may be expected.

Congress, on the motion of Mr. Alley, of Massachusetts, passed almost unanimously, on the 18th, a resolution "cordially concurring with the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of the contraction of the currency," and "pledging co-operative action to that end as speedily as possible." Parties interested in national banks have clung to the hope that Congress would resist contraction, in view of the widespread mischief which a steadfast pursuance of that policy might involve. It is now apparent that such hopes are delusive. Now, as heretofore during the past four years, Congress will act in strict accordance with the wishes of the Treasury Department. So far as legislative action and Executive effort can go, contraction is certain; were it not that the laws of finance are superior to Congressional enactments and Department regulations, it might be safely predicted that the paper money of the country would soon be reduced to a moderate volume. Neither Congress nor the Secretary, however, can effect sales of bonds above their market price, or cancel paper money so long as every dollar received is required for the payment of public debts. Contraction is thus adopted on all sides as the true policy for the Government, but its practical application is postponed to a convenient opportunity. This was the gist of the remarks of the Secretary of the Treasury to the financial people who called upon him on his visit to this city yesterday. Within a few weeks a new "proposal for funding" will probably be issued, with a view to extinguish fifty millions more of interest-bearing legal tenders and debt certificates. And before many months elapse, a new loan—probably 5-20 bonds—to the extent of $150,000,000, may possibly be placed on the market to supply the remaining deficit in the budget of the current fiscal year, and to diminish the volume of temporary deposits. Until these loans have been placed, it will hardly be the policy of the Department to create disturbance in the money market.

Money has remained easy all the week. Call loans range from 6 to 7 per cent. Mercantile paper sells at 7 to 10 per cent. for prime names. At this season of the year money flows to the city from the country. There are many who expect a 4 to 5 per cent. money market in February. This, however, will depend on the policy of the Treasury Department. A considerable curtailment of compound legal tenders would lead to a scramble for greenbacks and to high rates for money.

Both gold and exchange have been inactive throughout the week. The former has fluctuated between 145 and 146¼; the latter between 109¼ and 109⅜ for bankers' signatures. There is little or no speculation going on in gold; the only excitement left to the Gold Room is occasioned by the sales of Government, which swell the Sub-Treasurer's apparent balance without reducing the premium on specie.

	Dec. 16.	Dec. 23.	Advance.	Decline.
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American Gold	145⅞	145⅜	....	⅜
Bankers' Bills on London	109¾	108¼	...	⅛
Call Loans	7	7	....	...

The week has been an active one in the stock market, with several well-marked features. Of these the chief was a "corner" in Erie. Of this stock a young house, closely connected with a leading director of the Erie Railway Company, has been for some time accumulating a large quantity. On Wednesday last the ball was opened by a recall of all the stock lent out by this house, and by a general refusal to lend any more. The consequence was a general scramble for stock, at the height of which, on Thursday, as much as ½ and ⅝ of 1 per cent. was paid for the use of stock for a single day. For some years Erie has been the favorite stock of Wall Street operators; it is bought and sold in larger quantities than all the other stocks put together. When the temper of the Street is bearish, twice the entire capital stock of the Erie will be sold "short" in three or four days. Taking advantage of this inveterate tendency of the bears of the Stock Exchange, the house in question—which is said to have owned on Thursday evening 65,000 out of the 90,000 shares of Erie in this market—forced up the price to 97 per cent., and inflicted severe losses on "the Street." On Friday, the "corner" was relaxed. Some 8,000 to 10,000 shares were sold, and deliveries were made without much difficulty. The market to-day has been feverish and fluctuating, but there has been no such scarcity of stock as there was on Thursday. The clique bought largely this morning, and many look for a further advance on Tuesday in consequence. The Pittsburg "corner" collapsed last week, the stock selling down at one time to 83½; it improved ¾ to 1 per cent. to-day. The rest of the market has been without material change. Parties are pretty evenly divided between bulls and bears on the Stock Exchange. The former expect inflation to grow out of the continued issue of national bank paper. The latter are confident that McCulloch's policy of contraction will sooner or later involve a general shrinkage in prices.

Among the minor events of the day may be noted the progress of a struggle between the two associations of brokers, the New York Stock Exchange and the Open Board of Brokers. For a year or more the two bodies have worked in harmony; the sessions of the one were at different hours from the sessions of the other; orders from members of the Stock Exchange were executed at the Open Board, and *vice versa*. On entering their new building, the members of the New York Stock Exchange inaugurated a new policy. They appointed sessions at the hours fixed for the sessions of the Open Board. They threw open their board room to the public; and they passed resolutions declaring that any member who sent orders to be executed at the Open Board should be expelled. To these measures of hostility the Open Board has made no reply. Judging from the printed lists of sales, the new policy has made but little difference in the volume of business transacted at the two boards. Among the brokers there appear to be three parties. There is a party, and apparently a controlling one, in the New York Stock Exchange which purposes to crush out the Open Board. There is a party in the Open Board which is bent on maintaining the existence of that institution as it stands, without regard to the Stock Exchange. And there is a third party, comprising members of both boards, which would like to see a compromise effected by which all responsible stock-brokers should be brought together under one roof, into one market, with a view to the transaction of business on business principles, without needless restrictions or embarrassments. It is difficult to say which of these three parties will prevail. At present, dealers in stocks labor under difficulties. The price of leading stocks often varies ⅛ a ¼ per cent. between the two boards at the same moment; operators cannot tell to which board their orders should be sent, and brokers experience the mortification of discovering that at the time they were buying Erie at 95¼ in the Stock Exchange, it was offered at 95 in the Open Board; or that while they were selling Pittsburg at 85 in the Open Board, 85¼ was bid in the building above.

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No better time could be chosen for advancing the generous principle of Life Insurance as applied to a provision for a wife or family.

If you stand in the relation of parent, can you manifest your affection for a married son or daughter better than by presenting him or her, as a gift, with the means of effecting a Life policy, for the protection of the young family?

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SURPLUS, JAN. 1, 1865,	275,253

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OF NEW YORK,
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Cash Capital, - - - - - - -	$2,000,000 00
Assets, 1st Jan., 1865, - - - -	3,765,503 42
Liabilities, - - - - - - - -	77,901 52

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Surplus, over - - - - - - - - - - -	400,000

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CASH CAPITAL - - - - - - - - - -	$1,000,000 00
ASSETS - - - - - - - - - - - -	1,500,000 00

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